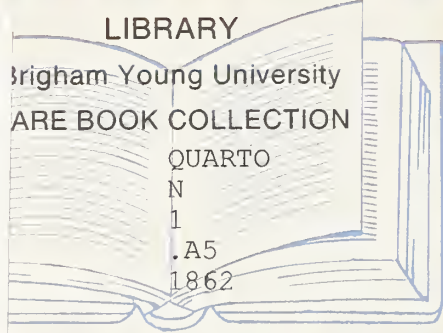


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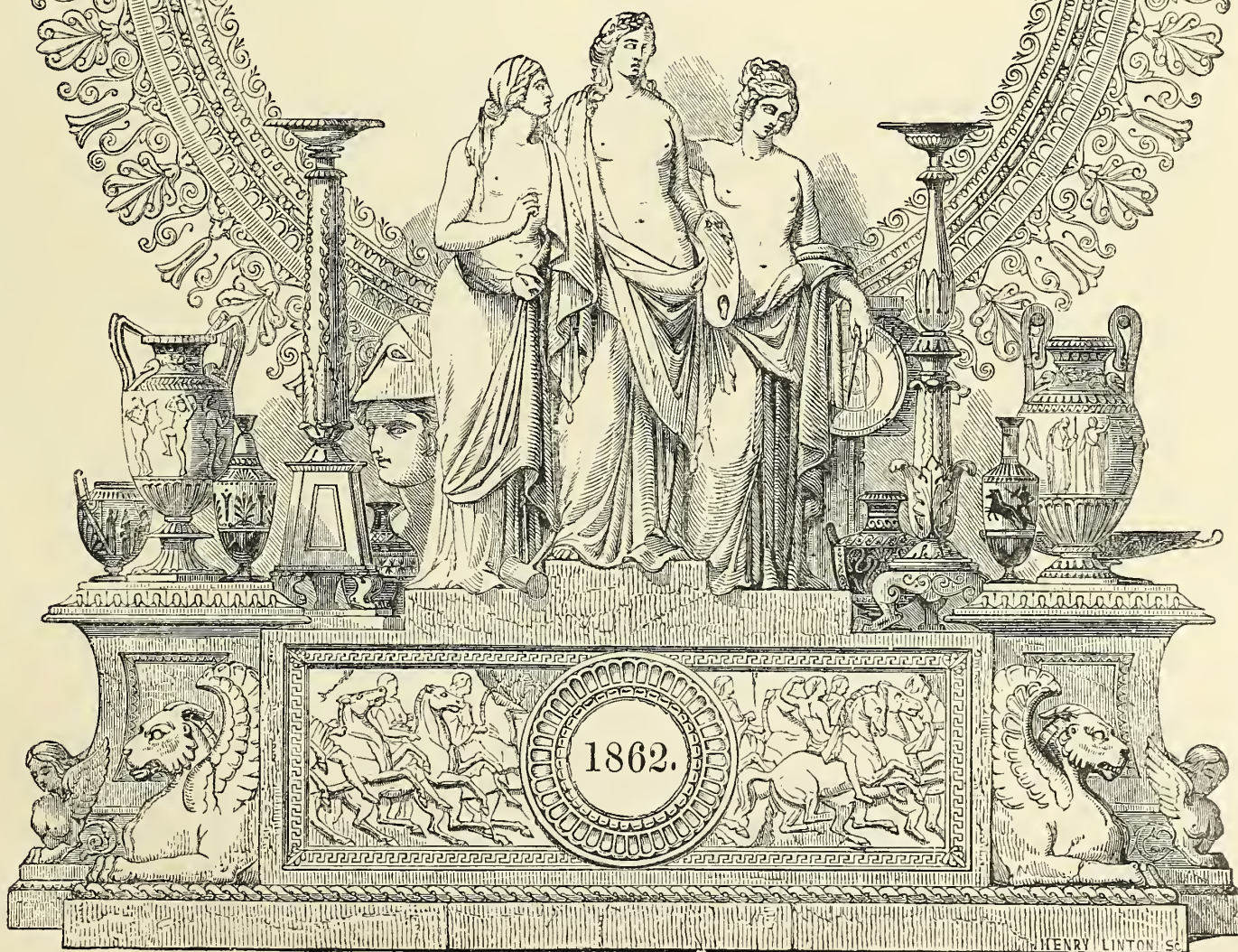


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NEW SERIES.
VOLUME I.

THE
ART-JOURNAL.



JAMES S. VIRTUE, LONDON; AND 26, JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

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FOURTEEN YEARLY VOLUMES OF

THE ART-JOURNAL

WERE DEDICATED TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CONSORT,

AND THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED TO

His Memory.

It is the Memory of one who, honoured and revered, as well as beloved, in the Country of his adoption, conferred upon it an incalculable Amount of Good ; whose Example, not alone of the domestic Virtues, but of active Energy, sound Judgment, and far-seeing Intelligence, to foster and advance Useful Institutions, influenced all Classes of the Community.

Estimated largely during his Life, but fully comprehended and appreciated only after his Death, by the universal Accord of a whole People he will be recognised in future Histories of GREAT BRITAIN as

THE GOOD PRINCE.

The Year 1862, like that of 1851, witnessed vast Improvements in every Branch of British Art-Industry, dating the Commencement of its On-Progress from the Day on which His ROYAL HIGHNESS devised, and subsequently matured, a Plan by which the Art-Manufacturer might learn what to study and what to avoid from the invaluable Lesson of COMPARISON.

The vast Benefits of his Direction and Organisation in 1851 have been rendered the more apparent by their absence in 1862, and by the forced Conclusion that to him alone must be attributed the Glory of a great Success, and the Impetus thence received by British Art-Producers, who, in 1862, gathered the Harvest of which the Seed was planted in 1851.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JANUARY 1, 1862.

“OLD DERBY CHINA.”
A HISTORY OF THE DERBY PORCELAIN
WORKS.

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A., &c.



It is no little thing to say of Derby that the town in which the silk manufacture of England first took its rise—for here the first silk-mill ever built in this kingdom was erected by John Lombe; in which the cotton trade took its first gigantic stride—for here Arkwright and Strutt completed their invention for spinning, and within a few miles erected the first cotton-mill in England; in which the hosiery trade was first brought to perfection—for here Strutt invented his famed “Derby Ribbed Stocking Machine,” and carried on his manufacture of those articles; in which many other branches of manufacture have also had their rise—should likewise have been one of the few places, and one of the *first*, in which the manufacture of PORCELAIN was matured, and in which the BISCUIT was first invented. But so it is, and it is no little for Derby to be proud of, that these branches of industry, which have become the most important in the kingdom, should have had their birth, and been in their infancy carefully nurtured, within its boundaries. The stories of Lombe and his silk, Arkwright and Strutt and their cotton, and Jedediah Strutt and his stockings, have been often told, and they will bear telling again and again; but that of Duesbury and his china has never been told, and it is only by the most laborious research that I am now enabled to tell it, and to show to what an extent the manufacture, under the care of three generations of one family, was carried. Alas! that so important, so beautiful a branch of Art should have been ever allowed to decay in the town which so long had fostered it.

It would be somewhat difficult to find any mansion of our nobility, or of our older county families, which does not contain amongst its treasures some specimens of “old Derby china,” or is not enriched by some of the exquisite biscuit figures which formerly made the place so famous; and certainly there is no collector of articles of *vertu* but who gladly secures specimens of them whenever, luckily, they come into the market. But little, however, has hitherto been known of the *history* of the works which produced them, and although the porcelain is quite equal in body, in design, in modelling, in colour, in painting, and in gilding, to any of the celebrated English, and most of the foreign makes; and although

the biscuit figures, peculiar to Derby, are more beautiful and precious than the French of that period, or than most of the exquisite Parian of the present day, collectors can gain no knowledge of the rise of the works, of the extent to which the articles were produced, of the connection which existed between Derby and Chelsea, or of the peculiar marks which distinguished the different epochs of the manufacture.

Bray, who wrote his “Tour” in the year 1777, says, speaking of Derby—“The china manufactory is not less worthy of notice. Under the care of Mr. Duesbury it does honour to their country. Indefatigable in his attention, he has brought the gold and blue to a degree of beauty never before obtained in England, and the drawing and colouring of the flowers are truly elegant. About one hundred [this number is in his second edition corrected to seventy] hands are employed in it, and happily many very young are enabled to earn a livelihood in the business.” William Hutton, the historian of his native town and of Birmingham, who wrote his “History of Derby” in 1791, says:—“Porcelain began about the year 1750. There is only one manufactory, which employs about seventy people. The clay is not of equal fineness with the foreign, but the workmanship exceeds it. The arts of drawing and engraving have much improved within these last thirty years. The improvements of the porcelain have kept pace with these. They adhere to nature in their designs, to which the Chinese have not attained. A dessert service of one hundred and twenty pieces was recently fabricated here for the Prince of Wales. The spot upon which this elegant building stands, which is internally replete with taste and utility, was once the freehold of my family. It cost £35, but the purchaser, my grandfather’s brother, being unable to raise more than £28, mortgaged it for £7. Infirmary, age, and poverty, obliged him to neglect the interest, when, in 1743, it fell into the hands of my father as heir-at-law, who, being neither able nor anxious to redeem it, conveyed away his right to the mortgagee for a guinea.” These two notices are the stock upon which later writers have written their equally unsatisfactory paragraphs, and are all that collectors have been able to get together.

The manufactory was situated on the Nottingham Road, near St. Mary’s Bridge, in a locality then named Suthrick, or Southwark, its site being now occupied by the fine Roman Catholic nunnery of S. Marie, designed by Pugin. Hutton’s remark as to this site being his patrimony, is very curious, and adds an increased interest to the locality. The very premises he speaks of were those first occupied for the making of porcelain, and, curiously enough, they were opposite to Lombe’s silk-mill, from which they were divided by the road and the broad expanse of water of the River Derwent. It is generally believed that in 1750, perhaps a little earlier, the manufacture of china first sprang into existence in Derby, about a year or so before the works at Worcester were established; and there is a tradition that the first maker was a Frenchman, who lived in a small house in Lodge Lane, and who modelled and made small articles in china, principally animals—cats, dogs, lambs, sheep, &c.—which he fired in a pipe-maker’s oven in the neighbourhood, belonging to a man named Woodward. About this time there were some pot works on Cockpit Hill, belonging to Alderman Heath, a banker, and the productions of this French refugee, as I believe him to have been, having attracted notice, an arrangement was made between him and Heath and Duesbury, by which the manufacture of porcelain would

be carried on jointly. This man’s name, to whom I take it the absolute honour of commencing the Derby China Works belongs, was Andrew Planché; and I am enabled to arrive at this conclusion by means of a draft of a deed now in my possession, by which a partnership for ten years was entered into by the three already named. In this arrangement I apprehend Planché found the skill and the secret knowledge, Heath the money (£1,000), and Duesbury the will and ability to carry out the scheme.

These articles are not signed, and as in no instance which has come under my notice the name of Planché again appears—and as I can only trace the firm as that of “Duesbury and Heath”—I fear one is driven to the inference that the usual fate of an inventor awaited Andrew Planché, and that when his knowledge was fully imparted, he was, from some cause or other, discarded by those who had taken him in hand. At all events, this is the only instance in which his name appears in any of the papers connected with the works which I have examined.

The works were, then, carried on in the small premises which had not long before been relinquished by the father of William Hutton for a guinea; and in them was thus commenced, in a very small way, that manufacture of porcelain which afterwards grew to so immense an extent. In the year 1756 the draft of agreement was drawn up, and the figures and ware made at the manufactory must soon have found a ready sale, for in the course of a very few years Mr. Duesbury was carrying on a good trade, had a London house for the sale of his productions, and became a thriving, and well-to-do man.

This William Duesbury was of Longton Hall, in the county of Stafford, and was the son of William Duesbury, currier, of Cannock, in the same county, who, in 1755, made over to him his household furniture, leather, implements of trade, and other effects, on condition that he should find him “during the term of his natural life, good and sufficient meat, drink, washing, and lodging, wearing apparel, and all other necessities whatsoever at his proper cost and charges.” How long the currier lived, and whether his son, the enameller, found him in all things as agreed upon between them in return for the effects made over to him by the delivery of a pewter plate, it is not for our present purpose to inquire. The son, William Duesbury, the enameller, of Longton, we find entered into partnership with Heath and Planché the year following his executing the deed for the maintenance of his father; and entries in the family Bible prove that at this time he removed to Derby, to carry on his newly-acquired business “in ye art of making English china, as also in buying and selling of all sorts of wares belonging to ye art of making china.” For the first few years after this period little record remains of the progress of the works; but they must have rapidly risen into eminence, for in 1763, in an account of “goods sent to London,” no less than forty-two large boxes appear at one time to have been despatched to the metropolis, and the proceeds, I presume, of the sale of a part of them, on the 2nd of May, in that year, amounted to no less a sum than £666 17s. 6d. It is very interesting, at this early period of the art, to be enabled to say of what varieties of goods the consignment to London consisted, and I therefore give the list of contents of some of the boxes entire, and also a few items from others.

Box No. 41 contained—

- 8 Large Flower Jars, at 21s.
- 3 Large Ink Stands, at 42s.
- 1 Small ditto, at 24s.

- 4 Large Britanias, at 36s.
- 6 Second-sized Huzzars, at 12s.
- 4 Large Pidgeons, at 7s.
- 12 Small Rabbits, at 2s.
- 12 Chickens, at 2s.
- 16 Small Baskets, at 2s. 6d.

Box No. 31—

- 4 Large Quarters, at 40s.
- 4 Shakespeares, at 42s.
- 6 Miltons, at 42s.
- 24 Bucks, on Pedestals, at 2s. 6d.

Box No. 29—

- 4 Large Quarters, at 40s.
- 2 Jupiters, at 68s.
- 2 Junos.
- 5 Ledas, at 36s.
- 1 Europa, at 36s.
- 2 Bird-catchers, at 10s. 6d.
- 12 Sixth-sized Solid Baskets.
- 18 Second-sized Boys, at 1s. 6d.

Box No. 11—

- 24 Enamelled, round, fourth-size, open-worked Baskets.
- 12 Blue ditto
- 12 Open-worked Spectacle Baskets.
- 9 Second-size Sage-leaf boats.

There were also, of various sizes, blue fluted boats, Mosaic boats, sage-leaf boats, potting pots, candle cups, blue strawberry pots, fig-leaf sauce boats, octagon fruit plates, vine-leaf plates, coffee cups, flower vases, standing sheep, feeding sheep, cats, sunflower blows, pedestals, honeycomb jars, coffee pots, blue gurglets and basins to ditto; butter tubs, Chelsea jars, tea pots, honeycomb pots, figures of Mars and Minerva, sets of the Elements, Spanish shepherds, Neptune, the Muses, bucks, tumblers, roses, Jupiter, Diana, boys, garland shepherd, Spaniards, Chelsea-pattern candlesticks, Dresden ditto, jars and beakers, polyanthus pots, &c., &c.

It is worthy of note that at this time, although much within the ten years stipulated for the partnership, the name of William Duesbury alone usually occurs. It is true that in some instances "Duesbury and Co.," and "Duesbury and Heath," may be met with, but these are the exception. The works at Derby continued now rapidly to extend, and fresh articles and subjects were being continually added to those already made. The best available talent was got together, apprentices were taken to the modelling, the painting, the making and repairing of china, and other parts of the manufacture, and it was soon found advisable to have a regular warehouse in London.

The mark used in the earliest days of the works is not certain, but I believe, and I have reason for that belief, that it was simply the letter D, probably in gold. The figures and groups, too, were numbered and registered for re-production.

In 1770, Mr. Duesbury purchased the Chelsea China Works, and thus, as the proprietor of the Derby and the Chelsea Works, became the largest manufacturer in the kingdom. The history of the Chelsea Works will form the subject of a separate article, and therefore it is only necessary here to say, that for the first time I am enabled to state the fact that Mr. Duesbury purchased "the Chelsea Porcelain Manufactory, and its appurtenances and lease thereof," on the 5th of February, 1770, and that it was covenanted to be assigned over to him on or before the 8th of that month; the date of the arrangement to purchase being August 17th, 1769. For some few years, then, Mr. Duesbury carried on both establishments, and subsequently removed the models and some of the workmen to Derby, where also he removed such of the models, &c., from Bow, which had likewise come into his possession. The purchase of the Chelsea Works soon

entailed upon him the commencement of some heavy law proceedings which lasted many years. The cause of these proceedings was the attempt at recovery of a quantity of goods claimed by Duesbury as a part of his purchase, being goods made by Sprimont, and of his material, but which were afterwards sold, it was said, wrongfully, by Francis Thomas, to a person named Burnsall. The action was commenced in 1770, and in 1771 Mr. Sprimont died. The proceedings, however, continued for several years.

During the time Mr. Duesbury carried on the Chelsea Works, from February 1770 to 1773, the "weekly bills" are now in my possession, and are particularly interesting as showing the nature of the articles then made, and the names of the painters and others employed, and the amount of wages they earned. The following examples will be read with interest. The first I give is quite one of the early ones—of the same month in which the works were delivered over to Duesbury.

1770. A Weekly Bill at Chelsea from the 24 of March to the 31.

	£	s.	d.
Barton, 6 days att 3s. 6d.	1	1	0
Boyer, 6 days att 3s. 6d.	1	1	0
3 dozen of Seals of the Lambs, made overtime	0	3	6
3 dozen of Lyons, ditto	0	3	6
Roberts, 6 days att 2s. 6d.	0	15	0
Piggot, 6 days att 1s. 9d.	0	10	6
Ditto, Taking Care of the Horse on Sunday	0	1	6
Inglefield, 6 days att 1s. 8d.	0	10	0
	£4	6	0

Recd. of Mr. Duesbury in full of all Demands for Self and the a Bove.

RICHD. BARTON.

Work done this Week at Chelsea—
6 Large Ornament Pedistals for the Grand Popore.

5 Large Popore Perfume Pots to Ditto.
1 Square Perfume Pot Decorated with heads of the 4 seasons.
Roberts, Making Cases hall the week.
Piggot, Working the hors in the Mill, and felling of rims.
Inglefield, Pounding of the glase, and cutting of wood.

1770. A Weekly Bill at Chelsea from Decr. 1 to the 8.

	£	s.	d.
Boarman,* 6 days att 5s. 3d.	1	11	6
Williams, 6 days att 4s. 6d.	1	7	0
Jenks, 6 days att 3s. 6d.	1	1	0
Boyer, 6 days att 3s. 6d.	1	1	0
Barton, 6 days att 3s. 6d.	1	1	0
Roberts, 3 days att 2s. 6d.	0	7	6
Piggot, 6 days att 1s. 9d.	0	10	6
Ditto, Sunday, taking care of the Horse	0	1	6
Inglefield, 6 days att 1s. 8d.	0	10	0
Overtime by Barton and Boyer, 10			
Globe Cover Jarrs	0	10	0
72 Seals painted in Mottordst† by Boarman and Williams	0	7	6
42 Seals, painted by Jinks at 2d. each, figures	0	7	0
A Letter from Darby	0	0	5
2 Tons of fine clay Shipping to Darby	2	7	0
And 1 Ton to Chelsea of Cerse	0	17	0
A Letter to Darby	0	0	1
Tax's of the Factory	2	0	3
Turpentine for the Painters	0	0	6
Peaper for the Use of the factory	0	0	4
	£14	1	1

Deduct for 2 Tun Clay† 2 7 0

£11 14 1

Recd. of Mr. Duesbury in full of all demands for Self and the a Bove.

Exd. and Ent.

RICHD. BARTON.

* This painter is also, besides being written Boreman, sometimes entered as Bowerman, and as Bowman, and is undoubtedly the same as Mr. Maryat, in his "History of Porcelain," erroneously calls Beaumont. He was afterwards employed at Derby.

† Mottos.

‡ Shipped for Derby, and therefore paid for from there.

Amongst other interesting entries from week to week in the bills, I have chosen a few examples to illustrate the kind of work then carried on in this factory.



	£	s.	d.
Paid for the Plaister Mould from Darby, the 9 of August	0	0	6
Paid for a box from Darby	0	0	6
Overwork by Barton and Boyer, 2 Junquill Beakers	0	4	0
And 1 Vincent Pattern Perfume Pot	0	1	6
Seals Painted by Jinks, 33 Lambs 1½d. at 1½d. each	0	4	1½
33 Cocks Painted Overtime by Jinks			
Cord* for the Kilns	1	17	4
Overtime by Boyer and Barton, 5 Sweet Meat Basons at 1s. each	0	5	0
4 hart shape Perfume Pots with handles at 1s. 3d. each	0	5	0
1 Cupid Forgin Harts at 1s. 3d.	0	1	3
Overtime, Painting by Jinks 2 dozen of Tom titts at 1½d. each	0	3	0
Seals made overtime 3 dozen Chineas Men with a Bird	0	3	6
3 dozen Cupids as a Backus	0	3	6
24 Strawberry Compotiers made with the Darby clay			
1 dozen and 6 Cupid Booted and Spurd	0	1	9
1 dozen and 6 Harts on a Cushin ...	0	1	9
1 dozen and 6 Cupid as a Doctor	0	1	9
1 dozen and 6 Turks a Smokin	0	1	9
1 dozen and 6 Shepherds Shearing of Sheep	0	1	9
12 Tooth Picks with Head of Turk and Companions, painted with emblematick Mottos, ditto at 1s. 6d.	0	18	0

Examples of this kind could be multiplied to any extent, but to bring the extracts a little later down in date, I shall content myself by giving the "weekly bill at Chelsea from June 19 to the 26, 1773," to show that the same hands, with the addition of a modeller named Gaumon, were still employed.

	£	s.	d.
Gaumon, 5½ days at 8s. 9d.	2	10	3½
Boreman, 5½ days at 5s. 3d.	1	7	7
Woolams, 5½ days at 4s. 6d.	1	4	9
Jenks, 6 days at 3s. 6d.	1	1	0
Snowden, 6 days at 3s. 6d.	1	1	0
Boyer, 6 days at 3s. 6d.	1	1	0
Barton, 6 days at 3s. 6d.	1	1	0
Roberts, 6 days at 2s. 6d.	0	15	0
Painting, overwork, Smelling Bottles of boys catching Squirrel at 1s. 3d.	0	2	6
2 Ditto, with a Bird's Nest at 1s. each	0	2	0
1 Ditto, Piping with a Dog at 1s. ...	0	1	0
1 Ditto, Double Dove	0	1	0
Mottoing 60 Seals at 1½d. each	0	6	3
Modling Clay	0	0	6
A Parsel	0	0	2
A Letter	0	0	1
	£10	15	1½

Recd. of Mr. Duesbury in full of all demands for Self and the a Bove.

RICHD. BARTON.

Before Mr. Duesbury purchased the Chelsea works the mark of that manufactory was an anchor, and to this Mr. Duesbury added the letter D; and the mark now known as distinguishing the "Derby Chelsea" ware was thus— generally in gold. Examples of this period are of comparative rarity,  and are eagerly sought after by collectors.

In June, 1773, Mr. Duesbury took the lease of premises (late the Castle Tavern) in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, for a warehouse for his Derby and Chelsea ware, and here, with an agent of the name of Wood (afterwards succeeded by one Lygo), he exhibited and kept a large stock of his manufactures, and carried on, in conjunction with his two works, a very thriving and lucrative trade. Here he issued a "List of the principal additions made this year to the new invented Groups, Jars, Vases, Urns, Beakers, Cups,

* Cordwood—charcoal.

Chalices, &c., of Mr. Duesbury's Derby and Chelsea Manufactory of Porcelaines, Biscuits, and China Ware, both Ornamental and Useful." This "list" is printed in small quarto.

Among the articles enumerated, one hundred and twenty-three in number, the following will be sufficient to show their beautiful and elaborate nature, and the amount of labour and artistic skill which they exhibited:—

1. Their present majesties, the king and queen and royal family, in three grouped pieces of biscuit. The centre piece represents the king in a Vandyke dress, on a blue and gold basement, supported by four lions leaning on an altar richly ornamented in blue and gold, with hanging trophies of the polite arts and sciences. The crown, *munde*, and sceptre, reposing on a cushion of crimson, embroidered, fringed, and tapelled in gold. 14 inches.

42. A large beaker, sky-blue ground spotted in white; two dolphins, lion footed, standing on white goats' heads, form the two anses in crimson and white edged with gold, the mouth of the beaker and the top of the vase are furrowed with twisted crenures in white and gold; the zone of the top is adorned with golden lions, turned toward white and gold marks; the rim of the cup part is foliated and erenulated frise, white and gold, with detached patera, the pediment striped with gold in alternate triangles, the foot covered with gilt leaves; the pedestal in white and gold has four white sphinxes for angular supporters, over which runs a gold festoon fixed to the surbase; the whole, with the pedestals, 20 inches.

105. A white gallon cask, with gold edged hoops, adorned with four trophies of music, emblems of love, in chiaro-cscuro, surmounted by a young coloured Bacchus, sitting on the bung tasting a grape, of which he holds a basket full between his legs, and a cup in his left hand, the barrel is made to turn round on a pivot fixed in an *ormolu* pediment, a satyr's mask holds an *ormolu* cock in his mouth, which opens and shuts by a spring. 18 inches.

The works at Chelsea were not finally discontinued until the year 1784, when they were destroyed by Mr. Duesbury, the kilns and every part of the work pulled down, and what was available sent down to Derby. The removal of the kilns, and the work of demolition, was entrusted to Boyer, the painter, &c., the old and faithful servant whose name appears in the "weekly bills" above given; and when his work was done he removed to Derby at twenty-five shillings per week in place of a guinea, with house rent free and fire, as heretofore. It is also worthy of remark that Mr. Duesbury owned the pottery at Pedlar's Acre, at Lambeth, the rents of which he assigned in 1781.

The "Chelsea Derby" mark was not used very long, and was succeeded by the well-known mark adopted by Mr. Duesbury of the crown, cross daggers, and D, thus. This mark was said to be adopted for three reasons—the D was, of course, the distinctive mark of the Derby make, to it the crown was added, by royal permission, because it was honoured with royal patronage, and the cross daggers and three spots as a defiance to all manufactures except three, viz., those of Sèvres, Dresden, and Berlin.



Fig. 5.

This mark was used without variation through all the different changes of proprietorship of the works, down to the early part of Mr. Bloor's time, when it was given up, as will be seen presently; but I have by me a design by Mr. Duesbury for a mark, which I here engrave, although I believe, it was never adopted. At all events I have failed in discovering a single specimen so marked.

Periodical sales of stock were held in London by Mr. Duesbury, and from the catalogues of "Sales by Auction" by Messrs. Christie and Ansell, of Pall Mall, and "Sales by Candle," by Mr. Hunter, the articles sent up for the purpose were excellent examples of the manufacture, and just such as were likely to be sought after by the traders—the "china-men" of London. The descriptions of the goods were in somewhat of the same particular strain as in the "list" above referred to, with this addition, that the price (the trade price possibly) was attached to each article. I have by me the priced catalogues of several years' sales, and it is highly interesting to examine them, and to see the prices they realised at the sales. They give, perhaps, one of the best insights into the porcelain trade of that period of anything I have seen. At one period porcelain thimbles were made to a very large extent. A considerable trade was also done for Mr. Vulliamy in Pall Mall, for "boys" and other figures for his clocks.

Mr. Duesbury died in the year 1785. For the last several years of his life his son William, who devoted himself untiringly to the advancement of the works, had been in partnership with him, under the firm of Duesbury and Son, and at his death he, of course, succeeded him. No man could have been more highly respected, both by his workmen and by all who knew or had dealings with him at home and abroad, than was this second William Duesbury, and under his care the works continued to grow in importance with an astonishing rapidity, and soon became by far the most prosperous and most successful in the kingdom. The connection which had previously been formed with the principal families, from royalty downwards, spread and increased, and among the hundreds of names of purchasers on the sale sheets and other papers, I come across, at random, those of the king, the queen, the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), who was a large customer for dessert, tea, coffee, and other services; the Duchess of Devonshire, William Pitt, Sir Hugh Pallissier, the Margravine of Anspach, the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Howe, and indeed almost every title then in the peerage. Besides this, several ladies of distinction painted groups of flowers and other pictures on porcelain, supplied to them for the purpose by Mr. Duesbury, who afterwards had them fired and finished for their own special use. Of these ladies, Lady Margaret Fordyce, Lady Plymouth, and Lady Aubrey executed some beautiful drawings, which probably may still remain in their families. Lord Lonsdale also had twenty-four plates painted with landscapes in Cumberland, from his own sketches; and many other noblemen and gentlemen did the same, many sets of china being painted with views of different parts of the estates of those for whom they were manufactured. Bronze figures of horses—probably originally belonging to the famous Duke of Newcastle, whose work on Horsemanship is the finest ever produced—were lent to Mr. Duesbury from Welbeck Abbey; and Lady Spencer also sent some choice moulds for working from. Altogether the Derby works, during the latter part of the first Mr. Duesbury's time, and during the life of his son, were, as we have said, the most successful, the best conducted, and the most fashionable establishment of the kind in the kingdom.

Mr. Duesbury had married in 1786 Elizabeth, daughter of William Edwards, Esq., of Derby (son of Dr. Nathaniel Edwards), a lady of good family, and by her had, with others, a son William, who afterwards, it will be seen, succeeded to the business.

Constant application to business, and the wear and tear of the brain from incessant anxieties, about 1795 made such fearful inroads on the health of Mr. Duesbury, that he was induced by his friends to take into partnership a Mr. Michael Kean, a very clever miniature painter, an Irishman by birth, who brought his talents to bear on the works, and by his skill in designing and drawing added much to the beauty of the articles manufactured. His connection, however, seems to have been a source of still greater anxiety to Mr. Duesbury, whose mind gradually gave way under his load of care. In 1797 or 1798 Mr. Duesbury died, and for a time Mr. Kean had the management of the business for the widow and her young family. In 1798, Mr. Kean married the widow, but after a time, from reasons into which it is needless to enter, as they do not affect the narrative, withdrew hastily from the concern, and the works were then continued by the third William Duesbury, who married Annabella, daughter of William Sheffield, Esq., and for a time the concern was carried on under the firm of "Duesbury and Sheffield." In 1815, Mr. Duesbury leased the premises to Mr. Robert Bloor, who had been a clerk to his father, and had carried on the business during Mr. Duesbury's minority, and the entire business ultimately passed into his hands. For some years, at all events up to about 1825 or 1830, Mr. Bloor continued to use the old mark of the Duesburys—the crown, cross daggers with dots, and D beneath—but about that period discontinued it, and adopted instead a mark with his own name. It is well to note, that down to the discontinuance of the old mark, it had invariably been done with the pencil, *by hand*, but that those adopted by Mr. Bloor were *printed* ones. The first printed mark, I believe to be Fig. 6, and somewhat later



Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.


the same was used but slightly larger in size, Fig. 7. Another mark used occasionally, about the year 1830, was Fig. 8, and two others were also used, which we here give. One was, as will be seen by the engravings, an old English  surmounted by a crown; the



Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.



Fig. 10.

other (Fig. 10) a crown, with a riband bearing the word DERBY in Roman capitals beneath it.

Before Mr. Bloor's time it had been the constant plan of the Duesburys—so worthily tenacious were they of their reputation, and of keeping up the high and unblemished character of their works—to allow none but *perfect* goods to leave their premises, and no matter how costly the article, or how trivial the fault (frequently so trivial as to be only perceptible to the most practised eye), all goods which were not perfect were stowed away in rooms in the factory, and had accumulated to an enormous extent. When Mr. Bloor took the concern, this stock of seconds goods became an almost exhaustless mine of wealth to him. Having to pay the purchase money by instalments, he found the easiest

method of doing so was to finish up these goods, take them to different large towns, and there sell them by auction. By this means he amassed large sums of money, as the "Derby china" found ready and liberal purchasers wherever it was thus offered. This system, however, though it had a temporary good, produced a lasting evil. The temptation to produce large quantities of goods specially for auction sale was so great as not to be withstood, and as by this means they were disposed of "with all their imperfections thick upon them," less care was devoted to their manufacture, and the decline of the works, principally from this cause, commenced.

Mr. Robert Bloor was assisted in his works by his brother Joseph, by whom the "mixing" was mainly done, and the two brothers died within a short time of each other. Robert, who had been a lunatic for many years before his decease, died in 1845, and Joseph the year following. The works then passed into the hands of a Mr. Clarke, who discontinued them, and sold most of the models, &c., to the Staffordshire manufacturers. The final dissolution of the old works took place in 1848, when a number of the workmen, naturally, migrated into Staffordshire and Worcestershire.

At this time, however, several of the old hands—actuated by the laudable desire of securing the continuance of a business which for a century had been so successfully carried on, and of continuing it as one of the trades of their native town—clubbed together (to use a characteristic expression), and commenced business on their own account. They each and all threw into the common stock what knowledge, experience, money, and tools, &c., they possessed, took premises in



Fig. 11.

King Street (on the site of old St. Helen's Nunnery), and under the name of "Locker and Co." commenced making "Derby china," and adopted, very properly, a distinctive mark, which shows this epoch in the works. This mark I here give.

It is a somewhat curious circumstance, that on the site of the old china works the modern Roman Catholic nunnery of St. Marie has been erected; while on the site of the old nunnery of St. Helen, the present china works are now carried on.

Mr. Locker died in 1859, and the works have since then been carried on under the style of "Stevenson and Co.," and bid fair, if not to rival the early glory and success of the works, at least to do credit to the town of Derby, in which they are situated. Great difficulties have had to be encountered by this band of workmen, but their zeal and determination have so far overcome them; and I doubt not, with a fair measure of support accorded to them, that the works will again rise to an enviable eminence. The place has every element of success about it—long experience, great skill, untiring attention, and zeal and energy in abundance—and some of the productions are highly creditable to the taste and skill of the men, and show that "the art of making English china" imparted to William Duesbury in 1756, is not forgotten, but remains with his successors to the present day.



Fig. 12.

One of the last large services made by Bloor was a magnificent dessert made for her present Majesty, and some large additions to that set, and pieces for replacing, have been from time to time made

by the present owners of the works, which are still therefore as fully entitled to the name of "royal" works as any of their predecessors. The marks used by Messrs. Stevenson and Co. have been the following, which I give to complete the chronological series. The name of Courtney, which appears on one of these marks, was Bloor's agent, and he still does a good trade with the present firm of Stevenson and Hancock.



Fig. 13.

I must not omit one point regarding the mark, which is important both to collectors and the manufactory itself. It is this. On many of the ornamental pieces made by the present firm, they have been induced by those who have ordered them, and others, to imitate the old mark of the crown, cross daggers, and D. This practice, which is bad policy, and may lead to confusion, I am happy to say I have succeeded in getting them to break



Fig. 14.

through, and to adopt in its stead the accompanying mark, which, while it is sufficiently identical with the old Derby mark, is yet distinct enough from it to be recognised as the work of a different period from that in which the old one was in use.

Having now gone through the HISTORY of the works, it only remains to speak of the artists employed, and of one branch of the manufacture, that of "Biscuit," which requires more than a passing notice. This material was quite peculiar to the Derby Works, and, unfortunately, the secret of its composition has been lost. To it, however, the beautiful Parian owes its origin, for one of the Derby workmen having engaged himself to, I believe, Mr. Copeland, was trying experiments to recover the secret of the biscuit composition, when instead of it he produced accidentally that which has been named Parian, and in which exquisitely beautiful figures and groups have since been worked. It is pleasant to know, that although the art of making Derby biscuit figures has been lost, the Parian has sprung from it, and been produced by a Derby man. Nothing could exceed the sharpness and beauty of the biscuit figures as produced in the best days of the Derby Works, and I have some examples which, for delicacy and fineness of modelling, and for sharpness of touch, are scarcely to be equalled by anything which can be produced.

Of the artists employed at the Derby China Works, the principal modellers appear to have been Spangler, Stephan, Coffee, Complin, Hartenberg, Duvivier, Webber, and Dear, and many others, including Bacon the sculptor, were employed in London, and the models sent down to the works. Spangler was a Swiss, and was extremely clever, as was also Coffee, whose figures in terra-cotta are much sought after. A notice of these artists and their works would alone form a paper of great interest, and as this is in course of preparation, it is needless to say more of them in the present article.

Of the painters, the principal ones were Bowman, who was originally of Chelsea, afterwards of Derby, and then again of London, and who was one of the best flower and landscape painters of his day; Billingsley, who received instruction from Bowman, and whose flower pieces have certainly never been surpassed, or even equalled; Hill, a famous painter of landscapes, who delighted in sylvan scenery; Brewer, also an excellent landscape and figure painter, and whose wife, Bernice Brewer, was also a painter; Pegg, who surpassed in faithful copying of nature,

in single branches and flowers, and in autumnal borders; Samuel Keys, a clever ornamentalist, who ended his days in the employ of Mintons; Steel, who excelled all others in painting fruit; John Keys, a flower painter; Cotton and Askew, two highly-gifted painters of figures; Webster, Withers, Hancock (two, uncle and nephew), Bancroft and others as flower painters; Lowton, clever at hunting and sporting subjects; and Robinson, at landscapes. But besides these, there were many other really clever artists employed, whose names deserve to, and probably will, be recorded. It is pleasant, too, to know, that "Wright, of Derby," the celebrated portrait painter, the contemporary and fellow pupil with Reynolds, lent his powerful aid on some occasions, in supplying drawings and giving advice, as did also De Boeuff, Bartolozzi, Sanby, and many others of eminence; and it is also interesting to add, that one of the Wedgwood family, Jonathan Wedgwood, was at one time employed at Derby. The agreement between himself and William Duesbury, dated 1772, is now lying before me, and by it, he binds himself for three years to work at "the arts of repairing and throwing china or porcelain ware," for the sum of fourteen shillings per week.*

PRINTING on china appears to have been introduced at Derby in 1764,—some years before even Wedgwood printed his own ware, but while he was in the habit of sending it off to Liverpool to be printed by Messrs. Sadler and Green. The process, however, did not obtain much favour at Derby, and Mr. Duesbury evidently found it better, and more satisfactory, to adhere to hand-work in all his goods. The person who introduced the process, and whom he engaged to carry it on, was Richard Holdship, of Worcester, who, by deed, covenanted for the sum of £100 paid down, and a yearly sum of £30 so long as the works continued on his process, to impart in writing to Messrs. Duesbury and Heath his secret process for making china according to proofs already made by him at the Derby Works; to supply them with all sufficient quantities of soapy rock at fair prices; and to print all the china or porcelain ware which might have occasion to be printed. The engagement with Holdship lasted, at all events, many years, but during that time the printing evidently was not much followed, as in his letters to his employers he is constantly complaining of having no work for his presses, and in having no goods made according to his process. In one of his letters he values his press at ten guineas in cash, and his copper-plates at a large amount, while he says "for his process for Printing Enamell and Blew, he hath been offered several Hundred Pounds." His stock of enamel colours, 151 lbs. in weight, he offers to sell for £35.

In conclusion, I must not omit to say that one ware, called the "Cream Ware," very closely resembling Wedgwood's celebrated "Queen's Ware," was made at Derby for a short time, and was of great beauty. Specimens of this ware are of the most extreme rarity, in fact, I know only of one or two examples being in existence at the present time.

Besides the Derby China Works, there were Potteries at Cockpit Hill, Derby; and china was also made at Pinxton, in the same county, of which a short notice will be given in a future paper. Specimens of this make are also rare.

* For some of the papers referred to I am indebted to the present representatives of the Duesbury family, by whom they have been placed in my hands.

RECENT PRODUCTIONS

OF

FLORENTINE SCULPTORS.

THERE is a little quiet street on the Pitti side of the Arno, called Via della Nunziata, where tall green trees are seen waving over high garden walls; and a quaintly carved niche at the corner house overarches a very ancient painting of the Madonna, with the usual votive flower vases and bronze lamp before it, which gives the street its name. Here is situated the studio of Signor Santarelli, one of the professors of the Florentine Academy of Fine Arts; a sculptor of much repute for the minute and exquisite finish of his works, and in particular for the classic taste of his *bassi relievi*. I may mention, by the way, that the fine gardens attached to Signor Santarelli's handsome mansion in Via della Nunziata are celebrated for one of the most beautiful collections of camellias that our flower-loving city contains. The statue of Michael Angelo, which holds a principal place in the studio, and is now just receiving the finishing touches, is a repetition, on a reduced scale, of that on the front of the Uffizi, which has been deservedly ranked among the best of the works occupying its long row of niches. There is great dignity in the figure, a strong yet admirably subdued character in the hard, thoughtful face we all know so well, and the accessories of the carefully studied costume are executed with infinite skill. Here are also several busts remarkable for the same merits as the Michael Angelo; one in particular, of an old monk, Prior of Santa Feleicità, with shrewd, pinched features, to whose clever likeness one would swear without ever having seen him. There is also an excellent bust of the Marchese Ridolfi, a Tuscan nobleman of great influence and popularity, and one of the members of the provisional government after the revolution of '59. Here, too, is a speaking likeness of the late Professor Bezzuoli; of the lamented minister for ecclesiastical affairs, Cav. Salvagnoli, who was laid but a few months back within the storied walls of the venerable Campo Santo of Pisa; and of the Marchese Massimo d'Azeglio, the accomplished statesman, artist, and novelist, whose celebrity is not pent up within the Alps. In all these busts there is a conscientious fidelity of resemblance, coupled with a delicacy of execution which is especially called for in portraits. Among the works of imagination, of which there are many in this studio, the following are the most worthy of notice:—

A series of *bassi relievi* on mythological subjects, processions, triumphs, the dance of the Hours, and other similar themes. Many of them have not yet been executed in marble, as, for instance, those intended to adorn a hall in the Pitti Palace, by order of the *ex-devant* Grand Duke. All are elegantly outlined, though a little cold and stiff, and bear the stamp of the strictest classicism, of which school Signor Santarelli has always been the sworn champion. In theory, as in custom, he has always opposed the school of the "*naturalisti*," who draw their types of beauty rather from the real than from the traditional embodiments of antique statuary, and who, truth to tell, have of late years had to win their ground inch by inch, by hard fighting, against the classicists in Italy, which country, as might be supposed, has remained one of the latest strongholds of their Art-doctrines.

'The Good Shepherd,' a highly finished statue of somewhat more than life-size. He holds the strayed lamb tenderly across his shoulders, while carrying it onwards to the distant fold, on which his looks are fixed.

'The Kneeling Magdalen,' gracefully composed, with the usual accompaniments of streaming locks, reed cross, and heavenward eyes. The limbs are beautifully moulded, but the face lacks beauty and truth of sentiment. Far more effective is the group of the 'Bacchante,' vine-crowned, and reclining in the shade, who offers a cup and a rich cluster of grapes to a thirsty little soul of a boy-faun standing at her knee, anxiously waiting for the promised draught. In this group the feeling to be expressed is far less vivid and

subtle, and it depends far more for its beauty on the grace and polish which is this sculptor's forte.

'The Prayer of Innocence' (*La Preghiera dell'Innocenza*), is represented by a young female child, kneeling with downcast eyes and dimpled palms laid flat together, mechanically uttering her wonted prayer before lying down to sleep. On the pedestal are inscribed the words—"*Oratio ejus accepta est.*" The face has much of the soft prettiness of childhood, though the Chinese look given to it by drawing all the hair smoothly up to the top of the head greatly diminishes its charm. Yet the want of intelligent expression in the features is so striking that it can hardly be overlooked; and this placid no-meaning, it seems, entered into the intention of the sculptor, who, with a strange *naïveté* belonging to the so-called "ages of faith," rather than to our present day, meant to embody in the fair, cypher-like countenance, whose pouting lips are murmuring the "Ave" learned by rote, the idea of the mere outward act of prayer being acceptable to the Almighty, although it have no corresponding action on the soul. A strange doctrine enough to be thus simply put forth, especially at the present crisis of the religious movement in Italy.

'Amore Maliquo' (Cupid in mischief), with its smooth fidelity to the classic type, is a far more attractive work than the 'Prayer of Innocence.' His godship, under the form of a lad some twelve years old, sits in a *nonchalant* attitude of repose, holding in one hand by the wings a luckless butterfly, and in the other a tiny arrow-point, with which he is pricking the poor captive's slender velvet body, while a well-pleased simper of satisfaction plays the while over the deity's well-cut lips, and lurks in the corners of his half-shut eyes. Of course the figure is an embodiment of the torment inflicted by love upon the soul of man; and here again the very vagueness of the idea lends itself to the display of the peculiar capacities of the artist. In all these statues, whether nude or draped, the skilful and masterly handling of the marble leaves nothing to be desired.

A semi-colossal figure of St. Francis, destined for the cloisters of the convent of Oquissanti, has more of movement in it, despite a certain conventionality of feature into which the modern Italian sculptors of religious personages are too apt to fall, and which reminds one rather of the insipid creations of the latter half of the seventeenth century than of the *grandiose* conceptions of Niccola Pisano and Donatello. The same beauties and the same defects as those I have already noticed as observable in the other works of Signor Santarelli, may be traced in the statue of the orphan boy holding out his little hand for the alms, for which he truly seems to have as little need as desire. The figure is, I believe, destined, as well as 'The Good Shepherd,' 'The Prayer of Innocence,' and one or two other of this sculptor's works, to appear in the Art department of the approaching great Italian exhibition.*

A few doors from Signor Santarelli's studio, on the opposite side of Via della Nunziata, is that of Mr. Fuller, a young countryman of our own, whose rapidly developed talent has given him no insignificant place in the confraternity of foreign artists established in Florence. The *locale*, as the readers of these notices will have seen is so often the case here, occupies a part of the buildings of an ancient monastery. The two principal chambers which compose it were formerly one immense room, the refectory of the convent. The lofty vaulted ceilings are full of shade and pleasant coolness in the glow of these burning August days; and through the tall windows there are glimpses of the arched and pillared porticoes which once formed the garden cloisters, and flashes of distant pink oleanders and vivid scarlet pomegranate blossoms glistening beyond in the cloudless sunshine.

The visitor to this tempting studio will find it difficult to believe, as he glances over the numerous works of very considerable calibre and indisputable power which it contains, that only a very few years—some six or seven—have passed since Mr. Fuller exchanged a military career in England for a course of severe artistic study at Florence. The result of this training—pursued

with the zest and resolution which only a true vocation for Art can give—has been the production by this young sculptor of a series of busts and models for statues, of which many an artist far more mature in years and study might justly be proud; and what is very possibly, nay, naturally, yet wanting to his works in mere mechanical perfection of finish, and literal hand labour, is in a great degree compensated for by a power of poetical fancy, and a living fulness of expression, which one sees at the first glance predominating in the artist's mind over the desire to reproduce the rigid quietism of classic formulas, and tells unmistakably that the soil it springs from is the vigorous and romantic imagination of the north, although carefully modified and tempered by southern studies.

Among the portrait busts, most of which have been executed in marble, though only the plaster models remain in the studio, the most remarkable are,—an excellent likeness of Mr. Charles Lever, the novelist, and a portrait of Giulietta Grisi, which, for spirit and simplicity, may take rank (and it is the highest praise that can be awarded it) beside the busts of Hiram Powers. A portrait of the sculptor of the 'Greek Slave' is here also, and though somewhat wanting in pliability of feature, presents a valuable likeness of his eminently powerful and genial face. There is also a very clever bust, nearly finished in marble, of a fair little Russian damsel of ten years old, with her soft hair turned back from the brow and falling on the neck, and a half-blown rose coquettishly set in its waves, while her dimpled shoulders are half veiled by a fold of rich lace.

First in date of Mr. Fuller's large works is a group called 'The First Lesson.' A young matron is sitting with her first-born beside her knee; she holds an open book before him, and points to the page whereon is inscribed the name of God. Her eyes rest tenderly on the boy's face, as though trying, by the magnetic power of a mother's glance, to fill his heart with love and reverence for the Author of all good; while the child, half startled, half eager, as the new idea of all-powerful wisdom and goodness expands his young intellect, stands looking upwards with dilated eye and serious lip, and intently drinks in every word of the gentle voice that leads him so lovingly to the first thought of the divine which man's opening mind conceives. The simple earnestness of the mother's figure, and more especially the graceful bearing of the slender throat, and the head with its succinct adornment of wavy braids of hair, form the distinguishing merit of this group. There is great breadth and elegance, too, in the ample folds of the drapery, but the child's figure has something of stiffness in its outline, and looks, moreover, a little too old to belong to the subject of a first lesson of the kind. The figures are of full life-size.

A group of 'Europa and the Bull' comes next in seniority among the models this studio contains. The beautiful Phœnician princess, already borne far from shore over the flashing blue waters of the Mediterranean, lies half reclining upon the bull's broad shoulders, on which she supports herself with the left hand, while with the right, half caressingly, half in fear, she holds the silky ear of her transformed ravisher, whose eyes turn lovingly towards her face. The necessarily abrupt termination of this group at the water's level is to be regretted, on account of a certain squat look which it gives to an otherwise charming work, the erection of which, on a pedestal, would but increase the evil. Its principal beauty lies in the head of Europa, whose face is one of rare loveliness and delicacy of execution, as she looks back to the shore where she has left her flower-gathering companions with a pretty, half-shrinking look of wonder and timidity, the eyebrow slightly raised, and the slender nostril a very little dilated, and gathers up her feet from the touch of the salt spray which laps round the mighty chest of the disguised sovereign of Olympus. Seen in profile, this head has a singular charm, and well deserves to be put into marble.

Far more perfect in design, however, is the neighbour group of 'Rhodope and the Eagle.' The subject is taken from an ancient legend related by Ælian, and by no means worn so threadbare by repetition under various forms of Art as most of the fables of the old mythology. The

* This was written before the recent exhibition at Florence was opened.—[Ed. A.-J.]

legend tells how Rhodope, a beautiful slave, lying asleep one day on the bank of a river in Samos, in her slumber the sandal or slipper fell from her foot, which was unrivalled for its smallness and wonderful symmetry. An eagle chanced to be hovering overhead, and swooping down seized the sandal and bore it away over the sea to the far off city of Memphis, where he dropped it at the feet of Psammetichus, King of Egypt. The monarch immediately became deeply enamoured of its tiny proportions, and sent forth messengers into all lands to seek out the owner of the unequalled sandal. By a piece of the strange good luck which was apt to attend, it seems, such wild ventures in legendary times, the messengers did succeed in discovering the beautiful Grecian maiden, tried on the fateful slipper, found that it fitted her delicate foot to perfection, and was the fellow to one which she already possessed, and brought her in due time to the presence of the love-stricken Psammetichus, who forthwith raised the damsel to his heart and throne as Queen of Egypt. In this quaint legend, which is of very high antiquity, one sees the germ of the beautiful tale of Cinderella, which, in our northern paraphrase, has had a plentiful embroidery of romantic and supernatural incidents added to its primitive oriental simplicity.

The statue of 'The Castaway' is the only one of Mr. Fuller's works yet known in England, whither it was taken by a Russian gentleman for whom it was executed in bronze. A repetition of it in marble is just sketched out, and will be sent to the Exhibition of 1862. It represents a shipwrecked sailor, who, while drifting hopelessly on his frail raft, after long days of suffering, catches sight of a sail on the horizon. The lower limbs are extended on the raft, while a world of eagerness and pathos is thrown into the face and the action of the upper part of the body, which is propped on the left arm, while the right hand is outspread in breathless expectation and desire, as the lips part with a gasping cry, and the faint eyes strain once more towards the new hope of life.

Like all Mr. Fuller's statues, 'The Castaway' tells its story vividly and simply, and the accusation is common in Italy against works of this kind, that they do not belong to the category of so-called "*scultura dotta*," or learned sculpture; in other words, that they offend against the conventionalities of a graceful and highly-polished materialism in Art, whose every rule can trace back its progeniture to a classic stock. And in truth such an accusation seems the less reasonable when one considers the immense injury inflicted on the very soul and essence of Art in Italy during the last two centuries by that very "*dottrina*" carried to excess, the subordination of which to the sentiment of a work of Art is sure to call forth a sneer of reprobation there against the artist, whether Italian or foreign, who ventures to put it into practice. The "learned sculpture" school above mentioned had well nigh done for Art what the Academy mania, and the Arcadian conceits of its votaries, did for the literature of the eighteenth century throughout the Peninsula, leaving it spiritless and sapless—an embalmed and painted semblance of life, ready to drop into dust at the first breath of the wholesome outer air. The example lies before their eyes of the ruin wrought in the literature of their country by the euphonistic exaggerations, minute affectations, and Della Cruscan quibbles into which the super-learned school of letters dwindled as a natural consequence. From this debasement it has needed the shock of political revolution and the sturdy effort of reforming genius to lift it: yet the cry grows none the less loud against what is called unlearned sculpture every time that a symptom of the spirit of innovation appears, especially if the artist be young, and of such promise as to forbode danger from his rising power to the old traditions and lovers of the ancient beaten paths.

The statue upon which Mr. Fuller is now engaged, and which, though as yet only in the clay, most certainly surpasses, both in sentiment and execution, as far as can at present be seen, any piece of sculpture he has yet attempted, represents Lady Godiva riding on her errand of mercy through the streets of Coventry. The model is intended to be sent to London for the Exhibition, and the statue is destined to be cast in bronze. The lady's figure is six feet four inches in height,

and that of the horse about fifteen hands and a half; yet her proportions seem by no means large, on account of her elevation above the spectator's eye. She sits her steed with simple composure, as he paces on with a playful, half-impatient curve of the neck, expecting rather than feeling his mistress's light pressure on the rein. The whole conception of Godiva's figure is exceedingly charming; her attitude admirably expresses the entire absence of self-consciousness, without which her noble sacrifice could never have been accomplished. Her position is perfectly unaffected. The reins lie loosely in her left hand, which rests on her lap; the right is laid upon her bosom, among the long wavy tresses of hair which flow down her shoulders as low as the knee. The action has none of the coquettish mock modesty of the *pose* of the Venus de Medici. The Grecian goddess makes believe to hide the contour of her beautiful bust; the Saxon heroine only seeks to still the pulses of her innocent heart. She rides, as was the custom of the day for women, without a saddle; but a heavy folded cloth falls over the horse's back on either side, on which she sits, her feet folded together with a quiet grace. The whole body is in perfect repose, and all the strength of expression is concentrated in the face, which looks slightly upwards and away beyond the immediate present into the good time coming. Mr. Fuller has not endowed his fair Saxon with conventional "severe Greek" features, but has lent them sufficient characteristics of the northern type to individualise without marring their serene beauty. He has been especially successful in the expression of the eyes, which so utterly forego womanly shame and timid repugnance to look their holy purpose chastely in the face. To be worthy of her deed, Godiva, like Eve in the garden before her fall, must not know that she is naked. The lightest visible shrinking from the strange horror of her position would sully the purity of the victim, and unspiritualise the whole portraiture of her noble, self-forgetting nature.

It seems doubtful whether bronze be the material best fitted for the execution of this very remarkable statue. A great part of its merit consists in that delicate beauty of feature and subtle power of expression which would better be brought out by the transparent purity of marble than in the too high lights and inky shadows of the swarthy metal. Still, if, as is most likely, Mr. Fuller's statue be destined to bear the caprices of our English climate on some public square, the material which has the least to fear from rain-streaks, or unsightly smudges of soot, should assuredly be made choice of, and we must look forward to seeing a marble Godiva in some spacious hall or open portico. The pedestal on which the statue will be placed is to be composed of grey or brownish stone; it will be about six feet in height, ornamented with Saxon arches and pillars on each side, forming a series of niches, each bearing an appropriate shield of arms. At each corner of the pedestal is to be an armed figure, in the dress of the time. Raised upon this stately base, and with the full daylight streaming over her lovely upturned face and graceful limbs, Mr. Fuller's Lady Godiva will be a most fit embodiment of Tennyson's beautiful picture of the peerless Saxon lady, as

"She rode forth, clothed on with chastity, and
The deep air listened round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear."

The English reader who has accompanied me through the principal sculptors' studios of Florence will find enough in these slight sketches to prove that the traditions of ancient Florentine Art have not impotently died out in the very shadow of Giotto's unrivalled belfry tower, and the stately Loggia of Orgagna, as not a few English Art-lovers and critics are apt to imagine. Many a piece of sculpture is every year produced there, of which the merit lies neither in the prettiness of a rapid *conceito*, nor the pale shadowing of a washed-out reminiscence. Art in Italy requires only fostering, not resuscitation; and the quickening impulses of freedom now working here so mightily and healthfully in every phase of social improvement, will not fail them, we may confidently expect, in fully reasserting this their ancestral claim to supremacy among the nations.

THEODOSIA TROLLOPE.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, AT CHATSWORTH.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S FRIENDS.

Sir E. Landseer, R.A., Painter. J. C. Armytage, Engraver.

WITH this engraving is commenced the series entitled "SELECTED PICTURES FROM THE GALLERIES AND PRIVATE COLLECTIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN." Our subscribers have already received intimation of the nature and character of the works we purpose to engrave; it is, therefore, only necessary to state here that the best collections of British Art in England and Scotland have been freely and liberally opened to us for our purpose, and that we confidently anticipate the choice we have already made, and are still making, will be such as to largely increase the reputation which the *Art-Journal* has so long enjoyed.*

The picture of the 'Chieftain's Friends' was painted for the late Duke of Devonshire. The "chieftain" is the Lord Richard Cavendish, second brother of the present duke.

No British artist, excepting Turner, has furnished so many themes for the engraver as Sir Edwin Landseer: there are, indeed, very few of his many works that have not been engraved. The large popularity he has enjoyed, and deservedly enjoyed, has continued without interruption during nearly forty years.

The picture is one of a grand collection, principally, however, of the older masters, hung at Chatsworth, a princely mansion, adorned with taste as well as elegance, the gardens of which are unsurpassed in Europe: situated in the most charming of our shires, Derbyshire, the seat of the duke is a brilliant "gem" in a rare setting. The late duke, whose memory is honoured wherever his influence extended,—and that was far as well as near, in Ireland as well as in England,—was one of the earliest of the patrons of Sir Edwin Landseer.

It will be readily perceived, by all who have studied the works of this accomplished painter, that the 'Chieftain's Friends' is one of his earlier productions, evidencing, however, the germ of that power which has since placed him foremost among the great artists of the epoch. Were we asked to point out four artists, different from each other, whose names will live the longest in the annals of British painting, they would be Reynolds in portraiture, Wilkie in *genre* or domestic subjects, Turner in landscape, and Landseer in animals; and we might challenge any age or school to produce the superiors of these, except, perhaps, in the case of Reynolds, who, in some qualities, was surpassed by Titian, Vandyke, and Rubens; the others have been excelled by none. The pictures of Landseer, although his themes are so generally taken from the lower world, are essentially poems. The animals he paints, without ever losing their own natures, seem endowed with higher attributes than belong to their kind: the horse is not a mere horse; the dog is not a mere dog; but so much has been written, and written so well, on this subject, as to have exhausted it; while to praise the works of this truly great artist would be but to repeat that which has been said of him a thousand times.

It is less the landscape than the figures that attract in this picture; these are full of life and spirit; while the dead bird which has fallen a prey to the falcon's talons, is beautifully painted; yet not more so than the other portions of the work. The young "chieftain," who is habited in costume of the olden time, is represented as amusing himself with his "friends," probably after an hour or two's sport with them. Landseer has arranged the group with much elegance, and has given to each object the full expression of its nature.

* In order to meet the wishes of any desirous of possessing proof impressions of this series, the publishers announce that they intend to issue a limited number of copies, not exceeding 350 in all, divided into *artist's proofs* and *proofs before letters*. These will appear in Parts containing three engravings in each, and will be sent out in portfolios. Applications for them should be made to Mr. J. S. VIRTUE, 294, City Road.



SEP. E. LANDSEER, R.A. PINXIT

THE CHIEFTAIN'S FRIENDS.

FROM THE ARTING IN THE GALLERY OF HIS GRACE, THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

J. C. ARMYTAGE SCULPT.

THE
REVIVAL OF PAINTING IN SPAIN.

AN assurance that the Fine Arts have really made a vigorous start of late in old Spain, is to be received with absolute satisfaction. Heretofore the history of the Peninsula, the favoured home of painting, is full of curious proofs of the good social influence of artistic refinement. There, as in other countries, whilst improvement in public taste has ever elevated national character, the principles of even despotic government have been purified by wisely-encouraged Art. In Spain, the great artist has moderated grievous political evils. His better spirit has ever vindicated the cause of truth, whoever else might fail that truth. There, too, the great artist has always found favour with enlightened—and even with unenlightened—energetic rulers. Art made progress in Spain under the giant domination of Charles V.; and in the long, chequered reign of Philip II. Both sovereigns were its warm patrons; and the union of the Low Countries, with other vast dominions, gave Spanish genius the advantage of example and culture from Flemish masters, as much as support from royal munificence.*

Antonio More,† of Utrecht, was brought to Madrid to leave a native school behind him; whence arose Velasquez,‡ with Murillo;§ and a great minister, Olivarez, was their patron. This remarkable progress, however, was followed by a decline in artistic taste as remarkable; and, at the same time, by a long period of political weakness. The struggle had lasted all through the sixteenth century, and it closed at length with the triumph of the Inquisition over liberty of conscience; and by that of every form of misrule. Two writers, a Spaniard, Don Luis de Usoz y Rio, and an Englishman, Mr. Wiffen, have recovered from absolute neglect the genuine records of what an illustrious band of Spanish reformers did in that century, to defeat those frightful abuses of power. But an able, and only too short, narrative of their resistance, by Don Jose Guardia, of Paris, concludes with an interesting and most curious notice of the aid then offered by great Spanish artists to the advocates of freedom. Philip II. closed an ignoble life by reviving suppressed bull-fights, and by obtaining from Rome the canonisation of an ignorant, unworthy favourite, the monk Diego. Whilst Murillo produced too indulgent a portrait of this monk, Herrera, under the guise of St. Basil imposing his rule upon the brotherhood, stamps the body with bitter irony. High on the canvas stand out shameless the seven capital sins justly imputed to that brotherhood; and below, out of sight, the cardinal virtues are left in neglect. We English are not without an interest in seeing justice done to King Philip's favourite. St. Diego was amongst the most bitter writers of the time against our great Queen, Elizabeth.

Murillo could paint his Virgin in charming perfection and radiant innocence, Ribera exhibit the penitent sinking in despair, Morales represent the excess of human suffering, and Zurbaran the end of all in death with awful truth; but Herrera was unsurpassed in his indignant display of the false policy of the throne and the church that was rapidly destroying his country. His pencil is a grand protest against the violations of the most sacred rights of humanity.¶ Such is, in a

few words, the powerful description given by Don Jose Guardia of an early school of Spanish patriots, of whom their own age was not worthy, and whom ours is bound to raise to high places in the temple of fame.

The ambition and intrigues of Louis XIV. triumphed, after a struggle of forty years, over a failing Spanish dynasty, when, in defiance of England and Holland, he secured for his grandson an empire in the old and new world, which the Stuarts had already made his own. This political decay certainly paralysed Spanish Art; and Spanish critics state it as an aggravation of their fall, that, unlike the gorgeous, golden adornments which marked the decay of Art in imperial Rome, the glories of the great painters of the seventeenth century, in degraded Spain, were simply replaced by "tapestry and damask, and even by mean strips of variegated cloth, and by ridiculous, coloured paper."*

At that time the native artistic genius of Spaniards suffered a dark eclipse. The historian of that eclipse,† or rather the able artist, Palomino, who made most vigorous efforts to remove it, does his country great honour, even when displaying the misfortunes of the time. But although native Spanish genius sank thus for a while, the Bourbons were far from insensible to the claims of the Fine Arts, and the new court made vigorous efforts to improve public taste. But they leaned unwisely to French schools for the revival of painting. At the same period the political regeneration of the country was entrusted to an able Italian, Cardinal Alberoni. In England, however, even then, shrewd observers perceived the prodigious resources of the Spaniards at home and beyond sea. One of these men said boldly that "some great prince, or some considerable subject of a suitable genius, or other like accident, among the Spaniards, might so new model the Indies as to become their firm support, and the terror of their neighbours."‡

Somewhat later, and when the Cardinal Alberoni had failed to revive the fortunes of the monarchy, the enlightened Spanish-born minister of Charles III., Florida Blanca, was more successful. He effected some economical reforms; and helped to lay an excellent foundation for improvement in the Fine Arts, by instituting a royal academy of painting, sculpture, and architecture. But again a foreign artist, Mengs, was to be brought to Madrid, as the guide of the movement, which, however, originated with native Spaniards, and was speedily promoted by them.

In 1741 Olivieri, a Spanish sculptor, assembled in his own house a society of his countrymen friendly to his views. Out of their zealous efforts grew many meetings and deliberations, which, in 1752, produced the Royal Academy. It quickly raised the Fine Arts in Spain from their deep degradation. A wiser court, in the next thirty years, might well have effected the best political reforms which eminent men laboured hard to introduce into that country.

The late undoubted improvement in the prospects of Spain, in all respects, may be reasonably looked upon as a sign that the good spirit is again abroad, which tends to political, as well as to artistic progress.

The eloquent orator already quoted, who contributed earnestly to this double progress, Jovellanos, drew, in his address to the Academy, a sketch of singular interest, re-

specting the progress of painting in Spain from the earliest ages. Coming to modern times, he selected Velasquez and Murillo for elaborate eulogy. But of all their great qualities—which he describes in glowing terms, justified by universal admiration of their works—their fidelity to nature, their love of truth, are the most warmly commended. "Some artists," he says, "painters of the ideal, aim, and not without success, at improving upon Nature. Velasquez was content to follow her. He, above all men, could the best imitate her."

And then Jovellanos exclaims with enthusiasm—"Yes, generous youths—whom I am addressing—the pride and hope of Spain, never swerve from the track of so noble a chief. Truth is the gem of all perfection. Neither beauty, nor taste, nor wit can live apart from truth. Where a Velasquez triumphed, you may boldly tread. His supreme merit was testified by the universal voice of Spain. Boileau well declares this mastery of truth even in the region of fiction—

"Rien n'est beau que le vrai. Le vrai seul est aimable!
Il doit regner partout: et même dans la fable."

It was the dignity of sentiments like these that won for the enlightened Jovellanos the respect and friendship of an English patriot, the late Lord Holland; and the value of truth, as an element in the studies of the historian, and the aspirations of the lover of liberty, was equally recognised by a more illustrious patriot—his uncle—Mr. Fox.

Another monitor at the Academical solemnities in Madrid, Navarrete, riveted attention by a narrative of the patriotic sympathies of the artists of Spain in the years of *Terror*, as they were called—the year of the two French invasions, under Bonaparte in 1809, and the Bourbons in 1823. These sympathies were, in a peculiar form, a demonstration of the union ever existing between high Art and right political feeling.

The proof of the strength of such identity in the principle which gives political life to a nation, along with artistic power, calls for careful investigation. A subtle French critic has, in the present day of his own country's peculiar position, ventured to deny the good influence of lofty political views in the case of one who is admitted to have been the greatest painter of the last generation of Spain, Goya.* "He seemed to be indifferent," says his Parisian biographer, "to the successive revolutions from the occupation of Spain by the armies of Bonaparte, after Charles IV. and his son abdicated the throne at Bayonne, to the invasion of the country by the Duke d'Angoulême in 1823. He readily took orders for pictures from every corner, and money from each dynasty in turn."†

In this modern period, however, of slow revival, Spain may boldly boast of possessing in that individual Francisco Goya, a painter who, in his single career, nobly represented the genius of his country, coming painfully indeed, but triumphantly, out of a mortal struggle of a century; and that career, both honourable and prosperous, offers an instructive commentary upon the Spaniard's artistic mind.

Francisco Goya y Lucientes, a native of Arragon, was an artist, both painter and engraver, of no less extraordinary diligence than power. His portraits, and other paintings of a very high merit, are everywhere well known. His story is full of interest, and success crowned his labours with wealth and honour.

Goya was born in a little town, Fuendetodos, near Saragossa. His father, a gilder

* Jovellanos' Address to the Royal Society of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, in Madrid, 1751. Navarrete's Address of 1832. British Museum Catalogue, *Academies*.

† Born 1582, died 1681.

‡ Born 1593, died 1660.

§ Born 1610, died 1682.

¶ "Revue Nationale et Etrangère," vol. vi. p. 606, October 1861. Paris.

* Jovellanos' Address to the Royal Academy (1781), quoting Pliny, for the description of Roman decrepitude in painting.

† A copy of Palomino's "Museo Pictorio" will be found in the King's Library in the British Museum. It was published in Madrid, in several parts, from the year 1715 to 1724.

‡ Proposals to King William III. to plant a colony in Darien, 1701, after the failure of the Scots. (Paterson's Works, vol. i., p. 110.)

* Born 1746, died 1828.

† "Goya," par L. Malheron, chap. x. Paris, 1858.

by trade, possessed two small houses, which he sold to provide for his son's advancement in life. The talent of the boy for drawing was perceived by a monk of Saragossa, who placed him, at fifteen, for instruction under an eminent local painter. Here he worked sedulously for five years, and then was sent to the painting academy of San Luis, in Saragossa. He profited greatly in this good school, where he was amply furnished with the best works of great masters, such as Velasquez and Murillo. But the young man's studies were propitiously broken off by a brawl in the city, in which he took too active a part. He escaped to Madrid with the blessing of his generous father, who put him up a purse of £20, "to carry him perhaps to Rome for his studies, as well as to Madrid," as the good old man said.

In the capital, painting had taken its new start under the warm patronage of the court, and Mengs, the German artist, had the direction of the Royal Academy. A fellow student from Arragon was Goya's friend in the academy, but he soon saw that a visit to Italy must complete his studies, and open a way to success.

Adding by his works something to his father's little stock, he reached Rome, but his travels were quickened by another unlucky brawl in Madrid, in which he was stabbed. He used to say that he owed his progress in life to two misadventures—the one a quarrel which threatened him with the dungeons of the Inquisition; the other a wound, not far from being fatal.

Goya reached Rome in 1772, a time of absolute decline in every branch of Art, even in Italy. The teachers of that day have been correctly termed by a good judge, Winckelmann, its corrupters. The young Spaniard, with the instinct of his genius, says his clever French biographer, would not go near these teachers. He did not even join the Spanish students, who, along with himself, had previously been sent to Italy from the Royal Academy of Madrid. He wisely preferred long visits to the galleries of the old masters. There he filled his mind with their beauties, and became familiar with their methods of drawing, of composition, and of work. He felt his own strength, and increased it tenfold by what he saw had been done by the greatest men. He never copied much, and was not sorry to provide for his daily wants by the labour of his own skilful hands. It was at this period of his struggling life that his father sold his little property, that his son might the longer enjoy his "teachers." That father had faith in his child's abilities and character.

At length one of Goya's pieces happened to be seen by an agent of the Empress Catherine, employed to collect for the Russian government. He was struck by the talent displayed in the painting, and made Goya some munificent proposals to go to St. Petersburg in the Imperial service. Still young, he was inclined to accept the splendid terms, but before doing so consulted his father, who yearned for his son's return home, and his wish determined that good son to resist so great temptation for so young a man.

Before he left Italy, he painted for a prize, and the report of the judgment declares that the *second* prize was awarded to his painting—'Hannibal looking down from the Alps in his victorious march into Italy'—only in consequence of his not having conformed closely enough to the conditions of the academy.

He was received in Madrid by his old chief, Mengs, with much consideration, and by the friend of his youth, Bayeu, now in high repute, with affection. He soon married that friend's sister. A faithful follower of Velasquez, his great merit lay in subjecting

Art to a deep knowledge of nature and her truthful appearances, and he reproved the schools for affecting anatomical or linear displays. His motto was *Ars est celare artem*; yet no painter ever better knew what exact drawing is. Some of his pieces in red chalk are mentioned as models for the student, and fit to lecture from in an academy. He sought popularity, and won it by a surprising profusion of familiar paintings, to be seen in all the collections. But he produced fine works which adorn great galleries, and are universally admired. He was the first of Spanish artists who turned his subjects of devotion or heroism to the incidents of common life, and upon these he bestowed infinite pains with marvellous power. He was a keen satirist of manners, and a touching describer of the passions. His admirable works of every sort placed him at the head of his profession at the early age of thirty-six, honoured in every way by the court, beloved by the people, esteemed by all; a position which he kept unshaken during forty years.

A well authenticated anecdote says everything for his popularity. One day upon the public promenade in Madrid, where he was the object of general notice, and whilst a crowd was listening to his caustic wit with delight, he of a sudden dipped his handkerchief into the kennel, and spread a coating of dark mud over a wall close by. He then rapidly upon that rude canvas traced the story of the 2nd of May, a day of brutal outrage perpetrated by the French emperor on the Spanish court. That violent act had roused Madrid and all Spain to a pitch of frenzy against Bonaparte, and the painter's skill, so strangely shown, was rapturously applauded. Goya had touched the hearts of his countrymen: he afterwards produced a few paintings upon the same incident.

The liberality of the court in his favour hardly knew any bounds, and took strange forms. On some occasions the customary allowance to his family from the royal kitchen was made on a service of silver, with orders to leave the plate for his wife. His originality of character was rewarded by his becoming a general favourite.

Church pictures, historical pieces, portraits, satires, and the picturesque—all subjects were at his command. He was even a skilful engraver.

Portraits are said to be the most valued works of Goya; and his independent spirit, his love of truth, forbade him to flatter by suppressing little defects in people's features. He had, moreover, the habit of requiring from those he was designing the most absolute silence, until he could seize the character of the face to be painted. To do his task justice, he would patiently collect an inspiration by studying the best expression of that face.

Judges of Art admit the propriety of this practice, which, however, may happen to be intolerably wearisome; and no less a man than Hogarth followed the contrary practice of extracting character from talkative sitters. On one occasion, when the Duke of Wellington was having his portrait painted by Goya, his grace indiscreetly broke the rule, and fairly destroyed the whole train of the artist's thoughts. He felt that his work must be a failure by the duke's own fault. Absolutely furious at the untoward incident, it is said that he was only prevented doing his grace a violence by the duke's actively parrying the blow. The scene brought the painter into no little disgrace, but the Duke of Wellington quickly forgave him, and the portrait was afterwards taken. This story, taken from the French, may want confirmation. The Goya portrait of His Grace is not mentioned in the published lists.

It is thirty years since the death of Goya, and those thirty years—chequered by great internal troubles, with a little to flatter the pride of Spaniards abroad—have not passed without proofs of popular advancement. The overthrow of every monastic institution has spread over the face of the country masterpieces of the best painters to replace the treasures of which the French invaders plundered their owners. Although in the day of retribution, at the taking of Paris, much was restored to the Peninsula, the value of what the French generals carried off irrecoverably may be estimated by the single fact that Marshal Soult's heir sold one painting for 615,000 francs—£25,000.*

Such insulting deprivation of the best models cannot but affect the spirit and the powers of a whole generation of artists in any country; nevertheless we have reason to believe that Spain is proof even under this trial.

In Paris, indeed, at the Exhibition of 1855, her artists were severely judged by an able critic;† but, with commendable impartiality, he accompanied the condemnation with some bitter advice to those of all nations. Even his first school of Art, that of Paris, with the inferior German and English, but especially the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and Spanish—all once so high—fail for want of knowledge, want of philosophy and historical lore.

M. Planche is assuredly in the right, that with us all—and the fact is not limited to the painter—more historical lore, more philosophy—more freedom in the nations cursed with despotic governments, and the fruit of that freedom, more political knowledge—all this is indispensable to high Art. Our Exhibition of 1862 will be a safe theatre for all of us to play our parts upon; and the chiefs of the modern Spanish school, Madrozo, Ribera, Herlijoza, with their worthy fellows, will not be backward to take up this somewhat rash challenge of the French critic.

An English amateur may be allowed one word more, when expressing a confidence that Spain will be well represented at this meeting of the friends of progress in London next year.

Her people have a long account to settle with us, we are deeply debtors to each other. But even the past, darkly chequered as it is, has upon its weary course some few spots of brightest blue. That past, however, was it good or evil, is to be studied for the better future. In that better future Spain, in her relations with these islands, has but to respect herself to command our best affections, and her claims to justice must be duly satisfied. To deserve justice, then, Spaniards must themselves bravely meet the spirit of the times, and advance with them in every great work, independent and fearless, trusting to their country's inexhaustible resources, and guarding her jealously against all intrigues at home or abroad.

What England thinks of Spanish artists has been recorded in many eloquent pages. The works of Cumberland, of Ford, of Stirling, and a crowd more of our writers, if they have left much still to be told of the genius of the Peninsula, at least bear ample testimony to our desire to do it justice.

[The little that is known in England of modern Spanish Art is scarcely singular, seeing how little communication takes place between the two countries compared with others on the Continent. The remarks of our correspondent, followed, as they doubtless will be, by what will be exhibited at Kensington in the summer, will attract attention to a subject of no little interest to the Art-world here and elsewhere.—Ed. A.-J.]

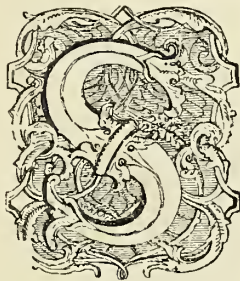
* M. Gustave Planche, "Revue des Deux Mondes," 1855, p. 160.

† Ibid., pp. 147–166.

BRITISH ARTISTS : THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LVIII.—ALFRED EDWARD CHALON, R.A.



SOME difficulty has stood in the way of our introducing, at an earlier period, the name of this artist into the series of biographical sketches, which, for a considerable time past, has appeared in the *Art-Journal*. It has been occasioned by our inability to procure subjects altogether suitable for engraving—subjects, that is, likely to prove generally interesting. Chalon was principally a portrait-painter in water colours, and produced but few works of any other description, and these were not easily to be got at. After his death, however, we were enabled, through the

kind assistance of Mr. G. R. Ward, the well-known mezzotint engraver, who acted as his executor for the heir-at-law, a gentleman in Geneva, to procure drawings of subjects adapted to our purpose. The engravings from them will, it may fairly be presumed, be the more valued because of their rarity.

At the time of his death, in October, 1860, Chalon was, we believe, the oldest member of the Royal Academy, with the exception of Mr. Mulready, having been elected from the Associates in 1816. His elder brother, John James Chalon, who died in 1855, was also for several years a member. They were of a French Protestant family which settled at Geneva after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the two brothers were born there, Alfred in 1777. Their great-grandfather after whom the elder brother was named, served as a volunteer in one of the regiments of French Protestants which joined the forces of William III., in Ireland, and, he was wounded at the battle of the Boyne. In 1699 he returned to Geneva, where his son gained considerable reputation as an ingenious mechanician and watchmaker, and acquired considerable property. The outbreak of the French Revolution, the effect of which soon began to be felt among the usually quiet and peaceable inhabitants of Switzerland, compelled the Chalon family once more to quit the country; they resolved, with several others of the same party and persuasion, to settle in Ireland. This determination was, however, abandoned, so far, at least, as the Chalons were concerned, who fixed their residence in London. The head of the family, Mr. John Chalon, soon afterwards received the appointment of Professor of the French language at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, a post which he held till 1817. He died a few years ago, at the advanced age of ninety-two.

His two sons were both young when they accompanied their father to England. When of an age to enter upon business they were placed in a mercantile house; but commercial pursuits were so foreign to their taste, and they showed so strong an inclination for Art, that they were allowed to exchange the counting-house for the schools of the Royal Academy, where their names were entered as students. Early in the present century the brothers succeeded, with the assistance of several artists and amateurs, in establishing a society for the study and practice of composition; it was long known as "The Sketching Club;" after existing above forty years, in a more or less flourishing condition, it gradually died out, and has now become extinct. Among the more prominent members of this society were the Academicians Leslie, Stanfield, and Uwins; Cristall, the water-colour painter, R. Bone, and Partridge.

Alfred Chalon first appeared as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy in 1810; from that period till the year of his death, an interval of half a century, his name rarely disappeared from the annual list of exhibitors. But he must have had powerful friends "at court" to get himself elected Academician only six years after.

It was, as already intimated, by his water-colour portraits that Chalon acquired his reputation; for these he was as famous as the late Sir William Ross was for his miniatures, and received as large a share of aristocratic patronage. He was the first artist honoured by a sitting from the Queen,

after she ascended the throne; for this portrait, which has been engraved, the artist received the appointment of "Portrait-painter in Water-Colours to her Majesty." Among the large number of royal and aristocratic personages who sat to him, were the Princess Charlotte, and her husband, Prince Leopold, now King of Belgium, the duchesses of Kent and Cambridge, the late Prince Consort, Alexander of Russia, Count Orloff, the Duchess de Nemours, and her brothers the princes Augustus and Leopold, Count Mensdorff, the Princess de Leiningen, the duchesses of Northumberland, Sutherland, Montrose, and Beaufort; in short, almost every year the exhibition of the Academy opened, found Chalon contributing the maximum number of works (eight) allowed by the rules of the institution; and these were, with very few exceptions, portraits of the ladies of Great Britain, whose high bearing and acknowledged beauty received full expression from his graceful and pleasing, but sketchy, pencil. Chalon was something more than what he has been called, a "pretty" painter; his portraits are composed with great elegance, while there is in many of them a studied character which carries them out of the category of *prettiness*.

The earliest of his oil-pictures to which our memory goes back, is one here engraved, 'HUNT THE SLIPPER,' exhibited at the Academy in 1831; whatever works of a similar kind he painted prior to this time must have been very few indeed, and we cannot gain any

knowledge of them; nor do the Catalogues of the Academy in our possession, which are of a far earlier date than that just mentioned, refer to any, except his diploma picture, entitled 'Tuning,' presented to the Society in



Engraved by]

THE MORNING WALK.

[Butterworth and Heath.

1816, on his being elected Academician. 'Hunt the Slipper' is just one of those subjects to which it is impossible for any painter to give especial grace either of form or feeling; the attitudes which the game almost compels those who join in it to assume forbids the former, while the character of the game itself is prejudicial to the latter; nevertheless, there is not wanting, in Chalon's picture, a certain amount of either, as much, perhaps, as such a subject admits of. The players, a group of high-born young men and maidens of a period long gone by, are seated on a richly-coloured carpet, spread out, as it seems, under the portico of a mansion, at the entrance door-way of which are an elderly aristocratic couple, probably the owner of the mansion and his wife, with their grandchild. The game is carried on with much hilarity, and some little boisterousness on the part of the "hunter;" and it affords the artist an opportunity, of which he has successfully availed himself, to give to the figures variety of attitude and expression; this, combined with the rich colour and picturesque character of their costumes, constitutes the chief merit of the work.

In 1837 Chalon exhibited 'Samson and Delilah;' we have never chanced to see the picture, and therefore will not presume to speak of it. In 1840 he sent a picture, for which a line from *Le Diable Boiteux* served as a title.

It called forth at the time some strong remarks from the *Art-Journal*, for the repulsive nature of the subject, and, as a consequence, needs not now to have further allusion made to it. The year following he contributed 'The Farewell,' a composition of two figures, not very elegantly arranged, and crude in colour. 'John Knox reproving the Ladies of Queen Mary's Court,' exhibited in 1844, aims at a loftier style of Art than any work by this artist hitherto noticed; but it shows clearly—as does still more forcibly another picture exhibited at the same time, 'Christ mocked by Herod and his men of war,'—that nature never intended him for a painter of history, especially of a class, and on a scale, like this. We know that many of Chalon's friends differ from us in opinion, but we cannot defer our own judgment in the matter to any which others may have formed.

For the sake of chronicling his pictures of this kind, more than with the view of commenting upon them, we pass on to notice the two or three yet remaining to be recorded. Another sacred subject, and that, moreover, of the very highest character, was attempted in a Madonna with the infant Christ, exhibited in 1845, under the affected title of 'La B. Vergine col Bambino,' a small picture every way, in dimension, feeling, and execution. A far better work than any he had exhibited for some time previously was



Engraved by]

HUNT THE SLIPPER.

[Butterworth and Heath.

'Serena among the Salvage People,' the landscape painted by his brother. The principal figure in the composition is very effectively presented. 'The Seasons,' contributed in 1851, is a circular picture representing the "daughters of the year," allegorically, in a manner at once poetical and very pleasing. 'Sophia Western,' from the story of "Tom Jones," was exhibited in 1857. The picture has merits, but they are quite of a secondary character.

We turn with pleasure from the recollection of these pictures to the two engraved on these pages, which hitherto have not been referred to. 'THE MORNING WALK' was, we have heard, painted as a kind of companion to Gainsborough's celebrated 'Blue Boy,' a picture that acquired notoriety from the circumstances under which it was painted. Sir Joshua Reynolds had maintained in one of his lectures, that "the masses of light in a picture should always be of a warm, mellow colour, yellow, red, or a yellowish white; and that the blue, the grey, or the green colours, should be kept almost entirely out of these masses, and be used only to support and set off these warm colours. To refute the president's objection to blue in the mass, Gainsborough clothed Master Buttall," the original of the

portrait in question, "in a dress" approaching to cerulean splendour. The propriety of this has been the subject of some debate. Dr. Waagen remarks,—'In spite of the blue dress, Gainsborough has succeeded in producing a harmonious and pleasing effect; nor can it be doubted that in the cool scale of colours, in which blue acts the chief part, there are very tender and pleasing harmonies which Sir Joshua, with his way of seeing, could not appreciate. On the whole, too, he may be so far right, that painters would certainly do well to avoid the use of pure, unbroken blue in large masses. The 'Blue Boy' is besides remarkable for animation and spirit, and careful, solid painting.' Hazlitt, too, observes,—'There is a spirited glow of youth about the face, and the attitude is striking and elegant: the drapery of blue satin is admirably painted.' On the same subject Leslie says,—'I agree with the opinion of Sir Thomas Lawrence, that in this picture the difficulty is rather ably combated than vanquished. Indeed, it is not even fairly combated, for Gainsborough has so mellowed and broken the blue with other tints, that it is no longer that pure, bleak colour Sir Joshua meant; and, after all, though the picture is a very fine one, it cannot be doubted

that a warmer tint for the dress would have made it still more agreeable to the eye." These remarks upon the type of Chalon's 'Morning Walk,' serve to show the principles upon which the latter worked, and the object at which he aimed when selecting the 'Blue Boy' as his model. The figure is that of an elegant but coquettish-looking young girl, dressed in the height of the fashion prevalent in Gainsborough's time. The subject is admirably adapted to Chalon's pencil, and most successfully is it treated. But the best of all his works, aspiring to the dignity of historical compositions, is that which appears below, 'LOUIS XIV. AND MDLLE. LA VALLIÈRE;' it represents the monarch entreating on his knees the lady to leave the convent of Le Chaillot, and place herself under his protection;

and was originally painted—a small water-colour picture, we believe—for the proprietor of one of the many annuals in fashion years ago. The engraving from it was considered quite a gem, and gained for the volume great popularity. It has long been exceedingly rare; in fact, the subject is now but little known. We are pleased, therefore, to be able to reproduce it for our subscribers. The subject almost speaks for itself. The lady has fled to a crucifix in an open court of the convent, trusting that the sanctity of the act may stay the importunities of the licentious king; while the abbess and attendant nuns stand by, anxious for the result, but not daring to interfere.

In 1853, soon after the death of John Chalon, an exhibition of his pic-



Engraved by]

LOUIS XIV. AND MDLLE. LA VALLIÈRE IN THE CONVENT OF LE CHAILLOT.

[Butterworth and Heath.

tures, in conjunction with those of his brother Alfred, was opened at the rooms of the Society of Arts, in the Adelphi. With reference to this exhibition, of which our own opinions were expressed at the time, Leslie, who was on terms of the closest intimacy with the brothers, says, in his "Autobiographical Recollections," "It was to me a proof—if I had wanted one—of the non-appreciation of colour at the present time that the exhibition of Alfred and John Chalon's pictures failed to attract notice. Except at the private views, I doubt whether any artist entered the rooms, though there is not one living who might not have learned much by studying the pictures there. I went, as to a school, and indeed I always felt myself in

a school in the house of the Chalons. To my mind, Alfred Chalon has long been the first among painters in water-colours; and yet, though his beautiful drawing of the Queen was in the great Paris Exhibition this year, the prize for water-colour art was given to Cattermole! But it could scarcely be expected that an artist, so little understood by his countrymen, should meet with more justice from the jurors of a nation where no taste or feeling for the beauties of colour at present exist." It seems singular that Leslie, whose colouring was, as a rule, the weakest point of his art, should see so much of that quality to admire in the works of others quite opposite to his own.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

MACLISE'S PICTURE

OF THE

MEETING OF WELLINGTON AND
BLÜCHER.

WE have given some account of the process of Stereochromy, or water-glass painting, which, after many trials, has been adopted by Maclise in the execution of his great picture in the Royal Gallery in the House of Lords, called 'The meeting of Wellington and Blücher at La Belle Alliance.' It must be nearly two years since the cartoon was exhibited in the place where we now see the picture. The cartoon was the promise of the most extraordinary painting that has ever been worked out by an English artist; and the promise has been faithfully kept—there is the picture, far transcending, in the realities of its living and its dead, the presentations of the chalk drawing. The long felt impression made by the cartoon might be that of a meeting of victorious spirits after a dire and sanguinary conflict; but without the imperfect effect of anything like a 'Midnight Review,' or the 'Battle in the Air.' Mr. Maclise seems to have felt that he was dealing with immortals, men dead yet living—this feeling is conveyed by the cartoon: its visionary companies seem to wait but for recognition, and then depart. In the picture it is gratifying to observe that this essential is not entirely superseded by the palpable presence of the figures. Singularly enough, the artist has endeavoured to bind himself to the very letter of history and tradition, and there are the portraits of men and things scrupulously true; yet, withal, there is an exaltation in the whole that carries the mind beyond the painted material. Alterations there have been, but within the prescribed dimensions of the work. This is a wonder for Maclise, for many of his pictures have grown out at both sides of his canvas, rendering piecing necessary. Here he is bound by conditions, which, to him, are sacred. To all persons familiar with the ancient methods of mural-painting this will be a work of great interest. A fresco of this size, by steady daily labour, would occupy say, two years, including Sundays, for the sake of a round calculation; thus giving, supposing the whole to go on without failures, which it never does, no less than seven hundred and thirty daily plasterings and cuttings, so that the plasterer must be taken into the account—being as necessary to the work as the painter. Stereochromy, however, dispenses with the daily preparation of the wall, in proportion to the day's work. The wall is faced at once with a mixture of lime and sand; but Mr. Maclise uses a smoother surface than that used by Kaulbach. The surface of the work at Berlin is rough: to the touch it feels "like a rasp," and this is the surface recommended by the inventor, and used by Kaulbach. But the great advantage is the power of continuing the work from day to day, without the daily plastering, with the option of leaving and resuming it at pleasure. We have frequently complained of the stained glass windows in the Houses of Parliament, their depressing effect on the finished work, and the embarrassment they occasion during the progress of the painting. When the sun shines, the wall is flooded with a fantastic mixture of all the colours in the opposite windows; so that in working, Mr. Maclise had to paint red through blue, blue through red, cool tint through warm, and the reverse. When the work is quite finished, and it is seen at midday, or in the afternoon of a sunny day, it will present as to colour a most anomalous appearance. The late Sir Charles Barry promised the removal of these windows; it is very certain that from this room they must be removed, wherever else they are placed.

But dismissing these contingencies, and turning to the great work itself, it is sufficiently finished to admit of the formation of an opinion of it, both as a work of Art, and as an example of a new method of mural painting. The incident—that which forms the subject—occurs prominently as a centre of the composition, and necessarily a centre because the space must be nearly equally divided for the admission of two circles of portraits of the persons who were present. The Duke and Blücher are of course on

horseback, and they grasp each other's hands. Both are in profile. The expression of the Duke is that of profound grief; but Blücher is full of exultation. When they did meet, the Prussian commander was not satisfied with shaking hands, but he embraced the Duke, and kissed him on both cheeks—a mode of salutation which, to the Duke of Wellington of all men, would be most distasteful. Nothing can be better chosen than the attitudes of the two men for showing both. Behind each the space is crowded with figures and circumstances serving to sustain in lively remembrance the dire struggle which was not yet over. There is young Howard—the gallant Howard immortalised by Byron in Childe Harold—being borne off to a soldier's grave; and there lies a figure, whom we take to be the Marquis of Anglesea, for it is like him—he lost his leg by almost the last cannon-shot that was fired, when our troops were well advanced to the front. There is another person especially celebrated—a wounded Highland piper, who sat on the ground and blew his pipes till he fainted from loss of blood. Among the dead and dying, to use a threadbare term, the British army is fully represented, as are also the French battalions and squadrons. The description is given with a peculiar delicacy, to avoid offending the *amour propre* of our neighbours, who, by the way, have not of late been actuated by a similar forbearance towards ourselves. Thus, where we see a dead Frenchman, he is balanced by a dead Englishman at his side; and wherever the eye rests, there are cuirassiers, guardsmen, carabinciers, Highlanders, imperial and English guardsmen, and almost every description of linesmen in both armies. Near the Duke are Lord Edward Somerset, who commanded the heavy cavalry brigade, and Sir Hussey Vivian, the leader of one of the hussar brigades, with Lord Sandys and the surviving officers of the Duke's staff. Colonel Gordon had been killed early in the day, and behind these were some of the Second Life Guards, of whom so few were left, that when the remnant was mustered towards the close of the battle, and an officer rode up, asking where the regiment was, Colonel Lygon replied with a sorrowful heart, pointing to the few remaining files, "These are all." Blücher is painted in a forage cap: this is perfectly correct, the old soldier was still suffering from the fall he had at Wavre. Behind him are Bulow, Gniessenau, Ziethen, and other distinguished officers, and his staff; and again, behind these is the Prussian band, that played "God Save the King," which, on the other side was received with a British cheer. The precise scene of the meeting may be disputed, but this matters little; the Duke himself was not very clear about the precise spot, though he was quite decided in disavowing the chair in which he was said to have sat, for he remembered clearly enough that he did not dismount.

At this time the French army was totally disorganised, the entire British line had occupied the French position. The last great effort had been made.

The house La Belle Alliance is immediately beyond the two generals, in the exact likeness that it presented immediately after the battle. And this circumstantial accuracy is carried throughout the picture.

Mr. Maclise is still busy on the picture; and fancy his luxuriating in a method of mural-painting that enables him to work his will in such passages of detail as those in which he is pre-eminent!—Copenhagen, the Duke's horse, with his veritable bridle, the identical sword worn by the Duke, together with all contemporary realities, as swords, sabre-taches, pelisses, shabraques, holsters, not forgetting the famous brown-bess, whose superannuation there are yet to be found some admirers to deplore.

This great and splendid picture is at once the most faithful and the most modest of all the battle subjects we have ever seen. The extreme tenderness with which the national vanity of our neighbours is dealt with is a new and most generous trait in battle painting; another is the entire absence of the theatrical display which seems indispensably to characterise modern battle subjects. We look forward with much interest to the entire completion of this fine national painting.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

CROSSING THE BROOK.

Engraved by W. Richardson.

THIS is one of the numerous pictures painted by Turner in imitation of Claude, as is generally alleged. Now, though no one ever doubted that the English artist at one time entered the arena with the great Frenchman, there are few who will be disposed to place them on the same level. Claude's tame and conventional compositions will not bear comparison with the rich and luxuriant imaginations of Turner—the forms of his objects, often rigid and precise, with Turner's free and truthful transcripts of nature; his cloud-land with that of the latter, so varied and beautiful in its arrangement, and even in colour and atmosphere, upon which Claude's admirers are so eloquent; our own painter's Italian landscapes, and those bearing some affinity to them, must unquestionably have the pre-eminence.

And, perhaps, no more powerful evidence could be brought forward in testimony than the noble landscape of 'Crossing the Brook,' which has throughout an Italian aspect. It was painted in 1815, four years before Turner visited Italy, and is, therefore, the result of his study of Claude's works, and, perhaps too, of his desire to show Sir George Beaumont—who was so fascinated with the Frenchman's pictures that he thought no one could equal them—that it was not difficult to make a Claude, even out of English scenery. The view is on the little river Tamar, which divides Devonshire from Cornwall; but, like the majority of Turner's assumed verities, especially of those produced in the middle and latter part of his practice, he has departed considerably from the actual scene. The spectator is supposed to be looking towards Plymouth, with Calstock Bridge in the middle distance, as seen from near Morwell, Poulson Bridge. The woods of Cotehele are visible, far off; and beyond, winding in a silvery line, is the estuary of the Tamar, with the Hamoaze—the spacious and safe harbour for so many of our finest ships of war.

The composition of the foreground is most masterly. On the left, a group of lofty stone-pines gracefully rises, their feathery heads gently swayed by the soft winds; at the base is a mass of broken rocks, or large stones, which look as if they once formed a portion of some ancient edifice, from their peculiar form. Resting her arm on the largest block, is a bare-legged girl, who has crossed the brook, and is calling to her dog, which, dripping with wet, has got midway into the stream with a bundle in his mouth, and stops there, as if unwilling to carry it further. On the opposite bank is another child, seated, with a bundle by her side; immediately behind her is part of an arched building, overshadowed by a mass of trees, beautiful in their forms, and covered with thick foliage. The eye is carried gradually down from the tops of these by a succession of other trees of lesser magnitude, and by rocks covered with verdure, till it reaches the river. This entire outer line of foliage is so skillfully managed as to present a graceful curvature, while it leaves ample space for the uninterrupted view of the vast distance beyond. The disposition of the mass of trees on this right side of the picture is exceedingly picturesque and effective. At one end of the bridge, in the middle distance, is a house built in something like the Italian style, and above it, but further off, is what appears to be a mill for grinding clay.

The picture is painted in very simple colours; Turner seems to have used little else than warm greys, browns, and blue; but the tone is deliciously soft and warm, and the distant atmosphere of that tender, hazy quality which one notes on a warm, but not hot, summer's day, especially in the county of Devon.

'Crossing the Brook' was a great favourite with the artist. It was a commission from a gentleman, who had agreed to give £500 for it, but was not satisfied with the work, and refused to take it. Turner, at a subsequent period of his life, rejected an offer of £1,600 for it. It is now one of the gems of our National Gallery, where it hangs, carefully covered with glass for preservation.



J. M. W. TURNER R.A. PINXT.

W. P. H. N. 1840.

CROSSING THE BROOK

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ARTIST

PORTRAIT OF SIR THOMAS GRESHAM.

[Remarks upon the historical interest of Portraits, and especially upon the subject of Anonymous Portraits; with an inquiry into the character of a newly discovered Portrait—a striking likeness of Sir Thomas Gresham, and believed to have been painted by the Flemish artist, Antonio More.]

WE are living in a period in which history is taking new forms, and the subjects of history are tending to new issues of fearful magnitude. The present is both threatening and hopeful, and the past is being subjected to investigations which promise great results for the furtherance of the cause of truth. On the one hand, we have an ancient department—charged for ages with the custody of the records of the realm—invested with fresh attributes, and it is actively engaged in bringing secret papers to light for popular use. On the other hand, Art is contributing, in modest measure, her pictorial resources for the same end, in a National Portrait Gallery.

The legitimate interest of that great cause of truth imperatively demands such efforts at progress to be made with increased diligence, and with discrimination. It has been said correctly that our historical treasures are of an amount beyond that of all other nations. If here, as elsewhere, much of this wealth has been wasted, our freedom from revolutionary ruin, and the active genius of our people in all time, have left the stores of a thousand years untouched. These undeniable facts greatly enhance the value of the signs, at this moment visible, in favour of the various studies which are to give a good issue to all historical research. Like the breathing bust which awaits the sculptor's hand in the Parian block, truth lies hidden in those multitudinous memorials of the past for investigation by the man of genius. If we cannot command his advent at will, we may at least prepare for it by the survey and arrangement of his materials.

Of those materials, such as belong to individual biography begin to have attention. In public and private collections there are so many portraits of which the subject and the painter are known only by conjecture, or not at all, and so many of them are excellent as works of Art, and valuable biographically, and even historically, that the general subject of such anonymous pieces is worth careful scrutiny. On the present occasion, too, the individuals, Sir Thomas Gresham and Antonio More, to whom a newly-discovered painting of this class is declared to be properly traced as its subject and its artist, happen to be two personages of very considerable note.

The great merchant of the sixteenth century, Sir Thomas Gresham, fills a large space in civic history as one of the founders of our commercial prosperity. He belonged to the rare class of men whose high intellectual qualities and pure tastes surpass even the spirit of bold, judicious enterprise. His prodigious success in trade was ennobled by his munificence, attested to this day in the Royal Exchange, which he originated, and in the College of the Fine Arts and of Science, which he founded in the city of London. Educated at Cambridge, with the enlightened Kaye or Caius, he carried the fruits of that culture into the world of business. His eminent services to the state, and his friendship with distinguished men, as well abroad as at home, prove the universal esteem in which he was held in his own time; and posterity has not forgotten to do him justice. Modern institutions, and "where busy crowds congregate," are called by his name, and he is still an example to our sons. It is not, then, surprising to find many memorials of him in our literature, and in our treasures of Art. Deserving so well of his country as he did, Sir Thomas Gresham is naturally familiar to us in his character and in his person. In these days, then, of discoveries, marvellous in variety and value, what seems to be a truthful and most pleasing representation of his lineaments will not be rejected for want of critical appreciation. Such is the subject of this inquiry—a newly-found portrait of Gresham, possessing, it is thought, genuine titles to credit. It is incomparably superior to several other portraits well known in collections. It has also the artistic characteristics

of his friend, Antonio More, the Flemish painter, second only to Holbein for grace and fidelity, exhibited in the profusion of pieces which he produced. Antonio More, says a good authority,* is one of the few artists whose real talents justify their great fame. The several portraits of Sir Thomas Gresham by More are therefore highly valued.

Holbein also painted two portraits of the great London merchant: one of them, done when he was young, and on his marriage, is to be seen at his college in the city. It is full of interest. The other, done at a later time of his life, is in the possession of the ancient Company of Mercers, of which he was a member. It is engraved in the "Lodge Collection,"† after Hilton's beautiful copy—a manifest improvement of the original. Seeing, too, that Sir Thomas Gresham was but thirty-six years old in 1555, the time of Holbein's death, the very mature character of this piece scarcely supports the tradition of its being a work of that master-artist of the sixteenth century.

But Holbein's portrait of the bridegroom Gresham, lately given to his college, is, with its accompaniments, a gem of great interest. It is attributed, by a well-authenticated family tradition, to the hand of Holbein. The dates upon this piece are—1544 for its execution, and for the year of Gresham's age, 26. It bears his motto, *Dominus mihi adjutor*, with sundry emblems belonging to the occasion of the work,—his marriage. Those emblems are a ring studiously exposed on his ferefinger, and the ensign of his commercial standing, his mercer's trade-mark, with the initials "T. G." Its legend—surmounted with his wife's initials, and subscribed by his own, thus,

"A. G."
"Love, Honour, and Obey."
"T. G."

seems to signify that the duties enjoined by these words are mutual.

At the foot of the full-length figure of Gresham lies a human skull—the solemn token of his mortality placed before the philosophic young merchant even in this the most joyous opening of his career; the *memento mori* to him from the poetical designer of the Dance of Death. The painters of that time used thus to exhibit on their canvas the habitual lesson of the cloister, as Shakspeare makes Hamlet moralise upon Yorick's real skull at the grave.

The expression of the face of this bridegroom of twenty-six is serious to melancholy, and the whole piece is not insignificant of the dignities which young Gresham, the ripe scholar, and the already staid citizen, was soon to attain, as the representative of the interests of the crown among the wealthy merchants of Spain and the Low Countries.

His college lately only acquired this valuable historical portrait of their founder. For three hundred years it had been carefully kept, an heirloom, at Weston Hall, the seat of the *Thurstons*, in Suffolk. The last of that family took a warm interest in the re-settlement of Gresham College in its present site in Gresham Street, after the last fire of the Royal Exchange. When that wise re-settlement of the college took place, Mr. John Thurston gave the portrait, through Mr. Taylor, one of the learned professors, for an appropriate ornament to the building.

Photographs of this masterpiece should be among the prize-presents to the young citizens of St. Paul's, the Charter House, Merchant Taylors, St. Olave's, the City School, Christ's Hospital, the London and Dulwich Colleges—all nurseries to Gresham's seven lecturers of the seven sciences—those keys to universal learning, which some would narrow to *Latin*, and so make our forefathers' wise endowments sinecures.

The recent spirited plan of a college for the city of London gives a peculiar interest to every trace of the foundation of Gresham's College, for such it was meant to be. In a play of 1623,‡ the

good knight declares his intention to have been "to make it an university within itself," not a mere assemblage of lecturers.

The Gresham committee, now busy in constructing a glass roof to the Royal Exchange, may not be unwilling to read what their founder's notion of shelter from the rain was. The same drama has this passage. At a meeting of merchants in "Lumber" Street, about the proposal to build an exchange, it happened to rain hard, upon which one is made to say—

"Now passion a me, Sir Thomas, a cruel storm!
An' we stay long, we shall be wet to the skin!
I do not like it—nay, it angers me,
That such a famous city as this is,
Has not a place to meet in, but this,
Where every shower of rain must trouble them.
I'll have a roof built, and such a roof,
That merchants and their wives shall walk beneath it,
as now in Powles."

In the rude satire, too, of 1647, called *Gresham's Ghost*,* it is asserted that the professors had perverted the foundation from its liberal objects, by reading a few Latin lectures in *Term* time only, when the founder clearly designed his foundation to be for daily instruction.

"Discharge your duty [says the troubled phantom to his "trustees and the citizens,"]
And bring my former gifts to former beauty.
Rich and divers gifts I gave, because I loved
The city: mine own house to be improved
For learned uses, that the ignorant
Might there be taught: I yearly means did grant
To able men, to read the liberal arts
Continually."

A woodcut is prefixed to the poem. Its exact likeness to Sir Thomas shows that his features were familiar to the popular eye.

The appeal was vain; and for two centuries similar appeals have been made in the same cause quite as uselessly. But seeing the good spirit now abroad for such works, and knowing, as we do, that the *Government* has gained an enormous sum for Gresham's house in Broad Street, an effort may reasonably be made to get justice from parliament on behalf of *his college*. The statute of 1768, which turned that house and foundation into an excise office, was vehemently protested against at the time as a wrong. The title is good enough to the present company, with its £20,000 a-year rental; but the parliament is, after all, by the sound rules of eleemosynary equity, a trustee for the original uses of the foundation. Time here, by the same rules, is no bar to our right. It may, then, be hoped that the new college will obtain some aid from this legitimate source. Nearly three hundred years ago this estate was given by its single owner, Sir Thomas Gresham, to found a *school* of science in London. At this moment Liverpool, with its united merchants, headed by their Gresham, *William Brown*, is founding a like school, and the Queen's ministers laudably support the work. The same ministers will assuredly not refuse their zealous sanction of this act of justice for Gresham's College.

Another Gresham portrait, once in the Houghton collection, is now at St. Petersburg. It is stated to have been painted by Antonio More, yet the engraving by Delaram does not certainly bear out the favourable opinion of Horace Walpole, that it was "a very good portrait."†

Another portrait of Gresham is at Osterley Park, once his residence; it is stated to be by Holbein. Dr. Waagen doubts the correctness of this opinion; he thinks it is of the Lombard school. (Supplement, p. 272.)

A third Gresham portrait, also by More, is in the collection of Mr. Neeld, at Chippenham; and Waagen says it is "very animated, and of delicate, clear colouring."‡ Lady Jervis includes Mr. Neeld's picture among the numerous works in England known to have been painted by More.§ Several more such portraits are scattered about.

There being no doubt of the personal and social merit of Sir Thomas Gresham, or of the celebrity of Antonio More as a painter, the piece, of which the genuineness is here examined, must be shown on plain grounds to have been executed by the

* Descamps "Lives of the Painters." Paris, 12mo., vol. i. p. 98.

† No. 97 of Messrs. Evans' "Catalogue of the Lodge Collection."

‡ Additional MSS. in the British Museum, No. 6193, p. 22 (126), from a play called "If you know not Me, you know Nobody."

* British Museum Catalogue, Gresham's Ghost, E. 388.

† "Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting," by Wornum, vol. i. p. 143.

‡ "Treasures of Art." 1854. 8vo., vol. ii. p. 256.

§ "Paintings and Painters." 1854. 12mo. vol. i., p. 131; vol. ii. p. 123. It is the frontispiece to Mr. Burgou's "Life of Gresham."

great artist for the portrait of our great citizen. The character of the work, and its strong resemblance to the Gresham features, mainly constitute these grounds. Competent judges of Antonio More's style pronounce him to have painted it; and they did so before reasons occurred for holding it to be a portrait of Sir Thomas Gresham. A familiarity with engravings,* and with the traits of the Gresham family, not yet extinct, led to the confident conclusion that the piece in question was really a portrait of Sir Thomas.

Dates on this painting confirm this conclusion. The age of the subject of it is marked at the corner as fifty-seven, the year of the work itself as 1577.

Sir Thomas was born in 1519, as all agree, so that in 1577 he was in his fifty-seventh year—a time of life corresponding to his portrayed features. He died in 1579. One of the figures 7 in the date 1577 has been made into 1, as if the year was 1517 for the painting. This was obviously done to make the piece suit the chronology of Andrea del Sarto, to whom it was attributed in a more modern handwriting on the back—an absurd suggestion, rashly hazarded before the painter of it was correctly held to be Antonio More. The genuine marks on the panel are of the letters and figures of the latter half of the sixteenth century. This date of 1577, for the time of the piece being painted, leads to the need of some further explanation in regard to More. The dates of his birth and death are stated by English and other writers with curious discrepancies, showing how little attention has been paid to authority for facts. The years 1512, or 1518, or 1519, are given by a careful German compiler† for More's birth. All the English, from Horace Walpole to Mrs. Jameson, set his decease at 1575, until the editor of Walpole, Mr. Wornum, corrected the error.‡

A suspicion of error in the time seems to have prevailed in Holland, for in a modern edition of a book upon the Flemish painters, by a cotemporary of Antonio More, he is carefully shown to have been living in 1581.§ He could thus well have painted his old English friend's portrait in 1577; and it is not unreasonable to conjecture that he may have then visited London, where he was certainly much esteemed. It is more probable that Sir Thomas Gresham himself, in 1577, visited Antwerp, whence this piece came many years ago into the hands of its present owner. This conjecture, for it is no more, is justified by the fact that Sir Thomas was a member of a commission appointed in the two last years of his life, to inquire into the Exchange,—for which a visit to Antwerp would be urgent. Moreover, there exists an engraving of a portrait of Gresham, by a Dutch artist, Suyderhof, but it has not yet been procured. This painting itself is pronounced by all who have seen it, to be an exquisite work. The "grave and reverend signors," the merchant princes of Venice, were never better described by the pen of Shakspeare, or represented by Italian pencils, than the father of the city of London is here portrayed. The cap, the rich dark dress, belong to the simplicity of the man, and to the sumptuous manners of his age. The grasped gloves—tokens of gentility—are there as in other portraits of Gresham.

Portrait painting is of much interest upon historical grounds, but its popularity springs from its ministering to the kindly feelings. Who has not felt with poor Cowper, the desolation of the heart with which a lately deceased mother's picture is looked at? Who has not felt a pang when retracing upon the canvas the sad features of a father, lost to us in his troubles? Hamlet could touch the conscience of his newly wedded

mother, by setting before her eyes the pencilled features of the murdered king, in contrast with those of the regicide. The itinerant dauber of our early days never failed of customers among fond grandmothers, whose pets, disfigured as they were by his blue and red, were nevertheless her heroes. As this is written, two curiously opposed and most affecting incidents, as portraits, occur. At a public meeting in aid of a school for the blind, Lord Carlisle urged their claims to sympathy by showing "their saddest of all privations: they have not the faculty of watching the lineaments of beloved faces." His lordship will gladly hear of the new application of a very old means of relieving the objects of his benevolence; it is presented to us at the Exhibition in Florence, as is here well reported:—"The beautiful 'Leggitrice' of Magni, of Milan, is awarded a medal. The 'Leggitrice' is a young girl, reading a poem descriptive of a defeat of the Tedeschi; around her neck is a medallion of Garibaldi. The expression thrown into the face of the young student is perfectly wonderful. *Apropos* of this statue, I may mention that a few days since, a Sicilian youth, named Sebastian Penissi—*blind from the cradle*—visited the Exhibition, and after having tested the goodness of articles of all descriptions, passed on to the gallery of sculpture, and *feeling the face of the 'Leggitrice'*, pronounced that it was his ideal of beauty; then, turning to another, he passed his hand over the face of a 'Sappho,' in the act of throwing herself from the fatal rock. 'That,' said the blind youth, 'is the face of a person who has made up her mind to a certain act, and goes quietly to its accomplishment.' This poor young man, who is highly educated, and has been a great traveller, is blind, but yet sees and understands. Truly, many of our visitors 'have eyes and seen not, neither do they understand.'" The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who sends home this valuable account, has not doubtless forgotten how Lieutenant Holman, blind as he was, made his way all over the world, by the skilful use of his hands; nor how Gibbon's flat features were mistaken by the blind Parisian, a little less skilled in modern chiromancy. Numberless are the illustrations of this sort, to show our innate love of the portrait painter's skill, whatever it be; and the marvels of modern Art have infinitely promoted its indulgence, and often with a life and a power which inconceivably multiply the cheap enjoyment of what was once a dear-bought luxury.

The historical bearing of well-selected portraits has not been enough considered. We have but lately opened a National Portrait Gallery, and seeing the prodigious abundance of our materials, the institution does not advance with a proper spirit. With so essentially good an object, that gallery might easily be made to realise the beautifully imagined temple of Akenside, for the redress of erring judgments upon men in one generation, by the elevation of their betters in a later age. The sublime office of the muse of history of Professor Smyth would thus have aid from the kindred hand of Art. In the professor's vindication of the chair which he himself filled so worthily, he insists on the "high moral importance of history. The wise, the good, and the brave can thus anticipate and enjoy the praise of ages that are unborn, and be roused to the performance of actions which otherwise they might not even have conceived. Undoubtedly, too, the man of injured innocence, the man of insulted merit, has invariably reposed with confidence on the future justice of the historian—has often spoken peace to his indignant and afflicted spirit, by dwelling in imagination on the refuge thus to be afforded him, even in the theatre of this world, from the tyranny of fortune or the wrongs of the oppressor."*

Nothing can be more curious than the way in which great painters have sought to add to the interest of their works, by introducing the images of their friends and patrons into them. The detection of portraits so introduced is of extreme interest, both for the subject's sake, and often as a means of fixing the master's hand that produced a work.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his "Journey to Flan-

ders,"* saw a fine painting by Vandyke in a church at Antwerp—a 'Christ bearing the Cross to Calvary.' It has disappeared from its shrine, having found its way to England *via* Rome. Its present owner has taste and knowledge; and the diligent study of his prize has, in revealing its secrets, greatly enhanced its value. It came to him without the name of any painter, and struck with the intrinsic merit of the piece, he ere long convinced himself that Vandyke must have painted it. Gradually, doubts were dispelled, as facts were made out belonging to it. An engraving of it was found, and a copy of that engraving is deposited in the print department of the British Museum. At length, among the figures upon the canvas, the connoisseur found the painter himself, Vandyke, Rubens, and Titian, and his wife, *Mary Ruthven*, Cardinal Bentivoglio, Vandyke's patron and friend; and what gives the piece a singular historical interest, Charles I., "the Royal Martyr," figured in the crown of thorns, and bending beneath the cross so fearfully symbolic of his own execution.

The painting of 'Alexander at the tent of Darius,' in the National Gallery, will occur to every reader as another example of the introduction of portraits into an historical piece; and many more examples of this interesting practice are familiar to us. It is a practice indeed which, in another point of view, illustrates the judicious remark of a traveller in Italy in the last century. Arthur Young was struck by the extreme beauty of a daughter of one of the Fabbronis of Florence, and adds to his description of her, that Titian must have painted the Venus after such real beings, not from an ideal model. We have here still, exclaims the English philosopher, the same beautiful creatures—but where are the Titians to paint them?

Of the numerous collections of portraits extant, a few are especially attractive—a single volume contains forty of the greatest men in the history of Spain. It is perfect in the selection of subjects, and in artistic excellence. It was published late in the last century. Among illustrious warriors, and statesmen, and cardinals, is one humble man of letters—a Benedictine monk, the Biscayan Feijoo, perhaps the wisest and most candid, not only of Spain, but of the whole intellectual world. The selection of so pure and accomplished a man for the illustrious band, does credit to the critical direction of the patriotic work.

In Germany, one of the universities, Marburg, has, for hundreds of years, placed its professors in portraits in the hall. So, among the rest, the French exile, Denys Papin, the inventor of the piston of the steam engine, has an honoured standing, and his magnificent countenance is well preserved. The Bodleian Portrait Gallery, in Oxford, will be thankfully remembered by students—its frequent visitors—familiar with the lives of great men, and glad to find traces of those lives on faithful canvas.

Portraits, indeed, with statues, brasses, coins, and such productions of the Fine Arts, contribute largely to history. It is enough to refer here especially to one of these objects of taste—*portraits of distinguished persons*. Their historical importance, at length acknowledged in England, by the establishment of the National Portrait Department, is only the revival of a very ancient interest among us. Our magnificent cathedrals, our religious houses, and our civil edifices of the middle ages of all kinds, with the royal palaces, illuminated MSS., glass, and carved wood, abounded in statues of our worthies, and in their carved and painted portraits. Multitudes of them are well known, and daily discoveries are making of others preserved with more or less care, but without knowledge either of the artists or the subjects.

One such discovery helps to relieve the name of the founder of the Bank of England from gross aspersion. This portrait of Paterson is a pen drawing of 1709, from a Kneller. It has curious symbols and appendages. A MS. in the British Museum, to which it is prefixed, is a powerful argument for the Union of 1707 with Scotland; and we are now beginning to find, from acts of parliament and positive testimony, that William Paterson was deeply engaged in

* Besides the Lodge engraving, above mentioned, we possess others by Delaram, Vertue, and others; and one by Suyderhof will be found perhaps to bear with special interest on this inquiry. See Nagler's "Lexicon," vol. ix. p. 438. Munich, 8vo.

† "Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting," by R. Wornum, vol. i. p. 139, 8vo. 1849, referring to the Dutch authority. The point is slightly discussed in a note by Sir Edmund Head, whose text adopts Kugler's mistake as to 1588 being the date of More's death. Sir Edmund leaves the fact in uncertainty. (Hand-book of Painting, partly translated from the German of Kugler by a lady, 8vo. 2 vols. p. 65). The catalogue of the British Museum states the translator to be Lady Eastlake.

‡ Nagler's "Lexicon," vol. ix. p. 438. Munich, 8vo. 1840.

§ Van Mander's "Lives of the Flemish Painters," by J. de Jongh, vol. ii. Amsterdam, 1764.

* "Introductory Lecture," 1809. "Lectures on Modern History," vol. i. p. 19. Bohn's edition.

* "Literary Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds," by W. Beechey. Bohn's ed. vol. ii. p. 172.

bringing this great measure about. The MS. treats him as possessing at the time unusual influence, the date being seven years after the year in which, by the common accounts, he was driven into obscurity to die in extreme poverty. The arms of the family whose name he bore, are attached to the picture, with an honourable addition, at a period when titles were not loosely borrowed.

A more important MS. in the British Museum contains this error as to Paterson's family. It is the first draft of Bishop Burnet's "History of His Own Time," and it differs materially from the printed book written ten years later.* Of Paterson as the mover of the Darien settlement, after stating how the English opponents of the old East India Company treated with Scottish merchants for an act of the parliament of Scotland to authorise their own trade with the East Indies, Bishop Burnet says in this MS.:—"One Patterson, a Scotchman of mean extraction, and no education, but with very good sense, and great notions of trade, and a compass of intellect, for he projected the Bank of England, had long been in the West Indies, and he had a secret which he valued very much. It is thought to be a rich mine somewhere in America. So he got the West Indies put into the act, as others took care of the East Indies."—Harleian MSS. No. 6584, p. 348, b.

In the printed history, however, the slur upon Paterson's "mean extraction" was suppressed. By that time, "ten years later," as Lord Macaulay says, and twenty years later by the date of the publication of Bishop Burnet's book after his own death, Paterson had acquired new distinction. He had been taken into high confidence by King William, and employed as an important agent in the treaty for the Union, as well as been the favoured subject of two acts of the United Parliament.† His social standing, and his political character, had been amply vindicated; Bishop Burnet therefore corrected his error. The portrait preserved in the British Museum sets the family point right, for he is there shown to have been of gentle lineage, as he was universally respected; but Lord Macaulay also rashly describes him as an obscure Scottish adventurer, who was looked down upon with contempt by rich citizens of London. Yet, we now know that he was elected a member of the first United Parliament, which he so vigorously contributed to establish. In the picture the symbol of the pelican feeding its young from its wounded breast, and the motto, *Sic vos non vobis*, both signify the leading incidents in his career,—that his life was passed in doing good without a return in his own day, although an indemnity was at last granted to him by parliament. In the Bank of England there has been lately discovered a picture of 1695, long obscured by dust. It fixes the fact that Paterson's social rank was properly recognised by his colleagues, the Bank directors, whilst his intellectual superiority is now clearly established. It will be a deep reproach to us if a revival of that injustice by so eminent a person as Lord Macaulay do not meet a thorough refutation. His lordship justly remarks (vol. iii. p. 19) that the Museum MS. of the "History of His Own Time" ought to be used for any future edition of the prelate's work. It is to be regretted that Lord Macaulay did not make a better use of it before misrepresenting the condition and qualities of a good and great man. The point is indifferent in itself, whether the founder of the Bank of England was of humble or gentle birth; but the recognition of his great merits by the eminent men of all ranks in his own time, and especially by the great citizens of London, with whom he long consorted upon terms of perfect equality, is a fact proper to be established by these works of Art, which the historian cannot overlook with impunity.

A long catalogue of similar unknown portraits, illustrative of our worthies, might be formed. Few inquirers into the records of our history or the monuments of Art fail often to meet with them. Their better revelation would assuredly

follow upon the institution of at least our National Portrait Gallery at the Exhibition. That department was not the least attractive collection a few years since at Manchester. What Sir Walter Scott said on the importance of the general subject should be the motto of such collections, and with those words, this brief notice on the subject shall be closed.

Sir Walter, writing of Lodge's work upon the "Illustrious Personages" of our history, with their portraits, says:—"It is impossible for us to conceive a work which ought to be more interesting to the present age, than that which exhibits before our eyes our 'fathers as they lived,' accompanied with such memorials of their lives and characters as enable us to compare their persons and countenances with their sentiments and actions."*

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The Annual Report of the past year, issued by the Council of the Royal Scottish Academy, has been forwarded to us. The principal points to which the document refers, in which the public may be considered to have any interest, may be briefly stated. The exhibition of the year proved highly satisfactory, and evidenced to the council that it was "such as to lead them to form a high estimate of the healthy state of Art in this country, and to warrant them in anticipating higher achievements in the future." Judged by the amount of admission fees, it "ranked high in public attractiveness." Though a considerable number of works were sold before being placed in the gallery, purchases were made in the rooms to the amount of more than £4,000; of which about one half was to private purchasers, upwards of one-third to the Royal Association for promoting the Fine Arts in Scotland, and the remainder to prize-holders in the Art-Union Societies of London, Edinburgh, and Manchester, institutions of a kind which the Council think are, when properly conducted, beneficial to Art and the public. A vacancy in the list of Academicians has been caused by the death, during the year, of Mr. Syme, one of the oldest members of the Academy: his successor cannot be elected till February. Another Academician, Mr. W. C. Marshall, R.A., tendered his resignation, feeling, as his letter states, that his remaining on the roll excluded from it "some artist who could do more just honour to the exhibition, than he could as a resident in London." Mr. Marshall's resignation was accepted with regret, and the Academy unanimously agreed to confer on him the rank of honorary membership. Mr. Laing, who held the post of Professor of Antiquities, has been transferred to the chair of Ancient History, vacant by the death of Professor Pyper, of St. Andrews; and Mr. J. Y. Simpson has been elected to that of Antiquities, in the place of Mr. Laing. The picture of 'Anne Page and Slender,' painted in 1835 by the late Thomas Duncan, R.S.A., A.R.A., has been purchased by the Academy, and is to be added to that portion of the Academy's Collection which is deposited in the Scottish National Gallery.—The exhibition in the Scottish National Gallery, of works of Industrial and Decorative Art, which we announced some few months ago, was opened at the end of last November, when addresses were delivered by the Duke of Buccleuch, Dr. Lyon Playfair, Lord Elcho, M.P., and others. The contributions of works were of a most valuable and instructive character, and the exhibition, as a prelude to the great international display of this year, cannot fail to be of much service.

LONDONDERRY.—The statue, by Mr. J. E. Jones, of the late Sir Robert Ferguson, who for many years represented this city in parliament, will shortly be cast in bronze and erected here. It is of colossal size, and the figure is presented in the attitude of addressing the assembled House of Commons.

MANCHESTER.—The Council of the Royal Manchester Institution has decided upon opening another exhibition of Water-Colour Pictures in the month of April, similar to that held in the summer of last year. The notice states that "the opportunity of exhibiting will not be confined to artists and private individuals, but will be extended to the trade generally." The council will be fortunate if it can get together so valuable and interesting a collection as was contributed on the former occasion.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The official list of successful candidates at the examination, in September last, of the

pupils in the various schools of Art in Southampton, Romsey, and Ringwood, has been forwarded to the respective institutions from the Department of Science and Art. The result of the examination is considered highly satisfactory, as it shows a steadily increasing amount of excellence; the total number of those to whom awards are made is 164 against 153 last year.

BRIGHTON.—The annual examination of the students of the Brighton and Sussex Schools of Art, and of the various schools in connection with these, took place in an apartment of the Pavilion, before Mr. R. S. Wylde, one of the government inspectors. Two hundred of the pupils presented themselves for examination in free-hand drawing, thirty in model drawing, eight in geometry, and seven in perspective. The result of the examination will not be known for some time, as the papers are forwarded to South Kensington for inspection there, previously to the awards being made. When the examination was concluded, Mr. Wylde proceeded to the consideration of the works executed in competition for local medals. The awards, though numerous, were not, according to statements which have reached us, equal to what was expected—a result, as is alleged, arising from the standard of merit having been raised.

WELLINGTON.—The inhabitants of Wellington, in Somersetshire, are taking measures to erect a memorial of the late Duke of Wellington, the title, we believe, being derived from the town. With reference to it the *Builder* says:—"The design is, we are informed, by Mr. John Gibbs, of Oxford, the architect who designed the recently-erected cross at Brandbury, in honour of the marriage of the Princess Royal of England with the Prince of Prussia. The design for the proposed Wellington memorial consists of a case of three steps, to be worked in granite, surmounted by a double subbase of carved panels, filled in with the arms of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, in alternate shields, forming one half of the sides of an octagon: in the intervening panels the arms, &c., of the late duke are to be inserted. Out of this base will then rise a column, also carved throughout with emblems and incidents of victories. On the summit of this pillar will be placed a statue of the duke, seven feet high."

PENZANCE.—Architects are invited to forward designs for a monument to be erected in this town to the memory of the late Sir Humphrey Davy. It is to consist of a granite column and base, surmounted by a statue of Davy, holding a safety lamp in his hand. The idea of having a memorial originated, we understand, with the miners and other artisans in Penzance and the neighbourhood; but there are other localities equally interested in the benefit of Davy's invention, and these should not be behind with their subscriptions, though the monument will not be an ornament to the districts in which they live.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—M. Meissonier, whose pictures are well known in England, has been elected a member of the *Académie des Beaux Arts*, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of M. Abel de Pujol. The other candidates were MM. Hesse, Larivière, Yvon, Cabanel, and Gudin: the contest was chiefly between M. Meissonier and M. Hesse, the former winning by a majority of four over the latter, the votes for each respectively being twenty and sixteen. This choice denotes clearly the downfall of high Art in France. Meissonier, although extremely clever in dexterous manual execution, has only that quality, and possesses none of the more elevated expression of Art.—A man who still lives and pursues the highest range of Art—though little known out of France, his labours being chiefly devoted to the decoration of churches—is M. H. Flandrin, who has just finished two large friezes in the church of *St. Germain des Prés*, which show very great power in the representation of sacred Art, and are equal to the works of many masters, either ancient or modern. His idea in these compositions, which are twenty in number, each having figures of large life size, seems to be the development of Christianity as recorded in the Bible and New Testament—the typical in the Bible, the realisation in the New Testament. The subjects are, of course, interpreted according to the ideas of the Roman Church. The whole is of a grand aspect, seriously studied, and well conceived; it is a splendid work, and sustains the painter as the greatest artist in France. It is gratifying thus to see an artist persevere in his career of high Art, standing alone therein. One or two other painters of later date give us an historical picture, but of feebler talents. M. Ingres, although of great age, produces a painting occasionally which no one sees, as he has not exhibited for many years. H. Vernet, too, shows himself very seldom. These are our only

* Lord Macaulay's "History of England," vol. iii. p. 19, note. "Burnet did not begin to prepare his history of William's reign for the press till ten years later" (the MS. ends in 1695); "by that time his opinion of men and things had undergone great changes."

† *cf.* Anne, c. 20, and 1 Geo. I., c. 9.

* Preface to the original edition of Lodge's Portraits, 1821; and Bohn's edition, 12mo., vol. i. p. vii.

veterans of mark remaining. Indeed, the French School is at a low ebb, and, to add to the misfortune, photography, which seemed declining, has taken a new stride, and become a formidable opponent; like those creeping plants which smother large trees by their exuberant growth, photography devours every production of Art; the finest engravings, ancient and modern, are sought for by the photographers, and reproduced; so also are the paintings exhibited: the consequence of this is the decline of engraving, particularly of engravings in line; the first houses in the trade here have encouraged this, and now see their folly. There are but few firms that at present keep any stock of large and fine prints; the rest exhibit in their windows partridges, pheasants, and other game *en relief*. These productions consist of coloured prints of game, cut out, and pressed out by machinery, forming coloured bas-reliefs, then mounted on paper; these, with stereoscopes, photographs of paintings, views, and small portraits, compose the stock of shops paying £300 a year rent, besides other expenses. A first-rate publisher said to the writer of this article, who showed him a painting he thought would engrave well, "How can you ask me to engrave your work, since when done I shall have it photographed all over the world?"—A new chapel has been decorated by M. L. Pelegrini for the schools of the *Faubourg St. Martin*, which has inspired a French critic with the following ideas:—"The mania for ornamenting churches is a bad one in general, when not done by one artist; the churches *Notre Dame de Lorette* and *St. Clotilde* are examples of this: nothing can be more secular than these edifices, little calculated to inspire holy thoughts and veneration to God. I admire old cathedrals with bare walls; but when I visit a modern church, I go there as to the *Louvre*, to see paintings and seek amusement. Ten chapels are to be decorated, ten artists are chosen, each differing in feeling, idea, &c., and, generally, the least capable of their task, from the absence of any religious sentiment. Nothing can be more profane than the labours of these artists—landscapes, nudités, little saints of the nineteenth century. It is a fact, that when the painter has finished his chapel, tickets are issued as for a first representation at the Opera. God has nothing to do in the affair but veil his face." This critique is true, though it may not have any special reference to the chapel by M. Pelegrini; but this artist also has done too much in wishing to do well—masses of figures, varieties of colours jumbled into a mass, distracting attention and destroying all effect. The chapel is small, and should have had decorations suitable to its size and character. We trust the noble church of "Notre Dame" will not be subjected to any similar process of ornamentation.—Death has taken from us M. G. Diebolt, a sculptor of eminence, whose works ornament many public galleries and buildings, and who was much esteemed by his friends and artists in general. M. Diebolt was in the forty-sixth year of his age.—It is intended to convert the château of St. Germain into a museum of Gallic and Romano-Gallic antiquities. Such an institution has become a necessity from the large number of relics of ancient Gaul which has been discovered in various parts of France during some years past, and for the careful examination and study of which no suitable place has hitherto been provided. The old château will well serve the purpose.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The annual exhibition of the Academy of Arts in this city took place towards the close of last year. The correspondent of the *Times* says in reference to it:—"Not to speak of a charming picture from Switzerland, by Calame, who appears to have sent a great number of his works to Russia, of some fine Swedish and Norwegian scenes by Marcus Larson, and of some village pictures in Little Russia by Hornemann (a Hanoverian), there are several excellent landscapes by St. Petersburg artists, many of whom, by the way, have Polish names, such as Aivasovski, who has lately been studying scenery in the Crimea; Souchodolski, who sends some views from the environs of St. Petersburg; and Horovski, who has brought back a representation of the Valley of the Arvi, from Chamouni. Another painter, Velejeff, contributes a Russian landscape, in which all the symptoms of a coming storm are admirably expressed. The most thoroughly Russian pictures, however, in the exhibition are those which depict scenes more or less humorous from real life, not merely because the scenes depicted are Russian, but because the class of subject is one in which the Russians, in painting as in literature, take an especial delight. . . . The worst of Russian 'realism,' as exemplified in a certain number of the pictures now on view at the Academy of Arts, is that its practitioners, with a general eye for truthfulness, have too keen a glance for what is mean and trivial, or base and disgusting. The 'Artist at Home' shows us a dirty little man in a dirty dressing-gown, with a dirty

bottle of gin lying on the ground, endeavouring to tranquillise his insubordinate children by means of a birch rod. Such humour as there may be in this conception lies, of course, in the fact that the designer of ideal Cupids and Venuses is troubled in every-day life by squalling brats and a scolding wife." The writer in question alludes to a few pictures, and makes some favourable comments on them—one called 'The Sermon,' two death-bed scenes, "one low comie, the other bitterly comie, bordering on, if not quite reaching, the tragic;" the names of the painters of these are not given; 'The Drunken Father,' by Kozoukhin; and a 'Halt of a Party of Prisoners,' by Jacobi, a young Russian artist who has had awarded to him for the painting the Academy's gold medal of the first class. The 'Halt' is described as "the most significant picture in the gallery, having more of a political than a social character." We shall be curious to know what figure Russia will make in the Fine Art department of the forthcoming International Exhibition. Two pictures had been publicly mentioned as likely to appear: these were Bruloff's 'Destruction of Pompeii,' and Bruni's 'Brazen Serpent,' both of them in the Imperial collection at the Hermitage.

MUNICH.—A bronze statue of Schelling, by Brugger, has recently been placed in this city: one side of the pedestal on which it stands bears the simple inscription:—"Schelling, the Great Philosopher;" on the other is inscribed,—"Erected by his Grateful Pupil, Maximilian II., King of Bavaria."

NUREMBERG.—The discovery of "undoubted originals" by great masters, under coats of whitewash and plaster, is not always to be relied upon as necessarily a genuine indication either of antiquity or authorship. With this caution may be mentioned the recent finding of a veritable work by Albert Dürer, at Nuremberg; it is said to have been found in the house of the Hallers, thrown away, and painted over. The picture is a half-length of the Saviour, painted in old panel, similar to that on which Albert's own portrait is painted in the Pinacothek at Munich, and is said to bear the following inscription:—"This picture of Albert Dürer had Imhof from Pirkheimer, and I from Imhof. Haller von Hallenstein."

THE LATE LORD HERBERT.

A MEETING was held on the 28th of November at Willis's Rooms, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge presiding, at which it was resolved to erect a statue of the late Lord Herbert—a mark of honour and homage to one of the best and worthiest men of the age and country. Among those present were—Viscount Palmerston, K.G.; Earl Granville, K.G.; the Right Hon. General Peel, M.P.; the Duke of Newcastle, K.G.; the Earl of Cardigan; Earl Russell; the Bishop of Oxford; Earl De Grey and Ripon; the Earl of Carnarvon; the Chancellor of the Exchequer; General Sir John Burgoyne; the Right Hon. W. Cowper, M.P.; Lord Lyveden; the Right Hon. Sir G. C. Lewis, M.P., Secretary of State for War; Colonel North, M.P.; Earl Grosvenor; the Right Hon. S. Estcourt, M.P.; the Right Hon. T. Headlam, M.P., &c. It will be well to make a brief record of the proceedings. Lord Palmerston moved the first resolution, "That this meeting desires to express its deep sense of the loss which has befallen this country by the untimely death of Lord Herbert; and is anxious to pay a fitting tribute to his eminent public services as a minister and statesman, and to the self-sacrificing zeal with which he discharged his official duties." General Peel seconded the resolution, which was unanimously passed. The second resolution—"That a subscription be raised for the purpose of erecting a statue to the late Lord Herbert, and also for the endowment of exhibitions or gold medals in connection with the Army Medical School at Chatham, to be given at the end of each course of instruction to the candidate or candidates for admission who evince the highest proficiency in the knowledge of the art of preserving the health of the troops at home and in the field"—was moved by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, seconded by Sir John Burgoyne, and unanimously passed. The Bishop of Oxford then moved a resolution, appointing various noblemen and gentlemen as a committee to collect subscriptions. This resolution was seconded by Earl de Grey, and also unanimously passed. Respecting the speeches, all that we need here remark is that every one spoke in the most earnest and strongest

terms in regard to Lord Herbert, whose various extensive charities the Bishop of Oxford more especially expatiated on; and whose sanitary efforts in the army the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated had, combined with those of Miss Nightingale and the Commander-in-Chief, reduced its mortality by no less than one-half: that is to say, only one-half of the men die now who died in the British army under the same circumstances before their measures were adopted.

THE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE death of the Prince Consort is a national calamity; nay, it is a calamity that affects the whole world, and will be mourned in every household where public worth and private virtues can be understood and appreciated. There could have been no loss, save one, that could have caused grief more universal than this. The example of the Prince has been of incalculable value; his sound practical sense and judgment has been inconceivably useful to all the Institutions in which he took a deep, or even a slight, interest. The largeness of our debt to him will be more generally known, but can never be sufficiently well known. The Arts, especially, will lose in him one of its truest and best friends. The Prince was a liberal patron of British Art; his foreign pictures were comparatively few, not amounting in number to a sixth of the collection: there are many English gentlemen who have more extensively aided continental painters. The public are familiar with the best works at Windsor, Buckingham Palace, and Osborne; the permission to engrave them was graciously accorded to us nearly ten years ago; and only last month, in bringing the series to a close, we made record of our gratitude for so great and valuable a boon, granted to us (we may take this opportunity to say) in recompense of our many years' labour to promote the interests of Art.* In all ways Art will suffer by this terrible loss. It is too soon, and would seem too selfish, to consider what must inevitably occur as its consequence. There is no useful Institution in the kingdom that will not deplore it; hardly a single individual who will not, directly or indirectly, lament the absence of the Prince, as that of a safeguard in danger, and a protector in peace. It is some consolation to know there is no blot on his memory; it will be cherished, not alone in the palace where his influence was more felt, but in the humblest cottage to which his example extended—for there is no inhabitant of this realm so insignificant as not in some way or other to have been affected by it. The death of the Prince Consort is, indeed,

"The common grief of all the land."

No institution will suffer more than the Society of Arts, except that at South Kensington, which comprises the Schools of Art and the Museum: these will lose their chief prop—the mainspring upon which "the wheels within wheels" depend for regularity and power; so it is with the Horticultural Gardens; and so, unquestionably, it will be with the International Exhibition, which it is not very improbable may be postponed for a year, as one of the consequences of this sad calamity.

If our remarks in this brief record are limited to the effects of the loss to Art, it is only because tributes that have reference to other topics have been offered to the memory of the Prince by every journal of the kingdom.

Those who are comparatively young can recollect no event that has been followed by a wail so universal. We shrink, indeed, from the contemplation of what may be the results.

The deep and earnest sympathy of every individual in the kingdom, and in all its dependencies, indeed, throughout the world, is at this moment given to the Queen. If to us the loss be great, to her and to her family it is incalculable; just now, too, when the counsel and comfort of a judicious adviser and near friend were most especially needed—when the political atmosphere is darkening, and enemies are watching for the weakness which, by God's help, they will not find.

* The volume of the *Art-Journal* just concluded is the fifteenth volume of that work we have had the honour of dedicating to his Royal Highness the Prince Consort.



THE CRUCIFIXION.

RUBENS.

SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS.

CHAP. I.—IN ITALY.

It is a very common remark, though one the truth of which is scarcely borne out by facts, that the Fine Arts flourish most in a country during a time of peace. It seems only natural to suppose this should be the case, for when the public mind is absorbed by events of national importance,—events on which, perchance, hangs the independent existence of the people,—it can scarcely be expected they should interest themselves greatly in matters of a secondary nature, so far as the well-being of a community is concerned. But history

informs us, that unless a country is scourged by intestine wars, the march of her armies offers no impediment to the progress of the Arts at home. The artificers employed in rebuilding the second Holy Temple in Jerusalem went to their work girt with swords, to defend themselves in case of attack. The Athenians erected magnificent temples, and produced sculptures which have been the admiration of the world, while her warriors were engaged in deadly combat with the enemy. The most splendid edifices of ancient Rome were built during the periods when the legions of the Cæsars bore their standards triumphantly over eastern and western Europe. Art received a new birth, and grew to a glorious manhood in

Italy during the middle ages, when the sword was in the hand of every man, and war was the order of the day. And so it has been, with few exceptions, ever since. Art lives, heedless of the din of battle, the strife of contending factions, the angry discussions of opposite politicians; so long as there is the spirit to uphold it, and the wealth to pay for it, painters, architects, and sculptors pursue the even tenor of their way undisturbed by external commotion; indifferent, so long as their own interests are unaffected, to the rise and fall of states and dynasties.

Few periods of European history are marked by more important political events than those which occurred during the seventeenth century.



In our own country a long and sanguinary civil war broke out, one king perished on the scaffold, and another was driven into exile: in France a

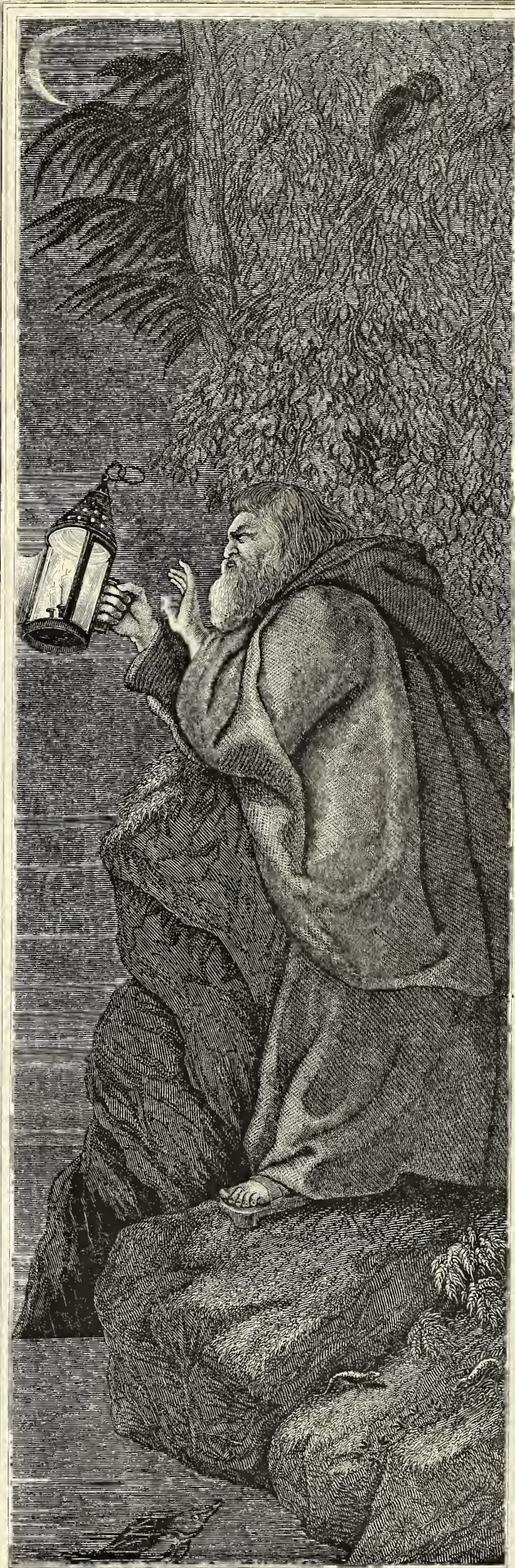
monarch fell by the dagger of an assassin, an event followed by a series of wars internal and external: in Spain, the Moors were expelled

from the country, and two powerful provinces revolted against their sovereign, whose fleets and commerce became the prey of foreign foes. The

annals of Portugal are a record of conspiracies, national troubles and distress: in Germany the "thirty years' war" broke out: the states of Italy were either engaged in hostilities against each other, or against foreign enemies; the Roman pontiffs saw their temporal power gradually diminishing by the advance and spread of the Reformation; while the Low Countries were engaged either in defending themselves from the attacks of France, or in expelling those who had long tyrannised over them. And yet, notwithstanding this universal turmoil and clashing of arms, the Arts flourished in an eminent degree; in each of the great European states,—our own, perhaps, may be excepted,—works of Art, of the highest character, in painting and architecture came forth to adorn the lands in which they had birth.

Of all the different schools of painting which existed during this century, that known as the Netherlandish held the foremost place: the roll of names included in it is long and distinguished—Rubens, Rembrandt, and Van Dyck; Teniers, Jan Steen, and Ostade; Gerard Douw, Mieris, Terburg and Netscher; Cuyp, Paul Potter, Wouvermans, and Berghem; Both, Ruysdael, and Everdingen; Van de Velde and Backhuysen; Van der Neer, Van der Werff, Hals, and many more, will readily occur to any one acquainted with the works of the old masters belonging to what is called the Teutonic race, and who adopted the realistic forms of expression in Art. "In the same proportion as the influence of the Florentine and Roman schools had operated injuriously upon the northern painters who preceded the seventeenth century, especially by means of that ideal element so foreign to the native Netherlandish feeling, did Venetian Art now act beneficially on painters congenial to herself in aim. In her productions all that Netherlandish masters had most sought to attain—truth of nature in conception, and beauty and harmony of colour—was seen for the first time developed in the utmost perfection; while the other great qualities of general keeping, chiaro-oscuro, and that treatment of the brush—not lost, as formerly, in a fused surface, but employed for purposes of modelling—found ready responses in their Art sympathies."*

And there is every reason for assuming that the political events to which allusion has been made, and the social changes that Europe had undergone during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, influenced powerfully the style and manner of the painters of the time. Especially was this the case in the countries which had embraced Protestantism: in Holland, for example, and parts of Germany, where, though painting was not ignored entirely as a necessary aid to devotion, as it had been, and still continued to be, among those who retained the Catholic faith, it was far less in request. New feelings and associations, moreover, had arisen in the minds both of artists and the public, by a more general



THE HERMIT.

diffusion of knowledge, and a more extended intercourse of nations with each other. Hence arose that varied and comprehensive practice which we see in the works of the Dutch and Flemish particularly, pictures of domestic life, of daily occupations, of holiday amusements, of landscape and rural life, of fruits and flowers, of battles by land and sea, of hunting parties,—in a word, of scenes familiar to the eye, and of events in which all felt more or less interest. Art, released from the liberal but contracted, as to subject, influence and patronage of the church, expatiated over the wide world of nature and in the wider region of human life. "In the newly awakened sense of national independence inspired by increasing importance and wealth which had ensued upon the long, severe, and victorious struggles of the Dutch people with the Spanish monarchy, various branches of literature had borne fruit; but it was especially in Art, for which the Dutchman was so singularly gifted, that he availed himself of every element which the new condition of things offered to his grasp. Although, therefore, Protestantism, as there established, had banished religious Art from churches, yet piety still found expression in a number of pictures taken from the Old and New Testament, which, though conceived through the medium of a homely realistic sphere, are yet enriched with a thorough Biblical significance."*

On the preceding page is an engraved portrait of one, and undoubtedly the greatest, of that bright galaxy of painters to whom reference has just been made. It represents Sir Peter Paul Rubens, the "Father of the Flemish School," concerning whom and his works we desire to offer some remarks in this and succeeding chapters. But inasmuch as the life of this great artist has been the subject of previous papers in our publication,† it is not our present object to enter at any length upon his history, merely referring to it as occasion may require, and when it seems necessary as explanatory of, or bearing upon, his greatest works.

Rubens's master was Othon Van Veen, more commonly called Otho Venius, who acquired the title of the "Flemish Raffaele," and was at that time, 1596, court painter to the Archduke Albert, Governor of the Netherlands. After remaining in his studio three or four years, the master, impressed with the evidences of extraordinary genius manifest in his pupil, urged him with true disinterestedness to quit so contracted a sphere of artistic education as Antwerp afforded, and repair to Italy, the great school of Art.

Rubens was in his twenty-third year when he set out for the south, and arrived at Venice. One may imagine the enthusiastic admiration with which the young artist contemplated the works of the great painters of that famous school, then almost in their pristine freshness and beauty, though the city that held them was rapidly falling into decay. Taking them in chronological order, he would examine

* "Hand-book of Painting. The German, Flemish, and Dutch Schools." Murray, London.

* "Hand-book of Painting."
† *Art-Journal*, vol. 1852, pp. 9, 41, 77; and vol. 1859, pp. 21, 53.

the pictures of the three Bellinis, the founders of the school, and especially those of the two brothers Gentile and Giovanni, the 'Miracle of the Cross,' the 'Procession in the Piazza of St. Mark,' by the elder; the 'Virgin and Child with Mary Magdalen and St. Catharine,' the 'St. Jerome,' by the latter; nor could the three wall paintings by their father, Jacopo, in the church of St. Redentore, though of an earlier date, pass his notice for their deep religious feeling and power of expression, each showing an advance over the other, as this grand old painter progressed in his knowledge and practice of Art, for the three pictures are of different dates. Then he would come to the Giorgiones, the Titians, and the Tintoretts: the 'Storm allayed by St. Mark,' with many others, by Giorgione; the 'Assumption,' the 'Virgin with the Infant Christ and Saints,' the 'Annunciation,' 'Peter Martyr,' and a host more, by Titian; and a multitude, among which stand pre-eminent the 'Crucifixion' and the 'Paradise,' by Tintoretto. Paul Veronese, the disciple of Titian, and the contemporary of Tintoretto, would follow next, succeeded by Pordenone, the Palmas, father and son, and the Bassanos. These were the men whose works Rubens visited Venice to see and study, and who inspired him with a zeal and determination to be as one of them, a great master of Art. Rubens remained in Italy seven years, with an interval of some months, when he was sent by the Duke of Mantua, to whose court he was attached, on a diplomatic errand to Philip III. of Spain. In Mantua the works of Giulio Romano engaged his deep attention, and in Rome those of Michel Angelo and Raffaele, especially Angelo's, whose bold and massive conceptions doubtless influenced the style of his composition, though his vivid and splendid colouring was acquired in the school of Titian and Paul Veronese.

Italy, however, contains comparatively few pictures by Rubens; there are numerous portraits by him scattered through the various galleries of the country, but the principal pictures he painted while there were executed for, or have since passed into the hands of, other than Italian patrons. We will take a rapid glance at the chief works, including a few portraits, that Italy can still show from the pencil of this great Flemish painter.

Among the cities visited by him was Genoa, and in the church of Sant' Ambrogio, sometimes also called the church *di Gesù*, are two paintings, one of the 'Circumcision,' which forms the altar-piece, the other 'St. Lynatus healing a Demoniac.' The former is said to have been executed before he went to Genoa, and as he was ignorant of the exact place it was intended to occupy in the church, as regards space and light, the picture is not seen to advantage: the latter was painted in Genoa, so that he was able to arrange and treat the subject as the locality required. Hence the different appearance each respectively presents to the spectator in its general effect. In the public library of Mantua is a finely painted group of four figures—his patron, the duke, Vincenzo I., the duchess, and two other persons worshipping



ST. CHRISTOPHER.

the Virgin glorified. The heads are admirable in character, and the disposition and execution most masterly. Brescia contained a few years ago, and probably still possesses, in the Fenaroli Gallery, a picture of 'Hercules strangling the Nemean Lion,' a bold, spirited composition, but rather coarsely painted. In the imperial gallery of Florence are portraits of Rubens's two wives, Elizabeth Brandt and the pretty young Helena Fourment; the former is by far the better picture of the two. The Pitti Palace in this city has several notable examples of this master: a 'Holy Family,' 'Nymphs assaulted by Satyrs,' a group of portraits consisting of the artist himself, his brother, and the two distinguished men of science, Lipsius and Grotius, of equal merit with the Gonzaga picture just mentioned; 'Venus chiding Mars,' and 'St. Francis in the attitude of Prayer.' There are also two magnificent landscapes, in one of which is introduced the story of Ulysses discovered by Nausicaa and her attendants, Minerva appearing in the clouds above. The time is early morning, the rays of which light up brilliantly the centre of the composition. The breaking clouds, the leaping cataract with its misty spray, the upland meadows, and the palace partly tinged by the slanting rays of the rising sun, are all splendidly rendered. The 'Hand-book of Painting' says, with reference to this and some other pictures, that the painter's power of conception and his striking pictorial effects are conspicuous: combined with the most daring composition he here displays a glow of light which approaches Rembrandt, and a mastery of handling which approaches bravado. The other landscape, equally fine as a picture, is a pastoral scene, with peasants returning at eventide from their daily labour.

In the gallery of the capital of Rome is a picture representing 'Romulus and Remus with the Wolf discovered by the Shepherd and Shepherdess:' it was probably painted while Rubens was in Italy, for it bears the appearance of being a comparatively early work. The twins are plump, rosy-cheeked children; and the elder pair are vigorously drawn and coloured, more after the style of Giulio Romano than of any other contemporary Italian artist. In another room is a 'Visitation of St. Elizabeth,' somewhat different from Rubens's large composition in the cathedral of Antwerp, of which we shall have to speak hereafter.

Naples possesses two or three of his pictures demanding notice. In the *Forzi* palace is 'Diana and Callisto,' a subject which the artist repeated once or twice: this one is a good specimen of his style of composition, and, doubtless, was in years gone by rich in colour, but it has now become dark. In the palace *Miranda* are two allegorical subjects, the 'Banquet of the Gods,' and the 'Triumph of Beauty,' both of which manifest in an eminent degree Rubens's luxurious imaginative conceptions.

Of the paintings from which the engravings introduced here are taken we shall have to speak in the next chapter, when we return with Rubens to Antwerp.

J. D.

THE CYRENIAN MARBLES.

ALL strangers on visiting the British Museum are struck by the enclosure of the colonnade round the front of the building. This economy of space, commendable but not seemly, bespeaks the pressure from within. Almost every available part of the ground plan does duty in support of some precious relic. The catalogue, indeed, would worthily furnish forth two additional acres, if the objects were distributed as sparsely as in some foreign museums; but with us the visitor has no breathing time between Tiberius and Caligula; he has not recovered from the Greek before he is engaged by the Assyrian.

But it is of the latest addition to the Museum that we would speak. In the enclosures, that form a gallery outside the Museum, have been deposited the cases containing the marbles brought from Cyrene, of which but one of the last importation had been unpacked when we were allowed the privilege of entering. This is an Apollo, a statue of heroic size, very pure in colour and surface, and not so much mutilated as it might be supposed a sculptured work, with so much fine carving and so many salient points, would have been. The face is much disfigured—both arms are broken, and there are other injuries; but in colour it is purer than perhaps any other ancient statue we possess. On the left of the figure is a lyre on a support, round which is twined a Python. The body is supported by the left leg, the right being relieved, and the head is turned as if looking over the left shoulder. A heavy roll of drapery is brought round the lower part of the body; and this is the worst feature of the composition, for it comes from nowhere and goes to nowhere, and its presence is certainly obstructive, whatever the artist might have intended. But we do not expect a museum of master-pieces; it would not be desirable that there should be no instances of the infancy and youth, the weakness and imbecility of the Art, with its mature vigour. What becomes of Art-history if Greek does not meet Greek in this way? We look now at the Apollo as a work of Art, but hereafter as a historical relic. It is not of the best period of Greek sculpture; nor is it before that time, but after it—after the hierarchic spirit had yielded to the epic and the latter to the scenic. It must have been well preserved by accidental circumstances, being, for a statue of the kind, in excellent condition, and perhaps not much more mutilated than the Venus or other famous statues. This is the most important piece of these sculptures; there were ten or twelve cases yet to be opened, but the pieces were evidently smaller than the Apollo. This collection, henceforward to be known as that of the "Cyrenian Marbles," and of which the Apollo is but one item—perhaps the most remarkable—will be numerous and highly interesting. Very many of the pieces are mere fragments; but others, more entire, show a curious diversity of taste and style, with here and there an unmistakable dash of the Egyptian. It would indeed have been marvellous if the local Art had escaped such infection, considering the situation of the place and its prosperity under the Egyptians. But what are really curious in contrast with such sculptures, are some female busts with the hair dressed in the style called by the French the Chinese. These must have been among the last luxuries of the place, before it was sacked by the Romans, in suppression of a revolt by the Cyrenians. The whole of these marbles have been obtained by excavating the ruins of a few temples and palaces, to depths varying from two to twelve feet. They include a statue of Minerva, a seated female figure, several partial statues and busts, a small statue of Bacchus, a statue of Pan, statues of the nymph Cyrene, from whom the city received its name, statuettes of Venus, &c.

Cyrene was the capital of a Greek colony, situated in Africa, between Egypt and the Syrtes. It was originally small and inconsiderable; but its popularity was greatly augmented by accessions from Sparta, when it was threatened, about the fortieth Olympiad, with destruction by the Lybians. The ruins are distant from the coast about twelve miles, and the excavations, conducted by Lieutenants Smith and Porcher,

occupied about eleven months. They occupy a site of about a mile square, at an elevation of 2,000 feet above the level of the sea; and it may be supposed that the transport of these relics was a matter of no small difficulty and anxiety. They were, however, safely conveyed to the coast by the seamen and marines of her Majesty's ship *Melpomene*, in three trips. They were then embarked, and conveyed to Malta, where they were transhipped for England.

GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS OF ART.

EVERY now and then facts are brought to light which manifest strong evidence that these institutions are not fulfilling the hopes and anticipations we naturally expected to see them realise; and, as a consequence, we are led to inquire whether the cause of failure must be laid on the shoulders of those who direct them, or on those of the public; and, if on the latter, whether the general indifference manifested towards the schools arises from want of confidence in the management or from inability to comprehend their value. Sometimes intelligence reaches us of schools in a state of insolvency, and almost compelled to close their doors because inadequately supported; several such cases were recorded last year in our pages; and the towns in which these bankruptcies occurred were not insignificant places, but busy manufacturing communities, as Wolverhampton, Stoke-on-Trent. Sometimes we hear of clever students who have gone out from the schools being unable to find employment; and sometimes of manufacturers requiring aid, and unable to procure what they want. A case that comes under the last of these classes was stated in the *Athenæum* a few weeks since, in the following terms:—"Prizes to the amount of £20 were recently offered by Mr. Benson, of Ludgate Hill, to the various schools of Art throughout the kingdom, in connection with the South Kensington Art School, for designs for watch ornamentation. The inspector-general has just notified that none of the designs which have been received are of a character to merit the full prize in any one of the three classes into which they were divided." Prizes to the amount of ten guineas were, however, awarded to four pupils in various schools; of these two were carried off by Miss Annie Wharry, of the Charter-house School.

Now it is impossible to know that such facts as these exist, and not to feel assured that *something must be wrong somewhere*; but the difficulty lies in determining the cause of failure. There seems to be an anomaly in the relative position of the schools, the students, and the public to each other: the first fail for lack of encouragement; the second cannot meet with employment, though assumed to be competent; and the public, that is, the manufacturer who requires their help, cannot meet with what he is in search of. Twenty years, and longer, have elapsed since the introduction of these schools: surely this is time sufficient to test their efficiency, and to prove whether or not the instruction given in them is of real practical utility; judging by the result, we are strongly disposed to think it is not, and that, although these institutions are increasing in number year by year, and attracting within the sphere of their operations scholars of all grades and conditions in life, except the wealthier classes, the good arising out of them appears to bear a very small proportion to the magnitude of the general scheme, except—and this, it must be admitted, is something gained—that thousands would never, without their help, possess the remotest idea of what Art of any kind is, nor the least knowledge of even its elementary

principles. But the government schools were founded chiefly for the purpose of creating a race of designers, whose services might supersede those of the foreigner in our industrial establishments; where, however, are the men whose taste and talents were to create a revolution in our manufactories and workshops? how many, we should like to know, have gone forth from the schools, and found permanent, if not lucrative, engagements from the class for whose employ they presumed the instruction received would qualify them? Have the manufacturers tested these pupils, and found them wanting? or have they closed their doors against their entrance, because incompetent to estimate the value of their services, and content to seek aid elsewhere, because procured, it may be, at a cheaper rate? Our opinion, arrived at from facts constantly coming before us, is, that each party must bear his own portion of the blame which inevitably attaches itself to this strange and unfortunate state of things.

Many of our readers will doubtless recollect that, a few years ago, we published in our pages, through two or three consecutive volumes, a series of "Original Designs for Manufacturers;" they were the result of invitations offered by us to ornamental designers of every kind, our chief object in introducing them was to elicit the talent of the country in this branch of Art, as well as to aid the manufacturer of ornamental and decorative works; but we never found much benefit accruing to others from the plan, and were finally compelled to give it up. Why? Because our repeated invitations failed, after a certain time, to receive answers; in other words, *we could not get the designs*, although Schools of Design were, even then, numerous enough. Some of the best subjects we published were the works of foreigners settled here, and some were by pupils of these Schools of Art, yet the supply did not equal our demand. Manufacturers, moreover, often told us that the designs, though perhaps well enough in themselves, were not practicable; others said, they would not suit the taste of the public; and thus between alleged inaptness on the one hand, and incompetency on the other, our efforts to do good both to employers and the employed fell to the ground. We have since been often requested to resume the series, but experience of the past has hitherto proved too great a discouragement to induce a second attempt, at least for the present.

It is obvious that the teaching of design for ornamental purposes should be of such a nature as to be of practical utility; mere theoretical instruction is of little value to those desirous of turning what they know to profitable account; a young man may be able to model a figure, or a girl to draw a group of flowers or a pattern with taste and accuracy, but if neither is of a character to suit the requirements of the workshop or the loom, the designer's labour is lost; he has been left in ignorance of what is most needed, and must reap the reward of inefficient teachings, which, in his case, is disappointment and, not unfrequently, poverty and distress. The question, however, looking to facts which come before us, is simply this:—Are we, in our Government Schools of Art, giving such instruction as will afford a certain amount of mental enjoyment, superadding what may be termed an "accomplishment" to the ordinary branches of learning, and are we training a large number of youth, looking to it for a livelihood hereafter, in such a way that, instead of enabling them to become, through its means, "breadwinners," it were as well—ay, far better—they had been left to grow up hewers of wood and drawers of water?

THE
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
1862.

THIS is a great public undertaking, and in no degree a private speculation; it is to be so regarded, so treated, so criticised. In some respects it may be placed out of the reach of comment; at least it appears to be so considered by those who are entrusted with its management: and perhaps they are not far wrong—supported and sustained as they are—in assuming they may be heedless of, and indifferent to, public opinion.

We shall not take that view of the case: we regard the Exhibition not as an experiment for the benefit of a few, but as a grand and vast design, intended to serve not only those who are immediately interested in the issue, but the whole human family. It is consequently the duty of the public Press—and ours more especially—to watch its progress with scrupulous nicety, and not to consider its Directors as irresponsible, but to point out for popular condemnation any errors that may be committed, or any wrongs that may be perpetrated.

We are fully aware that such a task is by no means either pleasant or profitable; but there can be no respect for those who shirk a duty because it is disagreeable or dangerous.

It has ever been the curse of this country that all great works for which the public pay, are works from which a few derive gain at incalculable loss to the many. If we earnestly hope that such may not be the case with the International Exhibition of 1862, the hope is not unmingled with apprehension; for it is beyond question that complaints of the management are arising in all quarters, and there is already just reason to fear that its directors are guided more by a desire to gripe and grasp as much money as they can from all with whom they come in contact—to give as little as they can in return—and to sink altogether the idea that they are trustees for the contributors, the guarantors, and the public, to supply to mankind the largest possible amount of advantage.

We are not new to this project: we bought experience, and willingly paid for it, in 1851. But if we then learned nothing of what to copy and what to avoid, we have indeed idly and miserably studied in a school where our opportunities were large and ample.

There will be, in 1862, no excuse for the mistakes we made in 1851. Let us see how far we have profited by the lesson we were—or ought to have been—taught.

Be it always remembered that the Exhibition of 1862 differs materially from that of 1851. In 1851 there might have been a serious loss, and exactions were, in a measure, excusable to prevent it; at all events, a reasonable economy was but right. In 1862 there can, *by no possibility, be any loss*; some hundreds of persons have signed a deed, by which they bind themselves to supply a deficiency, if deficiency there should be; they did this to render as perfect as possible a grand design, and we believe every one of them would advocate a course of wise liberality, in lieu of a paltry spirit—that tends to lower the national character, and give to the scheme an aspect of miserable trading such as would degrade any shopkeeper who aimed at respectability, while obtaining profits in his calling of dealer and chapman.

The commercial element which the proceedings of the Royal Commissioners have unfortunately made so engrossing, naturally arouses the vigilance of numbers of exhibitors. Fully alive to the necessity for adequate opportunity of repaying themselves for the large expenditure at which the pub-

licity offered by the Exhibition can alone be obtained, they require such consideration as may promise that result. It has been made a business question, and every business man becomes a juror on its merits.

We shall, under the several heads, refer to the leading subjects at present engrossing public attention.

THE BUILDING.

On the 3rd of December, at the rooms of the Society of Arts, a paper was read by Captain W. C. Philpotts, R.E., on this all-important portion of the Exhibition. Captain Philpotts is one of the newly-appointed assistants of Captain Fowke, from whose designs, and under whose supervision, the new edifice is in course of erection, to the satisfaction of—the Commissioners. After the lecturer had delivered his address, discussion was invited, and Mr. Henry Ottley rose to make some remarks respecting the building, and inquired whether—inasmuch as it was generally understood that it was “intended to remain as a permanent monument of the architectural genius of the country”—any professional architects had been applied to for plans, or had been in any way consulted about it? No answer to the query was given by Captain Philpotts, but Mr. Henry Cole presented himself to the meeting, and, addressing Mr. Ottley, said he should like to know what he, the questioner, meant by an architect; stating that Michel Angelo, Brunelleschi, Inigo Jones, Vanburgh, and others who had produced great works in architecture, were not originally and by profession architects. He then went on to remark that the designs sent in by architects for the Exhibition of 1851 were “miserable and ludicrous failures;” so, at least, is the reported expression of the terms used by the speaker; and, therefore, the committee was glad to avail itself of Sir Joseph Paxton’s services. With the recollection of these failures in mind, the committee for carrying out the forthcoming Exhibition had not thought fit to hazard a similar mischance, and at once applied to Captain Fowke to prepare designs for the structure; or, in plain words, the whole profession of architects and civil engineers was ignored in favour of a government officer and *employé*. Without touching upon other matters introduced by Mr. Cole into his reply—some of which consisted of a severe, and, as it seems to us, scarcely justifiable attack on Mr. Ottley, who had only put a question which hundreds of individuals had asked among themselves before him—the argument used to support the preference shown for Captain Fowke is about as weak as any argument could be. We say nothing in praise or disparagement of the adopted design, it may be good, or it may be such as to reflect little credit on the constructive arts of the country; but to contend that, because Michel Angelo and others had erected grand edifices, though not educated as architects, and because failures had occurred ten years ago, *therefore* the profession ought not to be consulted, is puerile logic. As a rule, if a man find himself out of health, he applies to a regular practitioner in medical science; if the physician’s prescriptions fail, possibly he may follow the advice of some quack or amateur dispenser of drugs. Without for one moment comparing Captain Fowke, whom we believe to be a most skilful engineer and a gallant British officer, with such an individual, it seems evident the Commissioners of the International Exhibition have acted upon the principle indicated. The reference made by Mr. Cole to the designs furnished by Sir J. Paxton, conveys an erroneous and an unjust impression. As urged, it leads to the supposition that Sir Joseph’s designs were in the

same class and in the same order as those furnished by the architects whose efforts he ridicules. This was not the case. His suggestion was altogether of a different character, and for a work such as an architect would have little connection with; but such as, by his antecedents, made the proposer specially fitted for working out.

Architects had sent in their designs in reference to a building of brick and mortar, as they had been invited to do. Sir Joseph, naturally enough, advised the adoption of a monster conservatory; and the facilities which this plan offered as to time and cost of execution, as well as its fitness to a merely temporary requirement, decided the matter, and wisely so, in his favour.

It is but justice to the competitive architects to affirm, that it was not in their sphere of action that Sir Joseph won the preference, but in that which was his own. It was in his case but an enlarged field of operation in a speciality to which he brought the experience of a life. And it was *because* he had so long and diligently followed this branch of his profession, and *because* he had confined his proposition *strictly within the limits of its operation* that he succeeded.

There was in this instance no exceptional action at all, and, therefore, the illustrious examples which Mr. Cole thought it becoming to cite in support of his theory, that the study of one class of art peculiarly adapted its votaries for the profession of another, and that, as a natural sequence, the finest works in architecture have resulted from the labours of painters and sculptors, even if true, have no affinity with it.

Certainly the reasoning of Mr. Cole, and the act of the Commissioners, go a very long way to persuade the world of the utter incompetency of British architects; and it is not strange that the whole body are indignant at being called upon to sustain an injury so grievous. Their case is in their own hands—strong hands they are. We may not go so far as did Mr. Nelson, and assert that Mr. Henry Cole “vilified the body of British architects;” but assuredly he has done his best to convince those who require buildings of any kind to be erected, that they had far better go to an amateur than to an architect.

With regard to that portion of the building intended for the picture-gallery, it may be, as Mr. Cole said, that “no architect ever yet erected a picture-gallery in this country, or in Europe, which would match that of Captain Fowke next year; and he ventured to say that the whole of Europe would pronounce that gallery to be the finest ever seen. That was what a military engineer would do,—a gentleman who, according to the precedents he had shown, was no architect. Further than that, they would have a building which would not leak, as a glass building must, more or less. He was a great admirer of the Crystal Palace, but to talk of it as a building suitable for all other purposes, he thought, was going too far.”

ALLOTMENT OF SPACE.

Great dissatisfaction appears to have arisen in regard to the allotment of space. Some instances which have been laid before us, certainly evidence a want of judgment, and even ordinary tact, which we should not have expected. We would not ignore the difficulties inevitable to the working of so large an undertaking, but surely the experience gained in 1851 should have had its value here. Yet in respect of the allotment of space and its occupancy, the arrangements are decidedly worse than were those of the previous Exhibition.

The Commissioners state that the space

applied for is seven times greater than that at their disposal; and they will find, when too late, that the number of exhibitors will be about seven times greater than, with due consideration of the merits of their products, should have been admitted. But for this the Commissioners are primarily and solely to blame.

They originally intended that the whole details of management should be centralised, and local committees, such as were formed throughout the country in 1850-51 to organise the exhibitive classes in the provinces, should be dispensed with. The initiative was commenced upon this footing. The applications for space were, in the first instance, directed to be forwarded to the Royal Commissioners, through their Secretary in London. Herein lay a grievous error; for demands were ventured upon by claimants which never would have been hazarded before a local committee cognisant of the merits of the cases.

This done, it soon became apparent, not only by the excess of demands in some classes, but the total absence of any claims in others, that this plan would not work; and consequently solicitations were made for the formation of local committees, to whom the original claims for space were by the central authorities referred back. But the mischief was done; claims had been received and registered officially in London, which, investigated in the first instance in localities from whence they originated, would immediately have been disallowed. But having in some sense been recognised, the local committees were in a position of increased difficulty, and in many instances, instead of rejecting claims altogether, as they would have done if made to them in the first instance, they have contented themselves by making an uniform reduction on all, to meet the reduced aggregate space awarded.

Besides, to treat the claimants as actually requiring seven times more space than can be at their disposal, is a fallacy. Generally, claims were made in excess, with the knowledge that reductions would take place, and it would have been most disastrous to many to have been compelled to fill the whole amount of space for which they had made claim. The space at the disposal of the committee is ample, and more than ample, for the reception of such exhibits as are worthy to form the materials of such an exhibition, and to these only should it be applied.

Whilst on the subject of space, we would remark that the Royal Commissioners, instead of lamenting their inability, even with the immense resources of their gigantic building, to meet the demands for space which have been made, should rather lament that they have had the means of allotting so much. Can they seriously expect it will be worthily occupied? Is excellence such an every-day quality, that we are suffering from a surfeit of its efforts? Are the exponents of superiority in the Arts and Sciences so numerous, that their "local habitation" must be measured by *acres*?

We venture the assertion that the magnitude of the building, and the facilities it affords for allotting large spaces to exhibitors, though generally boasted as its grandest feature, is that by which its character will be most severely perilled. The building of 1851 was far too large for the requirements of such works as merited the distinction which admission would have conferred, had judicious vigilance been exercised in their selection. To have formed an item in the aggregate of a collection worthy a national purpose, would of itself have been a certificate of merit far more influential than that conferred by the award of medals under the system at present adopted.

The increased magnitude of the building now erecting for the Exhibition of 1862 will but magnify the error of 1851. No one can have even cursorily examined the majority of the exhibits there displayed, but must have arrived at the conclusion that the value of the collection would have been greatly enhanced by their absence. We may yet see an exhibition carried out in the spirit we suggest. Comparatively limited it will necessarily be; but where each individual exhibit would represent an advance in the Art, whether Fine or Industrial, to which it appertained, an educational and commercial influence would result, which we may vainly look for amidst the wilderness of objects, good, bad, and indifferent, that will always jostle each other in these monster gatherings.

We would commend for future consideration an exhibition based upon such a plan: to be an epitome of works representing the highest productive status of the period, and of those only, both in Fine and Industrial Art.

Under the direction of a council of gentlemen of acknowledged taste and influence, such a scheme would meet with the cordial co-operation of artists and manufacturers; the latter class especially would gladly hail such a change in exhibitive tactics. It would relieve them from the toil and cost of producing such a stock as is required for the large amount of space which every manufacturer of note is expected to fill—a requirement under the present system, which competition forces him to submit to—

CLASS COMMITTEES.

The constitution of the class committees is also a radical mistake. No intending exhibitor in a class ought to be allowed to act upon the committee for that class. It is almost impossible that such a selection can work satisfactorily, even when working most honestly. Suggestions of trade jealousies, or influences, will always arise, whether well or ill founded. The committees should be altogether formed of independent members, unconnected with the productions upon which they have to adjudicate; with a secretary professing some knowledge of practical details. It is not at all necessary that a man should know how to make a cabinet or a fender, to be able to judge whether its execution is in good taste; and this is all that is required from the offices of a local committee.

By the regulations which have permitted the members of the local committees to be selected from the exhibitors in the classes of production upon the merits of which (so far as effects their admission to the Exhibition) they have to adjudicate, the office has become merely nominal. How can it be expected that a committee of manufacturers in one special branch of labour, each engaged in novel works of more than ordinary excellence, by which he hopes to take high rank in the forthcoming competition, will submit their works in a progressive stage for mutual inspection? Were it presumed that such a requirement would be insisted on, its folly would be immediately and openly resented. Yet such duties are essential, if the works which will crowd the Exhibition are to be assured worthy of the location. Such examination and supervision of exhibitors are jealously provided for by the imperial commissions in France. Juries of selection have been organised throughout the different departments, whose duty has been to make themselves personally conversant with the works in progress, and who, when satisfied of their merit, forward the producer's name for registration as an exhibitor to the Central Commission in Paris. The value of such

action is as obvious as its necessity. There could be no security for a national success in any branch of Art-industry, but through the operations of a preliminary verdict thus obtained. In England, where the action of such machinery was more imperatively needed, it has been virtually ignored, and space once granted, its occupancy will be entirely at the caprice of the exhibitor. Need we wait till the Exhibition opens to tell the result?

THE CATALOGUE.

We again draw attention to the decision of the Royal Commissioners, that no works will be represented in the Illustrated Catalogue whose exhibitor is not willing to pay at the rate of £5 per page* for any descriptive matter he may wish to appear, as well as to defray the cost of drawing and engraving, however important the works may be; and that any work will be admitted to its pages, however unworthy the object, whose producer is willing to pay these sums.

Is this a fitting spirit in which to carry out a most important and influential branch of an International Exhibition?

Every-day experience proves that the producers who are most willing to pay extravagant prices for publicity are not those who best deserve public recognition; of course, there are exceptions to this as to every rule, but they are still only exceptions.

If this rule be duly enforced the Official Illustrated Catalogue will be a delusion; for certainly a majority of the best exhibits of the English, and the whole of those of continental production, will find no chronicle in its pages.

We would suggest to the commission that to make the catalogue a success, even commercially (and they ought to take far higher grounds), it should be made as attractive as possible, and this can only be done by the insertion of works of the highest merit; to secure the publication of these they should rather have paid the exhibitor some portion of the expenses of productions, which had been the means of an attraction by which they had profited, than to seek to lay them under further obligations.

Positions and relations are somewhat reversed in this matter. It seems to be altogether forgotten that the exhibitors make the Exhibition; and this oblivion has but one merit—that of impartiality—all are equally affected by it.†

FITTINGS.

Strong remonstrances are made against the attempt of the Royal Commissioners to influence the employment of Messrs. Kelk and Lucas (the contractors for the building), by the Exhibitors for the *fittings* they may require. Judging from the state of the works, upon a very recent visit, these gentlemen

* Payment of £5 per page only secures admission for cut and descriptive matter into the *first* edition; for publication in a second edition a further sum of £5 is to be paid; and a like sum for admission into each of any subsequent editions.

† We are by no means singular in the view we take of this matter: generally throughout the press strong emphasis has been laid on the opinions we express: we quote a paragraph from the *Daily Telegraph*:—"If the Commissioners are open to a charge of narrowness in their disposal of the refreshment contract, they will not escape censure with regard to their 'Illustrated Catalogue,' which has been planned in a thoroughly bourgeois spirit, and will be neither more nor less than an advertising medium. Little need be said in condemnation of the scheme beyond a simple statement of the fact that no illustration will appear which the exhibitor declines to pay for. Let us suppose—what is by no means improbable, but the very reverse—namely, that several of our leading manufacturers will set their faces against a system of graphic puffery, and what then becomes of the 'Illustrated Catalogue' as a guide, as an accompanying work of Art honourable to the occasion, and as a permanently useful record? It will be neither; and if commercially successful, it can only be so in the very inferior and unworthy way we have indicated. We regard it as a lamentable fact that, in these days of artistic facilities, a great collection of the industrial arts of all nations will be without pictorial representation."

appear to have quite enough upon their hands, without seeking such further responsibility. The way, too, in which the "pressure" on exhibitors is made is most objectionable.

By a circular issued some two months since, exhibitors were advised not to proceed with their fittings, as the *locale* of their class was not then determined. Now, although this were the case, still, as they were able to give the amount of floor and vertical space, together with the height available for erections, it mattered little as to the exact position in the building; be it where it might, the requirements of the exhibitor as to the display of his works were the same. On this ground, therefore, there was no necessity to recommend delay in the preparation of the necessary fittings. But the reason for such a caution is now apparent—it was to secure the orders for Messrs. Kelk and Lucas. In every way it would be impolitic to enforce such a recommendation; the completion of the building by the time required might be jeopardised, as well as the completion of the fittings entrusted to them, and equally important. The more generally these orders are distributed by the individual exhibitors, the better will they be executed, and any attempt to throw obstacles in the way of those who determine to have their fittings prepared by others than the official builders, would be as injudicious as unjust.

One principle has been most fully developed in the operations of the Commissioners—that of *consistency*. There is one uniform and vigilant watch for every opportunity that may be turned to commercial purposes, and this in such a manner as derogates from the high character which a Royal Commission, working out a national object, should have maintained. Better far a pecuniary loss, than motives questioned, and dignity tarnished—consequences which must result from persistence in such determinations as we have felt bound to pass our strictures upon.

RECOGNITION OF MERIT.

The unfortunate results which attended the operations of the jury system in 1851, have rendered the Royal Commissioners unwilling to hazard a repetition of its consequences. The decision they have arrived at is to give but *one class of medal*—that is, one uniform acknowledgment to merit of all degrees. *Far better none*. Such an award can carry no distinction with it, where distinction is most deserved. Rather be content with the public verdict alone, without an official recognition that must be either above or below the desert of the majority of its recipients.

INSURANCE OF EXHIBITS.

The same unjust policy of throwing the burden of the Exhibition on those who have to form its material is evidenced by the determination of the Royal Commission not to insure the works lent for exhibition from liability to loss or damage by fire or other accident. In the case of pictures by English artists this determination will have a most unfortunate influence, and will result in the absence of many fine works which otherwise would have lent additional and national interest to the attractions of the building. Surely the loan of such works was concession enough without taxing the owners or artists with the costs of insuring their safety. The foreign commissioners are authorised by their governments, we believe, in all cases (we know they are in some) to pay the entire costs of insurance, freight, &c., for all works intended for the Exhibition.

THE REFRESHMENT DEPARTMENT.

It appears that contracts have been entered into, by which the public are to pay for re-

freshments no less than £30,000 more than it is just and reasonable they should pay. We say "the public," because it is obvious that no matter what may be the sum exacted from the contractor, he will add that sum to the charges he would otherwise make—under proper surveillance—for the articles he will supply. The inevitable result is to lessen materially the number of those who will obtain refreshments within the building; there will, no doubt, be ample accommodation in the immediate neighbourhood for all who require refreshments—whose best patrons the Commissioners will thus be; for while every person who eats or drinks within, knows he is paying a portion of that £30,000, in addition to the just value of the article he consumes, those who dine without, will not require to be informed that no such tax is levied on them.

With other of the arrangements we shall be called upon to deal, but this month the subject, all-important though it be, has occupied sufficient space. We have said it is by no means an agreeable duty that which we discharge; but we shall discharge it none the less. Arguments may be idle; advice may be thrown away; protests may be vain; they must be advanced, given, and made, however, if a good and useful issue be either needed or expected.

It is not by a paltry "cheese-paring" policy we shall elevate Art or raise the character of our nation. There has been a glorious opportunity of doing a noble work greatly. If it be lost, let the blame rest where it ought to rest, and there only.

It is by no means impossible that as a consequence of the terrible calamity which all classes and orders of the community have been called upon by the inscrutable will of Providence to bear, added to the knowledge that war is looming in the not far-off distance, the International Exhibition will be postponed. The Prince was its main-spring; his sound judgment, practical good sense, and persuasive wisdom were its best and safest guides. These cannot now be made available to correct mistakes, reconcile differences, and remove impediments that are unquestionably in the way of beneficial issues and successful results.

It may, therefore, be, as we have elsewhere said, that a postponement of the Exhibition will be one of the consequences of the irreparable loss the world has sustained.

A BRIEF INQUIRY

INTO THE

PORTRAITURE OF HISTORICAL PAINTING.

It has at all times been suggested that this subject, from its general interest, is capable of great enlargement, so that the living canvas, as it has not been inaptly termed, may be proved to bear equal testimony, with sometimes doubtful records, to the worth and fidelity of history.

Portraiture, we all know, has two faces, the one made to please, and the other to portray a faithful resemblance of the original. "Give me my warts," said Cromwell to the artist painting his picture; and true enough to the life does this example, which we see in the prints of this renowned republican, stand out in bold relief against the too often effeminate ones of his day, with their taper fingers and their lady faces.

Cicero tells us that "every emotion of the mind has its reflection in the countenance."*

* "Omnis enim motus animi suum quendam a natura habet vultum."—*De Oratore*, lib. iii.

And Seneca remarks, "Do you not see what vigour is given to the eye by fortitude? What steadiness by wisdom? What modesty, what stillness it puts on in the expression of an awful respect? How it is brightened by joy? How fixed by severity? How relaxed by mirth?"* What a foundation, then, in these mental characteristics, let us ask ourselves, is not here suggested for the science of portraiture?

In instancing the severe yet marvellously faithful statues of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, or the milder and equally correct designs of Raphael in the Vatican, in evidence of the necessity of a strict adherence to truth in the Arts, as well as in historical records, do we not find as it were but one mind in their renowned workmanship, as though the genius of inspiration had sat at their right hand, giving life to the chisel and the pencil in a faultless embodiment of reason?

Are we not also supplied with equal evidence in support of our proposition, during the early part of the sixteenth century, in the life-like resemblances of the illustrious contemporaneous sovereigns of Henry VIII. of England, by Holbein, Francis I. of France, by Titian, Charles V. of Germany, by Holbein, Leo X. of Rome, by Raphael, and Solyman the Magnificent of the Turks, whose equal talents so faithfully kept the balance of power, as to admit under the Popedom the civilising innovations of genius and learning to an equal share with their influence? Nor should it be lost sight of, that these indubitably faithful likenesses, wrought with so much skill, not only embodied the features and peculiarities of these potentates, but gave that life-like expression to them, alike indicative of inward feeling as of outward action. Take for example the famous portrait of Leo X., by Raphael, so faithfully copied (and substituted awhile for the original) by his pupil, Julio Romano, as to deceive even Raphael himself. Let us candidly ask ourselves, then, on dwelling in admiration of this masterpiece of Art, what language can surpass the power of expression, seen in the compact form of this head, so truly characteristic of historical reminiscences, or what records more faithfully supply facts, than is seen in that eagle-eye once sweeping the religious and political eyrie, fanning the while, as it were, the elements of reason and refinement into a blaze of splendour, as the safest modification of political and religious animosity, and directing the genius and wealth of nations, rather to the cultivation and activity of the one, than to the barren and wasteful reality of the other?

It is with a view to place permanently before all students of the Arts these essential characteristics of portraiture (so remarkably distinctive of the old school), as a judicious hint to the necessity of a more faithful delineation of character, whether of painting or engraving, than is mostly to be met with in modern practice; that we enter upon a discussion of the subject. For however vanity may be inclined to accept courtly smiles and passionless faces, superficially got up in a mercenary age, as fashion's emblem of a mind within, to be trailed before the world in the pride of place or ancestry, there is yet an interest attaching itself to portraiture, when well defined, whether of friend or foe, fool or knave, king, courtier, gentleman, or plebeian, as collateral evidence of history, which should ever be the object of cultivation by a wise, ingenuous, and virtuous people.

In reviewing this branch of the Arts, our

* "An non vides quantum oculis det vigorem fortitudo? Quantum intentionem prudentia? Quantum modestiam et quietem reverentia? Quantum senenitatem lætitia? Quantum rigorem severitas? Quantum remissionem hilaritas."

desire is the rather inclined to instance the Flemish school, as affording the most varied as perhaps the best illustrations of it. The Luxembourg Gallery, now gracing the Louvre, of which Rubens, we all know, is the presiding genius, abounds with allegorical works of great historical interest, as more immediately apparent in his famous picture of the birth of Louis XIII. Enthroned as the mother of a nation pre-eminent for its wisdom and virtue, and supported by the genius, it is presumed, of government, Marie de Medici is here represented looking with an expression of the tenderest feeling towards her newly-born offspring, in the arms of its instructor, bearing on his shoulders the wings of a dove, or an eagle (as it may be), denoting harmlessness or daring; and on his arm, a serpent, indicative of wisdom, with its attendant nurse, ready to receive the mother's fondest, yet, alas! faithless hope, for presentation to the assembled genii. On her right hand is seen Plenty, bearing in a cornucopia the gifts of Wealth, Plenteousness, and Peace, embodied in distinguished portraits, with Apollo in the distance guiding his chariot of light; Fame enshrouding her majesty in its mantle, with a pet dog in the foreground, as we may suppose an emblem of watchfulness and fidelity. What a volume is here again pictured for a collateral historical record!

The next important work one would instance of this artist (before us in a highly finished study for the great picture), is the 'Tribute Money,' differing essentially from that in the Louvre, and its duplicates elsewhere. In this little gem may be seen another instance of the importance of faithful portraiture. Here we have represented in *half-lengths*, assembled in the temple, Christ surrounded by Jews, with Pope Innocent IX. before a table and Bible, looking on his heavenly Master returning the tribute money to the amazed Jew, with an earnestness at his Saviour's interpretation of the latter's question—"Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar?"—inexpressibly beautiful; the high priest the while regarding the heavenly messenger with a sneer of contemptuous incredulity (incomparably finer than the picture in the Louvre), the rest looking on in varied surprise or stolid indifference. It is of the utmost importance to historical art here to remark, that for the head of Pope Innocent (since the painting, it is presumed, of the great picture) modern vandalism, in the true spirit of prejudice, has substituted one so base and incongruous to the subject, and withal so totally beneath criticism, as to incline judges to believe that the court fool or a madman must have sat for the likeness, though all engravings of the two differing pictures, including Paul Pontius and Bolsworth, as may be seen at the British Museum, seem to have followed the alteration.

As our space will not allow a further illustration from the same artist on this subject, we will instance another case in point from the pencil of Vandyke, his favourite pupil, known as 'The Bearing of the Cross,' which found its way to this country some time since, as stated in a late number of this journal.

This admirable composition, glowing with the splendour, as Sir Joshua Reynolds remarks, in his "Journey to Flanders," of the artist's earliest and most brilliant manner, it is but justice to remark, bears in its grouping a remarkable resemblance to Raphael's masterpiece on the same subject, familiarly known in this country by its fine engravings. Christ, in the likeness of the royal martyr,* crowned with thorns, is here represented in a kneeling posture, with his hands resting on the ground,

borne down by the weight of the cross, supported by Cardinal Bentivoglio,* his friend and patron, as St. Peter, and Annibal Caracchi† in the background (perhaps in compliment to his matchless treatment of these subjects), with Maria Ruthven,‡ the painter's wife, as Mary the Mother, with her hands clasped, and in tears, bewailing her Son's sufferings, bidding her to "weep not for himself but for his children." The mailed warrior is easily recognised as the portrait of Rubens,§ in the costume of the painter's time, directing the way to Calvary; and the figure with his back to the spectator, the painter|| himself, dragging the martyr to his doom. The likeness of Titian¶ introduced, doubtless, with the same view as Caracchi's, is adapted from the painter's portrait of him, holding a statuette of Venus. And lastly, the Evil One seen dragging Christ by the robe, is, it may be judged by its expression (very much in Rubens's manner), quite in keeping with Milton's personification of his sable majesty in his "Paradise Lost." It is no more than deserves to be said of this picture,** that the whole group forms so critical an example of fine colouring, good drawing, faultless expression, and severe yet correct anatomy, though modernised in all its attributes, with the exception of the Roman soldiers, for the occasion, as to warrant the opinion that it is a work of Art not to be surpassed in its character in the collection of this or any other country.

In adding to this list of examples of the importance of this study the renowned work of 'The Last Supper,' by Leonardo da Vinci, we hope to stand excused in a great measure from not following up our favourite idea of personal portraiture, from the work having undergone so many unworthy restorations as to be totally unfitted for the purpose; though the probability of its practice may be dwelt upon with some advantage in justification of our reasoning from the fine engraving of it by Raphael Morghen. In the first place, the painter, from his known genius having embodied the actions as well as the thoughts of men, could only have portrayed the twelve either from his personal knowledge, or from intuition of their characters, as the Apostles were chosen of their Master with a celestial intention; for there is a calm dignity in the expression of the Saviour's prescient knowledge of his disciples, when he says that "one of them shall betray him," as well as emotion in the subject, leading one to suppose that the fulness of inspiration had sat upon the artist when he embodied it. It will also be seen that all present, upon the announcement of so grave a charge as that "one of them should betray him," have very naturally risen from their seats in the greatest fervour, asking their Lord and Master, and one another, "Is it I, Lord?" "Is it I?" the favourite disciple being overcome with his feelings, and Judas the while clutching his ill-gotten gold and looking on with sly and incredulous indifference. This more than suggestive reason, one would think, for classing portraiture and painting, speaks volumes to the necessity of a deep study of human life in painting, if we would portray it rather in its true colours than from our own favourite and too often vulgar realisations of it—for, be it remembered, that to paint well is but to copy nature; to paint classically,

but to couple her with somewhat of the ideal. But to give mind to the art, as in sacred or historical subjects, so that expression may rivet one's feelings, as in these instances of Da Vinci and Vandyke, to a full consciousness of its excellence, is a touch of Art never yet refused to that genius which has vigour in its eye, heaven for its aim, love for its calling, hope for its end, and truth for its ambition. We all know that as painting in ordinary (particularly portraits) is but a feeble attempt of the pencil to relieve itself of its pressing necessities, so is its perfection a mine of wealth worthy of its labour.

To trace the source of that dignified mental principle constituting the genius for this excellence in the Arts, let us bear in mind that the study of nature tells us, as a good authority remarks, that "the simplest thoughts and objects, in the beginning of our professional career, are ever the best." And let us add, that when our practice is matured by sound judgment, no object comes more home to the heart than the hope that our exertions have roused the crude sluggard from his bed of indolence and ignorance to a consciousness that genius, whether of poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, or what not, wants but its own stimulus to perfection.

Passing by the mere mechanism of the art (or the copying of pictures), as but the slave of practice, we will close our subject at once with a sketch of a master of the Fine Arts, as meriting the renown of a fair title to its nobility.

A man, to make a painter like Hogarth, Gainsborough, Reynolds, or Wilson, must have all his wits about him. A man, to make a painter like young Breughel, Fuseli, or Turner, must at times have more than his wits about him. But a man, to make a painter like Da Vinci, Raphael, Correggio, or Claude, must not only forbear freaks at the fountain of Helicon, but must master the steps of Parnassus, gather light from the skies, shadow from the clouds, colour from the sun, vivacity from the breeze, serenity from the calm, vigour from the storm, passion from the soul, and instruction from the Book of Life associated with the mysteries of heaven. He must have a broad mind, a fine eye, a firm hand, an elastic touch, untiring industry, great resolution, with a fine imagination tempered with high moral principle. There have been, it is true, sad examples to the contrary, in the latter sense especially; but they have been like the short madness of a murderer, who has regarded his victim with horror and dismay on his restoration to reason, and sought his remorse in a redoubled zeal to uphold in the prosecution of his art that which is grand, that which is noble, that which is good, and that which is beautiful. As we see, as lovers of the Arts, an outward charm in all phases of nature, so is there an instinct, let us be sensible, within us reflecting our minds to their creation on canvas or in marble, not to be determined till we have shaped the rude stone to expression, depicted with our pencils the glories of nature around us, and embodied this life as it may have purified or stained in its turns the justice of nations; regarding our labours in the end with the conscious satisfaction that out of such charmed materials, in the Fine Arts, the mind is expanded, the senses feasted, pain assuaged, anger softened, malice stayed, slander scouted, vice disarmed, society refined, and the tone of a bright example given to humanity, to dress itself in smiles for the enjoyment of the rational cup of life, as it sparkles in the measure of our loyalty, our liberty, and our industry, making us better husbands, better wives, better children, better masters, better servants, and better men, to the crowning end of a peaceful hope in the reward of a better existence.

* From a painting by the same master, engraved by Desroschers, at Paris.

† Adapted from a portrait by himself, in the Medici collection, engraved in England, by Charles Townley.

‡ From his own picture of her in the Vandyke collection of portraits.

§ From Vandyke's picture of him in his old age, engraved by Woollet, after Fether's copy of it.

|| Taken also from the portraits.

¶ Also included in the portraits.

* Adapted from the portrait of Charles by this artist, burnt at Whitehall; previously copied by Sir Peter Lely, and engraved by Faber, 1738.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM HENSEL.

PRUSSIA has lost one of her most distinguished historical painters by the death, in the early part of last month, of William Hensel, one of the professors in the Academy of Berlin, and painter to the court of Prussia.

Hensel was born at Trebbin, in 1794. Though he showed at an early age a predilection for the Arts, his father, a minister of the church, desiring that he might obtain a government employment, sent him, at the age of sixteen, to Berlin, to study mining operations. But the father dying soon after, the only obstacle to young Hensel following his own choice was thereby removed. His determination was confirmed by the opinion of Frisch, then director of the Berlin Academy of Arts, who offered him advice, assistance, and instruction. In 1812 he exhibited his first pictures in oil, 'Christ Praying' on the Mount of Olives, a portrait of himself, and several sketches. The first of these works, especially, gained him much credit, and the whole procured for him the favourable notice of the Academy. In the following year he was enrolled in the Prussian levies, and served for three years against the enemies of his country, rising to the grade of an officer. After the peace of 1815 he resumed his labours in the studio, but he made little progress, for he had in the meantime acquired a taste for poetical writings, and for a considerable time his mind wavered between painting and poetry: the former, however, prevailed, stimulated in a great measure by necessity, for his mother was yet living, and, with a younger brother, dependent on him chiefly for support. Hence, in 1817, he was diligently at work upon drawings, and in tinting prints for almanacs, and similar publications. Subsequently he obtained a commission to paint, in one of the saloons of the theatre then being erected in Berlin, several subjects taken from the most celebrated dramas of every age: many of these have been engraved.

In 1823 Hensel, through the liberality of the King of Prussia, who provided him with the means, was enabled to accomplish a long-cherished wish—that of visiting Italy. But before starting on his journey, he was commissioned to paint, in the costumes in which each had appeared, portraits of the various personages who had taken part at the court in a grand *fête*, founded on Moore's "Lalla Rookh": some of these were executed in oil and some in water-colours. At Rome he made a fine copy, of the size of the original, of Raffaele's 'Transfiguration': it was placed in the royal chapel of Charlottenberg. He also painted there a picture of 'The Good Samaritan,' which is in the royal palace. In 1828 Hensel returned to Berlin, was elected a member of the Academy, was appointed court painter, and, in 1831, was chosen to fill the chair of painting. In 1829 he married the youngest daughter of Moses Mendelssohn, niece, by her mother's side, of Consul Bartholdy, who had rendered important service to the Arts while in Rome: this lady was sister of the celebrated composer, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Madam Hensel possessed, in common with her brother, great musical talents.

The most important of Hensel's works was purchased by the King of Prussia: this is 'Christ before Pilate,' a large composition containing numerous figures, all life-size; the picture is placed where it can be well seen, in the military chapel of Berlin. The colouring is vigorous, and the arrangement of the figures fine and bold; but there are one or two which somewhat injure the general effect—that of Pilate, for example; and still more that of St. John, whose forced attitude is painful. In 1839 he exhibited 'Miriam playing the Timbrel before the Israelitish Hosts.' This picture is in the possession of her Majesty, and was engraved as one of the "Royal Pictures" in the *Art-Journal* a few years ago, accompanied by a notice of the painter, of which the facts now stated are little more than a recapitulation. Another of Hensel's principal works is 'Christ in the Desert,' a figure of colossal dimensions: it was painted in 1839. Among his productions

which found favour with connoisseurs, was a series of portraits executed with the lead pencil only, in a free and most graceful style: they amount to some hundreds in number. Four hundred, we have heard, formed an album in his possession, but considerably more than these are dispersed over the country.

Hensel's studio was frequented by a large number of pupils, to whom his engaging manners and kindness of heart endeared him, while they valued at their just worth his sound professional teachings.

THE PICTURES OF ALL NATIONS
IN 1862.

We may look forward to the picture department of the Exhibition as the greatest Fine Art congress that the world has ever seen. Such a meeting of contemporary schools never could have been effected in those times that history calls the palmy days of painting. It will be a great and a memorable trial of the virtues of the best living schools, which, notwithstanding their respectively distinguishing characteristics, may in these days, more properly than at any former period, be said to form one great commonwealth of Art. Yet commonwealth though it be, there is not so great an appreciation by each school of the other, as there was in that earlier time, because then the one great aim of every painter was the same. We know beforehand the kind of works we shall receive from those communities of painters who, by their works, will assist at the display; but it is earnestly to be deprecated that the committees will send public works with which we are all familiar; which we have many times seen, and hope again to see, in their proper places. All the public collections on the Continent contain worthy instances of the talent of eminent painters, but it is private collections whence really precious examples are to be expected; and something less than a numerous catalogue will support the fame of each nation: for that which Reynolds said of individuals is equally true of schools—their masterpieces cannot be numerous, and these it is which they have now the opportunity of collecting. The French school, with its figure pictures, will make a great show; and if the committee be wise, they will direct their attention principally to figure compositions. We hope to be spared a series of military heroics; the most brilliant triumphs of the French school, are those they have accomplished in *quasi*-historic and sentimental narrative; and those which are most admired, and even imitated by our own painters, are the small compositions called by "connoisseurs" *conversation* pieces. These admirable pictures by Vernet, which we all have by heart, it is not desirable to see; but in their places we would have other Vernets from collections to which access is not easy. In the place, also, of well-known works by Delaroche, we would have others that we have not yet seen; and so of those of Ingres, Scheffer, Pujol, Meissonier, and others. The works of minor stars have not been so popularised as to render necessary such discrimination. From Germany we hope to see works by even some of the mural painters, for time has been when they condescended to oil. Not many years ago there was in our Academy a picture by Overbeck, but the name was either unknown to the hangers, or the work was not appreciated—it was hung high in a corner. Shall we see anything by Schnorr, Hess, Cornelius, or William Kaulbach? The German department will be incomplete without them. Also from Germany the best

pictures we shall receive will be figure subjects—historical, religious, and domestic; the best of these, representing the powers of the greater schools of Germany, are not in public collections: it is therefore to be hoped that the proprietors will part with them for the nonce. Of Dutch and Belgian pictures there will be a full representation, fresher and more playful in tone than the oil pictures of Germany; the best of them reminding us of the best of their bygone celebrities; and, indeed, they are not to blame that they model upon the principles of Teniers, Jan Steen, Wouvermans, Ostade, and other masters of the old schools. We shall have even contributions from Russia, and the far north of Europe, where there are some notable landscape painters, and a few men who stand high as painters of personal narrative. But in the north the best Art is that which is most popular, and the most popular very often borders upon caricature.

It will be our duty fairly and impartially to examine this great collection of modern Art. The Exhibition will afford, perhaps, the only opportunity that may ever occur of estimating the progress and tendencies of the several existing schools of painting in direct relation with each other; and, to ourselves, it will be more interesting to consider, in immediate comparison with those schools, the position occupied by our own. We owe more to the reproaches than the sympathies of foreign schools. Our reputation on the Continent has been worse than indifferent—we begin to paint before we have learnt to draw, and consequently never draw at all. But now, when the continued study of draped figures has all but superseded the nude, our academic drawings are precise and minute to a degree, while those of even the prize students of continental academies are loose and infirm. But are we to anticipate a collection of the best productions of our best painters? Certainly not, if the authorities decline to satisfy the proprietors that they will receive the pictures back in the same condition in which they are sent. It would be much to be deplored if the representation of our school were to be marred by a question of insurance. The Exhibition of 1851 wanted the diadem of Fine Art; there was Sculpture, but the absence of Painting isolated the sister art, and placed her among the useful and ornamental chattels. But on this occasion the crown will be complete; no degree will be wanting in the scale, from the lowest to the highest form to which Art contributes as an essential. Such a festival may never again be opened to us; it will benefit us greatly if we apply ourselves to profit by it. Could such an event have taken place three centuries ago, Florence, Venice, Rome, and Bologna would have shone in the great assembly. Alas! these once great academies are dead, and those now famous were unknown in Art in their day. We now look to Paris, Munich, Düsseldorf, Dresden, Vienna, Brussels, Berlin, and others that it is not necessary to mention. Our painters know too little of foreign schools, and we are too little known to them; here, however, is a common arena, in which we cannot but love our neighbours as ourselves, as we shall surely find them worthy; and this is an opportunity that has long been wanting to help them to know us better than heretofore. If, however, foreign artists are allowed, as we hear they will be, to paint expressly for the Exhibition, they will have a decided advantage over our own, who will not be permitted to contribute anything but what has been already exhibited in some of our public galleries. From several sources we learn that continental painters are at work for the coming display.

THE HOUSE OF MICHAEL ANGELO, AT FLORENCE.

BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

HERO-WORSHIP is natural to all men, and the most anti-poetic have their heroes, whom they worship all unconsciously themselves, while laughing at the enthusiasm of more poetic minds. The constructor of the most matter-of-fact piece of machinery has some other machinist in his mind's eye, to whom he looks up with the reverence, not unmingled with the awe, belonging to a superior. All this is but another phase in the mental homage paid from man to man when the mind of each is attuned to the same study, and can therefore best appreciate triumphs attained by the earnest thought of his fellow. The man who studies a steam-engine, and he who dreams over a picture by Turner, are both similarly occupied in hero-worshipping; their heroes only are different.

Coleridge, who spent a life in day-dreams, had a particular objection to that off-shoot of hero-worship, which invests with a sacred interest all that connects itself with the worldly presence of the hero; and he consequently argued against the custom of visiting localities sanctified by the residence of men of genius. He held that it was a disenchantment, a destruction of previous imaginings, to go to a place and find it a very different thing to that you had built up in your own mind. But the same argument would hold good with regard to portraiture, and prevent us from thus studying our great authors, lest our notions of their features should be rudely destroyed. It is clear that the great majority of the world differs entirely from Coleridge, and desires to see memorials of the men, and the localities they lived in, as the best mode of realising their sojourn on earth.

Many weary miles have been trodden, and much peril and privation undergone in thus wandering in the pathways of the great departed; but "the labour we delight in physics pain," and it may be doubted if happier moments are ever passed than those enjoyed by the enthusiastic man employed in such investigations. It has been the fortune of the writer of these lines to enjoy many, and to secure them he has travelled often out of his way for very long distances, always abundantly rewarded in the end; and never better than recently, when a run by rail from Leghorn to Florence gave him the chance of seeing the house of Michael Angelo, an Art-hero worthy all worship. Let it be now his pleasant task to conduct the reader over this old mansion, and, by the aid of a few woodcuts, endeavour to give a true idea of its features to those who only "travel in books."

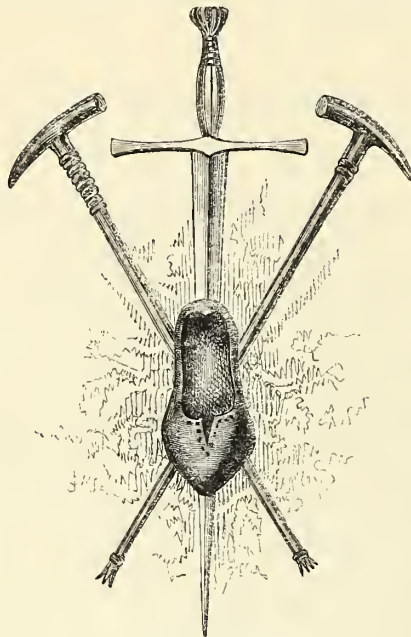
Some twenty years ago, when the last descendant of the great sculptor died in the person of the Minister of Public Instruction, the Cavalier Buonarroti, the Florentine government secured the house known as the "casa Buonarroti" as public property. It had been in the possession of the family of Michael Angelo nearly three centuries; when they failed, the mansion was bought by the modern townsmen. The house is substantially the same as when he inhabited it; but not nearly so much so as those who put faith in guide-books would be led to imagine. Thus the best of them informs us the house is preserved precisely as he left it, which is simply not true. When we speak of it as substantially the same, we allude to its external general features, and the internal arrangement of the rooms, but modernisations appear in both; they have been "adapted" to the changes in manners during the long time which has elapsed since the sculptor's death, and hence the house has in a great degree become a "comfortable modern residence," rather than a mediæval home of somewhat gloomy security.

The external features of the mansion may be readily comprehended in the sketch here engraved. It is a solid square of large size, as worthy the name of *palazzo* as any other in Florence. It stands in the Via Ghibellina, at the corner of the street known as the Via dei Marmi Sudici. The aspect of such houses gives at once an idea of well-arranged suites of rooms—that comfort seldom found in an English house, where we are always

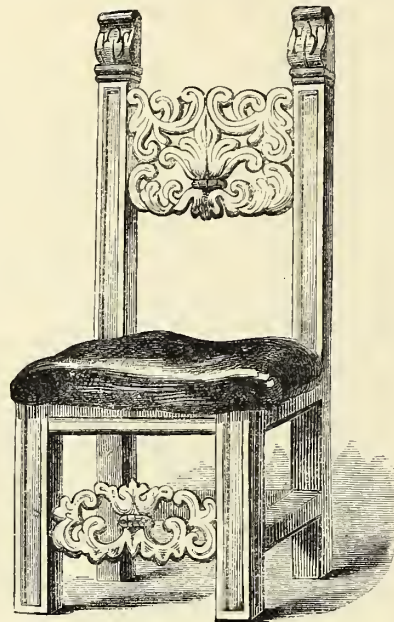
mounting staircases and wearing out legs and lungs. In his old age Michael must have well appreciated his home, and it is easy in going over it to realise the great artist resting in his well-earned fame. The lowermost windows to the street are guarded, as all are in Italian towns, by strong external ironwork, giving it a somewhat prison-like look. A wide doorway leads through a passage to the inner open court of the house; a door in the passage admits to the ground-floor apartments, now occupied by two tenants, one

you see the picturesque hills around the glorious old city rise gradually above as you stand on the threshold of Michael's door. The palace of one of the old nobles faces the sculptor's house; close beside it is another; and the narrow street opposite, the Via della Pinzochere, leads direct to the great square and church of Santa Croce, whose windows and sculptured walls may be clearly seen from the same point of view.

The most original and unchanged "bit" of the house is the small court-yard. Here the quaint



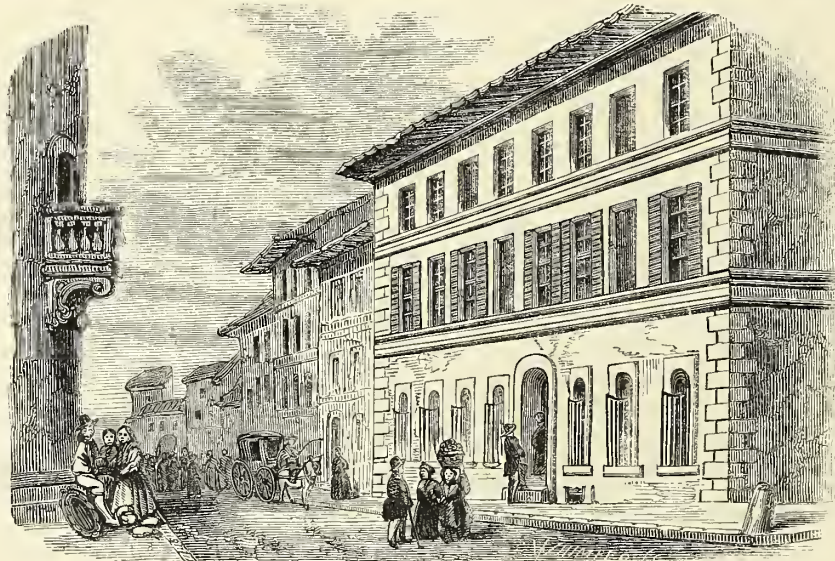
GROUP OF RELICS.



SPECIMEN OF FURNITURE.

being an artist. Beside the artist's door, to the right, is the stair leading to the upper floors. The large range of windows in these floors are not all *real*, some few are blanks, and the whole have probably been altered during the last century from the irregular series which once covered the *façade*. The street in which the house stands is a wide and pleasant one; it is on the quiet outskirts of the town; the wall which encircles Florence is not many hundred yards from it; and

construction of the building is most visible; the bracketed gallery, tall tower, and angular passages, with their narrow windows and bold defiance of symmetry, carry the mind back to the time when the sculptor inhabited it. The feeling is aided by the curious collection of fragments of antique sculpture inserted in the walls. Michael's love for Greek and Roman Art was profound; he lived at a period when enthusiasm like his might be well indulged, and continually called



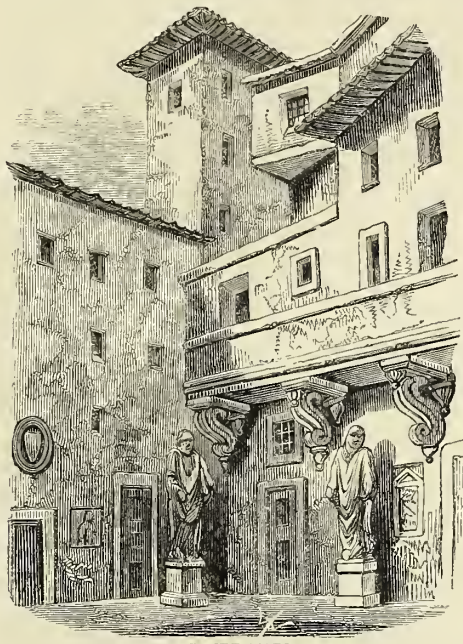
HOUSE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

forth by the discoveries then constantly making in Rome. In his time the finest antiques were exhumed; and those we look upon here are such as he could secure for himself. They are very varied in character and quality; but they are valuable as showing how catholic his tastes were, and how much he respected all that time had left us as aids to understand the life of past ages. Small as the collection is, it includes statues, *bass-relievi*, funeral *cippi*, and inscriptions; as well as a few early Christian inscriptions from the cata-

combs, noting, in the simple phraseology of the true faith, the last resting-places of "the just made perfect."

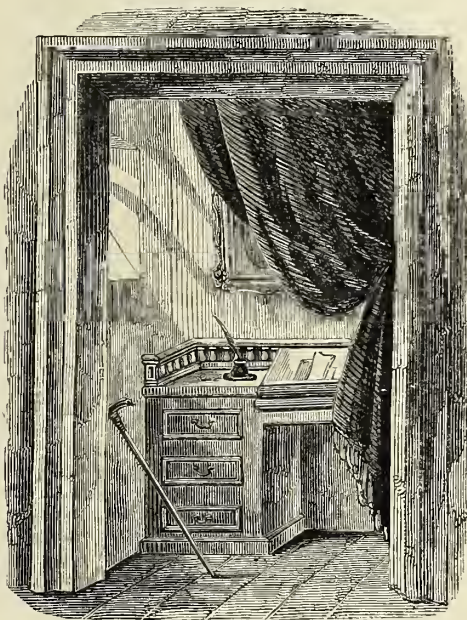
An arched staircase, somewhat steep, with a convenient handrail beside it, leads to the suite of rooms on the first floor; these are the rooms to which the public are admitted every Thursday. They are stately in their proportions, and communicate freely with each other. The first contains a large glass case filled with antique fragments, collected by Michael Angelo, with

additions by the Cavalier Buonarrotti, his ultimate representative. Fragments of sculpture, specimens of Greek and Roman cinerary urns, small *bassi-relievi*, and a host of minor articles, are here; it is, in fact, such a collection as a man of classic taste would desire. On the walls are a few sketches, and here is hung the cross-hilted sword worn by Michael himself; the handle is of steel, the grip covered with plated wire to assist the hand in a firmer hold; it is a good character-



COURT YARD.

istic relief of the days when swords were essential, as well to indicate as to protect a gentleman. We pass from this into a capacious chamber, and thence into a long saloon at the angle of the house, lighted by two windows to the street, between them a sedent statue of the sculptor by Antonio Novelli. It is a good figure badly placed, with cross lights, or no lights at all—one of the sacrifices of Art to expediency we are often condemned to feel. The walls and ceiling of this room are panelled, and the panels are pictured



WRITING-CLOSET.

with scenes of the principal events of the sculptor's life, by Cristoforo Allori, Beliverti, Jacopo da Empoli, and Matteo Rosselli. Smaller compartments in chiaro-oscuro continue the series of minor events in the artist's history, and occupy their place beneath the larger coloured pictures. The ceiling is panelled into fifteen compartments, and here again are other delineations of the same kind. They are generally admirably done, and most gratifying for the noble feeling they exhibit

of modern Art-reverence towards its past professors. English artists seem to feel little or no love for the great who have gone before; and it is rarely that they paint incidents in the lives of men of their own profession, though many smaller scenes from the pages of Peppys and Boswell, or the pure inventions of the novelist, are so immortalised. The continental painters, on the contrary, most frequently select scenes from Art-biography, and some of their most successful works have resulted from that source. The number of pictures in this chamber, and their power as works of historic value, show that in the comparatively quiet life of an artist there is abundant scope for imaginative genius to work in.

In this room is a large oil painting by Michael Angelo, it is a 'Holy Family,' one of the very few works of its class that can be with certainty ascribed to him, exhibiting his powers and defects in about equal degrees. It has his grandeur of conception, with occasional faulty drawing, and decidedly bad colour; the latter a defect visible in all his works. A door on each side of this picture conducts to a square chamber, with a richly-panelled ceiling; the walls covered by presses of oak, containing folios of sketches by Angelo, among them that for his celebrated fresco 'The Last Judgment,' and various personal relics. In the passage to this chamber are placed two busts and a boldly sculptured arm;—all antique works of the Roman era which were found in the studio of Michael at Rome, and removed thence after his decease. The most interesting memorials are kept in a small closet in this apartment, which was used by the sculptor for writing in. A railed *escritoire* so completely crowds this *sanctum* that it admits but a small seat in front. In the *escritoire* is kept one of the slippers he used to wear: it was laced up the front, is of roomy proportion, and will be best understood from our cut. Upon the wall above are hung the crutch-sticks he used in walking. The streets of Florence are flagged like those of ancient Italy, in large irregular flags of stone, and in wet weather afford an uncertain hold; consequently both these sticks have been furnished with ferules cut into points to give greater security on the slippery pavement. Our group of relics exhibits both these sticks. The other rooms of the suite contain some few specimens of old furniture, and we engrave an example of the chairs. The walls are covered with sketches by Michael Angelo, and some will at once be recognised as the originals from which Ottley copied the examples in his noble work on Italian Art, particularly the fine head of 'Cleopatra,' and a 'Madonna and Child.' Here is also the altar-piece, in low relief, after the manner of Donatello, in which Angelo gave another conception of the Madonna; and a copy of it in bronze attributed to John of Bologna. The same artist's bust of Michael Angelo is in the last apartment of the suite.

We will leave the house, and pass up the narrow street opposite to the church of Santa Croce—aptly and justly styled "The Westminster Abbey of Florence"—for so short a distance is it to the sculptor's grave. In the nave of the solemn building, among the great and good of the past, who have made Florence famous, rests the aged sculptor. His tomb was erected some time after his decease; it is more ambitious than pleasing. It is composed of coloured marbles; figures (life-size) of Poetry, Painting, and Architecture, are seated at the base of a sarcophagus, which is surmounted by Lorenzi's bust of Michael Angelo. As if to afford a foil to a questionable work by an unquestionably worse one, the wall above and around it has been painted with drapery, and angels upholding it, in the worst style of fresco: this addition we have felt justified in omitting from our cut. The great ones of the earth, who have nothing but birth or title to be remembered by, may require elaborate monuments to secure them from oblivion; Genius asks but a plain stone, where the living heart of a true worshipper may beat more quickly with thoughtful love toward the clay beneath.

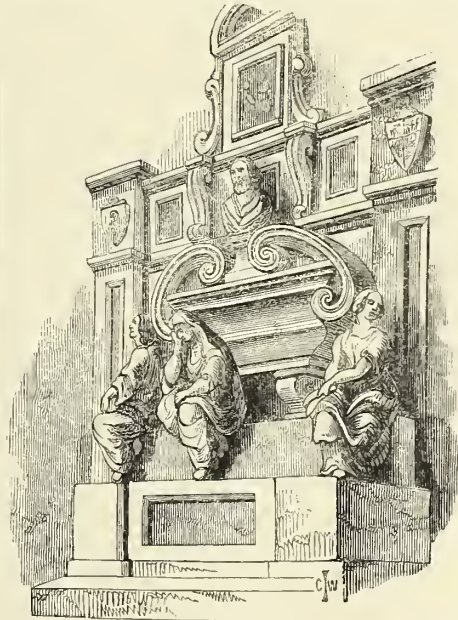
In rambling through the pleasant streets of Florence, encountering on all sides the finest Art-workmanship of its palmy days, we constantly feel the spiritual presence of Michael and his compeers. Rome itself does not call forth greater memories. You gaze admiringly upon

works of the widest renown, belonging to the best periods of Art, and which have often been the very origin of new phases in its practice. You study them as Angelo did, and with him for your critical guide—for he was no niggard in his praises of fellow-artists, if these laudations were fairly earned. Many anecdotes of his impulsive ardour are on record, and he often spoke to a life-like statue as if it really lived. Thus to Donatello's 'St. George' he cried, "March!"



SALOON.

after he had been struck by its grand military bearing. This and other noble works are still in the niches where he contemplated them, and unprotected by aught but the reverence of the Florentine people. The grand old city is freely adorned with priceless sculpture, part of the Art-history of the world; and all is free to the touch of the commonest hand, yet no instance of mischief done to any is on record. The natives



THE TOMB.

have been so familiar with these works from childhood, that they are as household gods to them. Would that this reverence was as visible elsewhere, and iconoclasm as little known as in the ducal city of Florence! Our fellow-country men might often learn lessons of wisdom, good sense, and right feeling, with reference to Art-works, from the conduct of the humble classes of foreigners, upon whom we are too apt to look down.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.*

THERE are other men who serve their country nobly and truly than her statesmen and warriors; others who elevate her among civilised nations than her orators, philosophers, poets, and painters; and when the historian of England, or the biographer of British worthies, writes the annals of the country during the last and present centuries, or records the lives and deeds of her great men, side by side with those who have borne her flag triumphantly over the world, have done battle at home in defence of social right and liberty, or have led her onwards in the pathway of science, literature, and the arts, will be found a roll of glorious names as worthy of imperishable fame as the noblest among these; men whose labours have been as conducive—oftentimes more so—to the happiness and well-being of the people, as the most illustrious warriors, or the most sagacious and patriotic statesmen's. Such are some, if not all, of those whose histories are told in Mr. Smiles's volumes.

And it is both instructive and encouraging to note that the men of whom he writes were, to use a term much in vogue now, "self-made men." Their lives, he says, "were a succession of individual struggles, sometimes rising almost to the heroic. In one case, the object of interest is a London goldsmith, like Myddelton; in another, he is a retired sea-captain, like Perry; a wheelwright, like Brindley; an attorney's clerk, like Smeaton; a millwright, like Rennie; a working mason, like Telford; or an engine brakesman, like Stephenson. These men were strong-minded, resolute, and ingenious, impelled to their special pursuits by the force of their constructive instincts. In most cases they had to make for themselves a way; for there was none to point out the road, which until then had been untravelled. To our mind, there is almost a dramatic interest in their noble efforts, their defeats, and their triumphs; and their eventual rise, in spite of manifold obstructions and difficulties, from obscurity to fame." This, indeed, is the usual experience of genius seeking a field for its development: it takes a long time to gain the public attention, and when this has been gained, it often occupies a longer time to be understood and appreciated; while the more humble the position in which the man of genius happens to be, the greater are the difficulties he has to surmount. A poor but intelligent man was once asked by a wealthy individual, who measured every man's intellect by the length of his purse, to give his opinion upon a certain matter. "What is the use, sir," was the reply, "of taking the opinion of one who has not a five-pound note in his pocket to back it?"

We feel that within our limited space we can do but scanty justice to the volumes containing such remarkable histories as Mr. Smiles has got together; histories scarcely, if at all, less instructive and interesting than that of George Stephenson, from the pen of the same writer. Commencing with the earliest account of engineering operations in England, the reclaiming and draining of the waste lands by the various tribes which settled in the country, the embankment of the Thames, and other works of a similar character, carried on in early times, we come to the life of Sir Hugh Myddelton, whose great undertakings were the embankment of Brading Haven, in the Isle of Wight, and the supply of London with water, by means of the New River. Then follow two or three chapters on roads and public conveyances in England a century or two ago, with the story of John Metcalf, the blind road-maker. Bridges, harbours, and piers come next under consideration, preceding the history of James Brindley, the engineer of the Bridgewater and other canals: this finishes the first volume. The second is devoted to the lives of Smeaton, Rennie, and Telford, whose works, collectively, are scattered over the whole country, and are with us to this day, contributing to our national prosperity, and individual personal comfort.

Mr. Smiles says, in his preface, that when he "first mentioned to the late Mr. Robert Stephenson, his intention of writing the life of his father, that gentleman expressed strong doubts as to the possibility of rendering the subject sufficiently popular to attract the attention of the reading public. 'The building of bridges, the excavation of tunnels, the making of roads and railways,' he observed, 'are mere technical matters, possessing no literary interest.' It is quite clear that Robert Stephenson looked at the matter with a professional eye only, and that he knew not how even materials of so seemingly unpromising a character might be worked

up by a mind thoroughly imbued with the romance, no less than the facts, of the subject.

Our countrymen have been, and still are, proverbially slow in adopting great measures of social improvement as well as new ideas; and it would certainly, as Mr. Smiles says, excite an Englishman's surprise to learn how very modern we are in all that relates to skilled industry, which appears to have been among the very youngest outgrowths of our national life.

"Most of the continental nations had a long start of us, in science, in mechanics, in navigation, and in engineering. Not many centuries since, Italy, Spain, France, and Holland looked down contemptuously on the poor but proud islanders, contending with nature for a subsistence amidst their fogs and their mists. Though surrounded by the sea, we had scarcely any navy until within the last three hundred years. Even our fisheries were so unproductive, that our markets were supplied by the Dutch, who sold us the herrings caught upon our own coasts. England was then regarded principally as a magazine for the supply of raw materials, which were carried away in foreign ships, and partly returned to us in manufactures worked up by foreign artisans. We grew wool for Flanders, as America grows cotton for England now. Even the little manufactured at home was sent to the Low Countries to be dyed.

"Most of our modern branches of industry were begun by foreigners, many of whom were driven by religious persecution to seek an asylum in England. Our first cloth-workers, silk-weavers, and lace-makers were French and Flemish refugees. The brothers Elers, Dutchmen, began the pottery manufacture; Spillman, a German, erected the first paper-mill at Dartford; and Boomen, a Dutchman, brought the first coach into England."

As it was with our industrial arts, so also was it with our commercial marine, and works of engineering: Danes and Genoese built our first ships, and—

"Our first lessons in mechanical and civil engineering were principally obtained from Dutchmen, who supplied us with our first windmills, water-mills, and pumping-engines. Holland even sent us the necessary labourers to execute our first great works of drainage. The Great Level of the Fens was drained by Vermuyden; and another Dutchman, Freestone, was employed to reclaim the marsh near Wells, in Norfolk. Canvey Island, near the mouth of the Thames, was embanked by Joas Croppenburgh and his company of Dutch workmen. When a new haven was required at Yarmouth, Joas Johnson, the Dutch engineer, was employed to plan and construct the works; and when a serious breach occurred in the banks of the Witham, at Boston, Matthew Hake was sent for from Gravelines, in Flanders, and he brought with him not only the mechanics, but the manufactured iron required for the work. The art of bridge-building had sunk so low in England about the middle of the last century, that we were under the necessity of employing the Swiss engineer, L'abey, to build Westminster Bridge."

But times have greatly changed since then, and from being scholars Englishmen have become teachers: the last half century alone has seen wonderful things accomplished, such as the world never before witnessed, and its whole social economy has been revolutionised by the skill, ingenuity, labour, and perseverance of our countrymen, who are at work not only at home, but in every quarter of the civilised world.

"Instead of borrowing engineers from abroad, we now send them to all parts of the world. British-built steamships ply on every sea; we export machinery to all quarters, and supply Holland itself with pumping-engines. Our engineers have completed a magnificent system of canals, turnpike-roads, bridges, and railroads; . . . they have built lighthouses round our coasts; . . . have hewn out and built docks and harbours for the accommodation of a gigantic commerce; whilst their inventive genius has rendered fire and water the most untiring workers in all branches of industry, and the most effective agents in locomotion by land and sea. . . . How, and by whom these great achievements have been mainly effected, exercising as they have done so large an influence upon society, and constituting as they do so important an element in our national history, it is the object of the following pages to relate."

To learn how the task has been accomplished we must refer our readers to the volumes themselves, which will remain a lasting contradiction of Stephenson's opinion, for they have as powerful a "literary interest" as could attach to any biography; and we should be inclined to entertain but small respect for the mental calibre of that man's mind, who could not appreciate such reading as these books afford, and look with pleasure on the multitude of engravings incorporated into them, of places and works connected with the histories of these men of genius.

This is not the only debt which society owes to the accomplished author of these volumes: his "Self-Help" is not only among the most popular, it is one of the best books of the age. His mind is of a high order—inquiring, discriminating, just. He has given peculiar emphasis to the line—

"Biography is History teaching by example."

As he is yet in the prime of life and vigour of intellect, no doubt from the same rich store there will be a still richer produce, delighting and instructing both the old and the young.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION.

SECOND NOTICE.

HAVING done but scant justice to this collection, it calls for some further notice, not only because we find among the contributors artists whose works frequently call forth an unanimous expression of praise, but also because the pictures which they exhibit here, although small, are in their most careful manner. The days of small pictures are opening upon us as they did in Holland and Flanders when the commonality in those countries became patrons. A glance at a modern exhibition is full of significance; the pictures themselves tell for whom they have been painted. Some of the pictures now on the walls were not there when we saw the exhibition before; as 'Kiss me, Sissy,' a study of a girl leaning against a bank, on which stands her little sister; the group and arrangement are so commonplace that it may be thought that the painter, H. Lejeune, adopted it in order to see what interest he could give to it by colour, character, and expression; and all that need be said of it is, that with all these it is seasoned with the nicest taste. There are two winter scenes we passed over as by Frère; they are in everything equal to the best by this painter of chubby cheeks and "hamely duds," but the signature did not look like the bristling and angular characters of the French artist; the name is J. C. Thom, a Scotch pupil of M. Frère, who paints like his master in many things, but unlike in others, the unlikeness consisting in better backgrounds. In Frederick Goodall's 'Hunt the Slipper' there are two admirable compositions; the background is charming as a landscape, and the circle of slipper-hunters is studded with beaming faces laughing as we see such laugh only in the works of this painter. For the cunning of this work a column would be insufficient, but we must pass on. By Clark, commonly known as "Sick Child" Clark, a small picture called 'I would not deceive you' shows a boy selling mackerel at a cottage door. The matron doubts the freshness of the fish, hence the assurance that gives the title. There is much beautiful painting, but it wants the substance of preceding works. A Neapolitan Fisherman and his Wife (this may, or may not, be the title), by W. C. Thomas, seems to be proposed as an instance of the most uncompromising simplicity, but the proposition is carried out to the exclusion of effect; it is a daylight picture in the sense of the early Florentine—the intention is most commendable, but the best intentions are as often defeated in Art as in all other matters. 'Sunshine and Shadow,' George Smith, is a picture we should not have attributed to this artist, who is up beyond all his brotherhood in the exact science of cradle quilts and such like textiles. This is an out-door picture, presenting a group of a widowed mother and her child,—both in sorrow and in mourning for the loss of husband and father,—together with a happy child. The two former are in shade, the latter is in sunshine: the background is an open sea-view with cliffs. The story is in part very legible, but the relation of the sunny baby to the mourners is not very clear. 'A Quiet Morning,' J. W. Oakes, is a coast scene evidently painted on the spot, as is 'The Trout Stream,' by the same. Another notable example of the same kind of study is 'Looking over Bidstone, Cheshire,' E. Hargitt, and 'The Marshes,' by the same, is evidently painted on the spot; it is a painter's picture worked out on the principle of taking care of your darks, and your lights will take care of themselves. The vignettes by G. E. Hering—'Mountain near Lago Maggiore,' 'On the Lago d'Orta,' &c.—are like snatches of landscape from a country where the sun never sets. Then, to fall off to something less romantic, there is 'Pet Calves,' Ansdell; 'Girl Feeding Puppies,' with 'A Boulogne Fisherman,' J. Hayllar; 'On the Banks of the Thames,' W. E. Bates; with some thirty-five water-colour drawings, which we could not even mention in our former notice. Among these are subjects by Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. Harrison, F. Harrison, Miss Sharpe, A. Bouvier, &c. &c. The quality of some of the works mentioned is not surpassed by the most choice examples of modern Art.

* LIVES OF THE ENGINEERS, with an Account of their Principal Works; comprising also a History of Inland Communication in Britain. By SAMUEL SMILES. With Portraits and Illustrations. 2 vols. Published by J. MURRAY, London.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—On the evening of the 10th of December, being the ninety-third Anniversary of the Foundation of this Institution, the Academicians assembled to determine the prizes to be presented to the students of the year, when the following awards were made:—

Gold medals to—

Andrew Brown Donaldson, for the best historical painting.
George Slater, for the best historical group in sculpture.
Thomas Henry Watson, for the best architectural design.

Silver medals to—

Norman Edward Taylor, for the best drawing from the life.
Thomas Gray, for the next best drawing from the life.
William Blake Richmond, for the next best drawing from the life.
Henry Burill, for the best model from the life.
Joseph S. Wyon, for the next best model from the life.
John Stewart Callcott, for the best painting from the living draped model.
George Smith, for the best drawing from the antique.
Thomas Henry Thomas, for the next best drawing from the antique.
Walter Tomlinson, for the next best drawing from the antique.
David Davis, for the best model from the antique.
George Augustus Scappa, for the best perspective drawing in outline.
Alfred Ridge, for a specimen of sciography.

THE ART-JOURNAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.—We are progressing very satisfactorily with the Catalogue in preparation for issue, in parts, during the year; and we are already justified in promising a work far surpassing in value and interest that which we produced in 1851. Some idea of our progress may be obtained if we state that the first and second parts will contain engraved pages from the works of—

Messrs. Messenger, Birmingham,	Bronzes.
Messrs. Paillard, Paris,	do.
Barbazat, Paris,	Cast-iron.
The Coalbrookdale Company,	do.
Handyside, Derby,	do.
Messrs. Foudinois, Paris,	Furniture.
Messrs. Gillow,	do.
Messrs. Jackson and Graham,	do.
Messrs. Trolope,	do.
Messrs. Dobson, St. James's Street,	Glass.
Messrs. Apsley Pellatt and Co.,	do.
Mr. Angell,	Jewellers and Goldsmiths.
Messrs. Emanuel,	do.
Messrs. Garrard,	do.
Mr. Hancock,	do.
Messrs. Hunt and Roskell,	do.
M. Maurice Meyer,	do.
M. Froment Meurice, Paris,	do.
Mr. Phillips,	do.
M. Weise, Paris,	do.
Mr. Alderman Copeland, Stoke-upon-Trent,	Porcelain Manufacturers.
Messrs. Kerr and Binns, Worcester,	do.
M. La Roche, Paris,	do.
Messrs. Minton, Stoke-upon-Trent,	do.
Messrs. Rose and Daniell, Coalport,	do.
Messrs. Wedgwood, Etruria,	do.
Messrs. Elkington,	Silversmiths.
Messrs. Smith and Nicholson,	do.
Messrs. Hoole, Sheffield,	Stoves.
Messrs. Jobson Smith, and Co.	do.

It will be seen that this list comprises many of the best manufacturers, not only of Great Britain, but also of France: it, however, contains but a small portion of those whose works we design to engrave; for the present we content ourselves with printing only the names of the firms whose productions are already in the engraver's hands. We may be permitted to offer a few remarks concerning the "Official Illustrated Catalogue"—the Commissioners demand large payments for spaces and engravings, and guarantee only a circulation of ten thousand; if a larger number be printed, increased payment will be asked for—yet the Commissioners are secured against loss by the combined subscriptions of many hundred persons to the amount of nearly half a million sterling; it is a monstrous demand, that which asks payment for the "privilege" to make public, for public benefit, the creations of mind and taste, produced at great cost, the publicity of which would be a boon to the world: the principle is not only illiberal but unjust,—it converts a grand design into a mere affair of trade, of which the only principle and policy is *gain*; eschews all idea of making the Exhibition a great teacher by circulating excellence only; and treats as of equal value the finest and purest work of Art-industry, and a mediocre production to be advertised and paid for. It is obvious that no manufacturer of

renown, whose works are beautiful and may be made instructive, will desire to appear either in the ART-JOURNAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE or the "Official Illustrated Catalogue," if such works are to be printed side by side with engraved puerilities, calculated not to improve but to impair public taste.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN AID OF THE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.—It will be apparent that we derive from photography very valuable assistance in the compilation of the Illustrated Catalogue we are preparing. We obtain a photograph of the object in all cases, in order to secure perfect accuracy of outline; the photograph being taken the same size as the engraving. It is, however, difficult or impossible to complete an engraving from a photograph; the artist, therefore, whenever it is accessible, finishes from the actual work, or obtains an enlarged drawing in which the details are made sufficiently clear. Sometimes it answers our purpose to procure a large photograph corrected by penicilling, of which photograph we get a reduced copy. It is, however, an immense advantage to give the artist access to the production itself; a superior woodcut is sure to be the result. This very essential part of our task we have confided to Mr. Poulton, photographer, 352, Strand, who, as we have intimated, produces the photographs at our expense, except in cases where more than one copy is required. His staff is at our disposal, either at his establishment, or to send to manufactories in town or country.

BRITISH SCULPTORS IN 1862.—From the *Critic* we learn, that "the sculptors are feeling some anxiety as to the allotment of space which will be made to them in the forthcoming Exhibition. According to the present decision of the Commissioners, no applications will be entertained on behalf of works which are not so far completed that their merits, as well as the space to be occupied, can be exactly estimated. Some discretionary power seems desirable, especially in reference to sculptors of acknowledged position and reliable capabilities. The last day for sending in works of sculpture is fixed for the 31st of March."

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—A portrait of John Wesley is one of the most recent additions. It was painted by Hone when Wesley was at the age of sixty-three, that is, in the year 1766. Wesley is in the act of preaching; the right hand is raised, and in the left he holds a Bible. The features are animated; it seems to have been the especial study of the artist to secure a speaking expression, and if the head be faithful in likeness, the work is better as a portrait than as a work of Art. It is remarkable that the painter has relieved the figure by an open-sky background—a severe test to Hone's painting—the face being without strong markings, and in tone low and too red. There is also a portrait of Arkwright, by Wright of Derby; but, in neatness of finish, it is far behind his volcanic eruptions and pyrotechnic displays. It is a heavy, unintellectual head, giving the worst parts of the likeness, and painted by one who had nothing to substitute for points which skilful portrait-painters always omit. The portrait was the property of Dr. Darwin, to whom it was presented by Arkwright. A portrait of Sir T. Gresham, alluded to in a preceding page, is offered to the institution; the trustees, at their first meeting, will consider the purchase. It is a large half-length, and was the property of Mr. Watson Taylor. The portraits that were sent to Dublin have been returned. They were those of Herschell, Irton, Lord Hastings, Sir W. Chambers, Mrs. Siddons, Dibdin, the Right Hon. W. Wyndham, Congreve, and Flaxman.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT of the International Exhibition of 1862, will be presided over by the Earl of Caithness, E. Kater, Esq. F.R.S., and Dr. Diamond, of Twickenham.

MR. FOLEY, R.A., is at present engaged upon several monumental works of great public interest. Besides the bronze statue of the late Mr. Fielden, M.P., to be placed at Tadmorden, near Manchester, Mr. Foley has finally completed the model for a statue in bronze of Oliver Goldsmith, which is to stand in the garden of Trinity College, Dublin, the *alma mater* of the poet historian, where, as a companion statue, will be placed one of Burke. The sculptor has been especially happy in the

choice of attitude for his statue; he has represented Goldsmith as the student, walking book in hand, and suddenly arrested by some striking passage. The *pose* of the figure is excellent; at once easy, graceful, and natural, the proportions being particularly well suited to a figure intended for the open air—a position, the requirements for which, our sculptors are not always successful in understanding fully. The likeness agrees with the well-known portraits, and, we should say, will be even more striking when seen of the full size of the statue. Mr. Foley has also undertaken a statue of the late Sir Charles Barry, R.A., the architect of the Houses of Parliament, which although at present only visible as a sketch in the clay, will assuredly be pronounced an admirable portrait statue. The figure is a seated one, representing Barry in his academic gown, holding a tablet, which rests upon the left knee, and upon which appears the outline of the great work of his life. His thoughts are occupied with his grand design, and in the moment of a pause, the right hand, holding the stile, has fallen listlessly by his side. Even on this small scale the work evinces much grandeur of style, and conveys an idea of culture and refinement characteristic of the man. This statue, which will be executed in marble, is to fill a place in the so-called Poets' Hall of the Palace at Westminster; and assuredly, whether we approve Gothic or not, Barry has well deserved the monumental honours which will thus be awarded to him, as the architect of the grandest building of the age, in that style. The fame of Mr. Foley in India, for his equestrian statue of Lord Hardinge, has brought him a commission for a marble statue of a renowned Parsee merchant, whose name we have forgotten, however, who founded the cotton-spinning company of Madras. The finished cast from the model is now ready; and we have rarely seen a more remarkable work, whether for the evident individuality of the countenance, of the figure, even to the characteristic hands, or the exact imitation of the peculiar costume, in the forms and textures of the robe and head-dress. This is a work that could not fail to be viewed with the greatest interest in the International Exhibition. Apart from its merits as a work of Art, it would represent well the spreading influence of British industrial spirit and manufacturing enterprise, over countries and people so far removed from the centres of civilisation, and by nature so opposed to everything connected with improvement of the race.

THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.—The exhibition of this society will be again held this season in the room of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours, at No. 53, Pall Mall. The days for the reception of works intended for exhibition are the 14th and 15th of January, 1862. Every exertion has been made to secure a gallery permanently for this society; but hitherto nothing suitable as a gallery, or convertible premises, has offered in any eligible situation. It is proposed to continue elsewhere, if possible, the exhibition through the season.

THE GRAPHIC SOCIETY.—The meetings commenced for the season, as usual, on the 11th of December, 1861. The dates of the other nights are January 8th, February 12th, March 12th, April 9th, and the last takes place on May 14th.

A MONUMENT, erected by public subscription to the memory of the late Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London, is to be placed in St. Paul's Cathedral. The committee for carrying out the project consists of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Bishop of Oxford, Lord Overstone, Sir Walter James, and Mr. A. J. Beresford-Hope, who have selected a model by Mr. G. Richmond, A.R.A., an artist hitherto known as a portrait painter, but who appears in this instance to be undertaking the office of the sculptor. Well, Michael Angelo united in himself the characters of painter, sculptor, architect, civil and military engineer, and poet. Our hopes are not very strong as to the result of this experiment, to convert a good painter into a great sculptor.

LIFE OF TURNER.—The following paragraph, which appeared in the *Athenæum* very shortly after the publication of Mr. Thornbury's biography of Turner, occasioned us some surprise:—"It is said the executors of the late Royal Academician, Turner, are in possession of unpub-

lished letters and papers, which illustrate, in a new way altogether, the details of Turner's life." The question that at once arose in our mind when we read it was,—How is it these papers were not placed in the hands of Mr. Thornbury? who, when writing his book, seems to have been in communication with two at least of Turner's executors, Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Griffiths, whose aid is acknowledged by the author. It seems strange and quite unaccountable that documents apparently so important should be withheld, and that the world hears nothing of their existence till the long-promised "Life" is in the hands of the public. Are we to infer that we are to have another biography, which will render Mr. Thornbury's nugatory, by upsetting all his facts, conclusions, and theories? and will the personal friends of the great artist attempt to set aside, by new evidence, the condemnatory verdict universally pronounced against him by what has already gone forth? We are curious to know, and should rejoice greatly, if these letters and papers do, in any degree, scatter the dark clouds which rest on his memory. And, by the way, while referring to Mr. Thornbury's volumes, it is due to ourselves to notice an important omission he has made in enumerating the engravings published from Turner's pictures, and which escaped our observation when reviewing the book: the author has forgotten to add to his list the series that has already appeared, and is still appearing, in our Journal, under the title of the "Turner Gallery;" this is undoubtedly the most complete series of engravings from the works of the artist hitherto published: in their collective form, issued by our publishers as proof impressions, we have already spoken on two or three occasions, but shall shortly recur to them again when the last Part, now nearly ready, is brought out.

EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.—Mr. White, of Brook Street, Bond Street, the eminent dealer in drawings, whose collection is always rare and valuable, announces his intention again to open in Manchester an exhibition of works of this class. We gave a somewhat lengthened notice of the first exhibition, which was highly successful, in so far, at least, as concerns the productions shown; whether it was or was not so "commercially" we cannot say. Mr. White is desirous to obtain the co-operation of artists and collectors.

THE MEMBERS OF THE INSTITUTION OF FINE ARTS are desirous of finding premises suitable for their exhibitions within that small circle of the west end of town, beyond which it is all but useless to attempt the establishment of an Art exhibition, although this society has sustained itself now for a long series of years in an atmosphere considered unfavourable to the longevity of such institutions. Through the contumacy of one of its members, the society is involved in a chancery suit. There must be something faulty in the constitution of the body when one of its members can capriciously subject a society to the expense and annoyance of chancery proceedings, himself being a non-conformist to the ordinances of the body. The whole of the circumstances of the case we shall shortly make known, trustful that the result will be for the benefit of the institution.

ART AT WINDSOR CASTLE.—The *Critic* informs us that the Art-treasures of Windsor Castle have recently been inspected at the invitation of the dean and, we presume, a more exalted personage, by a sort of *comité* of Art and archaeology, Messrs. Albert Way, G. Scharf, Winter Jones, Parker, Glover, and Woodward. The object, probably, being to prepare a more rational appreciation for the visitors from all the world this year, than is generally obtained from what is called "seeing the lions" of the place.

ART DECORATIONS.—It is now about twenty years since the decoration by painting of the Houses of Parliament was determined, and it was then regarded as a measure that would be productive of benefit to our school of painting. The exhibitions that were held in Westminster Hall, have indirectly done good service, but they have not advanced the class of painting they were intended especially to promote. In days gone by, there were professors of Art who called themselves Historical Painters, and who were as such supported by the public. There are

no such professors now. The Houses of Parliament were to give an impulse to what is called high Art, and if the public were instructed, artists would not have been wanting to paint serious narrative; but nothing finds favour with that public but sentimental small talk and domestic anecdote; and pictures that formerly used to be of the size called cabinet, are now duodecimo, and must be perused with a reading-glass. But in another direction this movement is beginning to fructify, that is, in domestic decoration. It will scarcely be believed, but it is nevertheless true, that the decorations in the Houses of Parliament do not interest the great body of artists. Little is known but by hearsay of these works, and there are hundreds who have not only never heard of the unfortunate frescoes in the so-called Poets' Hall, but do not know the subjects of the works in the Corridors. To consider the reasons for this is beside our present purpose, which is simply an allusion to domestic decoration. In many of the most important works that are now in progress, foreign artists are employed. For some years past the interior embellishments of Alnwick Castle have been in progress, but the artists are Italians, and how, we ask, will Italian art sort with the style of a baronial castle like that of Alnwick, portions of which are associated with events of early Border history? Again, in the ornamentation of Lord Ellesmere's mansion, all the artists are foreign, but in this case more reasonably than in that of Alnwick Castle, because the architecture is Italian. The subject-painting in Dorchester House, Park Lane, is being executed as a labour of love by Sir Coutts Lindsay with assistance, and from first to last, the works in Dorchester House will occupy at least six years, perhaps much more. These are a few of the important works of this kind in progress; many additional cases might be instanced, to show that if the taste for Art-decoration is advancing, the best commissions do not fall into the hands of English artists.

THE HERBERT MEMORIAL, to which reference has been made in a preceding page, is, so far as the statue is concerned, to be entrusted to Baron Marochetti; at least, the committee has recommended he should execute the work, the cost of which is estimated at £2,000. The statue is to be of bronze. We should have been better pleased to know such a commission had been given to one of our native artists—Mr. Foley, for example, whose portrait-sculptures have gained him so high a reputation.

THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY has published an extensive series of views in Paris. They are singularly well executed, sharp, clear, and, of course, accurate. We cannot say if they be the produce of French hands; probably they are; at all events they do great credit to the artist, who has skilfully and judiciously selected the best points for pictures. They consist principally of views on the Boulevards—the open and crowded streets, full of life and bustle. While looking into the stereoscope it is not very difficult to imagine oneself mingling in the throng. We know of no series at once so interesting and so well done. We may hope it will be augmented by interiors of some of the grand old churches, and of the ancient streets, so few of which, comparatively, yet exist; for the Paris of even our youth is to be seen no longer, except here and there, in bits of the *cité*, or along the quays that border the Seine.

THE BATTLE OF ECLUSE.—There is in the possession of Mr. Myers, 41, Old Bond Street, a large picture, by Hendrik Schaeffels, of Antwerp, representing the landing of the captive Spanish admiral, Sancho d'Avila, who fell into the hands of Louis de Boissot, the Dutch admiral, on the defeat of the Spaniards at the battle of Ecluse, in 1573. The Spanish Governor of the Netherlands being compelled to continue energetically the war, fitted out an expedition against Zealand. Middleburg, which was the only place that yet held out for the Spaniards, had been besieged for two years without success. To relieve this place the governor sent two fleets—one of thirty ships, and another of seventy; but these were destroyed by De Boissot, the admiral of the Prince of Orange, and in the picture appears at the quay the boat of the flagship, in which are seated the Spanish admiral, De Bliqui, the captain of the

Elephant (the flagship, we presume), Louis de Boissot, the Dutch admiral, and others, while on the quay stands St. Aldegonde, the burgo-master, with other authorities of the city, with whom is seen Van Metteren, a celebrated reformer and chronicler of that time. The picture has all the dignity of serious narrative, with the continuous detail of ordinary subject-matter. The clumsy, picturesque old boat, with a small cannon at the bows, is just pulled up to the quay with the prisoner and Dutch officers in the stern, and a boat's crew of rough seamen forward. Beyond the boat, and rising high above it, is the ship from which the disembarkation is taking place. On the right, and running up and down the quay, are the quaint buildings of the ancient city—the Church of St. Walburg, the towers of the Hall of the Fishmongers, with an infinite variety of quaint old edifices, such as existed in Antwerp in 1573. It is a picture of great merit, with this particular excellence—all the figures are drawn and painted with the knowledge and exactitude of an artist who seems to have studied nothing but figures, and the buildings appear to have been worked out by one who has studied architecture alone.

THE LARGEST WATER-COLOUR PAINTING that has ever been executed is to be seen in the studio of Mr. J. W. Burbank, 25, Duke Street, New Oxford Street. The straining-frame, measuring nineteen feet by twelve, could of course only be covered by the paper being joined. The subject is Daniel among the lions—"My God hath sent his angel, and shut the lions' mouths" (Dan. vi. 22). The prophet is kneeling in prayer, and behind him is the angel. Mr. Burbank excels as an animal painter; he has bestowed on the lions a great amount of labour, and has succeeded in giving them much reality and life-likeness; but, more than this is to be admired the enthusiasm that has incited Mr. Burbank to undertake such a work with a view, as he says, to show the beauty and power of water-colour.

DANTE.—There are about to be exhibited twenty-seven subjects from the *Divina Commedia*, all painted by Italian artists. To these we look forward with many misgivings, for there are but few men living qualified to touch Dante. Had Ary Scheffer lived, he might have painted another subject or two, though Beatrice all but broke his heart. His interpretations move us to sympathy and veneration; but John Flaxman's flitting souls, drawn with three or four lines, cause us to shrink, as did Virgil among the burning tombs.

"DESIGNS" FOR THE EXHIBITION OF 1862.—The committee to whom is entrusted the task of collecting materials for Class 38A, "Art Designs," have issued a circular briefly explaining their requirements. They desire to see "exhibited in this class" "drawings and models of articles coming under the term Art-industry," either to a small scale, or of the actual size of manufactured articles; such as "involve relief, and such as involve a flat or surface treatment;" and they purpose to include designs made by deceased artists, extending so far back as 100 years. All drawings to a scale less than that of execution should be forwarded framed, or framed and glazed; but all drawings of full-sized patterns might be exhibited, if preferred, on strainers only, but prepared for hanging. Those who require further information on the subject may apply to the active and intelligent superintendent of the class, John Leighton, Esq., F.S.A., at the office, 454, West Strand.

DIAGRAMS FOR DRAWING.—Mr. Walter Smith, head master of the Leeds Government School of Art, has just prepared and published a series of ornamental designs for the use of teachers of elementary free-hand drawing in national and other schools. They are not of large size, but the author suggests these copies should be drawn on a larger scale, upon the "black-board," for a junior class; and afterwards be copied the same size by the older pupils as intermediate exercises between drawing from the black-board and Dyce's outlines. These diagrams, consisting of flowers, leaves, cups, vases, and numerous other objects possessing graceful forms, are drawn with much accuracy, and will doubtless prove most useful for the purpose for which they are designed.

REVIEWS.

A HISTORY OF DOMESTIC MANNERS AND SENTIMENTS IN ENGLAND DURING THE MIDDLE AGES. By THOMAS WRIGHT, ESQ., M.A., F.S.A., with illustrations by F. W. FAIRHOLT, ESQ., F.S.A. Published by CHAPMAN AND HALL, London.

When Dr. Henry compiled his History of England, he, for the first time, endeavoured to supply a want felt by himself and other thoughtful literary men, which was the want of a history of the manners and modes of life of the people. Enough, and more than enough, had been always devoted by the chroniclers of past time, to the doings and sayings of the rulers; but nothing, or next to nothing, of the life led, and the actions performed, by the large masses of their subjects. Henry endeavoured for the first time to supply this great want, and he so far succeeded as to show the essential interest it had on the general tone of history, so that from his time all other historians have devoted space and consideration to the question of national manners, and many made it a very prominent part of their labours. The pages of our latest historian, Macaulay, owe much of their graphic power to the curious and minute details he has occasionally given from the diaries, memoirs, and incidental notices scattered in many out-of-the-way paths of literature; but when brought together, throwing a concentrated light on long-forgotten manners, most valuable to all who desire to learn how our ancestors thought and acted, as well as how they were governed by politicians.

Mr. Wright has been long favourably known as an antiquary whose literary tastes have led him to the study of "all such reading as is seldom read;" and there are few men who have perused so diligently a vast mass of mediæval literature, and become familiar with the works of authors whose very names are forgotten by the world of letters in general. It demands a large amount of such reading to glean therefrom such brief and accidental notices of past manners and customs as will eventually make a volume like the present; particularly when we remember, that they have never been given by the original chronicler with any idea of their ultimate value for the purposes to which we devote them, but have been generally accidental allusions, or perhaps incidental occurrences, equally inserted by chance, and not by any means placed there to illustrate manners; yet so valuable are these notices, that some of our early scribes are treasured now for this kind of incidental description alone. In many volumes this allusive labour is its great charm; and Alfred's description of his own early life, slight as it is, is eminently valuable. The priest who has left us the vivid narrative of Becket's murder, which he witnessed, has succeeded in enabling us easily to realise the scene. Froissart, in his Chronicles, has done, too, his best service, where he has narrated the details of the court and chamber life of the nobles with whom he occasionally resided; or the actions and manners of their turbulent but down-trodden subjects. Considering how completely all classes but the ruling ones have been ignored by early chroniclers, it is surprising that so much is yet to be gleaned indicative of the manners and customs of the people.

It is now some years since Mr. Wright commenced his labours in our columns to elucidate the forgotten phases of ancient domestic life in our own country. A series of illustrated papers, there, gave him the opportunity of laying the foundation of what has now become a portly and a beautiful volume. He has very greatly added to the literary part of his work, and many new pictorial illustrations also grace the pages. It therefore may be now accepted as a finished picture from the sketches we have been enabled to give. The volume evidences large reading, and abounds with curious details, many of which will be entirely new, even to literary men; for few of them have, like Mr. Wright, devoted themselves to the study of such chroniclers, or tale-tellers, as he has done. His practical experience, too, as a general antiquary has enabled him to clarify obscure allusions in old writers by reference to relics of their own era. This is especially apparent in the Anglo-Saxon portion, where many objects are engraved which have been discovered in the cemeteries of these ancient people, and are described by their writers in words too slight to be clearly understood without this practical mode of explaining them. The pictures of the in-door doings, the banquets and amusements, the dress and behaviour, the "sentiments," as the author terms them, of their every-day life, are by this means reproduced with a truthfulness and a power not to be obtained in any other way.

The picture presented throughout the volume is, however, by no means always a pleasant one. The

Norman era, with its bitter oppression and its savage rulers, is frightful to contemplate. Oppression, indulged in by the favoured few, is unfortunately the characteristic of the history of the people for many ages. The slow recognition of their rights has been the work of many centuries, and it cannot fail to be felt in reading history, how patiently evil rule has been borne by them, and how well-deserved has been the victory they have ultimately achieved over tyrannic government. The popular liberty of England has been the crowning glory of a long, consistent opposition to unjust rule; and step by step has the right position been gained, and well defined in its onward course, from the days of Magna Charta to that of the Bill of Rights. The English people have reason to be proud of their position, and the ancestry who so nobly fought for it; and the pages of a volume like this prove, that in their hours of relaxation, or in the privacy of their homes, they were a simple, cheerful, honest people, of whom we need not be ashamed.

To such of our readers as are familiar with the papers that since 1851 Mr. Wright has occasionally scattered through our pages, we need give no intimation of their character; but to those who see his perfected labour in the present volume only, it may be well to say that it takes a general view of the state of society in England from the Anglo-Saxon era to the close of the 17th century; that the sources from which its information are obtained are most varied, that it is not a mere dry record, a collection of facts and scraps, but a detailed and amusing picture of life. It is indeed as amusing as a novel, but with the advantage of literal truth. It is abundantly illustrated by woodcuts, copied, by Mr. Fairholt, from very many sources, but chiefly from the drawings in old illuminated manuscripts; they (like Mr. Wright's letter-press) are chiefly valuable for rigid truth; and have a clearness and simplicity which the very modern taste for over-wrought woodcuts frequently fails to ensure. The pages are thus crowded with a most curious pictorial record of old English life, and they often aid in elucidating descriptions which no pen could make so plain.

The binding and getting up of the book deserve a word of notice, from its appropriate character. The volume altogether is one that must take a prominent place as a work of reference in our libraries; for we have no other devoted as this is to past manners exclusively. While its attractive character as an illustrated volume will give it a right to the claim of a place on the drawing-room table, its literary value will also ensure it a constant home on the library shelf.

RUINED ABBEYS AND CASTLES OF GREAT BRITAIN. By WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT. The Photographic Illustrations by BEDFORD, SEDGFIELD, WILSON, FENTON, and others. Published by A. W. BENNETT, London.

We recur, according to promise, to the beautiful volume, the appearance of which was merely announced in our last number.

There is in the simple title of the book a world of thought and reflection; it carries us back to a period of our history when might overcame right,—when there were lords and vassals,—when there were intestine feuds, and men of the same lineage strove together,—when there were pageants and tourneys, as if in mockery of the real "tug of war;"—to a time when the people were but half civilised, and half the land brought forth briars and thorns. It takes us back, moreover, to ages when priestcraft was dominant, and prince, noble, and peasant bowed in submission to ecclesiastical rule,—when the sacerdotal robes covered iniquity of every kind, and vice turned holy,—when ignorance was allied with superstition, the one using the other to work out its object, the enslavement of the human mind. "Sailors at sea," say the authors of the book before us, "bait for fish with a mere bit of red rag, the mockery of a piece of flesh, but the Romanists of the middle ages baited for souls with more empty and sapless things. Yet for the cupidity of the rich and powerful, God made them unconsciously and blindly bait with substantial temptations. Their vast hoarded wealth, their gold and silver vessels, their shrines garnished and loaded with jewels, their pictures by the greatest masters, and still more their magnificent estates, drew the eyes and hearts of kings and nobles even as they pretended to worship, and at length they laid rapacious hands on the whole stupendous prey. The system was built on the delusive sands of imposition, and when the floods and tempests of secular power beat upon it, it fell—and great was the fall thereof. What a moral in this worldliness! The very things which they imagined were building up their strength, were preparing their destruction."

And yet admitting all the evils arising from the ecclesiastical and feudal systems of those days, loth,

perhaps, were not unsuited to the times, and each could point out some good arising out of it. The powerful barons operated as a check on the despotism of the monarch, and every noble's castle was a place of refuge for his dependant, though it might be his vassal; want and misery, and absolute destitution, were far less frequent in that semi-barbarous age than in our own, with all its boasted civilisation and its numerous agencies for relieving distress. If the people were regarded as so many cattle, they were at least cared for as such; while they found other benefactors, when needed, in those who inhabited the monasteries—the men who, with all their worldliness and superstitious absurdities, had among them minds which enlightened the earth, and whose intellectual powers cleared the way for all future progress. And thus it is that the sight of an old feudal castle, or of the shattered remnants of some monastery, draws out our feelings in harmony with those of the poet who says—

"I do love those ancient ruins;
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history;"

while their picturesque character, generally, gives them especial value to every admirer of Art combined with nature: these old castles and abbeys are stock-subjects everywhere with the landscape-painter.

Seventeen of the most famous of these mouldering edifices Mr. and Mrs. Howitt bring under notice—the abbeys of Bolton, Glastonbury, Tintern, Fountains, Melrose, Roslin, and others; the castles of Chepstow, Conway, Raglan, Carlsbrooke, Goodrich, &c. The idea is not novel, but it has never been more satisfactorily carried out: the history and description of each building are given with sufficiently ample detail, and the narrative is interspersed with adventures and anecdotes connected with the authors' journeyings in search of the picturesque; a pleasant admixture of historical and antiquarian reading with personal experiences of modern travelling.

If, however, the plan of the book is not new, the manner in which it is illustrated is somewhat of a novelty, for the pictures are photographs, and perfect gems, too, they are. The authors say,—"It appears to us a decided advance in the department of Topography, thus to unite it to Photography. The reader is no longer left to suppose himself at the mercy of the imaginations, the caprices, or the deficiencies of artists, but to have before him the genuine presentment of the object under consideration." Without subscribing to the opinion of artistic failings here implied, we are perfectly willing to express our own upon the beauty of these sun-pictures; and only hope, though we may doubt, they will be as brilliant twenty years hence as now. One of them forms a medallion in the centre of each side of a richly ornamented cover of *Magenta* and gold—fit outward adorning of an elegant gift-book.

ON THE HYPÆTRON OF GREEK TEMPLES; a Paper read before the Archæological Society of Berlin. Together with some observations in reply to the reviewers of "Dædalus," by EDWARD FALKENER. Published by LONGMAN and Co., London.

In this reply, Mr. Falkener refers to objections made by some of the reviewers of his "Dædalus," to certain of his ideas on Greek Art and architecture. When the book was reviewed in the *Art-Journal*, we limited our observations especially to those portions of its contents that related to sculpture: not less gratified with the mass of information that the author set before us, than with his manner of imparting it. Glad of an opportunity of adverting to a department of Art now lost—and by a great many sculptors not even believed to have been practised by the Greeks to the extent it was—we turned to Mr. Falkener's account of polychrome and chryselephantine sculpture, without more than naming the other heads. In "Dædalus" (p. 2), the following passage occurs:—"Some have supposed that the hypæthron consisted of a range of skylights on either side, ignorant of the sacred signification of an hypæthron."

It is extraordinary that there should have ever been any misconception as to the hypæthron of the Greek temple. If the word itself does not most literally explain the arrangement, it is called by Vitruvius the *medium sub divo sine tecto*, than which nothing can be more plain. All the other names given to the different parts of the temple, describe them exactly; it cannot therefore be believed, even upon theory, that the word hypæthron could mean any kind of side light; but there is an impression that it does, and that impression has long remained undisturbed. Mr. Falkener maintains that the hypæthral opening of the Greek temples was vertical "and not, as asserted by a recent writer upon Art, lateral." This idea of the opening is by some writers eulogised as an ingenious theory, whereas in a matter so clear there is no need to theorise. The temples of the inferior deities were covered, but those

of the superior gods had hypæthral openings to signify that although the temple contained the statue, yet the habitation of the deity was in the heavens. The earliest form of the temple was an enclosure, in which a statue was placed for security. To this a roof was added, but the only light was admitted by the door, as darkness was characteristic of the sanctity of the place. The hypæthron, as the temples were enlarged became, in some degree, a necessity: it was a means whereby extension was practicable. The roof at the opening was supported by columns, and thus was that light admitted which to have received from windows or lateral apertures would have destroyed the sacred character of the *naos*. "We read," says Mr. Falkener, "that on account of the derivation of the name of the god Fidius, the roof of his temple was pierced in order that the heaven may be seen, 'ut videatur divum, id est, cœlum.' (Varro de Sing., Sat. iv.) The god Terminus was also worshipped *sub divo* (Serv. ad Virg., Æn. ix. 448); and when it was required to pull down various temples to make room for the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus at Rome, the priests of the god Terminus asserted the impossibility of the god of boundaries giving way even for Jupiter; and the temple of Terminus was therefore enclosed within the walls of the temple of Jupiter, and an opening was constructed in the roof immediately above his shrine." Müller defines the parts of large temples as—The foundation, with the steps, suggesting *κηπις* or *κηπιδωρία*; the temple, strictly so called *ναός*, *σηκός*, *cella*, sometimes double in the same building; and to this belong (a) *τὸ ἔδος*, the place for the statue—which was often enclosed with a parapet or railing; (b) *ὑπαίθερον*, the central space under the open sky; (c) *στοαί*, the surrounding colonnades; sometimes an *ἀδύτων*, the holiest of all, &c. Finally, we can only observe that Mr. Falkener, in giving the hypæthron to certain of the Greek temples, only follows the best authorities; whereas those writers who deny the hypæthron, and substitute side-lights, have no authority at all.

Mr. Falkener has recently been presented by the King of Prussia with a gold medal, as a token of his Majesty's appreciation of the "Dædalus," a work the importance of which may, in some degree, be estimated, by the controversy it has called forth. And, certainly, no little praise must be conceded to the author for the labour, research, and critical judgment brought to bear on the investigation of a difficult yet most interesting subject. Those who differ from his conclusions must, at least, give him credit for earnest, thoughtful inquiry.

RAMBLINGS IN THE ELUCIDATION OF THE AUTOGRAPH OF MILTON. By SAMUEL LEIGH SOTHEY, F.S.A. "Printed by T. RICHARDS, and sold by all Booksellers."

The great art and mystery of book-making is a craft which has its peculiar teaching; hence the work of the professional *litterateur* is essentially different to that of the amateur; the latter may be always known by a greater redundancy of subject-matter, and less closeness of arrangement, but it may sometimes be fairly questioned whether this amateur tendency is not occasionally advantageous. We are inclined to look upon this volume as a case in point. It is the production of the leisure of a man of taste, one who conducted his "ramblings" far and wide, and who made notes of all things calculated to elucidate the subject he had at heart. Hence the volume contains a large amount of discursive matter, but it is generally curious and interesting; and is just the sort of pleasant reading bibliomaniacs delight in. To fill a large quarto volume with notices of Milton's manuscripts, might seem a difficult task to some, and a useless one to others. Mr. Sothey has proved the fallacy of both ideas. The difficulty has been with him converted into a labour of love; its utility has been clearly shown in the interest that must ever attach to so perfect a collection of fac-similes of the hand-labour of one of the noblest of England's authors. In them we study the first thoughts rapidly jotted down, of the most memorable words in our literature. The famed manuscripts in Trinity College Library, Cambridge, are here reproduced with marvellous accuracy, and we see the poet's original idea of composing a sacred drama, on the subject of man's fall; afterwards eliminated in his immortal "Paradise Lost." The *dramatis persone* are scored out and re-written three times on the same leaf. Other ideas of a series of sacred dramas (never executed) occur in similar form. Then we have pages of Lyricus, Comus, and sonnets; very curious as pictures of the phases of the great poet's mind, as he scored out, re-wrote, and re-worded his works. In addition, copies are given of his marginal notes to books, or presentation inscriptions of others to friends; and last of all, fac-similes of the pages of

the manuscript of "Paradise Lost," as licensed by Tomkyns, chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury; specimens of Milton's signature after his blindness, as well as those of his daughters, his nephews, the Phillips, and his friend Elwood, the Quaker, who gave him the idea of composing "Paradise Regained."

This brief summary of the contents of the volume is sufficient to show the varied, interesting, and complete character of its contents. So much had Mr. Sothey by his subject at heart, that in order to prove the power of Milton to sign his own name after he was blind, he has induced many well-known literary and scientific celebrities to write their blind-folded, and the result is placed before his readers in one of his plates. He has also been able satisfactorily to prove, that some manuscripts purporting to be those of the poet, were never really written by him; and in one instance to detect an absolute forgery. Alas! with these fallacies has gone also the pleasant and beautiful tale, that either of Milton's daughters acted amanuensis to him after his sight had gone; for which there seems to be no foundation. His amanuensis wrote a very different hand, and what little we have of theirs is stamped by incompetency. Anne, his eldest daughter, was incapacitated by affliction from study, and gives her mark only, in place of signature, to an important legal document. Mary, the second daughter, spells the name wrongly—*Milton*. Deborah, the youngest, writes miserably, and also mis-spells hers *Deborah*; added to which is the fact, that she was only eleven years old when her father began his great poem, and fifteen when he finished it; it seems, therefore, tolerably clear that they were of no use to him in this particular way.

The amanuensis, whoever it was, has yet to be discovered, and most probably was changed from time to time, or undertaken temporarily by friends of the poet. Here, then, is new ground for inquiry and original research. We much want a new and a good life of Milton. Could he not be freed from the party-spite of the past time? Dr. Johnson's life of this poet is a discredit to both. Indeed, it is time that Johnson's injustice to our national bards should be superseded by honest labour. Is not Milton a worthy and a very befitting subject for our Carlyle?

Mr. Sothey's death so soon after the completion of this book, has made it now a monument to his memory. It is a pleasant memory of an industrious man, who found leisure after conducting one of our best-known auctioneer's firms, to produce it; and an agreeable proof also of the taste and scholarship that may be found in mercantile England.

WOODLAND GATHERINGS. From the Drawing by W. HUNT. Published by J. GILBERT, Sheffield.

It is well for artists that before the printing-press can be put into operation, their own works must come forth complete from the studio and find purchasers: if the press could invent as well as execute, in all probability their occupation would be gone. But even chromolithographic prints, excellent as they are, will never supersede original paintings if people can afford to buy the latter: where the means of purchase, however, are limited, these imitations are most valuable; and, judging from the numerous examples, more or less good, that are constantly being put forward, they find an appreciating public. This "Woodland Gatherings" is among the very best of its class: most of us know how Mr. Hunt paints primroses, and wild-flowers and plants of all kinds, birds' nests, apple blossoms, *et cætera*; and here is a large group of such objects copied with wonderful accuracy in chromolithography, by Messrs. Hanhart. The texture of each object is crisply and naturally rendered, the colour true and brilliant, and the harmony of the whole well sustained: as we look upon the picture, visions of pleasant spring hours, sunny and cheerful, rise up before us in the midst of the damp, foggy, and cold atmosphere of the out-door world around us at this season.

DECORATIVE DEVICES FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS. Selected, Arranged, and Designed by GILBERT J. FRENCH, F.S.A., Corresponding Member of the Society of Antiquaries, Scotland. Published by T. DINHAM AND CO., Manchester.

Mr. Gilbert French, as the head of a large manufacturing firm of textile fabrics for ecclesiastical purposes, seems to have given his thoughts to other matters having some relation with those of the church, and scarcely less so with those who are out of the pale of the Establishment; for the application of these published devices might be made general in all schools for the young, though some of the sheets—those, for example, that illustrate episcopal armorial bearings—would hardly find admittance into the schools of the Nonconformist. The majority,

however, are entitled to free entrance anywhere. The object of the publication is, the author says, "to aid superintendents and teachers of Sunday schools in the appropriate decoration of their school-rooms for the festal meetings and tea-parties, which have become important accessories to these institutions." The contents may be divided into alphabets, heraldic devices, illuminated scrolls with inscriptions, chiefly texts from Scripture, symbols and emblems, moral maxims mostly selected from the Old Testament, and short heraldic mottoes borne by British nobility and gentry, and adapted for scrolls: there is thus great variety. The text employed is "mediæval English," and all are printed in colours on large sheets, which are intended to be fixed to the walls. These richly-coloured sheets, surrounded with wreaths of winter flowers and evergreens, would have a very pretty and gay effect; while from many of them lessons of truth and wisdom may be gathered.

THE FIRST LESSON IN NAVIGATION. "LUFF, BOY!" Engraved by W. H. SIMMONS from the Picture by J. C. HOOK, R.A. Published by MOORE, McQUEEN, AND CO., London.

Mr. Hook's picture, when exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1859, attracted, as it deserved, much attention: the originality of the idea, the powerful manner in which the artist had conveyed it to the eye and mind of the spectator, and the brilliancy of the canvas, all warranted the notice given to the work—one that entirely carried us away from the conventionalities of ordinary marine subjects, and gave us a new thought concerning them that "do business in great waters." "The First Lesson in Navigation" could have been painted only by one who had himself been at school, not, perhaps, as a pupil, but as an amateur scholar: the easy, natural attitude of the parent fisherman, giving his orders to the young boy to whom the management of the rudder has been entrusted; the bright, earnest face of the child, whose gaze is fixed on the father as he exerts his utmost strength to obey the command; and the sailor-like indifference, but kind expression, manifest in the countenance of the elder brother, who has already graduated in the same school, are points in the composition which can scarcely be too highly commended. It is an incident of "fisher-life" that is doubtless of frequent occurrence among the craft.

Interesting, however, as is the picture, we are not quite sure it is calculated for so large an engraving as that before us: colour produces effects which black and white, under certain conditions, cannot attain; and though Mr. Simmons has performed his task well, the print is heavy—a defect chiefly arising from the unbroken mass of wave behind the boat, hanging over it like a dark curtain.

RAB AND HIS FRIENDS. By JOHN BROWN, M.D., Published by EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS, Edinburgh; HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO., London.

A touching little tale, founded on facts that came under the notice of the author chiefly when studying in one of the Edinburgh medical schools. Rab is a huge mastiff, the property of a carrier, and the story—which, by the way, is well-known north of the Tweed—narrates the closing scenes in the life of his master and mistress, with which the faithful dog is closely associated. This edition of the history is "got up" in very superior style, quite warranted, however, by the excellence of the narrative, and it has several illustrations to render it even more welcome. George Harvey's frontispiece, "Rab, *sic jacebat*," is a portrait of the noble animal asleep, or rather, dozing with one eye slightly open to give notice to strangers that he is not to be caught napping. This is followed by a dog-fight in the streets of Edinburgh; but Rab is not one of the combatants, and the picture would have been better omitted; neither its subject nor its art recommends it. The next is Jess, the carrier's horse, in her stable, Rab lying by her; Jess reminds us of a similar subject by Bewick in one of his books of engravings. "The Death of Ailie," the carrier's wife, is by Noel Paton, R.S.A., so is "James and his Burden," representing the carrier bearing the body of the dead woman in his arms, followed by Rab, from the hospital: both subjects are treated with great pathos and artistic skill. Then comes "Rab's Grave," a rich bit of landscape scenery by G. Harvey, R.S.A.; and the last plate, admirably engraved by Stocks, from a drawing by the same painter, is entitled "The Companions," four young children, fresh and radiant as a morning in spring—emblems of whatever is beautiful and innocent. We shall be much surprised if by means of this pretty volume Rab does not become as popular on this side of the Border as he has long been on the other.

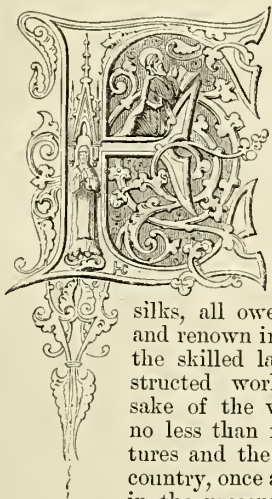
THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, FEBRUARY 1, 1882.

THE BRITISH WORKMAN
AT
THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

BY J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.



EVERY day it becomes more needful that the British artisan shall be an educated artist. The bronzes of Berlin, the painted porcelain of Sèvres, and the harmonious colouring of French silks, all owe their supremacy and renown in a great degree to the skilled labour of well instructed workmen. For the sake of the workman himself, no less than for the manufactures and the commerce of our country, once again do we desire in the present article to direct public attention to the Art-education of our industrious populations. In the interest of the artisan we wish to see the drudgery of his daily toil redeemed by the dignity of intellectual striving—the automaton and machine-working hand brought into closer connection with the presiding intelligence of the head, so that the fingers of the labourer each day growing more sensitive, may become the ready instruments of his thoughts—the dead weight of unrelenting action lightened with the joy of kindling ardour as the product of skilled industry grows into a beauteous form of Art. For the supremacy of our manufactures, and the maintenance of our commerce likewise, we need scarcely say that it is absolutely needful that the British workman shall advance with the growing intelligence of other classes in the community, that he shall keep even pace with fellow labourers of neighbouring nations in the great competition of the world. The Exhibition of 1851, the Paris Exhibition of 1855, and the coming International Exhibition of the present year, have taught and will teach the same important lesson—that knowledge is power, that education is civilisation, that Art is wealth, and that possessing this power, education, and wealth, a nation is great and prosperous, and a people fully employed, well paid, well fed, well clothed, content with their rulers, and happy in their homes.

In the present paper we propose to show that the British workman may find at the South Kensington Museum that instruction in Art, those lessons in design and colour, that education of the eye and hand, which in

this country, to the prejudice of our manufactures, have been so long wanted. It is well known that in France, in Prussia, Bavaria, and even among smaller German states, the artisan has long enjoyed advantages which, till recent years, have been wholly denied to our own people. The first Napoleon, when at Warsaw, turned his attention for the moment from arms to arts, and found time to indite a decree organising the famed school at Lyons. Kings and princes throughout the continent of Europe have vied with each other in the same ennobling enterprise. Museums have been established in the great capitals, and even among the smaller towns, free to the access of the industrious classes. Schools of design have been instituted for the express tuition of the people, so that at length the arts have mingled with the recreation, and grown into the labour, of the multitude; and staple manufactures, whether lace, or silk, or porcelain, have thus insensibly fashioned themselves into forms of beauty. It was at last felt that England was doing great injustice to her industrious populations by withholding from them like advantages. Hence was established at South Kensington the museum of Science and Art, with its central and affiliated schools, its library and lectures; and now for the first time in the history of our country are the workmen and the manufacturers of Britain put upon equal terms with their foreign rivals.

The South Kensington Museum is in fact the focus of a grand government organisation for the Art-education of the people. This elaborate system of popular instruction obtains the sanction and falls under the immediate direction of the government Department of Science and Art, which in turn is subject to the control of the Committee of Council on Education. Of the department and the council the Earl Granville is president, and the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, M.P., the vice-president. Science and Art each in itself, and likewise both jointly in their mutual aids and relations—Science and Art not in the abstract, but in their individual and collective application to the practical appliances of life,—these are the beneficent ends which the Department at South Kensington is designed to promote. Science and Art are here, in fact, invoked as the helpmates of the people—they are called upon to aid in the industry of the nation, to enhance the power of production, to add to the beauty of adornment; and specially are they asked to come as friends of the poor, as coadjutors of the labouring classes, teaching how cottage homes may be made healthy, how best the product of the brain and the produce of the hand may secure a just and sure reward. The Museum, organised with this intent, may be classified as follows:—the *Art Division* comprises the Art Library, the Museum of Ornamental Art, the collections of sculpture, architecture, and engraving, and the galleries of paintings; the *Science Department* embraces the Educational Museum, the food and animal product collections, and the materials used in architectural construction. These various sections, mutually co-related, constitute the collective Museum of Science and Art. But museums notoriously often fail in affording to the people the designed instruction. They want, in fact, the presence of living teachers. Hence, as an integral part of this great and good project, the tuition of the great mass of our population, were guides and catalogues printed at moderate cost, were popular lectures delivered upon the sciences and the arts of which the museum contained illustrations, and finally and specially were instituted at South Kensington, in other metropolitan districts, and throughout the country, schools of Art—now numbering no

less than eighty-eight—for the express teaching and practice of the principles of design, colour, and composition—for the study, in short, of those sciences and arts which exert a direct influence on manufactures. All this has, moreover, been planned in order to meet the special requirements of the poor; yet such is the high quality of the instruction, so intrinsic the excellence of the collections brought together, that the rich no less than the poor show themselves eager to avail themselves of these unwonted advantages. To all classes, indeed, Science and Art have now become almost necessities of existence, but for the labouring community peculiarly, to whom knowledge, if obtained at all, must be bought cheaply, with little cost of the money and the time which, in stern lives, are so much bread, and sinew, and sweat of brow—for these sons of toil especially do the Museum and the Department of South Kensington dispense their boon. During the Christmas just past have thousands of the industrious classes daily thronged the courts devoted to Science and Art from ten in the morning to ten at night, freely seeing without the cost of a single penny objects of scientific import and choice artistic beauty, which cannot fail to make their tastes more cultured and their trades more profitable. The arrangements are proved to be of that business, practical order which is fitted to the wants of business, practical men. Does a mechanic find his day occupied? the museum is open three evenings in a week expressly that he may seek innocent recreation and obtain easy instruction during hours which thus probably are redeemed from the beer-shop. Has he grown weary on his way? he can refresh himself with a cup of coffee at the door. Does he desire to turn an hour to good account, and to learn somewhat of the science of those industrious arts which have engaged the labour of his day? he may buy for a few pence printed lectures upon “silk,” and “wool,” and “leather,” popular discourses upon “building constructions,” and “mechanical physics,” or descriptive catalogues and inventories of “sculpture and decorative furniture.” Or, exhausted with the drudgery of hours devoted to prolonged toil, does he wish to cherish the slumbering fire of fancy among works of creative imagination? he can take flight direct to the picture galleries of our English school, and feast his eye for colour among works of Turner and Etty, breathe the fresh, cool air of country life in the landscapes of Constable, wet with morning dew, and recline beside the shady streams of Creswick, sheltered in tranquillity. Such converse and companionship gained for the British workman feed, let us hope, within his mind those wells of better consciousness whence flow the streams of his higher nature.

Having given this general sketch of the uses to which the Kensington Museum may be directed by the English artisan, we will now enter upon more specific detail. Adopting the classification found in the collection itself, we will commence with “the *Museum of Building Materials*.” It is manifestly a matter of importance, that in the construction of public edifices and private dwellings, stones, bricks, and marble shall be selected which are cheap, enduring, and fitly decorative. Throughout the country, and especially in our large cities, we have melancholy evidence in money wasted, in churches and civic buildings falling to decay, of the fatal want of this knowledge of the materials which shall best fulfil the conditions of utility, economy, and adornment. The falling away of the stonework in our Houses of Parliament; the expenditure of time, and therefore the wasting of money, in elaborate carvings, which are speedily eaten down by

the corrosive gases, or filled by the deposits of a city atmosphere; the ungainly garb and dead monotony of our dreary streets, when lively colours might adorn the windows, doors, and cornices of our dwellings,—are among the examples of how greatly we have suffered from ignorance of the resources which nature and modern science have placed at the ready disposal of our builders and artisans. The appliances of the present day,—even the unheard-of facility of transit gained by our railroads over land, and our commerce by the sea,—have produced, or at least should produce, a complete revolution in the materials used for construction. We recollect that the poet Wordsworth, in the simplicity of his genius, and consonant with his well-known hatred of railroad and steam-boat innovation, held the opinion that a house cannot be better built than from the stone and the timber found on the spot. But in the present day, when the ends of the earth are linked together, it is our privilege, as it is our power, to gather riches from the exhaustless treasures of distant lands and foreign zones. In this department, then, of the Museum, are fitly brought together marbles from Greece and Italy, stones from Spain, France, and Britain; specimens of wood, strong in fibre or beautiful in vein, collected from our colonies in the West, and from our possessions in India and Ceylon. Nor does this assortment of building materials end here. Terra-cottas often take the place of stone; moulded and glazed bricks, roofing and flooring tiles incised or painted in patterns, or cast into architectural forms, are found—frequently with economy of labour, and therefore the saving of expenditure—to subserve the ends of utility and decoration. In this corridor we noted—"Porcelain wall tiles;" "Ornamental wall tiles, terra-cotta;" "Ornamental wall tiles, Majolica;" "Portion of a frieze, enamelled earthenware, a reproduction of Della Robbia ware;" "Imitation of Chinese glazed earthen work, for window balconies;" many of which are the well-known Art-manufactures of Messrs. Minton. Among the more recent additions, important as showing the architectural uses of terra-cotta, employed in Italy during the middle ages with such good effect, and destined to take so prominent a part in the architectural renaissance of the present day, we would specially mention examples of the "terra-cotta columns used in the south arcade of the Royal Horticultural Gardens, designed by Godfrey Sykes, late modelling master of the School of Art, Sheffield, moulded by his pupils, and manufactured by Messrs. Blanchard and Co., Blackfriars."

We might, did space permit, indefinitely extend this section of our subject; but as other topics invite our attention, we will conclude with the following quotation from the evidence of Mr. Cole, given before the committee of the House of Commons, in the year 1860. The examples adduced, taken from Palissy and Majolica ware, illustrate the general uses of the Museum, as aids to the manufactures, and as adding to the industrial resources, of the country. "As a practical instance," says Mr. Cole, "of the bearing of our purchases upon manufactures, we gave for a Palissy jug, £215. Anybody but a connoisseur would have been horrified at the idea of giving £215 for it. First, as regards the price: that piece of earthenware at Paris now would fetch £300 or £400; but that specific piece of earthenware has been copied by Minton and Co., and is now available for anybody who can afford £3." "Minton and Co. were indebted to this collection for the model?" asked a member of the committee. Mr. Cole replies: "Entirely. Minton's trade has become very large in Majolica ware. English earthenware was smuggled

into Paris at the time of the Exhibition, as cotton goods: everybody, from the top to the bottom, in French society, became so hungry after this Majolica and Palissy ware. This branch of manufacture was created by these Art collections; for Mr. Minton, before these Art collections commenced with the School of Design, did not make anything of the sort. The first person who called his attention to it, was the present keeper of the Art collections, Mr. Robinson; and from that time to this, I should be very glad to have the profits which have been pocketed in the making of this description of ware, not only for sale in this country, but for exportation."

Analogous to the Museum of Building Materials just described, is the *Architectural Collection*: the museum exhibits the raw, physical substances; the architectural collection is designed to show the various modes of Art treatment. The architectural series consists of casts taken from figures, animals, Romanesque and Gothic capitals, details of foliage, mouldings, arabesque enrichments, bosses, cusps: also other plaster cast reproductions, from Venetian Gothic, presented by Mr. Ruskin. The instruction thus provided for architectural students and artisans, is rendered still more complete by original drawings, engravings, photographs, and models from many of the chief buildings in the world. The total number of these casts and other illustrations now amounts to upwards of 7,000. Thus has been formed the nucleus of a truly national, or rather, international, Gallery of Architecture. Here have we the first rude sketch of a complete museum which shall embrace styles, Classic, Gothic, and Oriental, classified in a consecutive historic series, exemplifying the laws of development and progressive growth whereby art and architecture are found, as it were, allied to the primeval growth in nature—from simple germ and root to perfected leaf and bud and flower. It is in a museum such as this, here seen in its first conception, that the artisan can put himself to school, draw or model or carve from the best architectural designs, see after what fashion the artists and artist-workmen in the times of Giotto, Ghiberti, Sansovino, and Palladio, made the hard stone bend into nature's loveliest forms. It is well known that in the Gothic revival which has fortunately sprung up in every portion of our land, adorning the country with churches and even civic edifices, at once æsthetic and picturesque, stone carvings and terra-cotta mouldings—enrichments of foliage and flower—have been introduced, sometimes even lavishly, with the best advantage. Thus has arisen the necessity for a school of true artist-workmen, like to those skilled artists of the middle ages possessed of genius and knowledge, fired with enthusiasm, yet teachable in humility, who seemed to deem it sufficient honour could they but carve a stone for the house of God which should not be unworthy of its place in that building which was designed to be at once beautiful and holy. In the cause of this vital architectural revival, some virtuous efforts have already been made. At the *Working Man's College*, Mr. Ruskin, with a devotion which cannot be too highly commended, has for several years taken the instruction of a class of artisans, transmuting mechanics into artists, freeing them from the conventionalism which has so long parodied the ways of nature, and teaching them to execute minutest detail with loving truth and faithful honesty. In the Oxford New Museum, also at Trinity College, Dublin, may be seen in the carved capitals and other enrichments, executed by the O'Shea family, some of the best products of this school of English Renaissance. Gothic churches, likewise, built by Mr. Gil-

bert Scott, Mr. John Norton, and others, are—in the richly foliated capital, in the carved pulpit and sculptured reredos—greatly indebted to the trained artist-workmen which the Gothic revival has called into existence. The centre and the source of this movement in some degree already is, and to a much greater extent should be, the South Kensington Museum, with its architectural and constructional collections, its examples and its schools of decorative and industrial Art—a focus to which should congregate the best works and models of all countries and epochs, and from which should radiate to all parts of the country, that skilled labour for which there now fortunately exists so wide a demand.

"Textile fabrics," with the raw materials from which they are produced, afford a good illustration of the uses of the Museum, of the service conferred by Science upon Art, of the advantages won by the educated artisan in the competing commerce of the world. "*The Collection of Animal Products*," and the explanatory lectures by Dr. Lankester, on "*The Uses of Animals in relation to the Industry of Man*," bring the knowledge of common things to bear upon the experience and avocation of daily life, and show how the humble trades, and even the small shop traffic of the multitudes, may be regulated by scientific teachings. Good George Herbert has told us that the sweeping of a room should be to the honour of God; and certain it is, that we live in days when even the humblest of offices, the simplest of operations, may be in fulfilment of great truths, in accomplishment of grand laws; so that the daily life and business of every one of us is found at last to blend into a universal science, a pervading art, and a philosophy which in its practical outgoings, becomes indeed nothing short of benignant philanthropy. The collection of raw materials—the simple elements out of which Art-products take their origin—is specially instructive to the operative; because, assuming no antecedent knowledge, the specimens are arranged to give to the uninitiated clear, precise, and succinct illustration of the staple manufactures of the country. The series commences with wool. We will again quote from the evidence of Mr. Cole. "The animal produce collection," says Mr. Cole, "is divided into various classes, beginning with wool; this case (producing the same), represents two fleeces of wool, both presented by the Duke of Richmond; the one fleece is stapled, the other is unstapled. When the duke presented this, he said, though he knew very well what kind of sheep to breed, he did not at all know the proportion in which the wool was valuable or not; and that it was a subject unknown to the breeders from what portion of the animal the valuable wool came, and from what parts the comparatively worthless part came. This case illustrates what the stapler does when he gets a fleece of wool. There are a great number of technical terms, but it is divided into eight categories; and here are illustrated the eight categories, showing how the wool is divided." After a technical enumeration, Mr. Cole continues: "The Duke of Richmond told me that this was an amount of scientific information which, till the creation of the collection, he had never been able to arrive at at all. In the Museum, this classification is applied to the different kinds of wool that are produced in this country, and also the wools that are imported into this country."

Under the same department of Animal Products are arranged, in like manner, for the purpose of systematic instruction, furs, horse-hair, camel's hair, horns, tusks, whalebone, skins, silks, leather, feathers, animal dyes and pigments. In some of these materials, the

amount of commerce to this country is amazing. For example, the number of wild animals destroyed to feed our manufactures is almost incredible. In 1855, of squirrel skins alone, upwards of two millions were imported. From the Hanse towns were shipped likewise, in the same year, little short of thirty thousand skins of cats, victims to the beauty of their fur. Such facts as these, studiously recorded, at once arrest the attention of the people. Allied to skins are the feathers of birds,—simple and raw products of nature it is true, yet akin to the most consummate works of Art. Birds arrayed in beauty as the lily of the field, are sumptuous in glowing colour as the glory of Solomon. The robes of these dwellers in the forests, the attire of these choristers of nature, rich as the silks of Hindoostan, afford, indeed, studies the most exquisite for artist and artisan, as the practice of Dutch masters, Terburg, Mieris, Netscher, and others, and even the walls of our English exhibitions, abundantly testify. Perhaps, however, the material of silk, above all others, is capable of the most brilliant of Art results. Silk, as a raw product, is in the animal kingdom what gold is to the mineral: each in its respective sphere most precious, and capable, under skilled workmanship, of resplendent effects. Purple and gold have long been the attributes of royalty; thrones, crowns, and embroidered robes, the regalia of palaces. It is, then, instructive and interesting to trace the course of such manufactures from the simple silk cocoon brought from Syria, Ceylon, or South America, up to the final and triumphant result in the fabrics of Paris and the East. A detailed account of the rise and ultimate supremacy of some of these manufactures, would occupy an instructive chapter in the history of the Arts. Such a narrative would demonstrate how skilled labour has driven from the market incompetent work; how, on the other hand, a critical knowledge of the true principles of design, and the harmonious distribution of colour, has sometimes created a commerce which at length becomes momentous in its statistical returns, and mercantile profits. The French reproductions of Cashmere shawls may be given as an example of the commercial value of Art studies. We translate and digest the following from a French extract quoted in the celebrated parliamentary report on "Arts and Manufactures," printed more than twenty years ago, when the British artisan was denied the advantages enjoyed by his French competitors. "The new design, proposed for shawls by M. Conder, is the result of long study. M. Conder, submitting to analysis the more *bizarre* designs of Cashmere, came to the conclusion that their angular and broken forms were the result of faulty manufacture. He found that the imperfectly educated workman transformed graceful and flowing designs into lines straight or angular, by which the intention of the designer became perverted. Once upon this track, M. Conder entered upon researches more precise, and, by methods both simple and ingenious, he gave to his discovery all the vigour of demonstration. A critical examination of Oriental products proves decisively that the existent patterns of the shawls of Cashmere are nothing else than the original designs of Persia altered by ignorant workmen without taste, and insensible to the beauty of form they essay to imitate." The Art-analysis here recorded, is analogous to the strict scientific inquiries of M. Chevrul, whereby the laws of colour have been established with a precision which has given to some of the French products a charm like to a problem in philosophy. It was not until the museum, the lectures, and the schools at

South Kensington were established, that the British workman found the same benefits brought within his reach.

The workers in wood—cabinet, and furniture makers of all descriptions—may take from Venetian and French coffers, dressoirs, secretaires, and chairs—in which the Soulage collection is specially rich—lessons in design and models for execution. There are few departments in the industrial arts, alas! wherein there has been such inveterate perpetration of bad taste as in domestic furniture. The facilities for the fantastic are in wood structures more than usually great. The workers and builders in stone have sterner resistance of material to overcome, are more bound down by laws of gravity, conditions of strength, necessities of construction. But the makers of fancy articles in wood can almost at will indulge in caprice, mingle together hybrid styles *ad libitum*, lay on lavish profusion of rococo ornament, light up magic effects by mirrors, and tack together in upholstery fashion the gold lace of ornolu. As long as meretricious taste loves to exult in barbaric profusion, as long as wealth chooses to disport itself in vulgar finery, artists will, probably, still pander to vicious fashion. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, indeed, in a recent volume, ascribes bad designs to the ignorance of the public, rather than to the fault of the designer; and insists, in common with the authorities at South Kensington, upon the absolute necessity of a general diffusion of taste among all classes, as the only remedy for existent malpractices. English cabinet-makers, stimulated probably by the foreign examples exhibited in 1851, have recently executed works which evince, at all events, increased study and resource. The cabinet and bookcase, by Messrs. Jackson and Graham, purchased for the Museum, won honourable mention in the report of Mr. Digby Wyatt. The decorative porcelain plaques, inserted in this grand composition, painted by Mr. Grey, of Marlborough House, and fired by Messrs. Minton, prove that the instructed English artisan need scarcely fear competition, even against the workmen of Sèvres. With the best models now brought together for his guidance, he will, doubtless, show himself competent to the execution of designs in the highest style. The modern French cabinet of Fourdinois, a secretaire, modern Italian work, executed by Barbetti, of Siena, remarkably pure in taste, have been expressly purchased for the instruction of the cabinet-makers in this country. The walls of the Museum are hung with copies from Raphael's arabesques in the Vatican. Examples may be found likewise of choicest Gothic and Renaissance carvings; in the library are the best illustrated treatises upon decoration: and thus, by a little study and fair industry, the worker in wood has the power to make himself an educated artist. The successors of Grinling Gibbons will surely find hands cunning for execution. Great elaboration, however, is not needed. Simplicity and symmetry are the canons of correct taste, and hence the purest designs are often the cheapest.

The collections of building materials, animal products, architectural models, textile fabrics, and domestic furniture, have already claimed our attention. We have yet to speak of ceramic manufactures, illuminations, glass, and metal works. A better summary of the contents of the Museum, both in its strength and deficiency, cannot be given than in the evidence already quoted of Mr. Cole. "In japanned and lacquered work," says Mr. Cole, "we are rather strong; in glass painting we are not so strong as we might be, but still we have a good collection; in enamels we are very inferior to the Louvre; in pottery

we are the strongest museum in Europe, within my knowledge, none of the pottery collections in Europe at all equal ours; in more costly purchases, such as Sèvres, we do not at present feel confident enough to spend £1,000 for a vase; but I should like to see a few thousands spent in Sèvres china; in glass manufactures we are strong; in works in metal we are by far the strongest in Europe, still a good deal more might be done. In watches and clocks we are pretty strong; in jewellery and decorative objects in the precious metals we are pretty strong, but being costly we cannot afford to have a very large collection of them; in arms and armour we are strong enough; in furniture we might add to the collection, but still we are strong; in leather work we are rather strong; in basket work we are middling; of textile fabrics we have the best in Europe; book-binding and book-decoration are pretty fairly represented." "We have always," continues Mr. Cole, "looked upon these collections of ornamental Art as national collections. It is a happy thing for the metropolis that it can get at them more easily than the provinces can; but the collections have been made with a view of serving the purposes of manufacture throughout the whole country."

We have spoken of the workers in wood, we must now say somewhat of the workers in metal. The inheritance of England is its iron and its coal—a richer gift of Providence than the mines of Golconda. And we now live at a period when stern utilitarian minerals, and the most intractable of materials, are made plastic to the artist's creative touch, and bud and blossom as it were into beauty. We live, moreover, at an epoch of gigantic enterprises, demanding stupendous edifices for their housing—railway stations with roofs of enormous space; palaces of industry; buildings for Art exhibitions—in all of which iron has more or less taken the place of wood and stone. The difficulty yet unsolved is how to give to these structures the form of Art. The centre quadrangle of the new museum at Oxford will best illustrate what attempts have been, and may yet be, made in this direction. The entire edifice is a notable example of that alliance between Science and Art, the bonds of which are each day drawing still closer. In the words of Professor Phillips, "It was designed in this quadrangle to place shafts of British marbles in the corridors of the museum, and to crown them with capitals of natural objects;" "a selection of marbles and sculptures intended to illustrate points of some interest and importance in Science and Art." On one "side of the entrance," says the Professor, "stands my special column of syenite from Charnwood Forest, with the cocoa-palm for its crown; then the beautiful mottled granite of Cruachan, elaborated for us by the Marquis of Breadalbane, the capital being Pontederaceæ; and finally the red granite of Ross, in Mull, the gift of the Duke of Argyll, whose capital is Liliaceous." Having given the reader the benefit of these extracts, important and suggestive to the aspiring artisan, opening wide fields and untrodden paths to the devotees of Science and Art, we will proceed to our more immediate subject—structures in iron. "The centre of the edifice," that is the centre of this Oxford Museum, says Dr. Acland, "which is to contain the collections, consists of a quadrangle. This large area will be covered by a glass roof, supported on cast iron columns. The ornaments (due to the admirable skill and taste of Mr. Skidmore, of Coventry) are in wrought iron. This is as it should be. The rigid (cast) material supports the vertical pressure; the malleable (wrought) iron is employed for ornament, and is chiefly hand wrought." Dr. Acland

then proceeds to describe the natural forms of stem, leaf, and flower, into which these iron architectural members have been moulded. "The wrought iron ornaments represent," he tells us, "in the large spandrels that occupy the interspaces between the arches of the principal aisles, large interwoven branches, with leaf, and flower, and fruit, of lime, chestnut, sycamore, walnut, palm, and other trees and shrubs, of native or of exotic growth; and in various parts of the lesser decorations, in the capitals, and nestled in the trefoils of the girders, leaves of elm, briar, water-lily, passion-flower, ivy, holly, and many others." But where shall the skilled artisan be found? How shall be raised a well-trained school of workmen, who can thus fulfil the demands of the botanist, the geologist, the man of science, no less than the requirements of the architect and the artist? Mr. Ruskin, the apostle of this architectural *renaissance*, admits that "Gothic decorations took eight hundred years to mature," yet, "respecting the duty of bringing out the power of subordinate workmen in decorative ornament" there can, at the present moment, be no manner of doubt. "But, do you think," exclaims Mr. Ruskin, addressing his college friend, Dr. Acland, "do you think I meant workmen trained (or untrained) in the way that ours have been until lately, and then cast loose, on a sudden, into unassisted contention with unknown elements of style? I meant the precise contrary of this: I meant workmen as we have yet to create them—men inheriting the instincts of their craft through many generations, rigidly trained in every mechanical art that bears on their materials, and familiarised from infancy with every condition of their beautiful and perfect treatment, informed and refined in manhood by constant observation of all natural fact and form, then classed according to their proved capacities, in ordered companies, in which every man shall know his part, and take it calmly, and without effort or doubt—indisputably well, unaccusably accomplished—mailed and weaponed *cap-à-pie* for his place and function. Can you lay your hand on such men?"

We do not hesitate to say, that such a school of artisans should be raised and found at Kensington, educated and trained indeed at every Art school throughout the kingdom, the normal school of Kensington being chief in culture, and centre for control. The efforts already made are but the commencement of a great, systematic movement, under which "Art," in its principles and practice, shall be joined to "reading, writing, and arithmetic," in the national systems of education. This, we believe, was the idea of that prince whose loss we so deeply mourn; and, as suggested in a letter to the *Times*, no more fitting tribute can be raised to the memory of him who will ever live in the Arts and manufactures of Britain, than a College of Art and Industry, known throughout the world as "the Albert University."

In works of the finer and precious metals, the Museum abounds. It would have delighted the mediæval soul of Pugin to have seen the crosiers, chalices, candelabra, and other ecclesiastical properties here collected. The engravers of medal dies may likewise here obtain precedents for their art in the valuable series of middle-age medallion portraits, comprising heads of such historic import as Savonarola, Ariosto, Cosmo de Medici, and others. In the collection of French, German, and old English watches, painted, enamelled, and chased, the visitor is reminded of the Green Vaults at Dresden. Rings, necklaces, bracelets, card-cases, of various countries, styles, and epochs, complete the attractive department of jewellery. After

all that we have already urged, it is needless further to insist on the uses of these works to the English artisan.

We are convinced that there is for England a great Art future. Our success hitherto has been chiefly utilitarian; but when the time shall arrive—as arrive it must—that our artisans shall become educated workmen, commercial enterprise will be fired by genius; the strong arm of man, and the might of giant machinery, will be delicate and sensitive to creative and plastic thought, so that Art, beauteous and prolific as spontaneous nature, shall grow into the highways and the byeways of our lives, making our homes our manufactories and warehouses, palaces and emporiums of Art, our cities the Tyre, the Venice, the Florence of modern times. No limits can be ascribed to the agencies now at work; even the past is no measure to our future, and the Art products of the middle ages must be our tutors, not our tyrants. We often hear of the lost arts, of colours and processes now forgotten; but whatever may be lost, at least of this we may be assured, that much more has been gained in recompense. "There is, for example," said the late John Martin, "an ignorant opinion among people, that the ancient art of glass-painting is completely lost: it is totally void of foundation, for we can carry it to a much higher pitch than the ancients." Glowing visions of the transcendent beauty yet attainable for paintings on glass seem to have taken possession of Martini's mind. "Glass-painting," he said—had our artists been instructed and all impeding custom duties been removed—"must have surpassed all other branches of Art in splendour, as it is capable of producing the most splendid and beautiful effects." This is the spirit in which the mediæval works in the South Kensington Museum should be studied. The artisan should go to the painted glass of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; to the ivory carvings of still earlier times; to Italian middle-age sculpture; to the illuminated missals of France and of the Netherlands,—should study and even copy these examples diligently and literally;—go to nature, likewise, and learn her laws and lessons; turn, moreover, to the light which burns within his own breast,—it may be but faintly and feebly, yet truly,—and thus tutored and guided, it becomes most certain that our Arts and manufactures, through a race of such true-minded workmen, stern in knowledge, yet tender in emotion, shall find general progression and high revival.

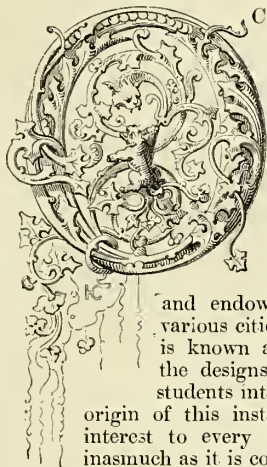
Such a *renaissance*, indeed, our English manufacturers have in some branches already known. The ceramic department of the Museum contains, we are told, the finest collection in the world—works of majolica, lovely in the designs of Raphael and his great contemporaries—Gubbio ware, iridescent in its famed lustre—Della Robbia statues and bas-reliefs, rivalling the marble sculptures of Italy. Yet, to the honour of our British Arts let it ever be recorded, that among all these renowned products none are more classic, none more exquisite for beauty, or more faultless in taste, than the vases, medallions, and cameos of our own English Wedgwood. Here is a manufacture which grew up indigenous, as it were, on our English soil—a manufacture which above all others may be adduced as proving the inherent and imperishable worth of Art; an art which has conferred upon potter's clay a commercial value whereunto it is difficult to find precedent or parallel. Let then this memorable manufacture suffice to show the inherent dignity which subsists in all true Art-labour, however apparently insignificant and humble. Flaxman did not deem it beneath the genius which aspired after Homer and Æschylus to

design a simple cameo which should sell for a couple of shillings; and, as in times of intellectual ardour, real artist workmen were willing for a small daily wage to throw their whole energy into labour which apparently promised no renown. But honour awaited these men in their steadfast effort, all the more surely because not tumultuously sought after by restless ambition. And earnestly would we urge upon artisans of the present day to take the lesson here given seriously to heart. A false ambition too often seizes upon and misleads our students. There is a mischievous notion that a man must push on, and become a painter of pictures. It is impossible to say how great is the injury thus inflicted upon the industrial Arts, and an error so fatal must, if possible, be speedily eradicated. Art is a divine element which ought to pervade all created things, and in every one of her manifestations she is essentially noble and ennobling. Ghirlandajo was known for his garlands, Cellini is venerated in a salt-cellar, Stothard and Flaxman stamped their genius on a shield; and in like manner it is needful that the English artisan should now be made to feel that in designing the pattern of a shawl, that in carving a block of wood or in cutting a frieze on stone, that, in short, by doing any work well and perfectly after its kind, he best respects his own talent, and most truly serves his country. Nothing could more conduce to the deep rooting of this conviction—nothing would so much tend to give to the Arts their rightful *status*—as the foundation, already suggested, of a national university of Art, with powers to assign to merit acknowledged position, and attendant honours.

The direct and foremost object of the South Kensington Museum, even in its present undeveloped form, is educational. Other museums are archeologic, historic, or scientific in the abstract; but the collections in the concrete brought together at Kensington all tend to the practical and industrial tuition of the people. In the *educational collections*, for example, are exhibited the best and the cheapest diagrams, casts, maps, and other apparatus, the most approved appliances for imparting to public or private schools a popular knowledge of Science and of Art. For the same purpose photographs have been taken of the cartoons of Raphael at Hampton Court, photographic copies made of the drawings by the old masters, and of the choicest examples in ornamental art found at Kensington and the Louvre; all of which are disseminated throughout the country at a cost within the reach of humble means. For the same end an Art-library is open to the use of students, and lectures are delivered on anatomy, physics, and the decorative and industrial arts. The whole scheme admits of future and further development. The system of loans from the rich collections of connoisseurs, analogous somewhat to the exhibition of ancient pictures at the British Institution, is during the present year about to receive wide amplification. The Art-treasures of the United Kingdom, the most precious objects which the wealth and the taste of our nobles and other *virtuosi* have during long years accumulated, will by the coming May be gathered together in the new court of the museum. In the Great Exhibition close adjoining can then be seen the products of modern times: in the Kensington Museum the Art-produce of one thousand years; the wisdom of the ancients, the works of the illustrious dead placed in judgment upon the living. This, too, is educational, teaching our artists and artisans how best to labour for enduring posterity.

ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART XV.—THE PONTIFICAL PALACE; THE GALLERIES ROSPIGLIOSI AND COLONNA.



OCCUPYING an elevated and commanding position on the Quirinal Hill, or, as it is now generally called, Monte Cavallo, stands the PONTIFICAL PALACE, or the Quirinal Palace, as it is sometimes denominated, from its locality. The edifice owes its origin to Ugo Buoncompagni, of Bologna, who, in May, 1572, when he had reached the advanced age of threescore and ten years, was elected to the pontifical chair, under the title of Gregory XIII. This dignified ecclesiastic was a man of great learning; his rule was distinguished by the establishment

and endowment of several colleges in Rome and the various cities under his sway; among others that which is known as the Gregorian College, built in 1582, after the designs of Ammanuto; it was founded for British students intending to enter the Catholic priesthood. The origin of this institution is, it may be presumed, of sufficient interest to every Englishman to warrant its insertion here, inasmuch as it is connected with the early annals of our country.

The church attached to the college "was founded, in 775, by Offa, King of the East Saxons, and dedicated to the Holy Trinity. A hospital was afterwards built by a wealthy Englishman, John Scappard, for English pilgrims. The church was destroyed by fire in 817, and rebuilt by Egbert. Thomas-à-Becket, during his visit to Rome, lodged in the hospital; and on his canonisation by Alexander III., two years after his death, the church was dedicated to him as St. Thomas of Canterbury. In addition to this institution, another hospital and a church, dedicated to St. Edmund, saint and martyr, were founded by an English merchant near the Ripa Grande, for the benefit of English sailors arriving at Rome by sea; but as the commerce between the two countries declined, the new establishments were incorporated with those of St. Thomas."* The united hospitals were afterwards converted into the college for British subjects, as has been just remarked, by Pope Gregory, in 1575, and the church was subsequently rebuilt by Cardinal Howard. The hall of the college contains some curious portraits of Roman Catholics who, as the history of that church alleges, suffered martyrdom in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. *One of the arms of à Becket*, says the authority we have quoted, *is shown among the relics*. Other educational colleges established in Rome by this pontiff are the Greek and the Roman. But his name is more intimately associated in the minds of literary and scientific Europeans as the reformer of the Julian Calendar; he instituted, or rather decreed, the Gregorian Calendar, or, as it is generally called by us, the "new

style," in the computation of dates, now adopted by every country of Europe except the Greeks and Russians. It came into use throughout Catholic countries in Gregory's time, but was not adopted in England till 1752.

Gregory was a staunch Romanist, jealous of the authority and emulous of the triumph of his church; and it has been alleged against him, that he permitted public processions and thanksgivings for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, though he has never been accused of having instigated the plot, or even of having indirectly sanctioned it. Of his willingness to aid and abet any design against our Protestant Queen Elizabeth, not the least doubt is expressed by historical writers; in fact, he left no means untried, and exerted all his influence to uphold and extend the temporal power and the dignity of that vast ecclesiastical establishment whereof he was the supreme head. Few pontiffs achieved so much as Buoncompagni, if we consider the short time, comparatively,—about fifteen years,—he wore the tiara, and his advanced age when he assumed it.

The object of Gregory in erecting the palace on the Quirinal was, it is said, to escape the humid and impure air of the locality in which the Vatican stands, as well as to have a residence that would command a view of the entire city. Paul III. had previously commenced laying the foundations of a small edifice, which Gregory used and enlarged for the erection of a noble building for which Flaminio Ponzio furnished the designs. Twenty-two successive pontiffs, among whom Clement XII. was the most active, completed and extended it, with the assistance of the most able architects of Rome and Florence—Marchesino, Fontana, Maderno, Bernini, Fuga, and others. The garden was added by Urban VIII. Thus the Quirinal Palace is, like the Vatican, an aggregation or accumulation of buildings, void of unity and harmony; but, historically, it is most important, for it is here the dignitaries of the Romish church sit in solemn conclave, and from the balcony over the principal entrance every new pope is announced to the populace of Rome.

The palace occupies three sides of a vast quadrangle, the fourth side is formed by a piazza; a noble staircase leads to the principal apartments. As the visitor reaches the top of the double flight, he finds on the right a magnificent saloon, paved with rare and beautiful marbles, and glittering with ornaments of gold: on the base of the ceiling is a frieze painted by Lanfranco and Carlo Veneziano. This chamber leads to a chapel called the *Cappella Paolina*: in it is the window from which projects the balcony where, as just stated, the conclave of cardinals announces the name of the newly-elected pope to the people assembled in the quadrangle. The chapel is of the same form and proportions as the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican, and is fitted up in a similar style: high mass is performed in it when the pope is "in residence." The ceiling is divided into coffer, which are richly gilded, and were designed by Algarde: the upper portion of the walls is painted to imitate statues placed in niches, and the lower part in imitation of variegated marbles: the pavement is of mosaic work. Above the door of the chapel is a bas-relief of large dimensions, by the Florentine sculptor, Taddeo Landini: the subject is 'Christ washing the feet of his Disciples'; it is not a work of a very elevated character. On the eastern side of the palace is the pope's private chapel, in the form of a Greek



AURORA.

cross; the ceiling is a vaulted dome, and is painted, in fresco, by Guido, who was assisted by Albano, it is said; the subject of these frescoes is taken from the life of the Virgin. The altar-piece of this chapel is an 'ANNUNCIATION,' painted also by Guido, and regarded by the Romans as one of his best works; an engraving from this picture appears in the next page. It is painted in what is called Guido's second manner, adapted, in the opinion of Lanzi, "from an observation on the style of Caravaggio one day incidentally made by Annibal Carracci, that to this manner there might be opposed one wholly contrary; in place of a confined and declining

light, to exhibit one more full and vivid; to substitute the tender for the bold; to oppose clear outlines to his indistinct ones, and to introduce for his low and common figures those of a more select and beautiful kind." Of Guido's style in general we shall have to speak presently, when we come to the Rospigliosi Gallery. The frescoes just referred to show much elegance and freedom of design: these seem to be the qualities which the artist most desired to give them; and a similar remark may be made of the group of cherubs above the two principal figures in the 'Annunciation'; and although there is much feeling and considerable devotional expression in these figures, there is an unquestionable absence of picturesque grouping, which destroys the harmony of the composition. The draperies, moreover,

* "Handbook of Rome."

and especially the robe of the angels, are complex and florid in arrangement, and suggest the idea of weight. Apart from these considerations, the character or individuality of each figure is well borne out; the attitude of the angelic messenger, bearing the olive-branch, denoting universal peace, and kneeling reverentially to the "favoured among women," and the cloud on which it may be supposed she descended from the skies, are expressive of her important mission as she points with the right hand upwards to the source—the high court of heaven—whence she has been accredited to bring tidings of great joy to earth. The message is received by the Virgin kneeling, with her hands meekly crossed in humility before the heavenly visitor, and in recognition of the unparalleled honour she has been chosen to receive among the women of Israel. The composition marks the style of Art prevailing in Italy towards the middle of the seventeenth century, when the artists of the period obtained the appellation of the Eclectic School, from their attempts to combine the best qualities of the great masters who preceded them, without losing sight, however, of the truths to be attained by the diligent study of nature.

The palace contains but few pictures, and those not of a high class: the most prominent are—'David and Saul,' by Guereino; a 'Madonna and Child,' by Guido; a 'St. Jerome,' one of Spagnoletto's strange monkish compositions; 'Christ disputing with the Doctors in the Temple,' by Caravaggio, a very different version of the sacred narrative from that which Mr. Holman Hunt has rendered familiar to the portion of the English public who interest themselves in Art; 'The Resurrection,' by Vandyke, or bearing his name; and 'St. Peter and St. Paul,' by Fra Bartolomeo: these figures are life-size, and, according to Kugler, were executed while the artist was staying a short time in Rome: the 'St. Peter,' he adds, was finished by Raffaele after the departure of Bartolomeo from the city. One of the apartments contains casts from Thorwaldsen's celebrated frieze illustrating the 'Triumph of Alexander,' and also from Finelli's frieze of the 'Triumphs of Constantine.'

On the first landing of the principal staircase is the portion of a fresco originally painted on the vaulted ceiling of a chapel in the church of the SS. Apostoli: it was executed by Melozzo da Forlì, in 1472. When this chapel was rebuilt in the eighteenth century, some fragments, this among them, were saved, it represents the Deity surrounded by angels. Single figures of angels, other portions of the fresco, were placed in the sacristy of St. Peter's. "These detached portions," remarks the writer just quoted, "suffice to show a beauty and fulness of forms, and a combination of earthly and spiritual grandeur comparable in their way to the noblest productions of Titian, although in mode of execution rather recalling Correggio. Here, as in the cupola frescoes of Correggio himself, half a century later, we trace that constant effort at true perspective of the figure, hardly in character, perhaps, with high ecclesiastical Art; the drapery also is of a somewhat formless description, but the grandeur of the principal figure, the grace and freshness of the little adoring cherubs, and the elevated beauty of the angels, are expressed with an easy *naïveté* to which only the best works of Mantegna and Signorelli can compare."

In Sir Francis Head's "Tour in Modern Rome," he speaks of a series of architectural drawings on the walls of one of the apartments, relating to a Roman Catholic church erected a few years ago in the presidency of Bengal, at the expense of the late Begum of Sirdanach, mother of Mr. Dyce Sombre, whose history has been made known to the English public through our law courts. There is also, in the same room, a large oil-painting, of moderate artistic merit, representing the consecration of the church. "The picture is of a peculiarly graphic character, and contains numerous groups of small figures, including the portraits of all the principal personages engaged. The begum,"—who, in addition to the funds expended in building the church, bequeathed a large sum of money to the pope, to be

expended in masses for the repose of her soul,—“and the Roman Catholic bishop appear seated opposite to each other on two chairs in the foreground; Mr. Dyce Sombre, in a general's uniform, is on his knees before the begum, and a numerous suite of civil and military authorities are standing in front. The artist, however, has, with somewhat of a ludicrous effect, represented the bishop and the begum smiling at one another, as it were sympathetically, while the hands of the bishop are resting on his knees in a distorted position, with the palms turned upwards, as if to convey a hint to the future benefactors of the church to be liberal in their largesses.” The art of the sculptor was also invoked to illustrate so important an event, for Sir Francis speaks of a “fine group of eleven figures, executed by Taddolini, for the church in Bengal,” which he saw in the studio of the artist previously to exportation. “Notwithstanding,” he says, “the extraordinary discordancy of the figures to be introduced, surrounding a sort of irregularly-formed pyramidal structure, of which the begum is planted on the summit, and Mr. Dyce Sombre and several angels and saints are

round and about it, the artist has been wonderfully successful in harmonising the whole together, and producing a fine effect from his incongruous materials.”

The gardens of the Pontifical Palace, though laid out in the stiff and formal style of Italian horticulture, form an agreeable promenade; and decorated as they are with marble statues standing, like sentinels, in lofty hedges of cypress, box, and bay, closely clipped, present a very picturesque appearance. At one angle is an imposing pavilion, called “The Casino,” erected by the architect Fuga at the beginning of the last century: the ceilings are painted in fresco, and the walls exhibit pictures by F. Orizzonte, Battoni, Massucci, and Pannini: two, by the latter artist, representing the Piazza of Monte Cavallo, and the Piazza of Maria Maggiore, respectively, are excellent examples of architectural painting.

The PALAZZA ROSPIGLIOSI stands but a short distance from the pontifical palace, on the Quirinal. It is the property of the noble family whose name it bears, and was originally built in 1603, by Cardinal Scipio Borghese, from the designs of Flaminio Ponzio, upon the ruins of the Baths of Constantine. Subsequently it fell into the hands of Cardinal Bentivoglio, from whom it was purchased by Cardinal Mazarin, who employed the architect Carlo Maderno to enlarge and beautify it. For many years the palace was the residence of the French ambassador, but at the commencement of the last century it passed into the possession of the ancestors of its present owners. If the edifice contained nothing but the celebrated ‘Aurora’ of Guido, it would amply repay a visit; but it has much more that deserves notice. The apartment decorated with this fresco is the centre one of three forming a suite of rooms at the entrance. A work so well known as this is all over Europe, from the various copies and prints, scarcely requires any description; still we could not introduce an

engraving of it, on the preceding page, without a few explanatory words. The picture occupies a large flat oblong space on the vaulted ceiling, and thus assumes the form of a frieze. The composition has three especial points, which may respectively be termed Dawn, Sunrise, and Day: the first is delineated by the figure in the dark cloud floating gracefully through the air, her veil blown aside, and her robes fluttering in the gentle zephyrs; she is scattering flowers on the earth as she flies along. Sunrise is typified by a winged cupid, bearing a lighted torch; and Day by a figure of Apollo, the mythological god of day, reining in the fiery coursers, white and piebald, yoked to his chariot, as if to show his gradual and steady approach: he stands out in bold relief against the bright orb of the sun. Encircling the chariot are the Hours dancing rapidly onwards with graceful action. Guido, in this fine composition, seems to have combined the freedom and grace of the best period of the Italian school with the severer rules and practice of the ancient Greek artists as exhibited in their sculptured bas-reliefs. The arrangement of the design is excellent, the grouping



THE ANNUNCIATION.

of the figures most picturesque and unexaggerated, while the idea of motion is at once realised by the spectator in the manifest movement of each: we seem to advance with that bright and joyous train as it speeds over this lower world. Guido's female heads are remarkable for their beauty, and the faces of these Hours—a little too old, perhaps, in appearance to be called young girls—well maintain the character of the artist in that particular. Though this fresco was painted more than two hundred years ago, the colours are almost as fresh and brilliant as they were at first: time has scarcely dimmed its lustre, and neither age nor accident has impaired its beauty, though the picture had a narrow escape from injury, if not destruction, in 1849, when the French besieged Rome; a ball from the batteries struck the roof of the palace and did some internal mischief; fortunately none of the works of Art were damaged: a report, however, got abroad at the time, and was generally believed, till ascertained to be untrue, that the 'Aurora' had been entirely destroyed. The shot—a twenty-four pounder—is still preserved in an apartment of the palace.

Along the base of the ceiling of the room in which is the 'Aurora,' is a broad frieze, painted by Tempesta, representing on the one side the 'Triumph of Love,' who is seated in a chariot drawn by four white horses; and, on the other, a triumphal pageant, preceding a car to which a pair of elephants is attached, and in it are figures of Reason and Victory, between whom a vacant place is left for the conqueror or personage intended to receive the honour. Four landscapes, called the 'Seasons,' by Paul Brill, complete the pictorial decorations of the saloon of the 'Aurora,' in which are two statues, antiques, and a bronze bust of Clement IX., by Bernini.

The two rooms right and left respectively of that just noticed, contain a few pictures worthy of especial notice: in the former is Rubens's sketch of the 'Descent from the Cross,' the great painting now in the Cathedral of Antwerp; the 'Death of Samson,' by Ludovico Carracci, a masterly composition, yet not one of the best examples of this artist; and a large painting, by Domenichino, of 'Adam and Eve after the Fall,' a



THE VIRGIN.

grand work both in design and colour, though the shadows have become black with age, and the grouping of the animals is somewhat confused. The figure of Adam is powerfully drawn, and his attitude and action are true to nature: one hand rests on the forbidden tree, in the other he holds an apple, which he offers to Eve, thus reversing the order of the narrative as we read it in the Scriptures. Our first parents are placed in a rich and well-painted landscape, surrounded by numerous beasts and birds, the noble horse, the swift dromedary, the keen-eyed lynx, the faithful dog, the agile monkey, the rich-plumaged peacock, the plaintive dove, and others. In this room is a fine bust of Scipio Africanus, dug from the ruins of the baths of Constantine: the head, of green basalt, is without hair, and there is no beard on the chin; but the expression of the countenance is truly noble, and the outline of the head is exquisitely formed. It may be doubted whether Rome can show any similar work of equal merit.

In the other apartment, to the left, is the series of pictures representing

Christ and his twelve apostles, each figure being painted on a separate panel, and are said to have been executed by Rubens, when he was in Rome, for the Rospigliosi family; there are, however, considerable doubts as to the whole of them being his work. The 'Triumph of David,' by Domenichino, hangs in this room; an attractive picture, if only for the beauty of the young girls in the train of the victor, some dancing, others playing musical instruments. The mythological story of Leda is the subject of a very beautiful example of Correggio's pencil: there are three figures in the composition, one nymph playing in the stream with a swan, a second just stepping out of the water, gazing intently on another swan which has taken flight, and a third nymph, who is clad, and in the act of investing the second with a garment by placing it over her head. The drawing of these figures is most perfect, their attitudes are graceful and natural, and the colour is pure and delicate. Considering the nature of the subject, it is treated with much refinement of feeling; in fact, it is the

title only which associates it with aught that could offend the most fastidious, who do not object to the representation of the nude in Art. Of the remaining pictures contained in this room the following may be pointed out:—‘Job and his Friends,’ by Guercino; ‘Christ bearing his Cross,’ by Daniel da Volterra; the ‘Nativity,’ ascribed to Perugino; ‘St. John the Evangelist,’ said to be by Leonardo da Vinci; ‘Diana and Endymion,’ by Albano; and ‘Lot’s Daughters,’ by Annibal Carracci.

The ‘Leda’ picture is not ordinarily shown to visitors; it usually hangs in one of the apartments occupied by the Rospigliosi family, and forms a part of their private gallery, which contains several other works of repute. For example, the sketches for the four frescoes that Domenichino painted in the angles of the cupola of the Church of St. Andre della Valle: they represent the four evangelists. Another is Nicholas Poussin’s celebrated picture entitled the ‘Image of Human Life,’ four female figures, draped after the style of the antique, join hands, and are dancing to the music of the lyre, with their backs to the circle they describe: preceded by Aurora, and followed by the Hours, the Sun, with the darts of Apollo, begins to shine in the world. A cupid, standing by the side of Time, holds an hour-glass in his hand, and seems to be measuring the life of the generations; another is blowing soap-bubbles, typical of the vanity of all earthly desires, and the brief period of our existence. Poverty and Riches, Labour and Pleasure, are respectively symbolised by the female figures, in whose appearance we notice at first sight nothing but what is agreeable; yet as soon as one understands the intention of the painter, it is evident he desired to contrast the graces of form with the sadness of reflection.

The PALAZZA COLONNA, situated on the slope of the Quirinal, and but a short distance from the mansion we have just quitted, belongs to one of

the oldest, most wealthy, and most illustrious families of Italy—a family which, during many centuries, contended against the supreme dominion and the tyranny of the Romish church, and served as a counterpoise to the power of the pontiffs. The history of Italy in the middle ages would furnish a catalogue of as many as two hundred names distinguished for their abilities, respectively, as chief magistrates, generals, admirals, prelates, and writers; one was elevated, early in the fifteenth century, to the papal chair, under the name of Martin V., and a female, Vittoria Colonna, daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, grand constable of the kingdom of Naples, is celebrated for her poetical writings, her piety, and her virtues. Ariosto and Michel Angelo have extolled her talents, beauty, and noble character.

The palace, a portion of which is occupied by the French embassy, is not surpassed in magnitude by any private edifice in Rome, but in architectural splendour it must yield to some others, though it is a fine building. Martin V. commenced it in the fifteenth century, and not very long after its erection it became the residence of Andrea Palaeologus, Emperor of the East, when visiting Rome. Various members of the princely Colonna family enlarged and beautified it at subsequent periods. The court of the palace has no equal in the imperial city, and the magnificence of the edifice internally compensates for the comparative plainness of the exterior. There are two entrances, one on the southern side, leading to the apartments occupied by the ambassador of France, the other on the north side, which conducts to the portion retained by the Colonna: it is here that the picture gallery is situated, the finest hall in Rome, 150 feet in length; at each end is a vestibule, separated from the gallery by columns and pilasters of giallo antico.

Beside the gallery, which is chiefly filled with fine portraits of the Colonna family, there are several smaller rooms containing pictures; the



THE TOPER.

entire collection is not of the highest order; we shall therefore limit our notice to a few of the most remarkable. A portrait of a young boy, half-length and in profile, is curious from being the work, or supposed to be, of Giovanni di Sauti, the father of Raffaele; the child is dressed in a sur-tout of purple velvet, with a short silken scarf of the same tint round his neck; on his head is a little red cap, from underneath which his light and waving hair hangs down. The portrait is fuller of colour and more finished than Raffaele’s picture, and, as being the assumed work of a master little known, is valuable. In the same apartment where it hangs is, among others, a fine sketch by Rubens, ‘The Departure of Jacob,’ and a portrait of Marie Mancini Colonna, by Netscher, the latter remarkable for its delicate finish throughout, face, costume, and accessories. Of the numerous ‘Virgins’ and ‘Holy Families’ which the gallery contains, we have engraved one of the former, by Salvi, or, as he is generally called, Sassoferrato, a follower of the Carracci school: his pictures of this class are distinguished for their pleasing expression, often combined with great sweetness, qualities which, as Kügler remarks justly, occasionally degenerated into sentimentality; and the example here given seems to be amenable to the charge, but the figure is very graceful in design, the face is agreeable, and the hands are beautifully modelled and elegantly arranged. In the same room are some magnificent tapestries, woven at Brussels from the designs of Rubens; a ‘Dead Christ,’ by Bassano; several superb portraits by Titian, Tintoretto, and other Venetian painters; a ‘Holy Family,’ by Bonifazio, and a ‘Madonna accompanied by Saints,’ by Paris Bordenone.

In one of the vestibules leading to the grand gallery are some exceedingly rich specimens of furniture; the most splendid is an enormous ebony cabinet, inlaid with twenty-eight bas-reliefs executed, in ivory, by the brothers Steinhart, Germans. The central piece is a copy of Michel

Angelo’s ‘Last Judgment,’ the others are taken from the most celebrated compositions of Raffaele: it is said to have occupied thirty years in its execution. Here is a fine landscape, entitled the ‘Departure for the Chase,’ by Berghem, some of great merit by Gaspar Poussin and others, and on the ceiling is a large fresco, representing the battle of Lepanto, in which one of the Colonna princes so distinguished himself as to receive a triumph in the Capitol, similar to that given to the old Roman conquerors.

It is difficult to convey an idea of the magnificence of the grand gallery, which is lighted by numerous windows, paved with richly-coloured marbles, and gorgeously decorated. The ceiling is vaulted, and painted in fresco, by Coli and Gherardi; fine statues, large Venetian mirrors and girandoles, costly chandeliers of Venetian glass, trophies of arms, and enormous tables of Oriental alabaster, combine to render this apartment one of unwonted splendour. On the walls hang about thirty pictures; among them are—‘St. John in the Desert,’ by Salvator Rosa; ‘The Assumption of the Virgin,’ by Rubens; ‘Rape of the Sabines,’ by Ghirlandajo; ‘David’s Triumph,’ and ‘The Martyrdom of St. Agnes,’ by Guercino; a ‘Magdalen,’ by Annibal Carracci; a ‘Holy Family,’ Titian; ‘Holy Family with St. Peter,’ G. Bellini, and ‘THE TOPER,’ by Amerighi del Caravaggio; the last is engraved on this page. Caravaggio was a painter of whom it has been remarked that his ‘wild passions and tempestuous life were the counterparts of his pictures;’ but notwithstanding the vulgarity of his conceptions, they are not without humour, and frequently exhibit even a tragic pathos. There is nothing in the ‘Tope’ to recommend it as a subject, but rather the contrary, yet it is most masterly in execution, colour, and arrangement of chiaro-oscuro, while there is even a refinement of treatment and of feeling which is rarely or never seen in Dutch pictures of a similar kind.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

A HISTORY OF THE WORCESTER PORCELAIN WORKS.

BY LLEWELLYN JEWITT, F.S.A., &c.

THERE are three things for which the "faithful city" of Worcester, so celebrated in history for its loyalty, is at the present day especially famous. These are its porcelain, its gloves, and its sauce. For who has not heard of "Worcester china," worn "Dent's gloves," or tasted "Lea and Perrin's Worcestershire sauce?" These three are things which are identified with its name wherever Worcester is heard of, and in the minds of some people take precedence of its glorious cathedral, its tomb of King John, or its exquisitely beautiful shrine of Prince Arthur. With the first of these only I have now to do, and its history is one of great interest as connected with that of the general porcelain manufacture of the kingdom.

At a time when foreign china was much sought after, when Chelsea, and Bow, and Derby, were gradually working their way into favour, and gaining ground on their foreign rivals in the estimation of people of taste, Worcester was quietly experimentalising in the same direction, and gradually paving the way for the establishment of those works which have since become so great a benefit to it, and so great an honour to the country. Exactly in the middle of the last century these experiments were carried on, and the works were soon afterwards established, and rapidly grew into note. So rapidly, indeed, did the ware made at this manufactory come into repute, that in the year following the opening of the works it was noticed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and in 1763 was alluded to in the "Annual Register."

The "faithful city" was indebted for the establishment of its pottery to the exertions and scientific researches of Dr. John Wall, a physician of that city. The learned doctor was born at Howick, a village in Worcestershire, in the year 1708. His father was a tradesman in Worcester, of which city he served the office of mayor in 1703; he was descended from a good family in Herefordshire. Dr. Wall's father dying while he was young, he was educated at the King's School, Worcester, and in 1726 became a scholar at Worcester College, Oxford. Nine years later he became a fellow of Merton College. Having studied at Oxford and at St. Thomas's Hospital, he in 1739 took his degree, and commenced practice in Worcester. He married Catherine Sandys, cousin to the first Lord Sandys. Dr. Wall, besides being a clever practitioner and an excellent chemist, was also an artist of great ability—he painted historical pictures with great judgment, and his conceptions were sometimes marked with considerable originality and grandeur. One of his principal pictures is that of the founder, &c., in the hall at Merton College, Oxford—a painting he presented to that college in 1765. Of his other works, his 'Brutus condemning his Sons,' 'The Head of Pompey brought to Cæsar'—now at Hagley, 'Regulus returning to Carthage,' 'Queen Eleanor sucking the Poison from the Arm of Edward I.,' 'Elijah fed by the Ravens,' 'Moses striking the Rock,' 'The School of Physic,' 'The Shunamite's Child restored,' and 'The Head of St. John the Baptist,' are among the best. He also etched some remarkably clever plates, and designed the stained-glass window in the bishop's private chapel, at Hartlebury, the 'Presentation of Christ in the Temple,' a window at Oriol College, and others. Dr. Wall was also the author of several medical works, and was eminently instrumental in bringing the Malvern waters into public notice. He

was also one of the most zealous supporters of the Worcestershire Infirmary.

Dr. Wall, besides his other accomplishments, was, as has already been intimated, an excellent practical chemist; his laboratory was in Broad Street. He turned his attention more particularly to experimentalising on materials which might be used for the manufacture of porcelain, and in 1751, about a year after the establishment of the works at Derby, and while those of Chelsea and Bow were being carried on, he brought his experiments to a successful issue. The result was the discovery of a body of surpassing excellence, and which has been unapproached by any other English make. It has been said, and there is indeed a traditional belief in the fact, that the mainspring of Dr. Wall's experiments was a political one, and that he was induced to turn his attention to the subject in the hope of introducing into Worcester a new branch of manufacture, by which "the low party of the county" might be enabled, by the votes it would command, "to stand a competition for members of parliament with the ministerial or popular party." I cannot, however, for a moment believe that this was the motive power by which Dr. Wall, a man of high intellect and attainments, and of noble character, was impelled to the prosecution of his inquiries; but that for the good of science and of commerce alone, and with a knowledge that a branch of manufacture of the kind, if once well established, must be lucrative to its possessors and advantageous to the city, he was induced to work hard and zealously in his laboratory until he had mastered the difficulties which surrounded him, and had produced a material that should successfully rival the foreign examples which he took for his model. However, be this as it may, in the year 1751 success had so far attended his labours that he formed a company for the manufacture of porcelain in Worcester, and thus laid the foundation of that manufacture which has been carried on with uninterrupted success for a hundred and eleven years.

I have seen (in possession of my good friend Mr. Binns) a most interesting piece of china,—an inkstand which bears the inscription, "Made at New Canton, 1750,"—which is said, and I believe with good reason, to have been one of Dr. Wall's productions before the company was formed. As the Bow works were built on the model of those at Canton, in China, it is just possible that this piece might have been made at Bow, which perhaps might have been named "New Canton:" but the probability, I think, is in favour of its being an early production of Dr. Wall's; and if so, its historical value is very great—at all events, it is worth naming here.

The "Worcester Porcelain Company," founded, then, in 1751 by Dr. Wall, consisted of several gentlemen who joined him in his undertaking, and thus formed a "joint-stock company" for the manufacture of the china-ware on the principle he had discovered. One of the partners was William Davis, a person who had taken great interest in the prosecution of the scheme; but the names of the others who joined in the undertaking are at present unknown to me. The company thus formed commenced its operations in a fine old mansion, formerly the residence of the Warmstreys, in Warmstreys Slip, and Palace Row, nearly adjoining the bishop's palace; the grounds at the back, at that time beautifully laid out, running down to the banks of the Severn, and commanding a delightful view of the valley, and of the Malvern and Abberley Hills beyond.

"The mansion of the Warmstreys family," says a local writer, in 1837, "is conjectured to have

been occupied as far back as the reign of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., by Sir William Windsor, second Lord Windsor, an ancestor of the late Earl of Plymouth. On the first-floor of the house is a parlour, wainscoted round with oak, and over the fire-place is a very curious specimen of armorial ensigns, carved in wood, and bearing the marks of great age. They are the arms of Sir William Windsor, second Lord Windsor, the distinguished nobleman just alluded to, and such as are borne by the Earls of Plymouth. The arms are quartered as follows:—

"1. Windsor—Gules a Saltire Ar. between twelve cross crosslets, Or. 2. Blount—Barry Nebulae of six, Or and Sable. 3. ECKINGHAM—Azure, Fretty, Argent. 4. Beauchamp of Hatch, co. of Somerset—Vairy, Argent and Azure; Crest; a buck's head gardent, couped at the neck, Ar.

"The arms have supporters, and underneath them is this motto or inscription—'Stemmata quid faciunt?'

"The late Earl of Plymouth, when inspecting the process of the porcelain works a few years back, with his sister, the present Marchioness of Downshire, and his father-in-law, Earl Amherst, recognised these memorials of his ancestors, and viewed them for some time with much interest.

"In 1533, reign of Henry VIII., this Sir William Windsor, second Lord Windsor, was made one of the Knights of the Bath, against the coronation of Anne Boleyn, which was performed with great solemnity at Westminster. And at the decease of the king, he was one of the twelve peers, chief mourners, who, on August 8th, 1533, attended the funeral. His lordship was buried at Bredenham, in Buckinghamshire (where the family then had estates), very splendidly, according to his quality, says Strype.

"After a lapse of ages, the family of the Plowdens occupied the mansion for some time; and ultimately this ancient edifice, about eighty-six years since, was devoted to its present purposes, and now exhibits an animating scene of art and industry, rivalling most successfully some of the finest productions of the Royal Porcelain Works of the Continent.

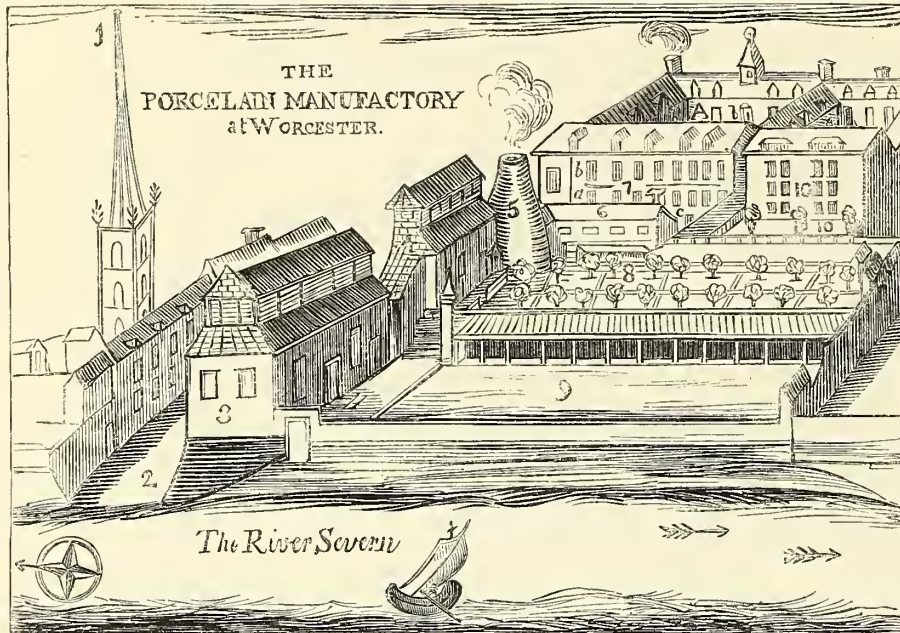
"A few of the old rooms are preserved in their original state, and have been much admired by some learned antiquaries, and others who delight in viewing the relics of past ages. The house forms a sort of quadrangle, with a court in the centre, and was formerly the residence of the 'Warmstreys,' several of whom were connected, as registrars and otherwise, with the Cathedral Church of Worcester. The library of the house is a lofty and spacious room, wainscoted with oak, carved in various parts with different devices, and the arms of the family of 'Warmstreys,' viz., a cross molyn between crescents and decrescents, and impaled and quartered with the arms of other families. The fire-place is of very ample dimensions, with handsome pillars on each side, and the chimney-piece is decorated with a scroll extremely well cut. Surmounting it, the royal arms of England appear most curiously carved, and around the room may still be seen the antique book-shelves, edged with a scalloped border of green cloth, remaining quite firm in its texture. Adjoining the library, is a small study, fitted up with book-shelves in the same style."

The family was one of considerable note, and monuments to Mrs. Cecil Warmstreys, widow of the registrar of the diocese, 1649; to the said registrar; and to Dr. Thomas Warmstreys, dean of Worcester, their son, 1661, who was a famous divine, and was one of the persons appointed by the city to treat as to terms of its surrender to the army of the parliament in 1646, are to be seen in the cathedral. The building still remains, and is now occupied by Messrs. Dent and Co., for the manufacture of gloves. The old part of the building has been entirely denuded of its ornament, and stripped of every vestige of its former grandeur; the gardens have been covered with engine-houses, scouring and dyeing-rooms, and other buildings necessary to the immense works which are now carried on, and which find employment for so many hundreds of people.

The company turned its attention principally to the production of imitations of the Chinese porcelain, both in form and colour. Thus the blue and white patterns—then so general in Chinese porcelain, and the characteristic of the Nankin ware—were for a time, it appears, exclusively followed at Worcester. Some of the brilliant colours of the Japanese ceramists were, however, soon attempted, and with complete success; and by the conventional arrangement of these colours in new patterns, the Worcester potters were gradu-

ally led on to more elaborate and more beautiful productions.

The works must have been commenced on a tolerably large scale, and have rapidly risen in importance; for in 1752—only a year after the formation of the company—the premises were most business-like in their arrangement, and extensive in their proportions, and were sufficiently important to be engraved in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of that year. Of that view, the accompanying engraving is a reduced fac-simile, and it will show at once how soon



the works had risen to a state of importance. The following explanatory references from the magazine will make it better understood:—

“EXPLANATION.

1. St. Andrew's.
2. Warmesley Slip.
3. Biscuit kilns.
4. Glazing kilns.
5. Great kiln for segurs.
6. Pressing and modelling gallery.
7. Rooms for throwing, turning, and stove-drying the ware on the first-floor, *a*, of the chamber floors.
8. The garden.
9. The yard for coals.
10. Mr. Evett's house and garden, landlord of the premises.

b. The eight windows in two large chambers, in which the ware is placed on stallions, on the east and north, where are the painters' rooms.

All the beginning of the process is carried on under the quadrangular building, ground-floor, marked *A*; in its N.W. angle is the great rowl and ring; in the N.E. the horses turn the same, and the levigators near to the rowl. The next (on the ground-floor) is the slip and treading-rooms; behind No. 4 is the glazing-room; behind 5 is the secret room on the ground-floor.”

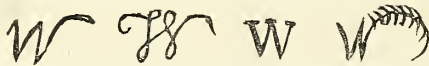
Accompanying this engraving, which bears the initials “*J. D. delin.*” (probably John Davis, one of the partners) and “*J. C. sculp.*” (probably J. Cave), is the following interesting note:—

“N.B. A sale of this manufacture will begin at the Worcester music meeting, on Sept. 20, with great variety of ware, and, 'tis said, at a moderate price.”

This was probably the first time the Worcester goods were brought into the public market. The goods were first vended by Mr. Samuel Bradley, also, I believe, a partner in the concern, at a shop opposite the Guildhall in High Street, and afterwards in larger premises near the Cross.

The characteristic of the early ware was a peculiarly soft greenness of hue in the body,

and by this, as well as the general style of ornamentation, and by the marks, Worcester specimens may without difficulty be recognised. The first mark used I believe to have been a simple letter *W*, but the marks are so various in the early period of the manufacture, that it is most difficult, indeed impossible, to arrange them chronologically. Like the *D* on the Derby porcelain, which might be either the initial of the founder of the works, *Duesbury*, or that of the town, *Derby*, the Worcester ware had a *W*, which might be the initial of its founder, *Wall*, or of the city, *Worcester*, itself. The different varieties of the letter *W* which have come under my notice are the following, and these



may certainly all of them be ascribed to an early period. Another distinctive mark of about the same time is the crescent, which is



sometimes drawn in outline, sometimes filled in in lines, and sometimes of full blue colour. This mark is supposed to be taken, and perhaps with some probability, from the arms of the Warmstreys which decorated the rooms used by the workmen. It is worthy of note here, that one of the marks of the Caughley or Coalport porcelain was also a crescent. As these works are said to have been established by Worcester workmen, the use of this mark may be attributed to them, and it may have had the double signification of a crescent, and a *C* for *Caughley*.

As the Worcester aim was to copy, and emulate in design and material, the ceramic productions of China and Japan,—indeed, there were scarcely any others to copy from at this early period,—so it appears to have been the study of the artists to copy, or to

simulate, the marks used on the productions of these foreign manufactories; and thus a great variety of marks are to be met with principally, or, I may say, entirely, drawn in blue. Some of the most characteristic and



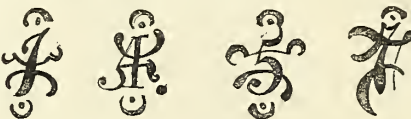
general of these I here append. Others were as follows:



A considerable variety of other marks are to be met with, but I apprehend they are most probably but the distinctive marks of the artists employed. It must be borne in mind, that in other factories the “hands” were numbered, and, as was the case at Derby, were required to attach each one his number below the general mark of the establishment. At Worcester I am not aware that such a regulation existed; and thus, probably, each artist had his “mark” instead. A few examples of these I here give:—



After a time, the Dresden and Sèvres productions were studied and successfully followed at Worcester, the salmon-coloured ground and the *bleu de roi* being excellently managed. Tea and dessert services, vases, &c., were produced in these styles, some of which are remarkable for the elegance of their painting and ornamentation. On many examples of this period the Dresden mark was used, as shown in the accompanying woodcut. Other marks adopted were figures disguised in Oriental-looking flourishes. Examples from 1 up to 9 are known, but their signification, unless to mark special patterns, or as workmen's marks, is not known. I give these as examples:—



In 1756, the truly important invention of printing on china, *i.e.*, transferring printed impressions from engraved copper-plates on to the china body, is said to have been made in Worcester. At all events, it is an undoubted fact that, in 1757, the art in Worcester had arrived at a wondrous state of perfection; and it is but fair, therefore, to surmise that the belief it was practised in the previous year is well founded. To have arrived at the state of perfection which is exhibited in the example to which we are alluding (a mug, bearing the head of the King of Prussia, and dated 1757), must at least have been the work of months, if not of years. The invention of transfer-printing is claimed, and very plausibly, for Liverpool, and is said to have been made by Mr. John Sadler, who drew up papers, and procured affidavits, for obtaining a patent, in August, 1756; on the 27th of July in that year, he and his partner, Guy Green, were sworn to have printed more than twelve hundred earthenware tiles in six hours. Whether the Worcester idea was taken from Liverpool, or whether, as is not unfrequently the case, the invention originated in two minds about the same time, without one being at all connected with the other, it is not for us now to determine. It is enough for my present purpose

to say that *highly-finished* printed goods were made at Worcester in 1757, and the dated example now in existence clearly establishes the fact that it was a work of some forethought and care. On this mug the following poem appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1757:—

POEM

ON SEEING AN ARMED BUST OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA CURIOUSLY IMPRINTED ON A PORCELAIN CUP OF THE WORCESTER MANUFACTURE, WITH THE EMBLEMS OF HIS VICTORIES. INSCRIBED TO MR. JOSIAH HOLDSHIP.

Here, taught by thee, we view with raptured eyes,
Graceful and bold, the Prussian hero rise—
The royal chief, the Caesar of the age,
Whose acts the wonder of the world engage.
The martial spirit animates his mien,
His heart intrepid, and his look serene.
There Fame, regardless else who reigns or bleeds,
With all her breath resounds his mighty deeds.
Here from whole nations in the field o'erthrown,
He points to trophies, which are all his own;
While Victory gives to valour so renown'd
The blooming wreath which her own temples bound.
See where his virtues still his life expose,
And smile defiance to surrounding foes.
The intriguing Saxon see him there (1) surprise;
Here from his arms the Imperial Eagle (2) flies;
Tho' fortune frowns (3), unknown how to yield,
He drives, by proxy, (4) Russia from the field.
Now, farther prest, behold him still advance,
And pour destruction on the troops (5) of France;
Before his glittering arms the Swedes retire,
And mourn pale Envy's unfulfilled desire.
Yet lo! once more by frowning fortune crost,
He sees a battle, Breslau, Bevern lost;
Yet soon, that loss retrieved, the hero gains
Immortal glory on Silesian plains.
His active spirit still disdains repose,
Resolv'd to combat with stern wintry snows;
And through the regions of her cold domain,
To stretch the triumphs of the long campaign.
What praise, ingenious HOLDSHIP, is thy due,
Who first on porcelain the fair portrait drew;
Who first alone to full perfection brought
The curious art, by rival numbers sought.
Hence shall thy skill inflame heroic souls,
Who mighty battles see round mightier bowls;
While Albion's sons shall see their features, name,
And actions, copied on the cup of fame.
Hence beauty, which repairs the waste of war,
Beauty may triumph on a china jar;
And this, perhaps, with stronger faith to trust,
Than the stain'd canvas or the marble bust.
For here, who once in youthful charms appears,
May bloom uninjured for a thousand years;
May time—till now opposed in vain—defie,
And live still fair, till Nature's self shall die.
Here may the toasts of every age be seen,
From Britain's Gunning, back to Sparta's Queen;
And every hero history's page can bring,
From Macedonia's down to Prussia's king.
Perhaps thy art may track the circling world,
Where'er thy Britain has her sails unfurl'd;
While wond'ring China shall with envy see,
And stoop to borrow her own arts from thee.

CYNTHIO.

Worcester, 20th Dec., 1757.

- (1) At Pirna.
- (2) The battle of Prague.
- (3) The battle with Ct. Daun, 18th of June.
- (4) The battle of M. Lehwald, with the R.
- (5) The battle with the Prince Soubise, November 5.

This poem was reprinted in the *Worcester Journal* of January, 1758, with the addition of a couple of lines. It is there headed:—
"On seeing an armed bust of the King of Prussia imprinted on a porcelain cup of the Worcester manufactory, with Fame resounding her triumph, addressed to Mr. Joseph Holdship; and an *extempore* on the compliments being ascribed to Holdship." The *extempore* being the following important lines:—

"Hancock, my friend, don't *grieve*, tho' Holdship has thy praise,
"Tis yours to execute—'tis thine to wear the bays."

From this it would seem that the credit of the invention was even then a vexed question in Worcester; some ascribing it to Holdship, and others to Hancock; and, no doubt, each of those individuals claiming it strenuously for himself. Robert Hancock was an engraver of some eminence in Worcester, and "was chief engraver" to the Worcester Porcelain Company on its first establishment; and it is also said he was in partnership with Dr. Wall. He died in 1817, aged eighty-seven. Valentine Green, the historian of Worcester,

and a famous mezzotint engraver, was a pupil of Robert Hancock's, (by whom many of the plates in his "History of Worcester" are engraved), as was also James Ross, the line engraver. Valentine Green died in London in 1813, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Mary's, Paddington, where his grave-stone now stands. Hancock, it is believed, had, previously to printing on porcelain at Worcester, produced some printed plaques at Battersea, specimens of which, with his name attached, are in existence.*

Nothing appears to be known about Holdship in connection with the Worcester works beyond the poem which I have given above; and I have even heard it asserted that there never was a printer or engraver of that name, but that Holdship was a glover. I am enabled, however, to show, by documents in my possession, that there *was* a china printer of that name—a Richard Holdship, perhaps a son of Josiah—connected with the Worcester works, and that in 1764 he bound himself by bond and various articles of agreement, to Messrs. Duesbury and Heath, of Derby, for the making and printing china or porcelain ware. In these "articles of agreement" he is described as "Richard Holdship, of the city of Worcester, china maker," and in it he agrees for "the sum of one hundred pounds of lawful British money," to be paid down, and for an annuity of thirty pounds a-year, to be paid to him during life, to deliver to Messrs. Duesbury and Heath, "in writing under his hand, the process now pursued by him, the said Richard Holdship, in the making of china or porcelain ware, agreeable to the proofs already made (by him) at the china manufactory of the said John Heath and William Duesbury, in Derby;" also, "during his life to supply and furnish" them "with a sufficient quantity of soapy rock used in the making of china or porcelain ware, at such a price as any other china manufacturers do, shall, or may at any time hereafter give for that commodity;" and "also that he, the said Richard Holdship, shall and will during his life print, or cause to be printed, all the china or porcelain ware which the said John Heath and William Duesbury, their heirs, &c., shall from time to time have occasion to be printed, of equal skill and workmanship, and upon as reasonable terms as the said (Heath and Duesbury) can have the same done for by any other person or persons whomsoever, or agreeable to the prices now given in." He also binds himself not to disclose or make known his process to any other persons during the continuance of these articles, nor to bequeath, sell, or communicate them to any persons, so as to take place after his death, unless the articles are cancelled during his lifetime. The agreement was to continue in force so long as Duesbury and Heath determined to carry on the business according to his process; and whenever they should decline doing so, then Holdship was to be at liberty to sell or communicate his process to any one else. At Derby, Holdship also printed stone-ware. As I stated in my account of the Derby China Works (p. 4 *ante*), the printed ware did not appear to meet Mr. Duesbury's views, or to be so advantageous as the higher class of goods painted by hand, for which he was famed, and thus there were constant complaints and recriminations passing between Holdship and his employers. From some of the documents I glean that his process was "for printing enamell and blew;" that he had an assistant named William Underwood; that he valued his press at £10 10s.; offered his "utensils and copper engraved plates at half

prime cost;" that his "enamell collours, weight 151 lbs.," he valued at £35, including his process for making the same; and that he proposes to "yield his process for printing enamell and blew, for which he hath been offered several hundred pounds." How long the agreement continued I cannot say, but at all events, Holdship was still employed at Derby at the end of 1769.

Of much of the work of Robert Hancock, fortunately, there can be no possible doubt, for his name appears in full on some examples, and his initials—at least, initials believed to be his—on others. These will be seen in the accompanying engraving:—

R Hancock. *fact.*

R. Worcester.

One of these, it will be seen, is somewhat curious, having the Chelsea anchor attached to the name of Worcester. It is a problem worth solving whether this monogram of RH conjoined was that of Robert Hancock, and, if so, whether he had previously been connected with the Chelsea works. The engraving, looked at as engraving alone, upon some of the pieces of this period, is truly beautiful and sharp; but when considered as *transfer* on to china paste, is very wonderful.

A few years before the Chelsea works passed into the hands of Duesbury, of Derby, it appears that some of the workmen migrated to Worcester, and this circumstance gave a fresh impetus to the manufacture of porcelain in that city, and enabled the proprietors of the works to produce many exquisite articles after the Dresden and Sèvres school of Art. In 1776, Dr. Wall died, and was buried at the Abbey Church, Bath, in which city he had resided for some time for the benefit of his impaired and declining health. Soon after this time, the works began to decline—the goods produced were far inferior to those made in former years, and their whole style, body, and finish, showed an evident falling off in the management of the works. It is surely not too much to attribute this decadence in a great degree to the loss of the master mind of Dr. Wall.

In 1783, the Worcester works were purchased by Mr. T. Flight, a merchant of Bread Street, London, and of Hackney, for his sons, for the sum of three thousand pounds, including premises, models, plant, and stock, and here he established his two sons, Messrs. Joseph and John Flight. These two brothers were jewellers, and carried on both concerns at the same time. Under their management the works rapidly more than regained their former eminence, and became very successful. The mark used by Messrs. Flight was as follows, simply the name in *Flight* writing letters.

In 1788, an event of great importance to the works occurred. In that year the king, George III., with Queen Charlotte and the princesses, visited Worcester, and having gone through the porcelain works, and been much pleased with the beauty of the articles manufactured, his majesty desired that the word "royal" might be prefixed to the name, and recommended the proprietors to open a showroom in London. This suggestion was at once acted upon, and a warehouse opened in Coventry Street, which secured a large and very fashionable patronage for the ware. After the king's visit the distinctive mark of a crown was added to the marks, which at this time were the following. The subsequent changes in the proprietorship, consequent on deaths, were "Messrs. Flight and Barr"—Mr. Martin Barr having joined the concern in 1791—"Barr, Flight, and Barr," and "Flight, Barr, and Barr." Some of the marks I here give. Others, which




* The Battersea works were carried on, it is said, by Alderman Janson, who failed in 1756, and soon afterwards the Worcester printing began.

* Chambers's "Biographical History."

were printed marks, it is scarcely worth while to engrave: they are as follows:—"Barr, Flight, and Barr, Royal Porcelain Works, Worcester; London House, No. 1, Coventry Street," in five lines, and surmounted by two


Flight & Barr.

crowns: "Barr, Flight, and Barr, Royal Porcelain Works, Worcester; London House, Flight and Barr, Coventry Street" (within an oval), "Manufacturers to their Majesties,

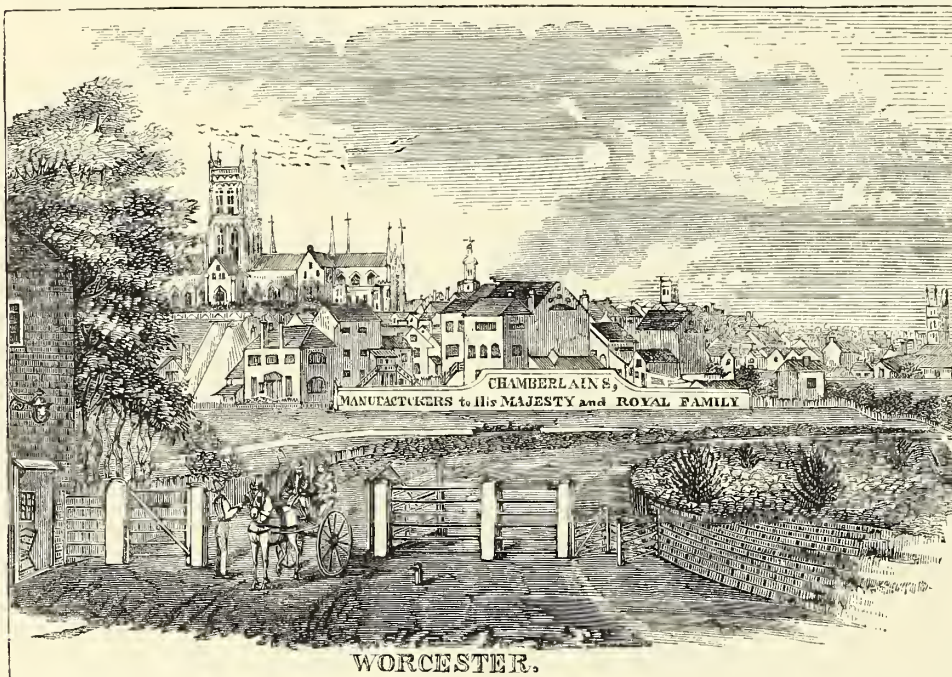

Flight & Barr
Worcester
Manufacturers to their
Majesties

Prince of Wales, and Royal Family; established 1751" (surrounding the oval); the whole surmounted by a crown and the Prince of Wales's feathers: "Flight, Barr, and Barr,

Proprietors of the Royal Porcelain Works, Worcester, established 1761," in five lines; above are the royal arms, and beneath are the Prince of Wales's feathers, the whole within a circle; surrounding the circle is, "Manufacturers to their Majesties and the Prince Regent, London Warehouse, No. 1, Coventry Street."

In 1788, Robert Chamberlain, who was the first apprentice to the old Worcester Porcelain Company, and who had continued with the different proprietors up to that period, commenced business for himself in premises at Diglis, the same which are now carried on by W. H. Kerr & Co. Chamberlain was a painter, and on the first establishment of his business bought his porcelain from the Caughley works (Coalbrookdale), and painted it at Worcester. In a very short time, however, he made his own, and his works soon grew into public favour and eminence. His son was an excellent artist, and a portrait of the Princess Charlotte, which he painted, is said to have given the highest satisfaction to Prince Leopold and others. The mark adopted by Chamberlain was simply his name in writing, thus—*Chamberlains. Worcester*

As a companion picture to the fac-simile of Dr. Wall's works (afterwards Flight & Barrs), I give a view of those of Chamberlain's,



WORCESTER.

copied from an engraving transferred to porcelain. From it the extensive character of the place at that time will at once be seen. It has, however, been much increased since the amalgamation of the two establishments, and within the last few years has been almost entirely rebuilt by the present proprietors.

The business was afterwards carried on successively by "Chamberlain and Sons" and "Chamberlain and Co.," and a London house was opened in New Bond Street. During the continuance of the two works it is believed that by far the greater part of the entire production of porcelain in the kingdom was made at Worcester; and certainly the books and the samples of various sets still remaining in the show-rooms bear evidence both of the high patronage and the extent of orders received, and of the beauty of workmanship which the proprietary had attained in their ware.

In 1800, a third china manufactory was established in Worcester by Mr. Thomas Grainger, nephew of Humphrey Chamberlain, who had for many years taken an active and principal

part in Chamberlain's works. This establishment, of which a few words anon, is still continued by the son of its founder and partners under the firm of "G. Grainger & Co."

The two principal manufactories, those of "Flight, Barr, and Barr," and "Chamberlain and Co.," continued until 1840, when they amalgamated, and the two firms formed one company. The plant and stock were removed from Warnstrey House to Messrs. Chamberlain's premises, and the works were there carried on under the style of "Chamberlain and Co." The mark used by Chamberlain and Co. was as follows.



In 1850 Mr. W. H. Kerr joined the concern, which was for a time carried on under the style of "Chamberlain, Lilley, and Kerr;" but

on the 1st of January, 1852, another change took place in the proprietary. On this occasion Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Lilley retired, and Mr. R. W. Binns entered into partnership with Mr. Kerr; and from that time to the present the firm has been carried on by Kerr and Binns, under the style of "W. H. Kerr and Co." In 1852 the works were considerably increased, in fact, they may almost be said to have been then rebuilt, by Mr. Kerr, whose great desire has been to make them what they now are, perhaps the best constructed, and most roomy and convenient, of any porcelain works in the kingdom. The total number of hands employed at the present time is about four hundred.

It is not so much my purpose in this series of papers to speak of the productions of the various manufactories as to give their history and the distinctive marks by which they may be known to collectors; but I cannot, in justice to the works of Messrs. Kerr and Binns, or to myself, refrain from saying a few words on the wondrous state of perfection at which they have arrived, and on the beauty of the goods which they turn out. Certainly neither in ancient nor in modern specimens of ceramic art have such exquisitely beautiful works been produced as some of the enamels which, under the fostering hand of Mr. Binns, have of late years been made here. The body, unlike the works of Limoges or of the Sèvres imitations, is *pure porcelain*, not a coating of porcelain over sheets of metal, and the effect is produced by the partial transparency of the white laid on the blue ground, instead of by heightening. The tone produced in these porcelain enamels is peculiarly soft and delicate, and the colours are more pure and intense than has been attained by any other works. The enamels are truly admirable, and will bear—and bear well—a close and critical comparison with those of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.* No one is better qualified to conduct a manufacture of such eminence than is Mr. R. W. Binns,† who is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and who possesses an amount of antiquarian knowledge and a taste for high Art which is not often met. Mr. Binns's whole heart and soul are in his work, and his aim and desire appear to be, and in reality are, to raise the ceramic art of his establishment so far above all others as to be one of the landmarks of the age.

It is, I know, a common belief that high Art and commercial success cannot go hand-in-hand,—that to make things *sell* you must sink *Art*—or, that if you produce high Art examples, you must give up all expectations of a remunerative trade. This is a theory I do not believe in. I hold it to be the mission of the manufacturer, in whatever branch he may be engaged, to produce such goods as shall tend to educate the public taste, and to lead it gradually upwards to a full appreciation of the beautiful. The manufacturer is quite as much a *teacher* as the writer or the artist, and he is frequently a much more effective

* It may not be out of place, alas! so soon after the Prince Consort's decease, to allude to his royal highness's unqualified approval and appreciation of these enamels. In 1854, Mr. Binns obtained permission to exhibit specimens of his new invention to his royal highness, whose commendations were most emphatically and unhesitatingly expressed, and he at once purchased all the examples which had been shown him, saying they were the best things he had seen. Her Majesty subsequently ordered some specimens of this work, which was all on dark blue ground; and latterly an order for a magnificent dessert service, in the same style of work, on a turquoise ground, has been ordered by her Majesty. The Worcester works owe much to the pure taste of his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort.

† Mr. Binns possesses the most extensive and the best collection of old Worcester china in existence, ranging from the earliest period downwards, which he has arranged chronologically. Many of his specimens are unique, and all are valuable. We name this collection because Mr. Binns is at all times ready to show it to those who are interested in the subject.

tive one. In pottery especially, where the wares of one kind or other are in the hands hourly of every person in the kingdom, it behoves the manufacturers to produce such perfect forms, and to introduce such ornamentation, even in the commonest and coarsest ware, as shall teach the eye, and induce a taste for whatever is beautiful, and perfect, and lovely in Art. The mission of the manufacturer is to *create* a pure taste, not to perpetuate and pander to a vicious and barbarous one; and I believe, in the end, that those who do their best to elevate the minds of the people by this means, will find that, commercially, their endeavours will be most satisfactory; assuredly they will be the most pleasant to their own minds. The Worcester people seem to understand this thoroughly, and to have wisely determined that nothing which is not pure in taste, and elegant in design, shall be issued from their works.

Besides the ordinary porcelain ware and the enamels, this establishment also stands high in the scale of Art for its parian figures, and for the productions in the new *ivory body* which it has recently introduced. In this body we have seen some examples which must, at the coming Exhibition (when they will be first brought into public notice), cause a "sensation" among all who are versed in the subject, and which must carry off the palm in that great world-struggle. For softness, for delicacy, for lightness, for transparency, and for every requisite of *perfect* specimens of fictile manufacture, they appear to be unapproachable. The marks of Messrs. Kerr and Binns are the following:—



But they have also another, a special mark, designed by Digby Wyatt, which is used solely for marking the goods made for her Majesty.

After the removal of Messrs. Flight and Barr's works to the present site, on the amalgamation before spoken of, Mr. Barr for a time continued making encaustic paving tiles on the old premises. In this he was joined by Mr. Fleming St. John, and the tile works were then undertaken by Messrs. Maw, now of Broseley, where the manufacture is still continued. In 1853, the premises were purchased from Mr. Fleming St. John, by Mr. Allcroft, one of the partners in the firm of Dent, Allcroft, and Co., and their business was removed within the same year. The works find employment for considerably more than five hundred persons on the premises, and for at least twice that number out.

The porcelain works of Messrs. Grainger and Co., alluded to above, are situated in St. Martin's Street, with show-rooms in the Foregate. They were established in 1800, as I have before stated, by Mr. Thomas Grainger, nephew to Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Grainger took into partnership a Mr. Wood, a painter of considerable skill and eminence, whose productions on the early porcelain made by them are characterised by a peculiar mellowness of shade, and who excelled in "mezzotint drawing;" and the works were carried on for some time under the firm of "Grainger and Wood." Afterwards, Mr. Grainger took into partnership his brother-in-law, Mr. Lee, and the style of the firm was then changed to that of "Grainger and Lee." The mark was as appended.

**Grainger Lee
& Co
Worcester.**

In 1810, about two years before Mr. Lee became a partner, the works were destroyed by fire. The manufactory was shortly rebuilt

on a new site, on the opposite side of the street, and has, latterly, been considerably enlarged. The works occupy, apparently, nearly as large a plot of ground as those of Messrs. Kerr and Binns, and are well calculated to do a large and important trade. Mr. Lee having retired from the concern, the business was then carried on by Mr. Grainger until his decease in 1839, when his son, Mr. George Grainger, one of the present proprietors, succeeded him, and has carried on the works, under the style of "G. Grainger and Co.," to the present day. Up to the year 1850, porcelain alone was made at this establishment, and its quality was remarkably good, both in body and in ornamentation. In that year, however, Mr. George Grainger invented a new body, which he named "*semi-porcelain*." This new ware was first made public at the Great International Exhibition of 1851, and from its peculiar qualities of durability, hardness, and freedom from cracking with heat, attracted universal attention. The surface of the semi-porcelain bears every characteristic of the finest china, and of course, in colour, in painting, and in gilding, can be made quite equal to it; but it has the additional advantage of being so completely vitrified, that the inside, in case of being chipped or broken, remains of its original whiteness. It is peculiarly adapted for dinner services, through not flying or cracking with heat so readily as the ordinary china does, and because of its power of retaining heat for a much longer time. Its cost, too, is, we believe, much less than the ordinary porcelain, which is a great additional advantage. I should imagine it to be well suited for the French market, where the quality of retaining heat is so important, and indeed, I believe, it is somewhat extensively exported both to that country and to India. Mr. Grainger manufactures very largely, of this material, chemical apparatus, batteries, insulators for telegraph wires, &c., and for these purposes its superiority is admitted by the highest scientific authorities.

The mark of the present firm, which I give to complete the chronological series, is as follows:—



Another has simply the words "Chemical Porcelain, Grainger and Co., Manufactory, Worcester." Messrs. Grainger and Co. also produce some excellent parian figures and ornaments; a bust they have just issued of Dr. Guthrie being an excellent specimen of their make. Another variety of goods is their new perforated parian vases, &c., which are remarkably pure in design, and careful in execution. While speaking of this, it may be well to note that some of the best specimens of lace drapery have been produced by this firm. Like Messrs. Kerr and Binns, Messrs. Grainger, too, are busy preparing for the coming Exhibition, and, no doubt, their goods will claim careful attention, and entitle them to one of the much-coveted medals. At the last Exhibition their semi-porcelain undeniably well deserved such a distinction.

In closing my account of the Worcester China Works, I cannot resist the temptation of alluding to one point of high antiquarian interest in connection with the fictile manufactures of the city and its neighbourhood. In 1833, my late esteemed friend, Harvey Eginton, Esq., discovered, at St. Mary Witton, two kilns, seven feet underground, in which the encaustic paving tiles of the thirteenth century, now existing at Malvern,

and, doubtless, many of those forming the pavement I had the good fortune to discover at Worcester Cathedral in 1848,* were baked; and recently an equally interesting discovery has been made in Worcester itself,—indeed, very nearly on the site of the present china works,—of the remains of a Roman potter's kiln, in which the fictile productions of that period, of which a considerable quantity of *débris* has been found, had been fired. The manufacture of pottery, therefore, is nothing new in the "faithful city," in which it is now carried on to such a high state of perfection.

OBITUARY.

MR. ELHANAN BICKNELL.

ANOTHER of the men to whose fostering care and patronage British Art is so largely indebted has passed away in the person of Mr. Elhanan Bicknell, whose death occurred towards the end of last year, at his residence on Herne Hill, Camberwell, at an advanced but not an extreme age. Mr. Bicknell, like many of his contemporaries possessing the same refined and intellectual tastes, and with the means of gratifying them, was engaged in commercial pursuits; the personal property left at his death was sworn to at Doctors' Commons as under £350,000. The wealth he acquired was liberally, judiciously, and unostentatiously spent, not upon himself alone—for even the beautiful specimens of Art which enriched his mansion were freely open to others besides his personal friends—but in doing good to those who stood in need of help. As an Art-patron he was one who purchased for the enjoyment which pictures of the best order afford to an appreciating mind, and not for the mere love of possession or desire for display.

Four or five years ago we published in the *Art-Journal* a descriptive account of his collection,—gallery it can scarcely be called, for the pictures are hung in the reception rooms, and the apartments ordinarily occupied by the family, being intended, as we just said, for *use*, and not mere show. They include Dyce's 'Arrow of Deliverance,' engraved by us in 1860; Hilton's 'Triumph of Amphitrite;' Frost's 'Syrens,' and 'Euphrosyne;' Landseer's 'The Highland Shepherd recovering Sheep buried in the Snow;' Eastlake's 'Family of Contadini made Prisoners by Banditti;' F. Goodall's 'Raising the Maypole;' R. S. Lauder's 'Lady of Shalott;' A. Johnston's 'Sunday Morning;' Webster's 'The Joke,' and its companion, 'The Frown,' the two pictures engraved by the *Art-Union of London*; with 'The Impenitent Boy,' 'Good-night,' and 'Boys Quarrelling at Marbles,' by the same popular artist; Leslie's 'Minstrel;' Louis Haghe's 'Student.'

The landscape-painters, too, are exceedingly well represented here, with Turner at their head, in his 'Palestrina,' 'Antwerp—Von Goyen looking for a subject,' 'Fort Ruysdael,' 'Ehrenbreitstein,' 'The Tomb of Marceau,' 'Ivy Bridge, Devon,' 'Calder Bridge,' 'Wreckers on the Coast of Northumberland,' 'The Campo Santo, Venice,' 'Santa Maria della Salute, Venice,' and 'The Brille on the Maas, Holland.' These pictures may be regarded as among the finest works of Turner. By Calceott are a glorious 'English Landscape,' and 'Rochester Old Bridge and Castle,' by D. Roberts, are 'Ruins at Baalbee,' 'St. Gomar, Siena,' and 'Xeres de la Frontera,' by Stanfield, 'Beilstein, on the Moselle,' 'Shipping on the Coast near St. Malo,' and a 'Scene in the Pyrenees, with Smugglers,' by Gainsborough, a 'Landscape, with Sheep,' 'Creswick,' 'The Sleeping-Stones,' 'W. Collins,' 'Selling Fish,' 'J. D. Harding,' 'Thun, with Mont Blanc in the Distance,' 'Jutsum,' 'The Harvest-field,' and a 'View on the Devonshire Coast;' and, by F. W. Hulme, a 'View on the Llugwy.' Besides these oil-pictures are others bearing the well-known names of Clint, F. Danby, Lane, Müller, Nasmyth, and Stothard. The water-colour drawings, too, are numerous and

* See *Journal of the British Archaeological Association*, vol. iv. p. 216.

valuable, including five of Turner's best, and others by Harding, Robson, D. Roberts, Bone, Derby, W. Hunt, Nash, Cattermole, Dewint, Parris, Copley Fielding, Warren, &c. &c.

Sculpture was not neglected by the deceased patron, who possessed some of E. H. Baily's finest works, the 'Eve listening to the Voice,' 'Cupid,' 'Psyche,' 'Paris,' and 'Helen;' Calder Marshall's 'Hebe,' MacDowell's 'Day-dream,' Gott's 'Dancing-girl,' and Bienaimé's 'Sleeping Cupid' were also among his acquisitions.

This enumeration serves to show the direction in which Mr. Bicknell's patronage was dispensed, and the amplitude of the list bears evidence of his liberal expenditure, for these works could only have been accumulated at the price of many thousand pounds. There are few, if any, of the pictures and sculptures which do not bear the highest character among the productions of our native school, and therefore testify to their late owner's judgment and intelligence in the difficult task of selecting. A visit to his elegant suburban villa was a treat of no ordinary kind to all who could appreciate those luxuries which elevate the mind, and that wealth which confers honour on the possessor.

It is gratifying to know that one of his sons inherits the tastes of the father, and is also a liberal and judicious collector of works of Art. He is a director of the Crystal Palace, and contributes largely to the intelligence by which that establishment is guided. He married several years ago a daughter of the artist, David Roberts, and has a large family.

MR. ROBERT BRANDARD.

Among the landscape engravers whose works have tended to uphold the character of the *Art-Journal*, there is not one whose loss will be more severely felt than that of Mr. Robert Brandard, who died on the 7th of January, at his residence, Camden Hill, Kensington, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

Mr. Brandard was born in Birmingham, and came to London in 1824, at the age of about nineteen or twenty. Here he entered the studio of Mr. Edward Goodall, with whom he remained only a year, and then started in his profession on his own account. The work which first brought him prominently into notice was a small plate, after Stothard, called 'Sans Souci,' his most important engraving, however, is a large plate of 'Crossing the Brook,' the same subject as appeared in our last month's number; it was executed many years ago for Turner, but was never published, though impressions have got into circulation. He engraved several of the plates in Brockedon's 'Scenery of the Alps,' Captain Batty's 'Saxony,' &c., Turner's 'England,' and 'English Rivers,' and also published two volumes of very beautiful etchings, principally landscapes, from his own sketches and designs. The first subject he engraved for our Journal was Calcott's 'Meadow,' in the *Vernon Collection*; this was followed by several of the *Royal Pictures*,—Stanfield's 'Portsmouth Harbour'—a very beautiful plate; Warren's 'Star in the East,' G. E. Hering's 'Capri,' Jutsum's 'Noonday Walk,' Stanfield's 'Ischia,' and J. A. Hammersley's 'Drachenfels.' From the *Turner Collection* he executed 'Rain, Steam, and Speed,' 'The Snow-Storm,' and 'A Frosty Morning.' Besides these, he completed, before his death, one or two other engravings from Turner, which we shall publish hereafter.

Mr. Brandard was an artist in the true sense of the word; his talent was seen not only in the artistic character of his engravings, but also in the small oil-pictures he occasionally exhibited at the Royal Academy and the British Institution: these are distinguished by genuine feeling for the beauties of nature, and good colour. A picture entitled 'The Forge,' exhibited at the British Institution a few years ago, was purchased on the "varnishing day" by the Earl of Ellesmere: in careful finish it equals some of the best Dutch painters. Outside of his profession, so to speak, he was a man eminently worthy of respect: quiet, unobtrusive, and gentlemanly in manner, he gained the esteem of every one who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAMES FALLOWS, ESQ.,
AT SUNNYBANK, MANCHESTER.

THE SWING.

F. Goodall, A.R.A., Painter. E. Goodall, Engraver.

THE beautiful picture from which this engraving is taken is in the collection of James Fallows, Esq., of Sunnybank, Manchester—a collection very rich in examples of the most eminent British artists.

It is pleasant, almost at the outset of our task, to acknowledge our debt to those gentlemen who, having gathered wealth in commerce, or in manufacture, have dispensed large portions of it to encourage Art; from them chiefly proceed the rewards that, in later years, foster the genius and recompense the labours of the painters and sculptors of Great Britain. Mr. Fallows is one of their most liberal patrons; and Manchester has undoubtedly, more than any other city of the kingdom, sustained and elevated the Arts of the country.

'The Swing' is one of the "best esteemed" of all Mr. Frederick Goodall's pictures; it is so pleasant in character and subject, perpetuates a scene so familiar to all who love children, and can join in their simple and innocent amusements, that although the artist has produced works of higher aim and loftier purpose, he has produced none calculated to be more generally popular.

It is to such sources, indeed, that Mr. Goodall is mainly indebted for his fame; he has studied nature principally in the by-ways of life, and endeavoured to reach the heart by appealing to its gentler and holier sympathies. There are few mothers who will not look on this picture with pleasure, recalling similar incidents, tracing, it may be, in its cheerful portraiture, the semblances of those they have loved, and delighting to look on a scene that is suggestive only of grateful memories and happy associations. The playfellows have assembled in one of those fine domains surrounding so many of our old and noble family mansions:—

"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land,
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam;
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

* * * * *

"The free fair homes of England!
Long, long in hut and hall
May hearts of native proof be reared,
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!"

Above the happy group assembled to wile away a summer's afternoon, the oak spreads its long, sinewy arms; at their feet the tender water-lily floats on the surface of the quiet pool; and, beyond the clumps of thickly-planted trees in the middle distance, is seen an expanse of rich, undulating landscape. The figures are well placed pictorially, and are agreeably varied in position. The young lady in the swing tosses her head with a kind of childish conceit that all eyes are upon her.

The children introduced by Mr. Goodall into this picture are all portraits: three of them are his own boys; two are the sons of Mr. Page, the eminent engineer; and two, the daughters of Mr. Barker, the historic painter; the elder young lady is the artist's sister, Emily. The work has, therefore, the value that can be derived from truth aided by fancy; but the painter was not confined by any rules that controlled his imagination. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1845.

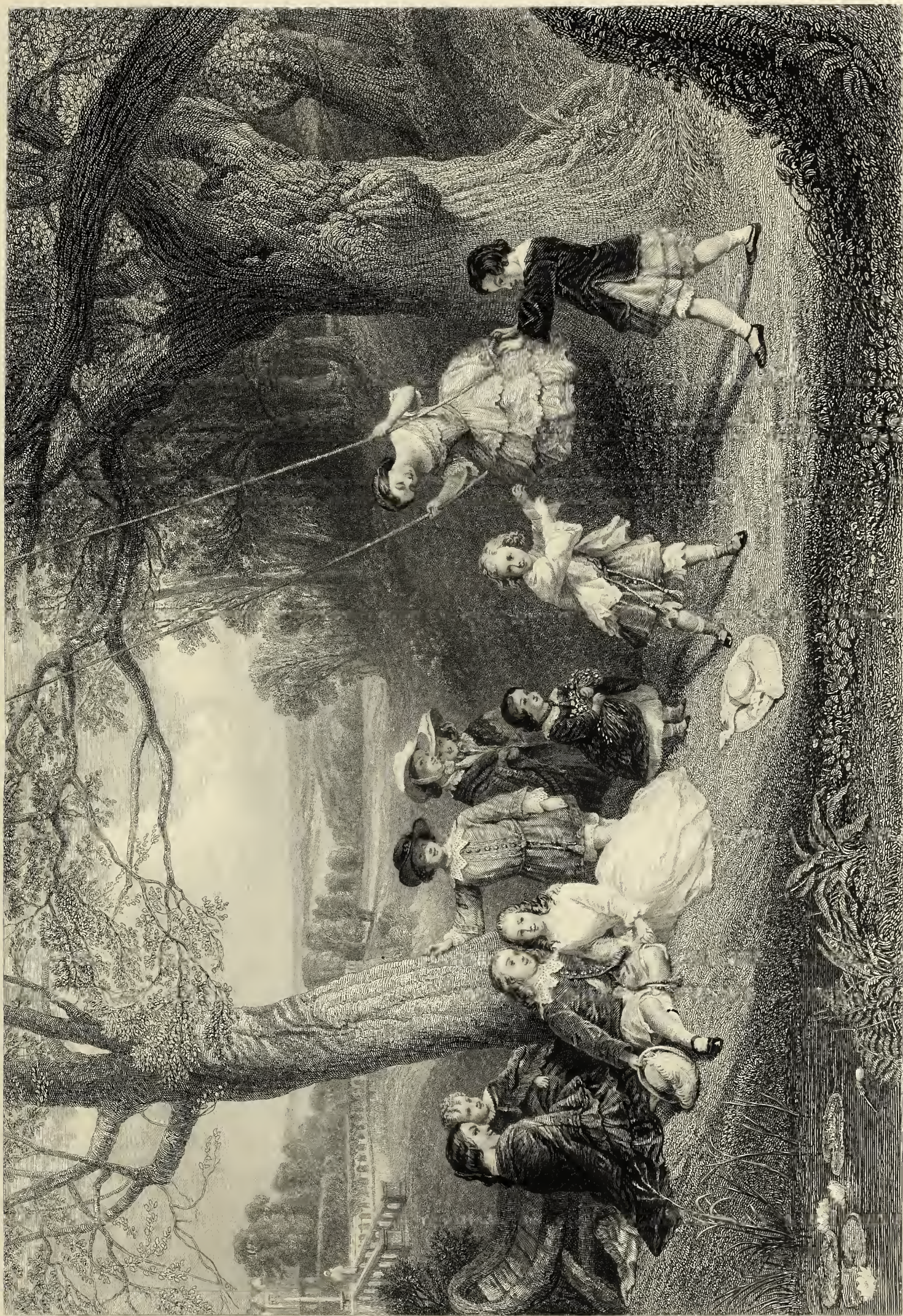
The engraving is from the burin of Mr. Edward Goodall, the artist's father, who has for a very long period held, and maintains, foremost rank among British engravers, and who has enjoyed the rare happiness of seeing four of his children attain eminence among British painters—Mr. F. Goodall, Mr. E. Goodall, Mr. W. Goodall, and, especially, Miss Eliza Goodall (Mrs. Wild).

THE EXHIBITION BUILDING—1862.

WE have been repeatedly asked to explain the silence of the architectural profession with reference to the edifice destined to become the *habitat* of the coming Exhibition, and which still is in a condition of ominous incompleteness. That silence we consider to admit of an easy explanation. The architects of England most certainly have not been over-awed by the surpassing excellence of Captain Fowke's creation, and therefore prudently said nothing, because they could not possibly find anything to say. On the contrary, the silence of the architects is the most emphatic and eloquent expression of commingled pity and contempt for the painful failure of the effort to ignore themselves and their profession, so pointedly made by the Royal Commissioners, when the production of the building was entrusted by them to an officer of military engineers. The enormous shed at South Kensington, unquestionably a success if designed to match the Museum "boilers" hard by, is conclusive in condemnation of an appointment that reflects unfavourably only upon those who made it, and upon the object of their choice himself. The neglected and insulted architects are fully avenged in "the house that Fowke built." And so the architects may be content to maintain a dignified silence, leaving the engineer officer to intensify his involuntary demonstration of the unworthy treatment they have experienced.

At the same time, however, we feel bound to add—as their reticence may not be correctly understood by many of their countrymen, while by foreigners it may be very generally misunderstood—that the architects would do well to publish a formal protest against the course adopted by the Commissioners, and publicly to declare that in the matter of the Great Exhibition Building, not one particle of the responsibility rests with them.

When Captain Fowke accepted the office of *quasi*-architect to the Commissioners, he knew that his work would be criticised, both upon its intrinsic qualities, and also in contrast with what might have been expected from professing architects. And now, when his building has more than realised the worst apprehensions of those who from the first were conscious of his architectural incapacity, he would have heard the truth from all competent and impartial critics; and yet the adverse verdict would doubtless have been accompanied with a recommendation to mercy, upon some plea or other, had it not been for the cool audacity with which certain so-called friends of the gallant shed-maker have stood forward to eulogise what they are pleased to pronounce his magnificent design. Nor is even this all that Captain Fowke has to suffer from injudicious advocates. They have actually gone a step in advance of a ludicrous laudation of their *protégé* and his production, and have deliberately declared, not only that he is a great architect, but that he is infinitely greater than the greatest of professional architects, whether living or passed away—a "heaven-born" impersonation, indeed, of the sublime and the supreme in Art, who looks down from heights unattainable by such pigmies as Ictinus or Giotto, or Alan de Walsingham, or William of Wyckham, or Michael Angelo, or Inigo Jones, or Wren, or Gilbert Scott, or the Barries, *et id genus omne*. Captain Fowke has to thank these "friends" of his, for the rigid justice with which his Great Exhibition Building must be treated. If now he has to listen to strong and decided expressions of adverse criticism, without reserve, and also without either sympathy or what is called



F. GOODALL, A.R.A. PINXT.

E. GOODALL, SCULPT.

THE SWING.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAS. FALLOWS, ESQ.

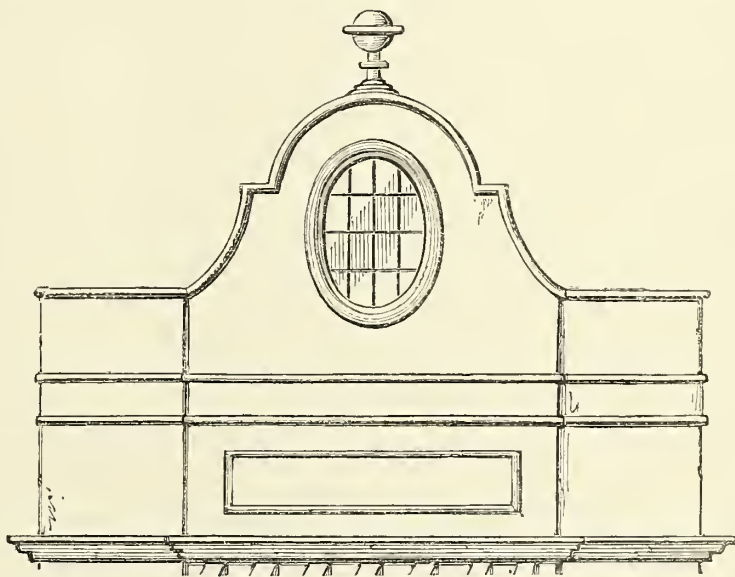
"allowance," this is what he has in part brought upon himself, while his own friends have left him without a chance of escaping the severest critical handling.

For many reasons it may be altogether for the best, that the Great Exhibition building as Captain Fowke has produced it, should be rightly estimated here in England, and that the English press should record their real sentiments respecting it. Captain Fowke's appointment was a deliberate challenge to the professional architects of our country. It amounted to a practical assertion, that an architectural achievement, altogether beyond the powers of the profession, this military amateur was qualified to accomplish. Had his bold venture proved successful, Captain Fowke would have justly merited, and might rightly have claimed, the most complete recognition of his success. And we believe that the architects would not have been amongst the last to appreciate and to admire, and to profess their admiration for a really admirable edifice. The converse of this hypothesis must be regarded from the same point of view. Captain Fowke's architectural failure we must call a failure. Had the building been really architecturally good, it would have been our agreeable duty to have praised it. It is architecturally bad, and it is still our duty to pronounce it bad. And it is due to the slighted architects to vindicate their reputation, by characterising the amateur performance in exact accordance with its deserts. And the necessity for speaking out upon this matter is enforced by the assurance with which, in certain quarters, this egregious failure has been declared to be an eminent success, and this burlesque upon architecture has been proclaimed as an architectural triumph. We confess that we hesitated to believe our own eyes for a time, as the dingy yellow masses of coarse bricks and dirty mortar grew broader and taller, and as the vast iron and wood sheds increased in size and multiplied in numbers. We could not believe *that* to be really the veritable building; something had yet to be done, which would *architecturalise* all this dreary commonplace, and would transform this genuine ugliness into true beauty. To be sure, we could not adduce any known process on which we might rely for the fulfilment of our hopes; but Captain Fowke was something far more potent than a mere architect, and therefore it would be disrespectful to measure him by an ordinary standard. Another Aladdin, he would rub his lamp, and, in his own time and at his own pleasure, the thing would be done. Never, certainly, was some such process more needed, and never has it more signally failed to be forthcoming. Kelk and Lucas, with the vast material of allies, are the only "geni" that obey the behests of Captain Fowke; and their contract does not include any "architecture." The building speaks for itself, and it is the exponent and interpreter of its own architectural pretensions. Certainly, if we had misgivings all along (for we confess to having had the image of South Kensington Museum before our eyes), our worst fears could not have anticipated what now we contemplate with equal amazement and dismay. *This* the edifice which we invite the world, first to store with its treasures of Art and Industry, and then to visit, as the grand centre of human achievement, the focus of what man's intellect may devise and his hand execute! *This* the structure that we have deliberately prepared to set before the artists of the world as the type of what the great art of architecture is able to produce, to be the home of the second Great Exhibition of England! The eleventh year is fast drawing to a close since we opened our first Great Exhibition;

and *this* is what our eleven years' experience has taught us!

Let us be distinctly understood. We have not expected or desired in the Exhibition Building a palace of marble, or even of terracotta. We have simply awaited the appearance of an edifice well adapted to its required uses, and impressed with a becoming architectural character through the skill of a master-architect. It might be an essential condition of the production of this building that no unnecessary sums should be expended upon it. Then, this very condition would imply that it should grow up under the eye of an architect, whose genius might be competent to develop a noble structure from simple materials. And this is what a truly great architect would have accomplished. In this very result he would have exemplified his greatness—that is, in triumphing over restricted resources. But what has Captain Fowke done? He has projected two monstrous domes, difficult to construct, of immense and altogether unnecessary cost, which threaten even now not to be finished in time, and which, when they are finished, will be as useless as unsightly. The rest of his temporary construction is poverty-stricken to a degree inconceivable, until felt through actual examination. And then there is the permanent range of brick-built galleries, &c., which, if possible, are even worse than the wood and iron. We have studied this brick edifice carefully and thoughtfully, and we are constrained to pronounce it, without exception,

the most worthless and the vilest parody of architecture that it ever has been our misfortune to look upon. There is not a railway-engine house in existence that would not scorn to be compared with it. In every detail, and in the combination of the several details into a single whole, there are ever present a poverty of conception and a palpable ignorance of all architecture humiliating indeed. It is true that the whole building is very large, and that many of its component parts are very large also; but their magnitude serves only to bring out the prevailing mental littleness with the more startling effect. The entrance-arches in the centre of the front, and at the two domes, are lofty and of broad span, and yet they produce no other impression than regret that they are too large for their intense meanness to be either masked or modified. The same remark is equally applicable to the long rows of feeble arches, all of them filled in with blank plaster above, and below, all of them pierced for windows that are positively as ugly as the brickwork and the plaster. And again, at the angles of the main front, in its centre, and at the dome entrances, there are what we suppose we must entitle substitutes for towers. These choice bits of amateur architecture carry the *style of the design* to its climax; and as we are altogether unable to do justice to them in words, we give a sketch of the upper and *most artistic* portion of one of the elevations. This impressive conception is repeated, with exact fidelity, including the



glazed oval hole and the stucco cup-and-ball, again and again.

Our sketch, we feel it to be right to add, is to be accepted as a faithful representation, and not by any means exaggerated. It was carefully drawn from the original; and though, without doubt, it will receive the full sanction of our grave contemporary *Mr. Punch*, it has not been adapted by our artist to the peculiar feeling of his pages. It is, as we have said, a portraiture, pure and simple.

Possibly it may be alleged that Captain Fowke, after all, will be found to have produced a good gallery for the exhibition of pictures, and the inside of his building may prove to be generally satisfactory.

We can repeat the words, and can surmise that the picture-gallery may be commodious, of suitable proportions, agreeably lighted, and so also of all the rest; but this does not affect the *architectural* success or failure of Captain Fowke's design. Captain Fowke may be a first-rate engineer, and his presence just now might be of inestimable importance somewhere in the neighbourhood of the

northern bank of the St. Lawrence. These considerations are beside the present question. This gentleman, a military engineer, undertook to build for England a civil edifice, that England would have to exhibit to the world. All that we have to do in dealing with this building is to inquire, first, whether we feel proud of it ourselves; and, secondly, whether we shall have our honest pride enhanced, by presenting it to the great gatherings of the coming summer. We have already explained, with sufficient clearness, our own sentiments upon the former of these two points: and, upon the second point, we are content to add, that we can anticipate the impression that the Great Exhibition Building will make upon the mind of any accomplished foreigner who may establish himself, on his arrival in London, at Mr. Knowles's palatial hotel, at the Victoria Railway terminus; and who may set out from that noble edifice in the confident expectation of finding at South Kensington a contemporary work, far nobler still, and more worthy to represent the living architecture of this country.

OF THE DIVINE AND HUMAN IN PORTRAITURE.

IN treating of this interesting branch of the Fine Arts, it cannot be too attentively considered, that expression in portraiture is the type of the inward man reflected in his countenance; and that however we may accept the truth of beauty existing only as it is individually perceived, yet it does not follow that there is no beauty beyond it.

The tree, we are told by Divine authority, is known by its fruits; and, as the seed of genius is sown in us, so surely will man rise or fall in that scale of civilisation given by the Spirit to man to profit withal, for the wisest of purposes.

This train of thought necessarily leads one to a reflection of the constitution of mind best suited to idealise that individuality, usually the concomitant in Art of sacred subjects; and as the object of this essay is but to exemplify Divine and human expression, no apology, we think, is necessary in calling to our aid those interesting examples, in illustration of these views, contained in our own National Gallery, and a few others in well-known collections.

Having deservedly the reputation of being one of the finest pictures in the world, we will first exemplify our subject through our far-famed painting, 'The Raising of Lazarus,' by Sebastian Del Piombo. The solemn dignity of the Saviour is here seen in majestic full-length attitude of repose, giving life to His mission, in the bidding of Lazarus to "come forth" from the tomb, in the midst of an assembled awe-struck, yet for the most part, as it may be presumed, incredulous multitude. There is a force and unity in this composition—so truly in keeping with the scene, where all is hushed, save the dead man's action, on his restoration to life—winning us at once to a conviction, that none but an inspired hand could possibly have depicted it; though it cannot but be admitted that a great fault is discernible in the figure of Lazarus, ridding himself of his grave clothes as his first oblation to the Deity on his restoration to life, being much out of character with its pervading solemnity. If beauty in the sublime be the desideratum of genius, surely it were to be looked for in the expression of the strongest sentiments of the heart, amid the silent wonder of a promiscuously assembled people, hailing or doubting the advent of a new inspiration, rather than in an over-hasty desire of divesting oneself of an insignificant, earthly encumbrance.

It would be an endless task to hazard an opinion of the cause of the omission by many great masters of the aureole, or glory, denoting the Divine presence. Were the practice confined merely to a class of religionists restricting their faith to a spiritual unity peculiar to the early ages of the Church, of which Eusebins and Arius were the advocates at the great ecclesiastical council of Nice, presided over by Constantine, there would be little difficulty in accounting for such an omission. But when we see,—as in many of the finest pictures of sacred subjects decorating the galleries of Europe,—in Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' and his 'Christ with the Doctors,' in most of Titian's finest pictures; in the famous picture by Correggio, 'The Mother and Child, with St. John,' in a circle, engraved by Spierre, and his not less estimated 'Ecce Homo,' in our home gallery,—the custom disregarded, and its universal adoption in the fifteenth century, and subsequently by Raphael himself, in his 'St. Catherine,' in our gallery, his famous 'Mother and Child, with St. John,' his 'Crowning of

the Virgin,' and his other choice pictures so well known at Lord Ellesmere's, and elsewhere; in Guido's 'Mother at the Cross,' and his 'Ecce Homo,' lately bequeathed to the nation by our great poet and patron of the arts, Samuel Rogers; in the works of Murillo and Rubens, in general,—we are impelled to the conviction either that the noted painters we have just pointed out were not of a faith binding them to the practice, or that they considered the symbol rather as a blot than an embellishment of their productions.

It would much elucidate the subject were we to judge the matter somewhat by the comparison of the several expressions in portraits representing our Saviour, leaving out of question the strange hallucination by many artists, particularly Guercino, of extending this practice to the decoration of the dead as well as the living—as we see in his 'Dead Christ,' in our collection. For example, in contrasting the divine resignation of the 'St. Catherine at the Wheel,' of Raphael, with that of Correggio's 'Ecce Homo,' one cannot but be struck with the less celestial expression of the latter to that of the former; as though the latter had taken an ordinary man for his model, rather than have had recourse to any ideal conception of the Divine Being. Again, in comparing the deep-toned expression of Guido's matchless 'Mother at the Cross,' and his 'Ecce Homo,' with Titian's Infant Saviours, in general, do we see otherwise in the former but a depth of feeling, realised in an agony of suffering, with but one heart and one mind bound up in the faith of an everlasting redemption, and in the latter but mere transcripts of very ordinary beings, with little to recommend them but their fine-toned and voluptuous colouring?

Our immortal bard of Avon, who reflected faithfully all things in nature, reproaches a vagabond in one of his plays with having a forehead villanously *low*; but we have no instance on record of any author having the hardihood to denounce one as villanously *high*. There is, therefore, much, it strikes one forcibly, in this far-seeing delineation of portraiture, worthy of a better attention than is usually given to it by artists and the public in general.

To what other cause Leonardo da Vinci's nice discrimination of high forms in the forehead is to be attributed, than to his unparalleled accomplishments in the Arts and sciences, as well as to his experience of the wise and good, and, doubtless, villanous of mankind,—it is not here our province to dwell upon. But if this admirable philosopher and painter's labours were of the inspiration of genius affianced to spiritualism, it certainly does not show itself in his omission, if not negation, in the examples he has left of his pencil, of the usual Christian emblem—too liberally, it must be admitted, extending itself to less Divine portraits in some of the finest Catholic pictures. Yet it may be truly said that mind in this illustrious painter mastered itself; for, in the language of our immortal Johnson, in his epitaph on his friend Goldsmith, "he touched nothing that he did not ornament;" and if in thus searching the basis of great minds to depict great subjects, it was thought by this illustrious man to be the province of a true painter, be assured that he did it, not from the narrow principle of calling in question liberty of thought or feeling in the field of Art, but rather with a view to lessen that morbid practice, too common in his day, of identifying metaphysical principles with mundane representations, which latter, if it be worth anything in expression, doubtless he thought should carry, unadorned, its own conviction.

The study of Art, we should bear in mind, especially consists in imitating nature in all its varieties; and the reason that so many well-meaning artists fail to give that life-like expression to canvas distinguishing the old masters, is in not seeking at the fountain head those realities wherewith to invigorate their subjects. Indeed, so ridiculously far has this fatal indifference to truth been carried by some masters, that a story is told in the life of Morland (a pure child of nature), that one of our distinguished painters substituted a goose he bought for the purpose, to represent a swan in one of his pictures, from sheer indolence of a row on the Thames to sketch one. And the reason is plain why so foolish a practice now finds but little favour, unless in its *unorthodox* parallel of *lay* impropriations, since the discernment of the age tells us, but too truly, that if we are not capable of delineating the most pleasing as well as the most repulsive features with the eye of truth, we do nothing.

If we turn from our holier path of artistic action, and seek a more agonising source of expression in the passions, where all is sad and terrible,—as in Tintoretto's 'Murder of the Innocents,'—how do hope, fear, anger, and revenge stand out in bold relief against the domestic realities of life seen in Gerard Douw's, Mieris', Hogarth's, Ostade's, and Wilkie's charming interiors, where all is calm and natural, captivating at once the soul and the senses?

In tracing this vein of expression in portraiture, in what class of creation, let us ask ourselves, do we see a more exquisite example of confiding fidelity, than is expressed in the heads of the disciples represented in 'The Last Supper,' rising, with the exception of Judas, from their seats in distraction at the thought of any suspicion attaching to themselves on their Saviour's announcement that "one of them should betray Him?" Or what expression can surpass the earnest emotion of their appeals to His Divine justice and to each other, in their categorical questions?

It cannot but forcibly strike one, in regarding this picture, that the assembled disciples, with the exception of Judas, are represented with high foreheads; and our own experience, one would think, must convince us, that in no instance is this benevolent attribute of humanity, when coupled with intellectual endowment, to be traced to the lower feelings of humanity. Whether this remarkable characteristic of human worth were the chosen instrument of creation, in the untaught, to work out a principle of life involving a future, is a theme not for man to determine.

The peculiar idiosyncrasy of high foreheads, it will not, we think, have escaped notice, attaches itself to the finest statues and portraits of the apostles; and in none more prominently than in those after the old masters, by Albert Durer, Callot, and others of their time, in which a nice discernment of character might find ample scope for comparison. If we take, for example, the first two in order of expression—the St. Peter and St. Thomas, of Callot—do we see otherwise (sceptics though we may be of pictorial aids in all that concerns the economy of mind) than the majestic holiness of features in good men, indicative of their firm resolve of fulfilling the high behests of their heavenly mission? Or do we see in the St. Andrew, by the same hand, otherwise than the simple confidence of unlettered life, forsaking all to follow the faith, upon the simple assurance of the due reward of His promised kingdom?

(To be continued.)



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.

RUBENS.

SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS.

CHAP. II.—IN ANTWERP.

ABOUT twenty-two years ago the inhabitants of the fine old city of Antwerp held high festival: every one was in the gayest holiday attire, business of every kind was suspended, for "pleasure ruled the hours." The chimes of the cathedral of Notre Dame, one of the most beautiful specimens of

Gothic architecture in the Low Countries, mingled with the booming roar of cannon; streets and houses were gay with flags, festoons of flowers, and other decorations; cavalcades, in which gigantic whales, dolphins, and sea monsters took part, thronged the street; guilds of trades marched along with all the pomp and circumstance of civil grandeur, and associations of bowmen and cross-bowmen preceded and followed a triumphal car filled with a motley group of mythological figures, and young people of both sexes dressed

in the costume of the seventeenth century. But we have no space to tell of all that was done and said during that bright summer's day, nor of the illuminations, fireworks, dancing, music, and revels which kept the good burghers of Antwerp, their wives, and families in a state of joyous excitement long after the witching hour of night. And now it will naturally be asked, "What was all this festivity about?" it was to do honour to the genius of the great Flemish painter, Rubens, a statue of whom, by Geefs, was on that day first



ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE CITY OF ANTWERP.

exhibited to the public in its resting-place on the *Quai*, having been unveiled, with due solemnity and with appropriate orations, by the high autho-

rities of the state and the city. Rubens had then been dead two centuries.

In the preceding chapter, last month, we accom-

panied this painter into Italy; we shall now return with him to Antwerp, whither he had been summoned, after an absence of eight years, by

intelligence of the serious illness of a mother whom he tenderly loved: death, however, had removed her ere he reached home. The loss so affected him, that he determined to go back at once to Italy; but the flattering appeal made by the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella changed his intentions, and he decided to remain in the city, where he erected a magnificent residence, and adorned it with a collection of beautiful works of Art of every kind. In this mansion were executed very many of the finest pictures which have conferred immortality on his name; some of these now in Antwerp we proceed to notice.

The first important work he painted after his return from Italy—and it is in some respects the most important of Rubens' pictures—is the celebrated 'Crucifixion,' or, as it is more properly called, 'The Elevation of the Cross,' an engraving of which appeared in our last number. It was originally painted, in 1610, for the church of St. Walburg, in Antwerp, but now constitutes the altar-piece of the north transept of the cathedral. The composition of this splendid painting, which, with the wings, contains three distinct subjects, is so varied and full of detail, that a brief description, such as we can give, must be necessarily imperfect. The central compartment shows the body of Christ fastened by huge nails to the cross, which several men, whose attitudes and strong muscular action show the power they exert, are endeavouring to raise and fix in the ground. Kugler says, "In the colossal picture of 'The Elevation of the Cross' Rubens stands forth in all his Titanic greatness as the painter of violent and agitated scenes: the effect is overpowering." Reynolds speaks of it with great admiration, and especially notices the resigned expression of the crucified Saviour in contrast with the animation and vigour of the other figures. "The invention of throwing the cross obliquely from one corner of the picture to the other is finely conceived, something in the manner of Tintoret; it gives a new and uncommon air to his subject, and we may justly add that it is uncommonly beautiful." It is said that Rubens retouched the picture in 1627, and added to it the Newfoundland dog in the left corner. Whenever introduced the animal is a blot on the canvas, as an object calculated to destroy the solemnity of the scene. On the right of this central picture is a group of the women who followed Christ to Calvary; one of them, the nearest to the spectator, with an infant in her arms, throws herself backwards in an attitude of terror; standing behind is St. John endeavouring to console the Virgin. On the opposite wing are some Roman soldiers, one of whom is without his helmet, and is stretching forth his hand as if issuing orders concerning the two malefactors, driven forward by their Roman guards. These two subjects are introduced here. On the exterior sides of these wings, or doors, is respectively painted a fine regal looking figure of St. Catherine holding in her right hand a sword, in her left a palm-branch; and a figure supposed to



ST. JOHN AND HOLY WOMEN.

represent Elias, in the richest sacerdotal robes; each has a companion of the opposite sex, and in both cases the male figure holds a crozier in his hand, while cherubs are descending to place mitres on their heads. Engravings from these subjects will appear in the next number of our journal.

We pass on now to notice another grand picture by Rubens, generally regarded as his *chef-d'œuvre*, the 'Descent from the Cross,' placed in the south transept of Antwerp Cathedral: an engraving of it is introduced as an illustration in the present number.

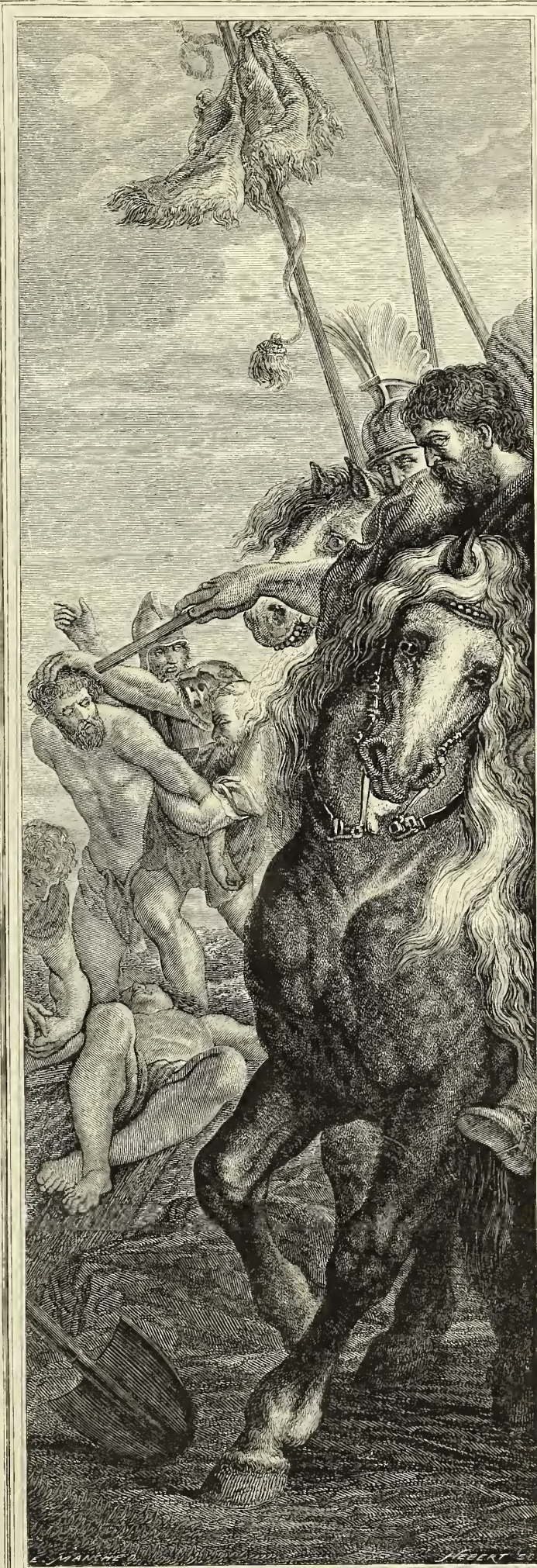
The traditional history of the origin of this work has been thus recorded by G. P. Mensaert, a contemporary of the artist: "Rubens painted it in recompense for the corner of a garden belonging to the Society, or *Serment des Fusiliers*, of whom St. Christopher was considered the patron saint. The piece of land was given to Rubens to enlarge the grounds of the house he was then building. When the picture was about being finished he received a visit from the *chef-doyens*, or stewards of the society, to view it; and as the *volets*, or wings, stood opened, they expressed surprise at the omission of their patron saint. Rubens observed their disappointment, and told them he would explain how he had treated the story. 'Christophorus,' he said, 'signifies *Christum ferre*, or carrying of Christ; the figures in the picture, who are assisting to lower the body from the cross, are carrying Christ. St. Simeon, on one of the *volets*, who carries the infant Christ in his arms, is therefore a Christopherus. The Virgin *encinte* also carries Christ. He was about to continue, when he observed by the disappointment in their countenances that they wished for something else than metaphors. Then gently closing the *volets* on the other side, they saw to their great joy a St. Christopher painted of gigantic stature. Their delight was so excessive, that without further examination they quitted the painter, and left him in astonishment at their stupid ignorance. He instantly added to the picture of St. Christopher an owl flying and a turbot in the water, to express his opinion of such connoisseurs, where they still exist." The central composition contains nine figures; in the middle is the dead body of Christ detached from the cross, over the transverse piece of which two men mounted on ladders are standing; one of them holds the corner of the "clean white linen cloth" in his mouth, and both are gently lowering the corpse. Half way up the ladders are Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea assisting, and at the base stands St. John, clad in a scarlet robe, receiving the body in his arms. On the left Mary Magdalen and Salome, the mother of James, kneel, and extend their arms to assist the descent; the former is dressed in a vestment of deep green, the latter in one of purple. Behind them is the Virgin Mary wearing a blue mantle, her attitude and expression significant of the greatest disquietude. The time is night. The crowd of spectators who witnessed the agony on the cross is dispersed, except those

faithful followers who have again assembled to perform, as they consider, the last solemn duties for their Lord and Master.

For that power of representing deep tenderness, love, and reverence, which may be effected by action as much as, if not more than, by the expression of the human face, this picture has scarcely a parallel—it is manifest in each one of the figures, all being apparently actuated by an intense desire to "deal gently" with the lifeless form of Him whom they have lost. Raffaele would have given more pathos and sweetness to their countenances, but he could not have thrown greater dramatic power into the grouping. Referring to an idea which prevailed before his time, that the composition was borrowed from some Italian picture or print—one by Daniel di Volterra, as was alleged—Reynolds says, "Its greatest peculiarity is the contrivance of the white sheet on which the body of Jesus lies: this circumstance was probably what induced Rubens to adopt the composition. He well knew what effect white linen opposed to flesh must have with his powers of colouring—a circumstance which was not likely to enter into the mind of an Italian painter, who probably would have been afraid of the linen hurting the colouring of the flesh, and have kept it down by a low tint. And the truth is, that none but great colourists can venture to paint pure white linen near flesh; but such know the advantage of it; so that, probably, what was stolen by Rubens, the possessor knew not how to value, and, certainly, no person knew so well as Rubens how to use. I could wish to see this print, if there is one, to ascertain how far Rubens was indebted to it for his Christ, which I consider as one of the finest figures that ever was invented; it is most correctly drawn, and, I apprehend, in an attitude of the utmost difficulty to execute. The hanging of the head on his shoulder, and the falling of the body on one side, gives it such an appearance of the heaviness of death, that nothing can exceed it."

On the exterior of the *volets*, or folding-doors, of this grand picture are respectively painted the 'St. Christopher,' of which mention has just been made, and a hermit carrying a lantern to light the saint over the river. Engravings of these subjects were introduced into the article on Rubens last month. On the interior of the doors, respectively, is an exceedingly fine composition; one, the 'Presentation in the Temple;' the other, the 'Visitation.' The former is almost as fresh as when first painted; but the latter has become greatly deteriorated. Engravings from them are in preparation for the ensuing number.

As an intermediate subject in point of time, between the two large pictures we have described, Rubens executed at a later date his famous 'Crucifixion.' In this, Christ is represented as suspended on the cross between the two thieves. The picture was painted, in 1620, for the artist's friend the Burgomaster Nicholas Roekox, who presented it for an altar-piece to the Church of the *Recollets*; it is now



ROMAN SOLDIER'S.

in the museum of Antwerp. The composition is one of infinite power, and presents more distinctive marks of individual character than, perhaps, either of the others we have spoken of. The time is after "the sixth hour," for there is darkness over the sky and earth, and Christ has "given up the ghost." A Roman soldier on horseback approaches, and thrusts his spear with impetuous violence into the Saviour's side, while the Magdalen, who kneels at the foot of the cross, looks at the horseman with an expression between horror and entreaty. Her face is in profile, and Reynolds calls it "by far the most beautiful profile I ever saw, of Rubens, or, I think, of any other painter." In the immediate foreground are the Virgin, St. John, and Mary the wife of Cleophas, with the centurion, who leans forward, his hands resting on the mane of his horse, and his gaze earnestly fixed on the placid, lifeless face of Christ. The two thieves are represented according to what we read of them in the sacred narrative—the one struggling in intense anguish, his body writhing with pain, one leg, which he has torn from the nail, drawn up, his countenance wild, distorted, and hideous; the other malefactor, tortured and suffering as he is, bears his agony with meek resignation, and seems as if only waiting in comparative calmness for death to release him. A soldier has ascended the ladder resting against the cross on which the impenitent thief hangs, for the purpose, as it seems, of breaking the legs of the latter. There is a grand dramatic character in the whole of this composition; it is bold and original in conception, and, as Reynolds justly remarks, "conducted with consummate art."

Another great work by Rubens, in the same gallery, is 'The Adoration of the Magi,' a picture which called forth some eloquent and appropriate remarks in an article in a recent number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, the writer of which breaks a lance with Mr. Ruskin, on account of the judgment he has passed on the genius of the Flemish painter. Critics are certain to commit errors when they have but one standard, and that of their own creation, whereby to measure merit; and this is unquestionably the case with Mr. Ruskin, who can see little or no excellence beyond a restricted range of Art in the two great fields of historical painting and landscape. We have no space now to enter upon the controversy between the author of "Modern Painters" and his antagonist, but we share the feelings of the latter when he describes 'The Adoration of the Magi' as a grand poetical design, instinct with a genius claiming "kindred with that which glows upon the pages of Milton and Dante. There is here no beauty of form to captivate the eye, nor expression of character to excite the feelings of the heart, but a rich and gorgeous display of Eastern wealth and magnificence mingled with the homely attributes of the lowly stable in Bethlehem."

Antwerp is so abundantly rich in the works of Rubens that we regret our inability to notice many more of them. J. D.

THE
EXHIBITION MEMORIAL—1851.

OUR readers have received full details concerning this great work—the work of Joseph Durham, the sculptor—and they are aware that the group representing the four divisions of the globe, was to have been surmounted by an heroic statue of the Queen. That statue had naturally engaged the special attention of the sculptor; it had been frequently seen by, and received the marked approval of, the lamented Prince, whose irreparable loss the nation will long deplore, and it was rightly expected to be the best statue of her Majesty that has yet been executed. Those who have seen it know that such expectation was well grounded. It is not, however, to be lost to the public; although, as we shall explain, another destination is to be provided for it.

When a sum was raised by subscription, at the beginning of the year 1852, to erect a worthy monument to commemorate the great event of the year 1851, it was an essential part of the plan that it should contain a statue of the Prince, to whom the world was indebted for the most important and useful lesson of the age. Mr. Alderman Challis, then Lord Mayor of London, declared this to be the leading feature of the work. An objection, however, was made by his Royal Highness—not to the testimonial, but to its being rendered a special tribute to himself; and it was with exceeding regret the Testimonial Committee felt themselves compelled to omit that which had indeed originated the design. A statue of the Queen was consequently the only substitute that could have been properly devised. The deplorable death of the Prince renders the objection *nil*, and it will surprise no one to learn that a request, equivalent to a command, has been received by the Memorial Committee to place a statue of Prince Albert where it was originally intended to be placed. This request proceeds from the Queen and the Prince of Wales. As a matter of course, if it had been distasteful, it would have been acted on; but it is the contrary—it will gratify all the subscribers and the public to be enabled thus to offer a tribute of affectionate homage to the memory of a prince whose value to the British people was incalculable, and whose loss is deplored throughout the empire as a private and personal affliction. The statue will be the first of many works to perpetuate the remembrance of the useful virtues of the Prince Consort.

The following most touching and beautifully written letter was addressed to the Committee of the Horticultural Gardens (in which the memorial is to be placed), and also to the Memorial Committee:—

Osborne, Dec. 28.

"GENTLEMEN,—Prostrated with overwhelming grief, and able, at present, to turn her thoughts but to one object, the Queen, my mother, has constantly in her mind the anxious desire of doing honour to the memory of him whose good and glorious character the whole nation in its sorrow so justly appreciates.

"Actuated by this constantly recurring wish, the Queen has commanded me to recall to your recollection that her Majesty had been pleased to assent to a proposal to place a statue of herself upon the memorial of the Great Exhibition of 1851, which it was intended to erect in the New Horticultural Gardens.

"The characteristic modesty and self-denial of my deeply-lamented father had induced him to interpose to prevent his own statue from filling that position, which properly belonged to it, upon a memorial to that great undertaking, which sprung from the thought of his enlightened mind, and was carried through to a termination of unexampled success by his unceasing superintendence.

"It would, however, now, her Majesty directs me to say, be most hurtful to her feelings were any other

statue to surmount this memorial but that of the great, good Prince, my dearly-beloved father, to whose honour it is in reality raised.

"The Queen, therefore, would anxiously desire that, instead of her statue, that of her beloved husband should stand upon this memorial.

"Anxious, however humbly, to testify my respectful and heartfelt affection for the best of fathers, and the gratitude and devotion of my sorrowing heart, I have sought, and have with thankfulness obtained, the permission of the Queen my mother to offer the feeble tribute of the admiration and love of a bereaved son by presenting the statue thus proposed to be placed in the gardens under your management. I remain, gentlemen, yours,

ALBERT EDWARD.

"To the Council of the Horticultural Society."

This letter was accompanied by one from General Grey, stating that the commission to execute the statue would be given by the Prince of Wales to Mr. Durham, and requesting that a committee of three sculptors, and also two members of the Horticultural Society and the Memorial Committee, might be appointed to consult with Mr. Durham on the subject; the words in which this intimation was conveyed were especially complimentary to that gentleman. Consequently Mr. Foley, R.A., Mr. Westmacott, R.A., Baron Marochetti, A.R.A., Mr. S. Smirke, and Mr. George Godwin, were appointed such committee.

The statue of the Queen, which Mr. Durham has just completed, and was about to convey to Birmingham, to be cast in bronze by Messrs. Elkington, is, by the Memorial Committee, placed at the disposal of the Prince, who will no doubt accord to it a worthy destination.

Another proof is thus afforded of the happy and holy influence that pervades the court of our beloved sovereign. It is doubly welcome as indicating the feeling of the Prince of Wales as well as that of the Queen. The graceful, dutiful, and most beautiful letter of the Prince will be read with exceeding gratification throughout the kingdom. It is suggestive of high and happy hope.

Another duty will no doubt follow this;—the group will be inaugurated by his Royal Highness, probably in November next, just as the Exhibition of 1862 closes. That will be the most fitting time; for it will be impossible to have the work ready by the opening on the 1st of May.

Thus, it may be almost said, the public life of his Royal Highness will commence by commemorating one of the many great and good works of his actively useful father. It is not to be expected that he can, for many years to come, fill the place that is left vacant by the death of the admirable Prince; but he can do much to lessen the severity of our loss. And that "much" we are fully sure he will do: his nurture and training have been the best; he who was so true a friend to all that is excellent has been the trainer of the youth's habits, the educator of his mind; and happily he is still by the side of one who will continue the work. The Prince of Wales is now on the eve of full manhood, and society has had abundant opportunities of forming opinions as to his future; he has not been reared in seclusion, or apart from the ordinary pursuits of man. All that we have seen and heard of him (and it is not a little) brings conviction that the virtues of the parents will be the heritage of the son.

The letter we have copied above will be but the first of many proofs of the sympathising thought, high feeling, and dutiful affection of the Prince of Wales; such proofs will bring to him additional evidence of loyalty, for loyalty is, happily, in our time, the easiest of all our duties; and it will require no "teaching" to induce love for the future sovereign of these realms.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS OF DESIGN.

SIR,—The remarks on this subject in the present month's Journal have not been made ere they were required; the subject is one which has long engaged my attention, as it has, I know, the attention of others, and it is quite time that the public should know something about the practical working of the system of teaching Art adopted by the Department whose business it is to arrange and superintend this specific object. At South Kensington is a large staff of officials, paid out of the public purse, and with ramifications shooting out all over the country; thousands of young people of both sexes, and many more thousands of children, are put under instruction of some kind, while government inspectors are paying periodical visits into the provinces, examining pupils, making speeches, and distributing rewards by the hundred for *freehand drawing, model drawing, shading from the round, geometrical drawing*, and half a score other styles known in the vocabulary of the initiated. But what is all this vast array of machinery effecting? That is the question which every practical man interested in the subject is asking. "Where," as the writer of the article which has called forth this communication inquires—"where are the men whose taste and talent were to create a revolution in our manufactories and workshops?" and echo answers, "Where?" My avocations bring me into frequent association with the heads of large manufacturing firms, and it is almost a universal complaint with them, that they cannot find designers to develop the resources of their establishments; skilled artisans are within reach, but these are of little avail without the impelling power, the skilful designer, to set them forward satisfactorily on their labours; and whence should the manufacturer expect to derive such assistance, but from *Government Schools of Art*?

I remember reading in your journal, many months back, an article purporting to show what the Department of Science and Art "had done, and was doing," but I failed to arrive, by the writer's arguments, at any definite and satisfactory conclusion, except with reference to the Museum. What I most desired to ascertain, as a matter in which I felt a personal interest, was the practical working of the schools, and the benefits they were conferring; but of these the writer said nothing, or next to nothing. He told us our Art-manufacturers had greatly improved of late years, and led us to infer that this was the result of what our Art schools had effected; the assertion, however, was borne out by no statement of facts to support it. I rose from the perusal of the paper as ignorant of what I wished to learn as when I opened the pages.

In the year 1860, a document issued by Parliament states that the general expenses for management in London, with the various charges for the Schools of Art and Science in the United Kingdom, amounted to nearly £43,000; another sum of about £24,000 being divided in unequal proportions between the Museum at South Kensington and that in Jernyn Street; the corresponding establishments in Scotland and Ireland costing a still further sum of more than £13,000. Thus, then, the expense of maintaining our Art-establishments mounted up to £80,000, exclusive of the British Museum and the National Gallery, and of this immense sum, the School Department swallowed up the larger moiety. Have we not, then, a right to expect some return in a tangible and advantageous shape for this vast outlay? but how are we to get it? we know the money is spent, and the public would not grudge it, if they could see some substantial results; but till this be the case, those who manage affairs at South Kensington must expect to hear, and will hear, murmurs and complaints "loud and deep."

The case of Mr. Benson, referred to in your journal of this month, is not a solitary one. The Art-Union of London, I believe, offered premiums last year amounting in the aggregate to £100 for designs of a certain description to be competed for by pupils of any of the schools in connection with the Department, but could only find *one* which was thought deserving of an award.

The facts in connection with the resignation, now some years back, of Mr. Dyce, as the head of the School of Design at Somerset House, the predecessor of the Kensington School, are fresh in my recollection; he vacated his appointment because his hands were fettered so that he could not carry out his own plans. What aspect the institution would now have assumed had it remained under his management, it is impossible to say; but judging from what he effected, there is presumptive evidence that the result would be far different from what is at present

seen. Mr. Dyce had visited the Continent and seen the working of the great Art-schools in France, Belgium, and Germany; he had tested their efficiency, and was, I believe, anxious to carry out a similar system of instruction at home, but failed in his attempt through opposing influences, and washed his hands of the whole business.

I know nothing of the gentlemen who manage, or *mis*-manage, in my opinion, the affairs of the Department of Science and Art, and I have no concern, direct or indirect, in the matter, except as one of the public interested in Art of every phase, and desirous of seeing it prosper through the length and breadth of the land, as it ought to do, and would do, if the large and costly machinery now in motion were properly directed. I have been induced to make these observations simply from a wish to show that what you have published finds an echo in other minds, and that we, the public, look to the press, and, above all, to such journals as yours, which are the organs of the Art-world, to speak for us. "Something," as you say, "must be wrong somewhere," and the sooner a remedy is applied, the better it will be not only for those who are its unconscious victims, but also for the community at large. It is idle to talk of our progress in Art-education, when facts prove we are making little or none. I have heard pupils of the Schools of Design say, that what they chiefly learn there they gain from each other.

OBSERVER.

London, January 4th.

[This is only one among numerous communications that have reached us with reference to the remarks that have called forth "Observer's" letter. It is quite evident from all we hear that the subject is engaging the thoughts of some of our leading Art-manufacturers and others having a personal interest in the progress and well-doing of the Government Schools of Design, but who are at present little disposed to aid a system so inefficient and unproductive, and, to the classes that hoped to derive practical benefit from it, so utterly useless. It is, however, much easier oftentimes to complain of a grievance than to find a remedy for it; and on this question matters have so long been permitted to run their course without check or hindrance, and guided by what seems little else than irresponsible authority, that the malady has become chronic, if not absolutely incurable. But it must not, and will not, be allowed to remain without some attempt at amendment; if it is, no prophecy is required to predict the speedy downfall of the whole system; it will perish through sheer incompetence and inanity, leaving nothing to regret but the waste of time and treasure on an object which, properly managed, would, after the lapse of so many years, have grown into a flourishing, profitable, and valuable institution. Parliament must interfere; and we are not without hope of seeing in the ensuing session some of those country members who, during the recess, have made their appearance at the annual meetings of the provincial schools, drawing the attention of the government to this important subject.—Ed. A.-J.]

THE PRINCE CONSORT'S MEMORIAL. SCULPTURE v. OBELISKS.

SIR,—Those who had the good fortune to approach the Prince Consort, and hold with him any extended communication on the Fine Arts, well know that, amongst these, sculpture was the special object of his attention; and, in knowledge of its principles and acute perception of its requirements, he was unequalled by any man of his time.

He maintained "that our public monuments should be in Art the expression of our present condition and civilisation." One of his most cherished desires was the elevation of the standard of those national works, hoping ultimately to see erected in our public places and buildings sculpture in grandeur and beauty worthy of our rank as a nation.

It would, therefore, little harmonise with the views of our lamented Prince either to reproduce or transmute from the more congenial soil of Egypt an obelisk for erection in England, as a monument of the nineteenth century. Such a memorial would only be consonant with our purpose were our national condition that of the people who inhabited the Valley of the Nile three thousand years ago, who, unable to create forms endowed with expression and beauty, were driven to employ hugeness and force.

The obelisks of Egypt have chiefly interested the world from a sense of the difficulties which must have attended their erection. As objects of Art, they have no claim to our attention. To the Romans, as conquerors, they were desirable military trophies, and their removal from the banks of the Nile to those of the Tiber was an achievement their engineers would eagerly seek. This charm of difficulty no longer exists to us; the resources of modern science enable our engineers to handle such masses like toys.

Russia has erected several monoliths of great size; one of them, a huge boulder, transported by Catherine, serves as a pedestal to the statue of Peter the Great. But in the great national memorial lately

erected at Novgorod, Russia has employed monumental art of a higher kind, abandoning the barbaric masses which commemorate Peter and Alexander. In the monument of Frederick the Great, at Berlin, by Rauch, we have an example which the Prince Consort considered the perfection of a national monument to a soldier king.

Let us therefore follow the path marked out by the Prince himself, aiming at national and individual character. We shall find in the incidents of the life of this great man, and its ennobling influences on human industry and progress, materials for a story in Art unique in its character.

THOS. THORNYCROFT.

21, Wilton Place, Belgrave Square,
January 10th.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION BUILDING.

SIR,—You justly complain of the Commissioners of the '62 Exhibition for not insuring the works of Art sent to them for display; but this is not to be wondered at. Every one must see that the chances are in favour of a fire, as the building is, for the most part, roofed with tarred-felt,—a material so inflammable, that if a house, or even a large chimney, is on fire in the neighbourhood, there is every reason to fear that it will be kindled into flame by the sparks. We speak feelingly upon the subject, as we have seen an erection which contained fifteen hundred persons on one evening, brought to the ground during the night in one hour, and, at the same time, disperse its fragments abroad in such a manner, that they caused a large factory, two hundred yards distant, to share the catastrophe. Our fears are further increased by remembrance of the fact, made known to us through the press some time since, that a portion of the Art Schools at South Kensington, erected under the supervision of the same illustrious architect who has designed the '62 edifice, caught fire while it yet contained paintings of great value,—one, at least, belonging to the Hampton Court collection. The building, however, was saved the ignominy of completely "lying in the dust," by the praiseworthy efforts of a number of sappers who were then resident on the premises. It is also rumoured that the South Kensington premises have been slightly on fire on other occasions. I trust this explanation may be of service in accounting for the conduct of the Commissioners.

AN ARTIST.

London, January 11th.

THE PROGRESS OF FINE ART IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

As the Art enrichments of the Houses of Parliament have advanced, they have been described in the *Art-Journal*; but, as these descriptions have been piecemeal, it is now proposed to give a brief but comprehensive account of the whole of these works as far as they go—which, by the way, is much short of the proposed completion. The public, generally, does not know what has been done, what remains to be done, nor the difficulties that have surrounded what has been accomplished. It is either not known, or not now remembered, that at the time of the competitions instituted for the election of artists for the execution of the proposed designs, those painters whom we were wont to regard as the magnates of our school, declined competition, and it is probable that the majority of them would have declined commissions which would have necessitated tutelage in a direction foreign to those studies whereon they had built up their names. The creation therefore of a new school was necessary, and thus all the men now employed, and who have been employed on these works for nearly twenty years, were young, and still open to new influences when they entered the field of competition. Fresco had never been cultivated in England—hence, and from other causes, the melancholy failures presented in the first fresco essays made on the staircase of the House of Lords, on themes from English poets. The exhibitions that were held in Westminster Hall,

offered every encouragement to competitors; they were conducted in all fairness, and the awards met with universal approbation—the prizes in prospect were worth striving for, yet how little has the movement of that time left to its memory! Much was expected from the examples of the Houses of Parliament. It was certain that an impulse would be given to domestic decoration, if not among private individuals, surely among corporations and associated bodies who had space for mural paintings, and the means of paying for them. By the corporation of London, an example was set of decorating the Royal Exchange with unmeaning arabesques; and nearly all the decorative art that is in progress in private dwellings, is in the hands of foreign artists. It is, however, intended here only to sum up what has been done in legitimate Fine Art in the Houses of Parliament.

The entrance by Westminster Hall is by no means favourable to a consideration of the proportions of the new buildings, as the impression made by its vast area and lofty roof dwarfs every other interior. After the great hall, that of St. Stephen feels contracted, though really spacious. Here, as everywhere else throughout the buildings, the eye is embarrassed by the glare of coloured glass; though as yet there are no paintings to suffer by the extinction which painted glass, by its proximity to pictures, always inflicts. The sculptural adornments of St. Stephen's Hall are complete, consisting of twelve statues of men, once eminent members of the House of Commons, six on each side. On the left are Burke, by Theed; Fox and Lord Mansfield, by Baily; Lord Somers, by Marshall; Lord Falkland, by Bell; and Lord Clarendon, by Marshall. On the right side, commencing at the entrance to the central hall, there are Hampden, by Foley; Selden, also by Foley; Walpole, by Bell; Chatham, by MacDowell; Pitt, by the same, and a statue of Grattan, by Carew. As a whole, these statues form as fine a series as is anywhere to be found; some of them are too strongly marked by personal allusion, the desire to confirm which is a perfect security against everything ultra-dramatic. But these works tend in an opposite direction; there is an air of business about every one of them—even in those in military equipment the hero is sunk and the statesman predominates. This is as it should be, for these men are commemorated as senators—men of thought. If it be desirable to see a contrast to them—a man of action—it will be found in Marochetti's *Cœur de Lion*, just outside: a fine statue, but which, after all, is so entirely unfinished, that we could never regard it otherwise than a sketch. The garb which we call evening dress is the despair of the sculptor; nevertheless, in one or two cases it is disposed of with a great measure of success. In his statue of Fox, Baily has not essayed to seize the generous points of the character. If, in the mind of the sculptor, the current of emphatic eloquence could not be described without the uplifted right arm, it had been better even to have desisted from any attempt at such description, because the raising of the arm, as it appears there, is ungainly in action and bad in composition. Even allowing it to be Fox's habit, it should have been omitted, for the figure has no poetic or rhetorical character, it is only impressive by its bulk. On the other hand, the refinement of Pitt, by MacDowell, is excessive; the figure is all over mind, even to the minutest wrinkle of the silk stockings—if any minute wrinkle there be. These men might have been modelled from their speeches as to their outwards; we cannot fancy a man of potent and penetrating eloquence an exquisite in dress. But the treatment of the statue is a reflex

to the feeling of the sculptor; and marvellous it is how nearly approximate are perfection and failure as results of the working of one intelligence. The executive feeling we see in the statue of Pitt, is such as well becomes a tender and youthful female figure, seeming in the flesh, yet exalted far above it. We miss the flashing of Pitt's hair and eyes at his best time—for that is the period at which, to do justice to these statesmen, they should be represented.

Both Falkland and Hampden are fine statues; they are conceived in the right vein, being at once deliberative and military—the former characteristic preponderating; not one chapter of a life, but an entire biography. About Falkland and Hampden there was nothing demonstrative or scenic; but it would have been all but impossible for artists of certain schools to have suppressed that theatrical tendency which distinguishes all their works, especially in dealing with military allusions. The statues of Grattan and Burke are also meritorious works. The latter, however, is framed in busy drapery, which might well be spared; and the movement of Grattan is rather that of a master of ceremonies, than of a dignified orator. But, on the whole, these statues will bear comparison with any other extant series, being greatly superior to a long list of modern public works, both foreign and native, in thoughtful intelligence.

Sculpture suffers much less by the proximity of coloured glass than does painting. The colours of the latter are not only entirely superseded by stained glass, but when the sun shines, the hues of the glass are thrown with great vividness on the pictures, to the utter destruction of effect and colour. The inconveniences of stained glass have been much felt by Mr. Maclise during the execution of his great work in the Royal Gallery. Sir Charles Barry, before his death, is believed to have intended the substitution of plain glass in that gallery, but the change has never been effected. Between the statues there are panels intended for pictures, which it is hoped will be painted in the stereochrome, or water-glass method (described a few months ago in the *Art-Journal*), as works painted in this way gain greatly in many respects in comparison with fresco, especially in the absence of dryness of surface, and the despotic severity of line that seems inseparably from the old method.

St. Stephen's Hall leads to the Central Hall, whence, right and left, branch off the corridors—that on the right leading to the House of Lords, and that on the left to the House of Commons. The direction of these corridors is straight through the Central Hall, so that when all the doors are open on any occasion of ceremony, the Queen on the throne in the House of Lords, and the Speaker in the chair in the Commons, can see each other. In each of these corridors there are eight panels for pictures, four on each side, and the half of the panels in each is filled with subjects from English history of the time of the Stuarts. To Mr. Ward has been allotted the Commons' corridor, and to Mr. Cope that of the Lords; but in these dark passages all constructive and executive art is lost, inasmuch that it is greatly to be regretted pictures should be placed where they cannot be seen—that some other form of embellishment had not been devised more suitable for a degree of light so low, and better adapted to resist the overbearing stained glass. The first picture on the right is 'Charles II. assisted in his escape by Jane Lane.' This is the last that has been placed, and was described in a recent number of this Journal. It has been most probably suggested by Macaulay's History, wherein it is mentioned that, after the battle of Worcester, Charles,

attired as a servant, attended Mrs. Lane seated on a pillion and riding on horseback behind him to a distant part of the country, on a visit to a friend or relative, a journey undertaken with the view of assisting Charles to escape from the immediate neighbourhood of the troops of the Parliament. The next fresco on the same side is the 'Execution of Montrose at Edinburgh,'—the executioner in the act of tying Wishart's book round his neck. The opposite panel on the left contains the 'Last Sleep of Argyle,' which is the best of Mr. Ward's frescoes; the subject is perhaps from Macaulay, and from the same source is 'Alice Lisle concealing Fugitives from the Battle of Sedgemoor,'—these fugitives were John Hicks and Richard Nelthorpe, a lawyer who had been outlawed in consequence of his complicity in the Rye House plot. All these pictures have been already critically described by us. It would be impossible to paint such works on the walls in the subdued light of these corridors; they were therefore painted on large slabs of slate, and fixed in their places, leaving at the back an interval for the circulation of air, a device which will secure them against the fate of the frescoes that have perished on the staircase of the House of Lords, if the cause of their destruction be damp.

On the right of the Central Hall is the Lords' corridor, in which also four of the eight panels have been filled by Mr. Cope. The subjects of these frescoes are likewise from English history of the seventeenth century, being—the 'Embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers in the year 1620, in the ship *Mayflower*, bound for New England.' To the details, which are found in Bradford's Journal, the artist has adhered as closely as possible. Another is the 'Parting of Lord and Lady Russell,' before the execution of the former. In this last interview Lord Russell says to his wife, as she grasps his hand, "This flesh you now feel, in a few hours must be cold"—words attributed to him in Earl Russell's narrative. The third is the 'Burial of Charles I. at Windsor,' the moment chosen being that at which the Governor, Whichcote, prevents Bishop Juxon from reading the funeral service. The fourth and last-placed fresco of this series is the 'Raising of the Royal Standard at Nottingham.' Of these four, the best are 'Lord and Lady Russell,' and the 'Burial of Charles I.' The latter especially is a well-arranged and effective picture. The snow on the ground is a happy incident, more valuable here than it would be in a work seen in a broad light; indeed this corridor is so dark—darker than that of the Commons—that the 'Raising of the Royal Standard' cannot be seen at all in a dull day. Perhaps Mr. Ward, more than Mr. Cope, has simplified his compositions, with a view to that kind of strong opposition which alone can be made to tell in places so unfavourable for pictures; we feel this in the Argyle picture, also in the last, the 'Escape of Charles II.'

In the House of Lords the dominant Fine Art enrichments are six frescoes, three at the throne end of the house, and three at the opposite end. When the house is brilliantly lighted by gas, these works look well, though their details cannot be satisfactorily examined at the height at which they are placed; but by daylight they cannot be seen. Two of the three by Maclise—the 'Spirit of Justice,' and the 'Spirit of Chivalry,' are of rare excellence. In the former Justice stands ministering between two geniuses, and before her stand and kneel an assemblage of appellants to her judgment. In this grand picture—placed, alas! out of sight—every figure bears a pronounced and well-described character, and the whole is admirably put toge-

ther. The 'Spirit of Chivalry' is very similar to the other in composition; the principal figure stands upon a dais, supported by a knight and a bishop, and in the lower planes of the picture there are knights, ladies, and minstrels, all offering homage to the "spirit." The 'Spirit of Religion,' the third, is by J. C. Horsley; it is placed between the other two, and here the spirit is represented by a rite, apparently the reception of some pagan king into the bosom of the church. The three frescoes over the throne still refer to Religion, Justice, and Chivalry, but instead of the *spirit*, we have the *practice* in historical instances. The religious motive here is the 'Baptism of St. Ethelbert,' by Dyce; Chivalry is set forth in its most important ceremony—that of conferring knighthood, the particular instance being the 'Knighting of the Black Prince by Edward III.,' this was painted by Cope, and by the same artist is the picture wherein is exemplified administrative justice, the subject being 'Prince Henry acknowledging the authority of Judge Gascoigne.'

The House of Lords is ninety feet in length, forty-five in breadth, and the same number of feet in height; but it is so full of ornament and furniture that it does not look by any means so large. We cannot help thinking that the smoke from the lights has already done much to dim the lustre of the paintings. The stained-glass windows are twelve in number, and each contains eight painted effigies of members of the different royal lines that have occupied the English throne from William the Conqueror to William IV. and Queen Adelaide. Between the windows are placed statues of the barons who were immediately instrumental in wresting from King John the Magna Charta. Of these there are eighteen, all of course imaginary figures, commencing with Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and ending with Eustace de Vesci and William de Mowbray. The names of those filling up the wide interval need not be recounted; it may, however, be necessary to note that the sculptors are J. Thomas, P. MacDowell, R.A., W. F. Woodington, H. Timbrell, J. S. Westmacott, J. Thornycroft, F. Thrupp, and H. A. Ritchie, some of whom are still but little known to fame.

Any description of the minor enrichments of the House of Lords would extend this notice to a length much beyond what could be given to it. It is enough to say that by means of arms and monograms, and every kind of pregnant devices, all possible honour is done to historical memories.

Passing to the left of the throne, we enter the Prince's Chamber, which serves as a kind of ante-room to the House of Lords: it is here that the sovereign is received by the lords on entering from the Royal Gallery. The Prince's Chamber is much better lighted than either of the houses. It is this room in which is placed Gibson's fine marble group—the Queen seated on the throne, supported by figures representing Mercy and Justice. This grand work is too large for the room, the dimensions of which it shrinks, and diminishes the value of everything near it. It is useless to tell us that it is intended to be seen from the Royal Gallery; its effect from that room is better, but still the doorway is but a mean framework for such a work. It was certainly a grave error to place it in the Prince's Chamber, where, in truth, it not only cannot be seen, but where it reduces everything around it. In addition to this group, the ornaments of the chamber are principally a long series of portraits of members of the Tudor line and its branches, beginning with Henry VII., and ending with Jane Grey and Lord Guildford Dudley. These so-called portraits can only be regarded as decorative

accessories; they are contemptible as works of Art, and being painted on diapered gilt fields importune the eye to the disadvantage of all else in the room. The panels that run round the room are filled by bronze alto-relievi—six on each side. These compositions are by Theed; the subjects are—the Field of the Cloth of Gold, the Visit of Charles V. to Henry VIII.; the Escape of Mary Queen of Scots; the Murder of Rizzio; Mary looking back to France; Queen Elizabeth knighting Drake; Raleigh spreading his Cloak before the Queen; the Death of Sir Philip Sidney; Edward VI. granting a Charter to Christ's Hospital; Lady Jane Grey at her Studies, Sebastian Cabot before Henry VII.; and Catherine of Arragon Pleading. Over one of the fire-places is a plaster cast, coloured like oak, representing Queen Philippa pleading to Edward III. for the Burgesses of Calais. This was placed here experimentally before any of these panels were filled, and it has not yet been removed. The minor ornaments in this room are shields with the armorial bearings of the sovereigns since the Conquest, the arms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with quatrefoil borders round them having *fleurs-de-lis* and coronals on the central angles and at the corners; indeed, wherever the eye rests, it is met by painting, carving, or gilding. Much of—indeed, we believe all—the carving here and throughout the Palace was cut by machinery,—that invention known as Jordan's Patent. The light is better here than in the House of Lords, because the windows are not entirely filled with painted glass; but in the arrangements of the decorations, those panels and compositions that require a strong light are kept below, in the dark, while those that might have been placed in a subdued light occupy the best lighted spaces in the room. A mere symmetrical disposition is not always the best when it presents anything worth looking at—the arrangement of a room like this should have been the subject of as much study as that of a large and complicated picture.

From the Prince's Chamber we enter the Royal Gallery, where Mr. Maclise is engaged in finishing his magnificent picture (the 'Meeting of Wellington and Blücher after the Battle of Waterloo') which was described at length in a recent number.

The House of Commons calls for little remark, as it is really not much more richly decorated than it might have been the pleasure of even Cromwell to see, with a plentiful exchequer, and artists to do the work. The windows were first filled with stained glass, but as the members complained of the want of light in the day-time, the deeply-toned designs were removed for something much plainer. Here the study has been rather the comfort of the members than luxurious ornamentation; hence the various experiments in the lighting and ventilation of this house have cost sums fabulous, as having reference to ends seemingly so commonplace.

At the south extremity of the Royal Gallery is the entrance to the Queen's Robing-Room, in which Mr. Dyce was commissioned to paint the History of King Arthur; it is understood, however, the work is at a stand still; but if not, its progress is very slow. In reference to the frescoes in this room, it will be remembered, that according to a recent report of the Commissioners of Fine Arts the period for their completion is long past. In that document it is also shown that Mr. Dyce has not in any way kept faith with the Commissioners. If any decision has been come to in this case, it is not yet publicly known.

To the right of the lobby of the House of Lords is the Peers' Robing-Room, in which Mr. Herbert has long been engaged on a series of subjects picturing Human Justice and

its development in law and judgment. The pictures, as they will stand when finished, will be—in a single compartment on the west side, Moses bringing down the Tables of the Law to the Israelites; in two small compartments on the east side, the Fall of Man and his Condemnation to Labour; on the south side, in the larger compartment, the Judgment of Solomon; in the two smaller, The Visit of the Queen of Sheba, and The Building of the Temple; on the north side, in the larger compartment, the Judgment of Daniel; in the two smaller, Daniel in the Lion's Den, and the Vision of Daniel. Complaints have been made of the tardy progress of these works; but Mr. Herbert is perhaps the most fastidious painter of the English school. Even in the so-called Poets' Hall, he cut out nearly the whole of his fresco not less than five times, and we believe he has satisfied the Commissioners that he devotes his time almost exclusively to these works, making the most elaborate cartoons, and painting many of his studies in oil the better to study their effect. Mr. Herbert is favourable to the new method of water-glass painting—that in which Mr. Maclise is working out his great picture, but for the sake of uniformity he will, we believe, adhere to fresco in the paintings on which he is now engaged.

The eastern passage in the central hall leads to the staircase in which is situated the upper waiting hall (*quondam* Poets' Hall), on the panels of which were painted those unfortunate works which are now rapidly scaling off the walls. Costly enough though they were, these pictures were only intended as experiments, and that a majority of them is disappearing cannot be a source of grief to any persons who were concerned in establishing them there; we cannot believe that even the artists lament their dissolution. One of them, that by Herbert, is of the rarest excellence, but of the others, the best rise but moderately above commonplace. We have watched, and registered from time to time, their piecemeal decay—the cause of which it is a matter of great interest to ascertain, since it is so positively denied to be damp. The subjects are Griselda's first trial of Patience—Chaucer, by C. W. Cope, R.A.; St. George overcoming the Dragon—Spencer, G. F. Watts; Lear disinheriting Cordelia—Shakespeare, J. R. Herbert, R.A.; Satan touched by Ithuriel's Spear—Milton, J. C. Horsley; St. Cecilia—Dryden, J. Tenniel; the Personification of the Thames—Pope, Edward Armitage; the Death of Marmion—Scott, Edward Armitage; and the Death of Lara—Byron, C. W. Cope, R.A. Of these artists it will be observed that only two, Herbert and Cope, have received further commissions up to the present time.

It may be well here to mention the frescoes that are to come for the completion of the Corridor series: there are yet to be painted by Mr. Ward, in the Commons' Corridor, Monk declaring a free Parliament; the Landing of Charles II.; the Acquittal of the Seven Bishops; and the Lords and Commons presenting the Crown to William and Mary in the Banqueting Hall; and in the Lords' Corridor, yet to be placed by Mr. Cope, are Basing House defended by the Cavaliers against the Parliamentary Army; the Expulsion of the Fellows of a College at Oxford, for refusing to sign the Covenant; Speaker Lenthall asserting the privileges of the Commons against Charles I., when the attempt was made to seize the five members; and the Setting out of the Train Bands from London to raise the siege of the City of Gloucester—all these will be painted in fresco on slate slabs, and placed in the corridors—and thus will be completed the two series.

There are in the Committee Rooms some pictures which the Government has thought fit to purchase for disposition in the houses; but where a light is to be found sufficiently good to show them, is not easily determinable, save in apartments closed to the public.

Here, then, are enumerated the fresco and sculptural works of the Houses of Parliament, as far as they go. It might be interesting to know what is yet to come, but we have not space for that now; neither can the present generation hope to see much of that which is intended at the present rate of progress—as that which has been effected has cost nearly, from first to last, twenty years of labour; and, as the course of that labour has not of late run very smooth, it is most probable that the next twenty years may not even be so productive.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1862.

WHATEVER strictures the gradual development of the proposed details of the project may have drawn forth, there can be no question that, on its first promulgation, it was received with unlimited and undoubting approval. There was a reliant confidence, which accepted the preliminary outline of the scheme, full of hopeful augury as to the cordiality and extent of the co-operation on which it might fairly reckon. Despite the reluctance which some important producers evidenced to incur the necessary expenditure for another competitive display, still there was a large and powerful phalanx of adherents, whose immediate acceptance of the challenge at once converted the proposition into a fact. Ready and eager for the task it involved, they stopped not to ask the conditions of the struggle.

It was not till after the course of action determined in official quarters proved, in many respects, so pregnant with injury to the national character of the Exhibition, as well as to the private interests of the exhibitors, that any remonstrance from either the public or the press was heard. And so far from such expression of opinion manifesting ill-will, as the "authorities" would infer, they are the strongest evidences of a desire that the scheme should be worked out with a full and creditable success. At the present moment, whilst suffering from the irreparable loss which the country so deeply mourns, it is more than ever imperative that it should be fully and fairly discussed.

There can be no doubt that the death of the Prince Consort is a heavy blow, and great discouragement to the effective working of a scheme to which he brought not only the powerful influence of his elevated position, but also that of a high order of general intelligence, combined with untiring energy and unflagging zeal. The trust of directing the future of a project, from which he who gave it birth has been so suddenly called away, has become a solemn as well as onerous responsibility, and we must be zealously watchful that no objectionable policy be allowed to dim the brilliancy which should hallow and crown its completion.

Our comments will be made in the spirit of a hearty desire to realise the general object of the plan, though we must, for reasons given, express our objection to some of the official conditions, of which we question both the judgment and propriety. We cannot ignore the experience resulting from years of labour in the advancement of Art and Art-manufacture, together with that knowledge

of the interests and requirements gained by long and intimate connection with the highest producers in both those classes. We should be unworthy of, and unfaithful to, the trust which is so generally reposed in us, did we shrink from the duty of canvassing the merits or demerits of any project that so largely affects the interests we are especially bound to protect and advance. Most gladly would we have hailed such a development of the plan as would have deserved our unqualified approval and advocacy, which should then have been cheerfully and zealously given.

We have the interests of the Exhibition too sincerely at heart, both for the credit of the nation, its artists and manufacturers, to hesitate in the expression of opinion upon points of management by which it is likely to be hazarded—and therefore proceed with our task.

In respect to the conditions imposed by the Royal Commissioners upon those who are desirous to have their exhibits noted in the Official Illustrated Catalogue, we have already given our opinions.

Our augury as to the failure of this project seems hastening to fulfilment at a very early date. The official report in the *Journal of the Society of Arts* states, in regard to claims from British exhibitors, that "2,500 were received in one week. It is expected that the total number will reach 8,000."

And in reference to the Official Illustrated Catalogue the following paragraph appears:—

"The method adopted for the production of the Illustrated Catalogue appears to be received with favour, many pages have already been taken by exhibitors for the more detailed descriptions and illustrations of their goods."

Out of an aggregate of 8,000 British exhibitors *many pages have already been taken*. And this is considered a *favourable* prospect for the promoters of the Official Illustrated Catalogue. Why, such a fact proclaims its title a misnomer. In just such proportion as the "many pages" will bear to the 8,000 British, excluding all recognition of the foreign exhibitors, so will the claim of the work to be considered a catalogue of the Exhibition be sustained.

We confess to some anxiety as to the style of literature which, under the authority of the Royal Commissioners, will adorn its pages. When producers *pay* for the privilege of criticising their own works, there can be little doubt that they will improve the opportunity.

Those who submit to a charge of £5 per page, exclusive of the cost of illustration, know what the payment secures, and will enforce the bond. No editorial functions of revision or rejection will be permitted here. The pages are sold, and he who buys will use them at his pleasure—and justly so.

The dissatisfaction in regard to the allotment of space is still widely spread. From the official journal of the Royal Commissioners we quote the following paragraph:—"Her Majesty's Commissioners are still engaged in receiving notices of acceptance by British exhibitors of the space allotted to them. Against such allotments, it is understood that 2,500 appeals have been lodged—a number about 250 times as great as that in the Exhibition of 1851." The *Daily Telegraph* states that "Christmas-eve brought no fewer than 2,500 of these missives, 2,400 of which, we are told, were in terms of complaint."

Superiority to average productions should be an arbitrary enactment in the admission of every exhibit; and if this be enforced, the Royal Commissioners will be immediately and finally relieved from all anxiety about want of accommodation. The unrestricted

and unchecked occupancy of the space which may have been allotted to an exhibitor is fraught with serious mischief. This appears to be the state of affairs in France also.

Had a higher standard of merit been made the indispensable qualification, without which no work would have been received, much of this difficulty would have been obviated. But the chief struggle has been for space; and whether when obtained it could or would be filled worthily, is left to the chapter of accidents.

We cannot but consider that a grievous error has been committed by tolerating the admission of mere retailers as exhibitors. Under the false pretence of being either "manufacturers" or "producers," many dealers have secured exhibiting space. Unless it be insisted that the names of the manufacturers shall appear in conjunction with the works sent in by this class of exhibitors, much injury to the real "producers" will result. This should be made imperative by the Royal Commissioners, and not left to be enforced by the manufacturers, who are in some instances so hampered by trade connections that they cannot insist upon such a stipulation without incurring personal ill-feeling, as well as loss.

In our last month's article upon this topic, we referred to the determination of the central executive in the first instance to ignore the agency of local committees, the difficulties which resulted, and their ultimate establishment. Amongst other decisions confided to them was the absolute disposal of the aggregate space allotted to the class which these committees represented. The terms in which this power was conveyed were sufficiently explicit.

The Royal Commissioners disclaimed all intention to inquire into any difference of opinion, should any arise, as to the adjudication of the local committees. They proposed only to exercise power of rejection, so that no object contrary to the general decision might, through any inadvertency on the part of the committee, be admitted.

The official regulations further stipulated that, in the event of any appeal being made against the decision of a local committee, such appeal must be addressed to that committee, and forwarded to the Royal Commissioners, with such comments on the case as the local committee deem advisable.

To these conditions the Royal Commissioners distinctly pledged themselves; but, notwithstanding, they have, in some cases, without any reference to the local committees, revoked their decision, and materially altered the spaces which had been assigned to exhibitors. Such conduct has led to protest on the part of committees and individuals, which the Commissioners should not have subjected themselves to. By whomsoever these breaches of faith have been perpetrated, they ought to have been at once repudiated by the higher authorities, as in violation of conditions to which their honour had been pledged. No excuse can be admitted as justification for such proceedings.

It is a matter of deep regret that one source from which Art-manufactures might have reasonably expected essential assistance has proved barren of results. We refer to the schools of design established throughout the country. From the results of recent competitions, it appears, after more than twenty years of action, the tuition they have afforded is of little practical value: this is a lamentable sequel to the establishment of institutions whose operations were to have been, and we hesitate not to say might have been, most valuable to English manufacture.

Surely after the vast national and private expenditure upon these schools, prior to and since 1851, they ought to be in a position to

render good service to Art-manufacture. There must be a cause for such signal failure; and vital as the question is, affecting their existence, we shall, on a future occasion, give it serious and full consideration.

The subject of the inefficiency of the various approaches to the Exhibition Building, to accommodate the vast concourse of carriages that may reasonably be expected to crowd the thoroughfares, is now exciting very general comment. The leading journal has had two conclusive articles upon the subject, and it is to be feared that unless the difficulty be grappled with at once, there will be no time to obviate it, and it must prove fatal to the interests of the Exhibition. Even for the ordinary traffic, the roads are not sufficiently wide; and this must have been obvious eighteen months since; yet it does not appear that any effectual steps have been taken to meet so indispensable a necessity.

If the numbers which are expected approach the estimates made, and the thoroughfares remain in their present condition, those visitors who travel one hundred miles or more by rail to London, may find that distance more readily accomplished than the few miles through the Metropolis to South Kensington.

Much indisposition has been evinced on the part of collectors in England, to lend their pictorial treasures for the purposes of the Exhibition. Though in some respects naturally, especially with the reticence manifested by the Royal Commissioners to take any risk upon themselves in regard to the security of these loans; still, upon such an occasion as that referred to, some self-denial and even liability for a great national purpose should be submitted to.

The Art-wealth of England will by thousands, at home and from abroad, be judged by the display at South Kensington this year—and this fact should urge upon the fortunate possessors of the finest exponents of British Art, to assist in securing such a representation of its powers as shall be worthy the nation. There is also a prestige attaching to the ownership of works of this character, which such a publicity as that now about to offer itself will make of increased value.

The following is the official announcement determining the issue of season tickets:—"Her Majesty's Commissioners and the Council of the Royal Horticultural Society have entered into arrangements, by which it is agreed that the price of a season ticket of free admission to both the Horticultural Gardens and the Exhibition, shall be five guineas."

If this be persisted in, it will seriously limit the subscriptions. It is scarcely fair to levy a compulsory payment in favour of the Horticultural Society, upon all who are disposed to take season tickets for the International Exhibition—the two institutions being totally distinct from each other. By this arrangement, the price of the ticket is so enhanced as to preclude many from becoming purchasers who, upon more equitable and moderate terms, would gladly have subscribed. There is also a scheme by which an extra payment of 6*d.* will secure admission into the building *through the Horticultural Gardens*.

We shall not at present offer any comment upon the experiments which have been made in decorating the building, as the "authorities" state that those already tried will not be adopted. We shall content ourselves with one general remark, viz., that the colouring should be of the most simple character, so as not to attract the eye from the "exhibits," which should and will form the essential and legitimate decoration of the building.

TALL CHIMNEY SHAFTS.*

In the apparently very trifling difference between the words "decorative" and "decorated" is set forth that grand lesson in architecture which so few architects have ever been able thoroughly to understand. After various methods, and in different degrees, they all may have aimed at the attainment of beauty in their works; but, with rare exceptions, they have regarded the elements of beauty as being altogether distinct and separate from the practical utility of any work; and so, when their design had been completed with a view to the purpose to be served by it, they have added what they held to be ornamental, and thus their work became (as they would say) both beautiful and useful. That is to say, in other words, these architects have first determined on their construction, and then they have decorated it. Thus, the Corinthian capital of the Greeks and Romans is a "decorated" capital. It is constructed of a block of stone (or, in more recent times, of a mass of compo-covered bricks), in the form of an inverted bell; and then the acanthus leaves are ranged around in tiers, and the construction becomes "decorated." But this decoration might be stripped off, and yet the capitals would be capitals still. Not so the lotus capitals of Egyptian Thebes; in their case the flower has formed the architectural member; and, therefore, to efface the presence of the flower would be identical with the destruction of the capitals themselves. Here are examples of "decorative construction." Here the ornament is an element of the design, a part of the work itself; the design, which produces the construction, is in part made up of the ornamentation, so that the ornamentation constitutes an integral of the design. Nature works thus in her architecture. She does not make a leaf to do leaf-work, and then give it an adventitious beauty; on the contrary, the beauty of her leaves is an inherent element of their leaf-existence. It must be the same with man's architecture, if its decoration is to be regarded as anything beyond an accessory or an accident—the utility and the beauty must be so blended together that the two in union shall produce the desired work.

It is true that in many edifices the system of ornamentation may be such that the construction may be completed without it, the intention being to add the ornamentation, or to work it out at some subsequent period. But, in every case of this kind, it is absolutely essential that the original design should comprehend the proposed ornamentation. Thus both construction and ornament combine to constitute the edifice, and both are equally components of the architect's original conception, though circumstances may have led to their separate execution. Thus, the decorative members and accessories of a building may be built up unwrought, in the block, and so left till some future time, when the sculptor may be summoned to develop their forms. Or, the ornamentation may consist of actual additions, such as may be produced in terracotta, or such as mosaics and incrustations of marbles and other precious materials. Still, all these things must have formed parts of the architect's plan, and he must have held his work to be incomplete until they should all assume their appointed places.

A very different thing from this is the erection of any building, and then looking to some future contingency for adventitious decorations—leaving

the ornamentation of the work, in fact, for future experiment, and trusting to some subsequent devices to make good acknowledged deficiencies in the first design. This latter system is in the act of receiving a very significant illustration in the new building now erecting at South Kensington for the forthcoming Great Exhibition. It is said to be the designer's purpose to speculate upon the most advantageous processes and designs for the future adornment of his vast pile of monotonous brick-work. Possibly colour, under various conditions, may be applied to the blank arches, and even sculpture may be invoked to take a part in the ornamenting processes; yet who can reasonably expect anything from every conceivable effort of this kind, beyond a more or

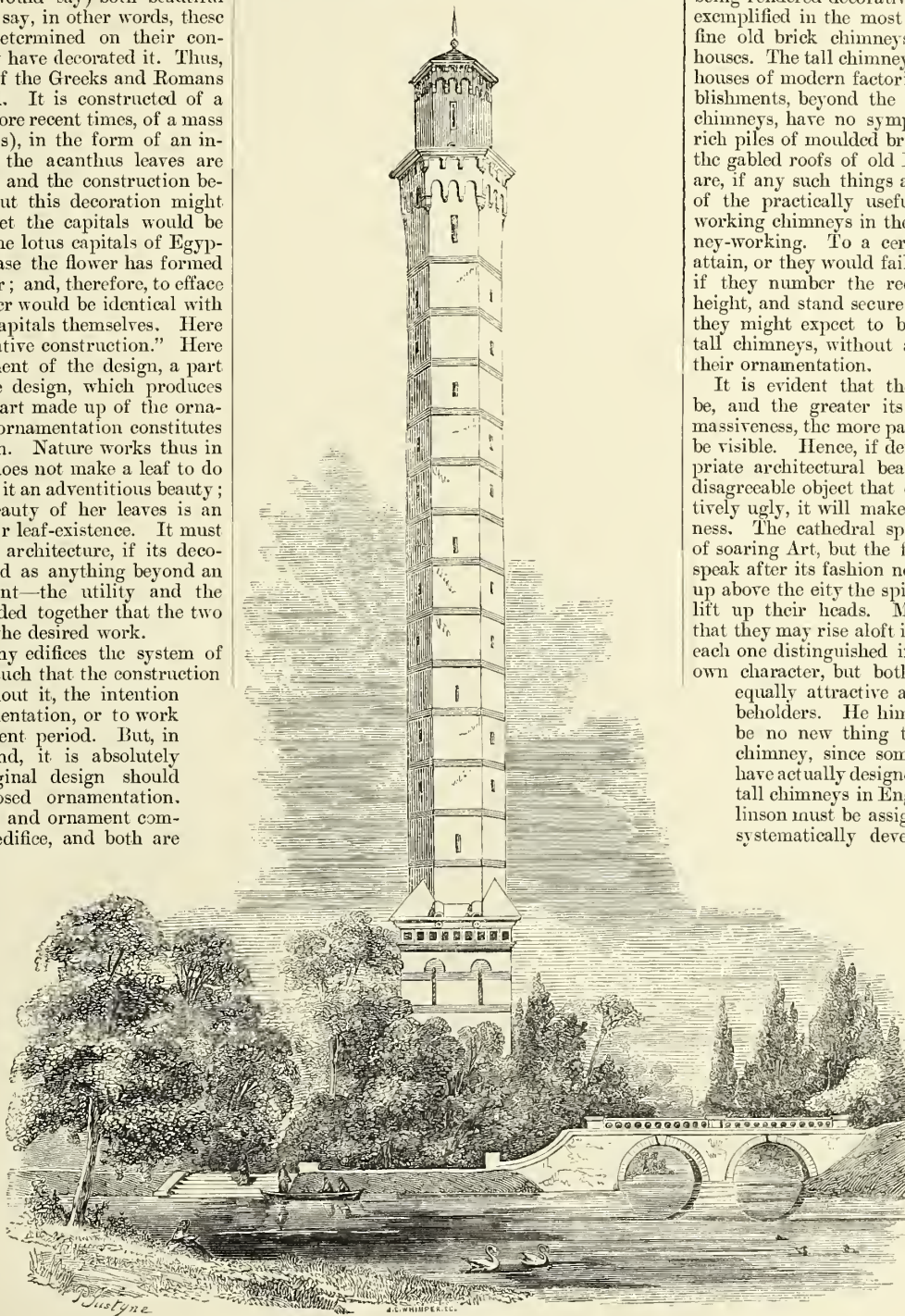
which even now have not been touched with the chisel. It is always well in these days to be able to refer to expressive examples of true and of fictitious ornamentation in architecture.

It might seem, perhaps, that the rule of "decorative construction" must give way in what might be considered as exceptional instances, when ornament, if introduced at all, would have to be added to certain works from the necessities of their particular characters. If so, it has been clearly and conclusively demonstrated that in at least one class of exceptional structures, decorative construction may exercise an unrestricted sway. The ordinary chimneys of the various classes of public and private edifices are seldom of essentially decorative character; and yet the possibility of their being rendered decorative in the highest degree is exemplified in the most effectual manner by the fine old brick chimneys of genuine Elizabethan houses. The tall chimneys, however, of the engine-houses of modern factories and other similar establishments, beyond the mere fact of their being chimneys, have no sympathy whatever with the rich piles of moulded brick-work that rise amidst the gabled roofs of old English mansions. They are, if any such things are in existence, examples of the practically useful in design. They are working chimneys in the strictest sense of chimney-working. To a certain elevation they must attain, or they would fail to work efficiently; and, if they number the required scores of feet in height, and stand secure upon solid foundations, they might expect to be pronounced perfect as tall chimneys, without any regard being had to their ornamentation.

It is evident that the taller a chimney may be, and the greater its necessary proportionate massiveness, the more palpably the structure must be visible. Hence, if devoid altogether of appropriate architectural beauty, a tall chimney is a disagreeable object that cannot be hid. If positively ugly, it will make known its positive ugliness. The cathedral spire may tell its own tale of soaring Art, but the factory chimney will also speak after its fashion no less impressively. Far up above the city spire and the chimney-shaft lift up their heads. Mr. Rawlinson teaches us that they may rise aloft in architectural harmony, each one distinguished in a manner becoming its own character, but both the one and the other

equally attractive and alike agreeable to all beholders. He himself tells us that it will be no new thing to add beauty to a tall chimney, since some of our best architects have actually designed and erected ornamental tall chimneys in England; still, to Mr. Rawlinson must be assigned the merit of having systematically developed the principles of decorative construction for tall chimneys. This gentleman, a civil engineer of high reputation, has produced a noble folio volume of lithographs, all of them examples of tall chimneys which, without being decorated, are thoroughly decorative. Their ornamentation is a part of themselves; and this is an ornamentation which shows how readily the most unsightly objects may be superseded by structures, that will be both beautiful in themselves, and will group well and effectively with other buildings. Now,

such a volume may justly claim from us the cordial welcome that we are ready, with sincere satisfaction, to tender to its author. It is a publication that commands, in every sense, the sympathy of the *Art-Journal*. Mr. Rawlinson has taken in hand the task (to him a labour evidently of love) to extend the benign influences of true Art into a region, from which all Art had almost universally been excluded. And the circumstance that tall chimneys must be

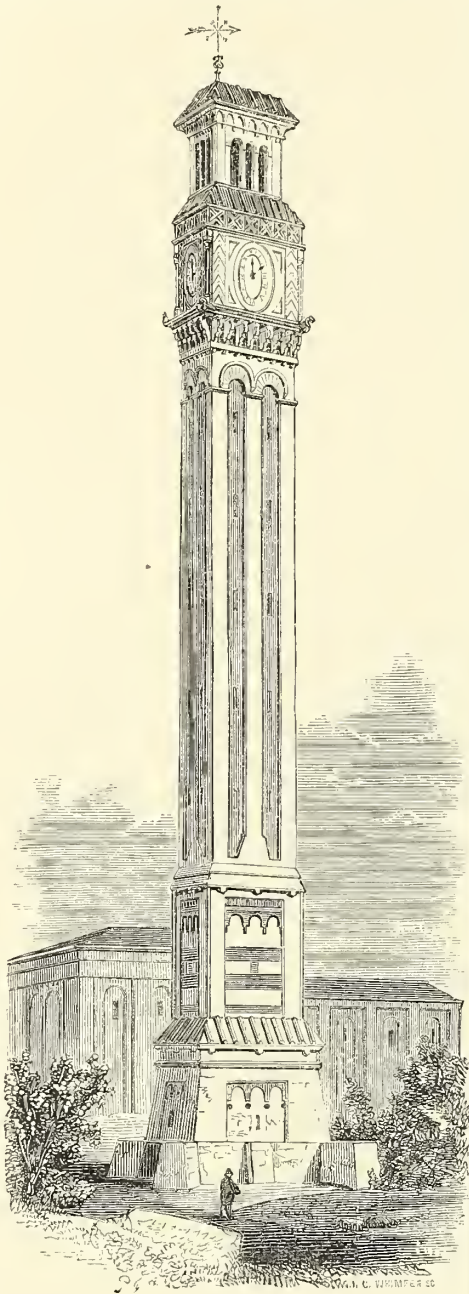


EX. I.

a less successful patchwork? On the other hand, the true ornament that grows with the growth of a building is admirably exemplified by Mr. Knowles, in his noble Grosvenor Hotel, adjoining the Victoria Railway Terminus; and, in like manner, in the cruciform church of the Irvingites, in Gordon Square, the ornament is true ornament, notwithstanding the circumstance that the brother architects, the Messrs. Brandon, were constrained to build in capitals and strings, &c.,

* DESIGNS FOR FACTORY, FURNACE, AND OTHER TALL CHIMNEYS. By R. Rawlinson, C.E. London.

seen wherever they exist, enhances greatly the value of the effort to render them beautiful in form and pleasing in ornamentation. The practicable character of his designs is also to be particularly noted, and especially commended, when we refer to Mr. Rawlinson's volume. He has not merely produced a very striking series of designs, that are unquestionably good, but which it would be too much even to hope to see carried out into practical realisation: far from this, these are precisely the tall chimneys that we may reasonably expect to see actually erected. In these days what we may designate *mercantile architecture* yields to none of the varied expressions of the architect's art. Our merchants as true merchant princes build their exchanges, their banks,



EX. 2.

their offices, and their warehouses; and, in like manner, we may reasonably expect, in due time, to see the chimneys, which look abroad far and wide from the centres of manufacture, rising up in architectural beauty in accordance with the teaching of Mr. Rawlinson, instead of being tokens of reckless indifference to the external aspect of those very structures, which are more seen than any others and seen only externally. Such a change from the battering, cylindrical, clumsy shafts with which we are so unhappily familiar, can be effected only gradually, and in the course of a considerable space of time. For, tall chimneys that already are smoking in absolute ignorance of all decorative construction, and which are not even decorated, are generally securely

founded and strongly built, and they exist in vast numbers. What we desire is, not the demolition of the tall chimneys that are in existence, but a most decided check upon their increase. There really now is no excuse for building up another of those brick monstrosities. It is not possible to entertain for them even the faintest lingering regard. They may take their places with other examples of tasteless utilitarianism. In future, let Mr. Rawlinson's system prevail, and so we may hope to have tall chimneys that all must admire wherever tall chimneys must necessarily exist.

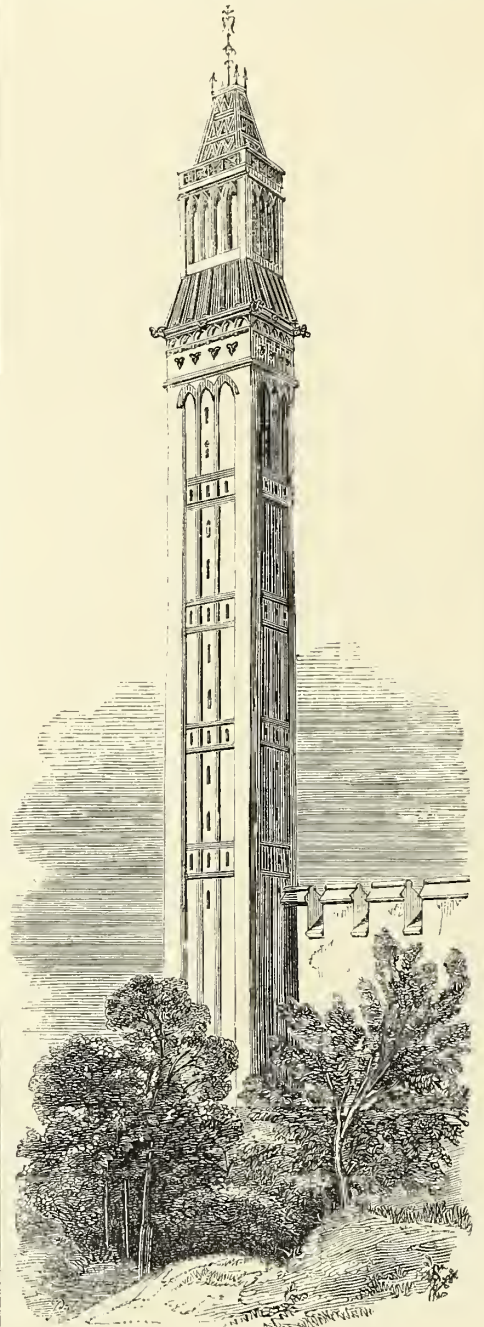
The importance of designing tall chimneys in accordance with the views of Mr. Rawlinson then rises to its greatest height, when any one of these structures is placed in a position in which it assumes a commanding influence over the surrounding scenery. Tall chimneys in the streets of towns are comparatively but little seen. The busy passers to and fro in those streets do not habitually look upwards towards piles of bricks and mortar; and, when seen from a distance, a town of tall chimneys is pretty generally also a town that is canopied with smoke, so that the view is often dim and impalpable; and thus the architectural character of such tall chimneys as are situated in streets may possibly be considered of secondary importance. But there can be no question concerning the supreme importance of its architecture, when a lofty structure stands apart, when it rises from an eminence, or when it is associated with other architectural works of interest, as well as with the landscape beauties of the surrounding country.

We have selected from Mr. Rawlinson's twenty plates five as examples of his series, and which also, at the same time, may illustrate our own views upon the subject under our consideration. These examples exhibit much variety of treatment, and yet all are equally true to the principle of decorative construction. They may all be carried out in brickwork, bricks of different colours being available, with the addition of terra-cotta. Stone, of course, might be used in preference to bricks, if the stone were to be obtained. And it must be particularly observed, that these designs in every instance may be executed with the common bricks of any locality, the ornamentation in such cases being effected by the introduction of a few coloured bricks and some terra-cotta work. A judicious admixture of stone and brick-work might be effected, in like manner, in the case of every design. As a matter of course, indeed, the more costly materials might always be substituted for those of a less costly description; the great object, however, is to show that designs of the highest order of architectural excellence may be worked out effectively and in a becoming manner with simple materials, and consequently at a moderate cost.

Our example 1 is a detached chimney shaft, of octagonal section, constructed of banded brickwork, the cornices being of terra-cotta, and the partial roofing of cast iron. In example 2 a clock tower and a ventilating shaft are combined. Example 3 is a ventilating (or a chimney) shaft, adapted for a baronial residence, or for some of those magnificent mercantile establishments that are now frequently built in baronial style. Example 4 is a brick ventilating tower or chimney shaft of great architectural beauty, and also of the utmost simplicity, which at once recalls reminiscences of the well-known Campanile at Verona. And in example 5 we show Mr. Rawlinson's clever and effective specimen of what he is able to accomplish in a castellated style for a detached chimney shaft in either stone or brick masonry. This design was greatly admired by the lamented Prince Consort, who expressed a desire to see such a ventilating shaft erected at Windsor. In addition to fifteen other examples, all of great interest, and every one of them possessing distinctive features peculiar to themselves, Mr. Rawlinson has introduced into his volume a plate containing six beautiful designs for the crests of tall chimney shafts, together with two effective groups that severally form his title-page and his vignette, and three other plates of most carefully drawn plans, sections, and miscellaneous constructive details.

In the entire series there is not an individual specimen that might not be erected with the

happiest effect; and, besides this, the whole are thoroughly practical in their character, that every design will admit of much modification and variety of treatment; so that from this publication Mr. Rawlinson may obtain what, in actual use, may be fairly entitled an inexhaustible collection of designs for the important structures which he has taken so heartily under his especial care. Mr. Rawlinson has already actually erected several "tall chimneys" from designs that appear in his volume. Thus, there is one on each side of the Great Birkenhead Docks, and another in the neighbourhood of London, at West Ham. They look as well in their realisation as the lithographs do in the architect's pages; and, in the important

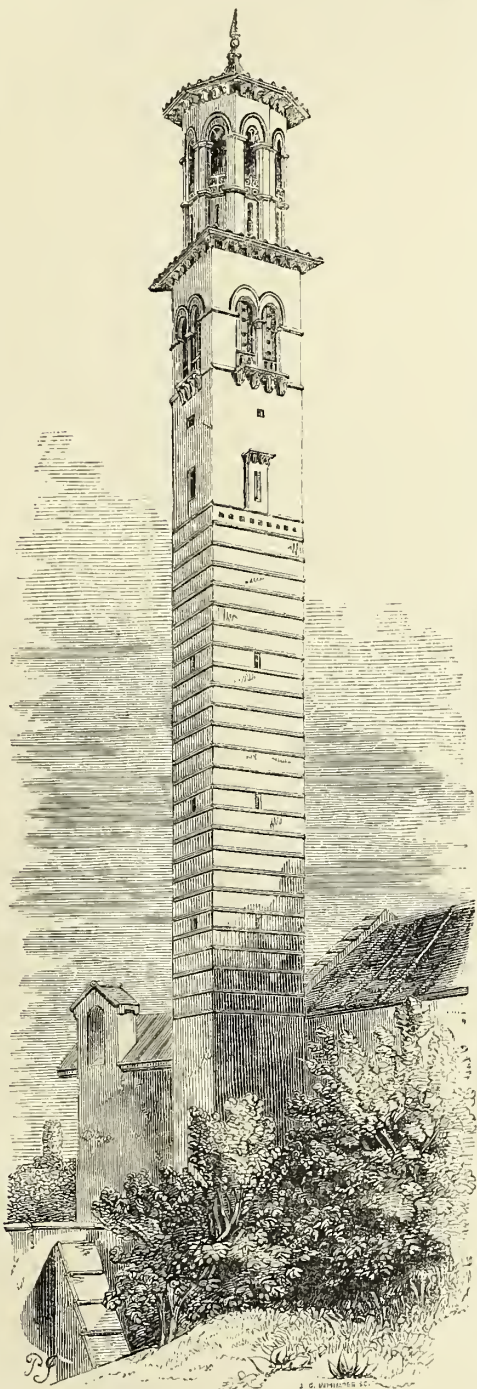


EX. 3.

matter of their utility as chimneys, their success is complete.

There is common to all Mr. Rawlinson's designs one distinguishing feature, of paramount importance in itself, and which demands distinct recognition,—this is the *vertical line* which he always substitutes for the slope or "batter" of tall chimneys, as they are usually constructed. It is this vertical outline which imparts to the towers and turrets of Italy their peculiar beauty; and, on the other hand, it is because of their battering contour that our ordinary tall chimneys are so signally offensive to the eye. Mr. Rawlinson carries out in his lofty structures the principle of verticality, as well in their interior construction as in their external outline. The ordinary batter-

ing chimney is generally solid in construction, the inner space for the passage of the smoke being necessarily contracted at the summit—a structural condition of the building which seriously affects its utility by diminishing the flue-draught. The improved designs do away with this practical evil; they produce not only much better-looking chimneys, but also much better chimneys. They invariably contemplate, within the vertical external sides of the shaft, a vertical inner tube or flue. This tube is *cylindrical*, and being enclosed within a shaft that is square in its plan, it leaves open air-spaces between the inner and the outer members of the composition at the four angles,



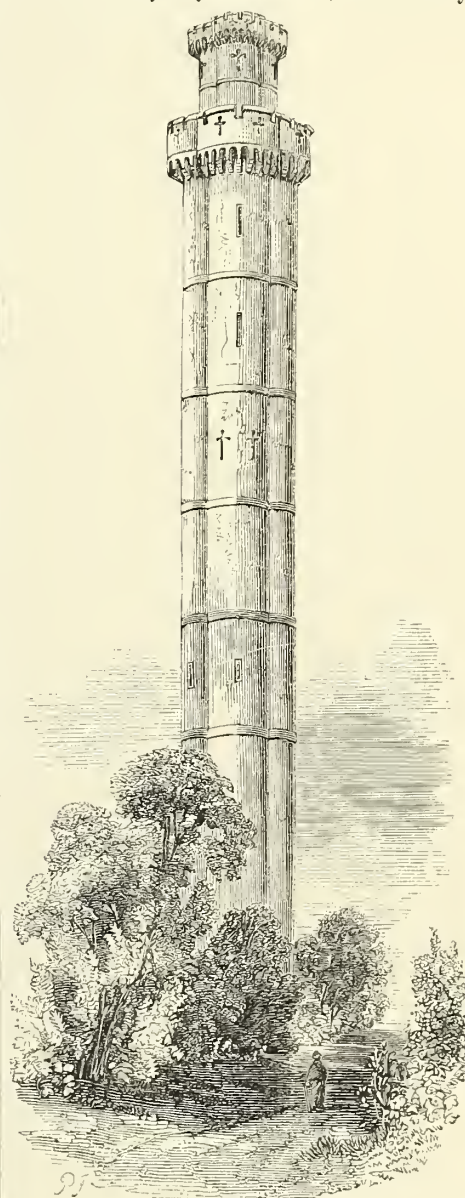
EX. 4.

and thus imparts rigidity to the entire structure, while the internal heat is prevented from acting injuriously upon the external brickwork. Many chimneys of solid brickwork are cracked by the heat that acts so fiercely upon them internally: in the new forms of chimneys this risk is altogether avoided. We must add that the external shell of Mr. Rawlinson's chimneys diminishes in thickness *internally* from base to crest, thus forming his shafts as nature forms bones—combining strength with lightness. The plates of detail at the end of Mr. Rawlinson's volume fully illustrate his plans for construction.

Amongst those expressions of popular sentiment which are ordinarily designated taste and fashion, not the least satisfactory is the increasing interest which is shown by the English in the scenery and the architecture of our native England. Travelling at home now engages the attention of very many intelligent tourists, who, until of late years, would not have contemplated without disdain any trip that did not commence by crossing the salt-water frontier of the "tight little island." Whatever may in any way tend towards giving greater weight to the popular tendency for home travelling, deserves well in itself for that very reason. And whatever is calculated to remove blemishes and to add fresh attractions in the scenery of home, is doing its part towards making home travelling still more generally in favour. And the substitution of such graceful, slender structures as may rival the campaniles and watch-towers of Italy, and the minarets of the East, for the proverbially hideous factory chimneys, will not fail to fulfil its becoming part in enhancing the attractiveness of England to her own sons when in the peripatetic mood. One of Mr. Rawlinson's towers, rising above the woods of oak and beech, is the only thing still needed to complete the beauty of many an English landscape. And a group of these same towers will invariably invest with a fresh train of associations even the least engaging of the haunts of manufacturers. The practicability of this really decorative chimney construction is exemplified most happily in both Italy and the East. Minarets are commonly as tall and as slight in sectional area as our most offensive factory chimneys; and many are the early, tall, slight towers of Italy, which are thoroughly chimney-like in their proportions: and both towers and minarets still stand firmly, having so stood from century to century. Nor is there any reason whatever to prevent Mr. Rawlinson's principles of decorative construction from being applied with complete success to the chimneys of houses and of street-buildings of every order and description. Our chimneys, as we now habitually construct them, are, for the most part, abortions in either plain brick or pretentious stucco, made more frightful by crows and other devices for facilitating (or perhaps obstructing) the free escape of smoke. It is quite time for us to commence afresh in our chimney building, and Mr. Rawlinson has shown us in the most effectual manner both in what direction and by what means to make our start and to hold on our way.

In taking leave of Mr. Rawlinson we desire to record our especial approval of the manner in which he has written, in his brief letter-press, on the use of bricks and of terra-cotta in the architecture of the present day; on brick-making also, on the treatment of brick-work composed of bricks of different colours, and on the judicious adaptation of the colour of the mortar to the bricks which it binds into a mass. Mr. Rawlinson's pages are replete with other eminently useful and instructive statements having reference to various practical matters particularly connected with the formation of solid foundations for tall chimneys, and with the erection of the chimneys themselves. All this is truly excellent. We prefer, however, to conclude with the following admirable passage: "Let our architects once more condescend to *design* for brick and terra-cotta; let them pay attention to the make of the materials, so as to ensure their coming together in use, and also design and describe minutely the colour and character of the mortar, and we may equal at least some of the best specimens of antiquity." In his description of the Gothic palaces of Venice ("Stones of Venice," ii. 260), Mr. Ruskin thus supports Mr. Rawlinson, upon the subject of brick architecture. "Here let me pause," he says, "to note what one would have thought was well enough known in England—yet I could not, perhaps, touch upon anything less considered—the real use of brick. Our fields of good clay were never given us to be made into oblong morsels of one size. They were given us that we might play with them, and that men who could not handle a chisel might knead out of them some expression of human thought. In the ancient architecture of the clay districts of Italy, every possible adaptation of the material is found

exemplified, from the coarsest and most brittle kinds, used in the mass of the structure, to bricks for arches and plinths, cast in the most perfect curves, and of almost every size, strength, and hardness; and moulded bricks, wrought into flower-work and tracery as fine as raised patterns upon china. And just as many of the finest works of the Italian sculptors were executed in porcelain, many of the best thoughts of their architects are expressed in brick, or in the softer (more plastic) material of terra-cotta: and if this were so in Italy, where there is not one city from whose towers we may not descry the blue outline of Alp or Appennine, everlasting quarries of granite or marble, how much more ought it to be so among the fields of England! I believe that the best academy for her architects, for some half century to come, would be the brick-field; for of this they may rest assured, that till they



EX. 5.

know how to use clay, they will never know how to use marble." And Mr. Street ("Brick and Marble Architecture of Italy," p. 268) thus confirms the high estimation in which bricks, as constructive materials, were held by the mediæval architects of continental Europe:—"Throughout large tracts of the Continent brick was the natural, and indeed the popular, material during the most palmy days of architecture in the middle ages." The time is come for the revival of brick architecture in thorough earnest, and for its adoption and recognition in England. We believe that our architects are capable of accomplishing much more than placing themselves side by side with their mediæval predecessors—those able workers in brick and terra-cotta. Let them aspire to equal them first, and then let them resolve to beat them—as the boys say, "*like bricks!*"

THE TURNER GALLERY.

THE CHAIN-PIER, BRIGHTON.

Engraved by R. Wallis.

THIS picture is one of a series which Turner painted about the year 1828, for the Earl of Egremont, to adorn the apartment in his lordship's mansion at Petworth, Sussex, known as the "Carved Chamber," from its being decorated with some splendid carvings by Grinling Gibbons, which now serve as beautiful frames to the pictures. The mansion is now the property of Lord Leconfield, the title somewhat recently conferred on General Wyndham, who inherited the Egremont estates.

It is singular that Dr. Waagen, who devotes some pages of his "Art Treasures in Great Britain," to a description of the Petworth pictures, makes no mention of this series, though he speaks of several others by Turner: how they could have escaped his observation is unaccountable, especially in connection with their "settings."

The pier at Brighton is not in itself an object of a picturesque character; but Turner's imagination, and the artistic licenses in which he almost invariably indulged, have enabled him to present it in a masterly and brilliant manner. The view is taken from a point east of the pier-end; the sea seems to be rolling in over the beach as if it were shallow water; but the sea, at the extreme end of the pier, is very deep even when the tide is out, and it may be questioned whether it would ever present such an appearance as Turner has here given to the fore part of the composition; between it and the pier the water must be comparatively deep, as the boats on its surface, both right and left, indicate. Beyond the pier, the line of edifices in the parish of Hove, which includes a populous and fashionable portion of this favourite watering-place, forms an excellent background, and breaks to a certain extent the monotonous line of the pier. The sun is setting behind the elevated downs in the distance, tinging the light clouds with all conceivable hues, throwing a line of golden light on the sea, and giving intense depth to the shadows of the boats and other objects.

Less than a century ago Brighton was little better than a small village, inhabited by fishermen and their families; as late as 1793, the Steyne, now the grand promenade of the inhabitants and visitors, was a piece of common land, used by the fishermen for drying their nets. The foundations of the Marine Pavilion were laid about nine years earlier; but until the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., made it his summer residence, Brighton progressed but slowly. The prince rendered it a place of attraction, and every succeeding year has seen it increasing in size, wealth, and population. The salubrity of the air, the facility with which the town may be reached from the metropolis, and the *prestige* it enjoys for amusements to allure those who have nothing to do but to pass away their time as pleasantly as they can, all contribute to make it a place of constant and crowded resort.

The pier has for sometime past exchanged its original purpose of special utility for another; it is now nothing more than a promenade, and a very healthy and pleasant one too, and, so far, is not without its use. When Brighton began to be well populated, and a town of importance, a suitable landing-place was demanded for the accommodation of visitors, as well as for those who crossed from that part of the coast to France, or were returning from the opposite side of the Channel to our own. The beach is rough, shingly, and altogether inconvenient for landsfolk desirous of enjoying a few hours' sail on the clear blue sea; for at Brighton the water is peculiarly transparent, arising, it may be presumed, from the absence of sand in its bed. The chain-pier was, therefore, projected, and commenced in 1822, under the superintendence of Captain Brown. In little more than a year it was finished and opened as a place of embarkation. During a tremendous storm in October, 1833, it sustained very considerable damage—the third span from the shore was broken down, some of the suspension rods and chains were snapped asunder, and others were displaced.

Newhaven has now superseded Brighton as a point of embarkation for the Continent.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—A tribute to the memory of the officers and privates of the 78th Highlanders who fell in the late Indian war is being erected on the north side of the Castle Esplanade in this city. The memorial is in the form of a Celtic cross, sixteen feet in height, resting upon an oblong double base, nine feet high. The four sides of the intersection of the base are embellished with small panels, bearing the names of the various battles in which the regiment has been engaged since its formation; and on the surfaces of the upper section are to be recorded the names of all those who fell in actual warfare in India. The shaft of the cross is decorated: a deer and an elephant, the armorial bearings of the regiment, are sculptured, in bas-relief, on the base, by Mr. G. Maccallum. The design is by Mr. R. Anderson, of Edinburgh.

DUBLIN.—The following prizes are offered for the year 1862, and are open to Art students of Irish birth or attending a school of Art in Ireland, to be awarded at an exhibition to be held on the 10th November, 1862, at the house of the Royal Dublin Society:—

1. For the best picture in oil colours, the subject historical or familiar, containing at least three figures to a scale of three feet—the scholar-ship of £40
2. For the best landscape in oil colours, the prize of £20

To be increased or lowered in amount, or wholly withheld, according to the merit of the works. The scholarship may be held for a second and third year, provided a work of adequate merit be produced in each year. All works must be delivered before two o'clock on Saturday, 1st November, 1862, at the house of the Royal Dublin Society, Kildare Street, Dublin, where the conditions and other particulars may be ascertained.—It is proposed to erect here a national monument in memory of the late Earl of Eglinton, who filled with so much satisfaction to men of all ranks and creeds, the onerous position of lord lieutenant. A public meeting has been held for the purpose of carrying out the object.

CORK.—The annual distribution of prizes to the students of the Cork School of Design took place on the evening of December 20th, in the lecture-room of the Royal Cork Institution. The School of Design in this city is not of very recent origin, and to aid in its support the ratepayers allow themselves to be taxed at the rate of a halfpenny in the pound; this produces considerably more than £200 a-year to assist in upholding what the chairman of the evening, Mr. J. F. Maguire, M.P., truly called "one of the most useful and valuable of their educational institutions. . . . In that important essential, the progress of the pupils, the school is not only maintaining its position, but achieving more marked success. Thus, while the school of Dublin, the metropolis of our country, and possessing especial advantages to which Cork cannot aspire, obtained but seventeen medals this year, the Cork School carried off twenty-one; of these, six were awarded to the artisan class. Of thirty-one prizes distributed to the Central School, seven were also given to the artisan class. Mr. Maguire concluded a long, appropriate, and stirring address by stating his intention, with the approbation of the committee, to apportion the sum of £20 in various prizes, to be contended for in the month of October next; and prizes, to the value of £5, to be competed for by the pupils of the drawing department in the "Christian Schools."

MANCHESTER.—The annual meeting of the Manchester Academy of Arts was convened for the evening of December 31st last, when the members assembled at the Royal Institution: the chair was occupied by Mr. J. L. Brodie, recently elected president in the room of Mr. J. A. Hammersley, F.S.A., who has resigned the position he has so long held, and with satisfaction to the academical body. It is intended at the next meeting to propose a vote of thanks to the late president, and to elect him an honorary member of the Society. The report, read by the secretary, Mr. S. Rothwell, stated that the sales at the last exhibition of pictures amounted to £5,000; at the current exhibition they had already reached £1,800, and the prize-holders in the Manchester Art-Union had not yet selected the works to which they were entitled. The number who had attended the exhibition was 30,000; the average attendance now was 600 daily, and even this was increasing. The Academy was of opinion that the reduced price charged for the season tickets was justified by the increased number disposed of. Alluding to the proposed monuments in Manchester and Salford to the late Prince Consort, the Academy called upon all the members to use their utmost endeavours in favour of the good work. Mr. Calvert

stated that the receipts during the past year had been £36 16s. 7½d., and the payments £25 8s. 9d., leaving a balance in hand of £11 7s. 10½d. The report and the treasurer's statement were adopted, and after the election of officers for the year (Mr. H. Calvert, treasurer; Mr. S. Rothwell, hon. sec.; and Mr. R. Crozier, literary secretary), the meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the chairman.—The drawing of the prizes offered to the subscribers of the "Art-Union of Great Britain," which has its head-quarters in Manchester, took place at the end of December: it is one of the "shilling" Art-Union Societies. Mr. J. G. Law, secretary, read the report, which congratulated the subscribers upon the increased success during the past year, notwithstanding the depression of trade. The number of tickets sold was 94,415, or 18,320 more than last year; and this had enabled the prizes to be increased from 1,000 as first announced, to 1,150, of which 270 were paintings. Taking the present and the preceding year, upwards of 170,000 tickets were sold. The first prize painting, 'May Day in London in the Sixteenth Century,' by J. Ritchie, was of the value of £150.

WHITCHURCH, SHROPSHIRE.—The erection of three stained glass windows in the apse of this fine church was noticed in the *Art-Journal* of February last. We have now to record the successful completion of another stage of improvements which unite great beauty of design with orderly arrangement and practical utility. The decoration of the apse is exclusively the work of Mr. Crace, of Wignmore Street; the entire space below the windows forms the re-dos, on which is legibly inscribed the Decalogue, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer; on the upper moulding, are the words "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men." On the pavement, which consists of alternate slabs of black and white marble, are two beautiful standard lights for gas, the gift of W. S. Brookes, Esq. The communion rail consists of elegant brass uprights branching at the top into rich scrolls of brass, supporting a hand-rail of polished oak. A large massive slab of white marble, resting upon a framework, and legs of richly-carved oak, forms the communion-table, which stands upon a platform covered with a carpet of velvet pile. The pulpit is in form a hexagon, on one stem, the panels and mouldings being exquisitely carved in oak. It is approached by stairs on a graceful curve with carved balusters on either side; the sliding book-rest is of perforated brass, polished; the gas-burners are also of brass, expressly designed for the church. This enriched and costly pulpit is the offering of the churchwarden, Geo. Brookes, Esq. Opposite the pulpit, on the north side, is a new reading-desk, equally beautiful in design and execution of carving, the gift of Lady Marian Alford. Two open panels of carved wood occupy the upper compartments of the front and back; the sides are not enclosed; the book-board is supported by splendid foliated trusses, from which hang carved drops of leaves and flowers. Conformably with these improvements all the pews at the chancel end of the church have been considerably reduced in height, and made to range uniformly east and west. The floor has been newly paved with cut squares of grey and yellow Yorkshire flags. Near the step which separates the chancel end from the middle aisle, stands the superb eagle lectern, carved by Mr. Rogers, of Soho Square. With this single exception, all the beautiful carved work in the church is due to the artistic skill of Mr. Moore, Hart Street, Bloomsbury. The whole of the improvements for general effect, and in minute detail, are after the designs of Mr. T. Livock, Buckingham Street, Adelphi. The result of these chaste improvements shows that a church in Classical style, and of good proportions, may, by judicious treatment, be made handsome and solemn in effect, and appropriately ecclesiastical in all its arrangements.

WENLOCK.—The distribution of prizes to the successful competitors among the pupils of the Wenlock School of Art was made at the end of December, in the lecture-room of the Institution, Coalbrookdale. The number of pupils has increased during the past year; twenty have attended the morning classes, fifty-five the artisan classes, and five hundred children receive elementary instruction in the various parochial schools. A modelling class has been formed, which affords promise of success; while Messrs. Maw and Co., the well-known manufacturers of encaustic tiles, and the Coalbrookdale Company, have offered sums of money as future prizes.

BRIGHTON.—An Art-Union, in connection with the Brighton and Sussex Art-Society, has recently been established here; the first drawing of prizes took place at the end of December. The subscribers numbered 290, and the prizes, varying in value from £5 to £25, were thirteen in number; and were, of course, selected by the holders, from the exhibition then open in Brighton.



J. M. W. TURNER. R. A. PINX'T.

R. WALLIS SCULPT.

BRIGHTON CHAIN PIER.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF COL. WYNHAM, AT WYNDHAM.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.—Various plans are "in progress," all having for their object to perpetuate the memory of the private and public virtues of the lamented prince, and thus to continue the force of a valuable influence exercised on all classes of the community. They cannot be too many or too widely scattered; it is the "good" men do that lives after them; no one can tell when or where a beneficent example extends its power—it can never be entirely lost. The nation is now learning to appreciate the value of the Prince Consort, and though dead, he yet speaketh. The several proposals that have been put forth will no doubt find advocates; in general, however, we believe they will be considered visionary and apart from the purpose. One of them is to create a sort of "Industrial college," of which the name only—"Albert University,"—is intelligible. It is a wild-goose scheme that will end in nothing; and ought so to end, for it is simply a new "job." The Society of Arts may become a true "Albert University"—and to it that name may very properly be given. Another is to build masses of artisans' cottages in various parts of the Metropolis, north, south, east, and west, in number four. Another is to place a huge piece of granite in Hyde Park—an obelisk, with less of Art about it than there is in the Duke of York's Column.* Another scheme is to bring over Cleopatra's "Needle" from Alexandria, and make that a monument to the memory of the prince. Of this absurd project we have spoken elsewhere. No doubt we shall hear of many other schemes equally futile and quite as absurd. The City of London meeting was held on the 14th January. It was well attended, but the speakers were neither numerous nor good: what the result will be it is yet impossible to guess; we hope, however, and have reason to believe, the "working committee" will not be a mere machine for carrying out either of the "schemes" that have found loud if not eloquent advocates. A large sum will certainly be collected: may it not be another "job"—the losses of many to make the gain of a miserable few.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—We regret to learn that in consequence of his Royal Highness being about to visit Egypt, he will not open the Exhibition on the 1st of May. This is indeed an event that all classes will deplore: there will, indeed, be nothing to dissipate the gloom that must inevitably hang over the Exhibition on the day that we had hoped to see "the merriest day of all the year,"—nothing to atone for the terrible loss we have suffered, and that will be especially felt then, and long, long, afterwards.

THE ART-JOURNAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.—We are progressing very satisfactorily with this work: and we have no doubt of fully redeeming our pledge, to make it far more beautiful and valuable than that we produced in 1851. In a very short time, applications from manufacturers will crowd upon us: as usual, works will not be completed until the last moment: for these we shall have to wait, in many cases, until they are actually in the Exhibition, where our photographs and drawings must be made. This is a disadvantage we would, if possible, avoid: and we must request such manufacturers as desire admission into the Catalogue, to obtain good photographs or drawings (or both) of the objects they contribute, *before they are sent to the Exhibition.* It is, indeed, the only way to secure our aid: for when the Exhibition opens, we shall be much more embarrassed as to choice and the number of applications that will then be made to us, than we can be now or for a month or two to come. It is unnecessary to repeat that we shall employ only the best artists—that we shall have the engravings executed in the best possible

manner—and that we shall make no charge whatever to the producer. It is probable that we shall print of this catalogue 50,000 copies—which will be circulated not only throughout England, but all over the world.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862.—We rejoice to learn that there is no danger of the Exhibition being postponed: one of the causes (war) that might have led to such a catastrophe is, happily, removed, and the other is materially lessened by the knowledge that her gracious Majesty will take, as far as possible, a personal interest in the proceedings and the issue. We again, therefore, presume to counsel British manufacturers, that idleness or indifference will be an injury and a reproach. The various continental producers are actively engaged in preparations—they will naturally and rightly strive to maintain their supremacy; and Governments are, in many instances, liberally seconding their exertions. Much of the future of industrial Art will depend on the result—and it is the bounden duty of every English exhibitor to do his very best. There is yet time for additional efforts: the two months to come, if well employed, may achieve wonders. Each contributor will now be acquainted with the extent of space he is to occupy: let him fill it well—it may be limited, may be much less than he desired, but in the end, that which seems to be an evil may turn out to be a good. Better to cast aside works of secondary worth, and exhibit such only as are of unquestionable merit, which all will appreciate and value.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE will, in 1862, be probably the "shop" auxiliary to the Exhibition at South Kensington. It is a good scheme, and will be successful if wisely carried out: and the Commissioners should be called upon to aid it. It is true that, generally, manufacturers have London establishments where their goods may be purchased; but many are not so circumstanced: and all of them will incur expenses that there ought to be an endeavour to repay. It will be our especial duty to make known as widely as possible, that works *seen* at the Exhibition may be *bought* at the Crystal Palace. Moreover, the Crystal Palace will be in other ways an aid to the Exhibition. While some producers of excellent works are excluded altogether, for reasons into which it is not now our duty to inquire, others have obtained space utterly insufficient for their requirements. To all such, space will be accorded at the Crystal Palace. The manager, Mr. Bowley, has issued an address to exhibitors: "The Crystal Palace," he says, "must be made the retail shop for the sample warehouse at Kensington; and if due precaution is taken in the acceptance of tenants, and they are encouraged, by careful attention to their interests, to continue their tenancy after 1862, a permanent industrial exhibition of a high order may be secured, and the Palace be correspondingly benefited by this nearer approach to one of its earliest and most prominent, and, it may be added, its most profitable, features." We may on this, and on other grounds, anticipate a prosperous career for the Crystal Palace during the year 1862.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS is taking energetic steps to augment the number of its members—already very large. It will deserve all the support it can receive: it has done much for the public service, and will do more. When located at South Kensington in the rooms it is to occupy, after the Exhibition of 1862, in that part of the building which is to be "permanent," the means of this society will be largely increased, and no doubt it will work in many ways and for many purposes which hitherto it has been compelled to neglect. The Society of Arts will be the true "ALBERT UNIVERSITY:" it is almost that already. The Prince Consort always took a deep interest in it, and to his patronage and aid it is mainly indebted for its now greatly improved condition. It should be continually borne in mind that out of this society has grown the 1862 Exhibition, and that it originated the Exhibition of 1851. These important facts have been strangely ignored by the Royal Commissioners—in no way seems the society to be recognised in any of the documents put forth; it is never publicly associated with the movement—though privately, we presume, there is an arrangement that its claims are not forgotten, and perhaps "great may be its reward."

MASK OF THE PRINCE.—It is understood that Mr. Theed was permitted to take a mask after death of the Prince Consort. We hope it will be in no way multiplied. There are so many admirable likenesses of his Royal Highness—portraits and busts—which preserve remembrance of him in his manly grace and strength, that we should be sorry to be made familiar with his features after a lingering illness. Masks are desirable only when there has been no other opportunity of aiding our memory of the dead.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE at Alexandria has recently attracted renewed attention, from the alleged possibility of erecting it as a memorial of the Prince Consort, instead of constructing a new obelisk. An obelisk, new or old, is, to our minds, objectionable; and as regards the famous antique that now overlooks the Alexandrian bay, the opinions of antiquaries generally agree that it is less worthy the expense of removal than others in Egypt. It was given to the British nation many years ago by the late Mahommed Ali, and was not removed, as well for this reason, as for the great estimated expense. The action of the sea-air upon the sides which face the south-west has been most injurious, and has gradually corroded the face of the granite, until the hieroglyphic inscription has nearly disappeared. The second obelisk here is buried under the sand, but would probably be found equally worthless as a decoration, or an historic relic, from its state of decay.

"THE SCULPTOR'S ART IN THIS COUNTRY."—Few artists—indeed, few of the public—will read without regret the following passage, which we extract from the *Times* of the 15th of January, 1862:—"Doubtless the low state of the sculptor's art in this country, and the many failures which are conspicuous in our streets, have tended to cause a preference for a school or a hospital over an obelisk, a column, or a statue. But surely the world is not so poor in genius that Art cannot be trusted to commemorate one whose life was devoted to its cause?" It is, indeed, deeply to be lamented, when the most powerful public organ in Europe—the most effectual advocate for Right or for Wrong—gives currency to an opinion so utterly opposed to fact. There are no sculptors in "the world" so truly great as are those of Great Britain. They are so considered abroad—if there be a determination to ignore their merit at home. Who in Italy will compare with Gibson—to say nothing of others there as yet less known to fame? And what artist of France or Germany has produced works more indubitably excellent than the Hardinge, the Falkland, or the 'Boy at a Stream,' by John Foley, or the 'Eve,' and the 'Pensive Thought,' by MacDowell—the list might be largely augmented. Let the *Times* wait until the Exhibition of 1862 opens—provided, that is to say, our sculptors obtain fair play, which, if the arbitrators are pre-resolved, like the writer of the article we have quoted, they will not have—and the folly and cruelty of that article will be apparent to all.

THE PRINCE CONSORT'S "RAFFAELLES."—We learn from the *Critic* that "the Raffaele collection formed by the late Prince Consort will be one of the most interesting memorials of his taste and feeling for the Fine Arts, and the more so as being due entirely to his own design and enthusiastic research in bringing together everything that could illustrate the style and works of the greatest painter of his kind. To form this collection was the particular hobby, if the expression may be allowed, in the prince's study of the Fine Arts. It embraces all the original drawings by Raffaele, and his architectural designs, with rare engravings, and photographs of his great works, where other copies are not to be had. As it was the intention of the late prince to place this unique collection in the Print Room of Windsor Castle, there is little doubt that, in fulfilment of this wish, the public will have the privilege of seeing it."

THE MEMORIAL STATUE TO PRINCE ALBERT.—It is understood that her Majesty has expressed a wish that the memorial statue to be executed by Mr. Durham should be habited in the robes of the Order of the Bath.

THE COLOURING AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.—The *Observer* says that "at present the different experiments give the nave a variegated and mottled

* This "obelisk" it is proposed to place on the site of the Exhibition in Hyde Park. The Memorial Group to commemorate 1851 was originally planned for that place, but so many objections were urged against it, that the Memorial Committee agreed to permit its being placed in the Horticultural Gardens at South Kensington, sufficiently near the site of the Great Exhibition to be identified with it. Mr. Durham's group will be at once a record of the Exhibition—the grand incident of Prince Albert's life—and a monument to the memory of the estimable prince: surely no other will be needed in that locality.

appearance. Some portions of the building will, it is feared, be found rather deficient of light, and in no part of it will there be any excess of brilliancy. As no professional architect was consulted respecting the building, so neither will any decorator of eminence in his profession be called in to decorate it; amateurs and *dilettanti* professors seem to be regarded with most favour by the Commissioners, who, in this and other matters, are treated as mere cyphers by the Kensington officials of the Science and Art Department."

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM PRIZES.—The prizes for coloured decoration, offered through the Architectural Museum by the Ecclesiological Society, have been awarded. The successful competitors were—for the first prize of £5 5s., Mr. Joseph Peplow Wood; for the second prize of £4 4s., Mr. A. O. P. Harrison; and for the third prize of £2 2s., Mr. Charles J. Lea. Twenty-two specimens were sent in and exhibited in the Museum. The result of the remaining competitions will be made known when the adjudication has taken place.

MR. FLATOU'S extensive collection of pictures (now exhibiting in Cornhill, and of which we have given a description) will be sold by Messrs. Christie & Manson in March next—such of them, that is to say, as are not previously disposed of by private contract. It embraces examples of a large number of the best painters of our school: generally they are of comparatively small size—suited to the ordinary drawing-room of the British gentleman.

THE FRENCH JEWELLERS.—We regret to learn that neither Lemonier nor Froment Meurice, the two leading jewellers of Paris, are to be among the exhibitors in 1862. We cannot say what reason has led to this loss, but it is certain that considerable dissatisfaction has been expressed by many of the French *fabricants* as to the arrangements of the Commissioners.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON has issued its Report of the last year's proceedings: it embodies little more than the statement read at the annual meeting in April, the principal details of which we published in the following month. On looking through the printed paper we find in it nothing that needs any additional remarks to those we have already made, except to express a hope that this year will see a large accession of subscribers to an institution which has so largely benefited artists, and been the means of conferring so much gratification to those who have been fortunate enough to become prize-winners.

NEW SOCIETY OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.—Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, of Teneriffe, has been elected associate member of this institution. Her works will be greatly missed from the Gallery of Female Artists, where this lady has hitherto exhibited them, and of which they formed a most interesting and attractive feature.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1862.—It is stated by the *Critic*, that the Royal Academy intend to open the exhibition during the evenings of their season, at small charges, with a view to accommodate the working classes. Our contemporary seems to conceive this experiment hazardous—endangering the pictures from gas and smoke. We believe, however, the good would far outweigh the evil: and earnestly hope the Royal Academy will thus liberally contribute to the Art-education of the people.

PICTURES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The gross amount of sales in the Picture Department of the Crystal Palace during the last three years—that is the term of Mr. Wass's management—is £10,575. We are glad to know this and to make it known, as it is perhaps not generally understood that the sales of pictures have reached anything approximating to such an amount. We have given a yearly notice of this collection, and have found in it works by many eminent artists, English and foreign. The days appointed for the reception of pictures for the renewal of the exhibition of the coming season, are the 5th and 6th of March. It is stated, that notwithstanding the depression Fine Art has generally suffered, of late, the number of works disposed of during the past year shows an increase on that of the preceding. After, we believe, the present season, the Victoria Cross Gallery (Mr. Desanges's military pictures) will be exhibited at the Crystal Palace, as also

the copies of the Turner Collection, which have been made for the engravings for the "Turner Gallery."

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—There have been added to the National Collection, a *Salvator Mundi*—a head, by Antonella da Messina; and a very brilliant portrait by Paris Bordone. The former is a small life-sized head painted on panel, looking in places as if it had been repaired. The face turns directly to the spectator, the hair falling on each side. The hair is red, and the beard very thin. Before the breast, a kind of bar passes on which the hands rest, and on which is painted a scrap of paper with the name of the artist inscribed on it. The picture is not valuable for its beauty, but is simply as a contribution to the history of Art. The painter was born about 1414, and died about 1496, and is accounted as of the Venetian School. A very different instance of Venetian Art is Paris Bordone's portrait of a lady, 'Ætatis Suae, 19'—as it is written on the canvas. Between these two pictures the interval of time is not very wide, but the interval in the Art might well be three centuries. The study is that of a half-length, front figure—clearly a portrait that has been much prized and carefully kept. She wears a red satin dress, with large sleeves puffed and slashed. The right hand rests on the side, and the left holds the end of a gold chain that encircles the waist as a girdle. But it is the face that especially courts attention. The picture seems to have been cleaned—the surface is somewhat raw, but it is of wondrous breadth and brilliancy, painted on the principle of recognising only the marking and drawing; the face is, therefore, not broken by any shade. If it were not well known that Bordone was an imitator of Titian, it would be sufficiently evident here—the air of the figure, the painting of the hands, the sharp upper eyelid, the equal tones of the lower and upper lips, are all Titian's, as is the manner of the face. The lady's hair is golden, something of the hue of that of Bordone himself, according to the portrait reported to be of him. Though really a splendid work, it does not give the subject any refinement of character; like Titian's female portraits, it has more of the flesh than the spirit, yet undoubtedly is among the best of Bordone's works of its class, and fully equal to those of Titian. The Garofalo, which was some time since announced, is now hung, and it is really one of the most charming pictures in the great room, where it has been placed just above the large Perugino. The subject is the Virgin enthroned, holding in her lap the infant Saviour, and supported on each side by two saints. The heads are drawn with great softness, and coloured with unimpeachable truth. The two saints on the left wear black monastic habits—of the two on the right of the throne, one is a woman, and is enwrapped in red drapery. Over the head of the Virgin is a canopy, from which falls green drapery, and the background is architectural. That which is above all fascinating in the picture, is its perfect modesty and sweetness. This artist, whose name was Benvenuto Tisi, was a Ferrarese; but the perfect accuracy, propriety, and sweetness that strike us in this work, he must have acquired during his study under Raffaello.

SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE, BART.—The *Gazette* of January 17th contains the following: "The Queen has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal, granting the dignity of a baronet of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, unto Charles Wentworth Dilke, the younger, of Sloane Street, in the county of Middlesex, Esquire, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten."

THE CRYSTAL PALACE SCHOOL OF ART, &c., has been placed by the directors under the superintendence of Mr. Lee, in consequence of the retirement of Mr. F. J. K. Shenton. Mr. Lee finds all the working arrangements carefully adjusted, and he has only to carry out and develop more fully the plans that have been so thoughtfully and judiciously framed by his predecessor. Mr. Shenton has won golden opinions during his administration of the School of Art. We understand that he has accepted a post of importance in the establishment of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

MESSRS. WINSOR AND NEWTON, of Rathbone Place, have published, for amateur illuminators,

an outline in *Memoriam* of the lamented Prince Consort. The design comprehends the armorial insignia of the late Prince, with the Union Flag of England "at the half mast," and appropriate devices and legends. Such a publication appears exactly at the right time, and it is what is certain to take, being also the right thing.

MR. PHILLIPS, OF COCKSPUR STREET, has issued invitations to visitors to inspect his recent importations of coral. Not long ago we described his collection: he is continually adding to it; and there are now in his possession examples of rare beauty and worth—sufficiently beautiful, indeed, to content the most fastidious Art-lover, while greatly attractive to those who are admirers of Art-gems.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—The Queen has written to the Lord President signifying her Majesty's intention to take this institution under her special and personal protection. We are much gratified to know this, and to find that an object in itself so worthy of the highest patronage will not suffer by the loss it, in common with so many other kindred institutions, has recently sustained; and it is a fortunate circumstance for the Kensington Museum that one so elevated in position, so clear-sighted, and so eminently judicious in all her actions, whether public or private, as the whole country feels her Majesty to be, has determined to take it under her fostering care and control. There is now no fear of its degenerating from the purpose for which it was founded, and becoming a snug retreat for irresponsible officials. In the remarks we have thought it our duty to make at various times, on matters connected with the conduct of affairs at South Kensington, our readers will bear in mind a distinction has always been drawn between the Museum Department and that of the Schools of Art. The former, in the collections gathered together, is an honour to the country, and most beneficial to the public as a school where people may learn by personal observation of what is placed before them. That its object might be still further developed, and its utility made still more practically evident, does not, however, admit of doubt, and we hope the day is not very far distant when such improvements will be apparent. Of the Schools of Design our opinions have been too frequently and recently expressed to require repetition. They have unequivocally failed in their primary object, and will continue comparatively valueless till the powers that rule them wake up from their dreams of security and fancied good, or give place to others who will do the work the public demands of them.

THE GRAPHIC SOCIETY held their second meeting on Wednesday, the 8th of January, but the attendance of members and visitors was unusually thin, and the contributions few. There were exhibited 'Fondly Gazing,' George Smith; 'A Row in the Jungle,' by Wolf—an assemblage of monkeys watching the movements of a tiger; 'Near Cairo,' and 'Alpine Scenery,' F. Dillon; 'A Zouave giving to his Breton friends an account of the Italian Wars,' Topham; 'Venice,' Holland; 'The North, South, East, and West Winds'—four bas-relief medallions—Westmacott; with a few sketches and drawings.

THE HAMPTSTEAD CONVERSAZIONI are this year appointed to be held on February the 19th, March the 19th, and April the 23rd; the first was held on the 15th of January.

THE GHOST-SITTER.—Considerable interest, and no little degree of excitement, have resulted from the publication of a story in *All the Year Round*, which purports to detail the singular adventure of an artist, who had for a "sitter," and whose portrait he actually took, a lady who had been some time dead. She appeared to him on two occasions, and so impressed her features on his memory, that the likeness he painted of her was pronounced to be singularly true and accurate. Those who are curious in the matter may read the story if they please. It is told seriously, the artist states only what he saw and knew, leaving his readers to believe him or not, as they think fit. The writer is Mr. Thomas Heaphy; many persons had heard him relate it long before he printed it.

THE LIVERPOOL ART-UNION.—"The Shilling Art-Union" of Liverpool progresses satisfactorily. A considerable inducement to subscribers this

year is derived from the fact that last year prizes to the amount of £300 were unclaimed; and that consequently the amount to be distributed this year will be increased by £300 beyond the sum collected. One of the unclaimed prizes was of the value of £100. It certainly does seem strange that the lucky holders should be still in ignorance of their good fortune.

BEFORE THE BUILDING of the Houses of Parliament was begun, very great care was exercised in the selection of the stone; but, according to all appearance, the very worst has been chosen; for scarcely had the buildings advanced three years, before the material, to select which no cost had been spared, showed marks of positive decay, and there is now scarcely a buttress in the river front in which the stone does not give unmistakable signs of perishing. As early as 1854, attempts were made to arrest the mischief, and again in 1857 liquids were applied to the face of the building, which it was intended should bind the stone, and present to the weather a crystallised surface. We do not remember the precise condition of the front when these applications were made; but it is certain that in places where the presumed healing power was used, the mischief is not arrested—the wounds are still open, the sandstone crumbles under the nail. Whether this decay be due to an improper quantity of lime, or salt, or any other ingredient, it is for chemists to say; but this some scientific authority should have said before, and in time. The most ragged of all habitable buildings in this country are certain of the colleges at Oxford; there the stone exfoliates, but the stone on the river front softens and crumbles with much efflorescence, which it would be worth while to examine with a microscope, were it permitted to remove a portion of the building for such a purpose. There is also in the Abbey very extensive decay of the stone, but the dirty old front, Westminster Hall, remains generally as sharp as when first built; why was not the same stone employed for the Houses of Parliament?

THE LIVERPOOL SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS.—The season just closed, has been in all respects successful—not only as regards the amount of sales, but the number of visitors. The sales have exceeded £5,000—upwards of a fourth of the whole of the pictures exhibited being "sold;" while the expenses of the year have been met by the receipts. The shilling Art-Union procured about £1,300. This result, considering the nature of the times, and the general disposition to postpone the acquisition of luxuries, must be regarded as without precedent in the Art-history of Liverpool.

THE LATE MR. LEIGH SOTHEY'S collection of Cabinet Pictures and Water-Colour Drawings is announced to be sold, by his partner, Mr. Wilkinson, on the 6th and 7th of the present month, at the new sale rooms in Wellington Street, Strand. Among the works will be found examples of a large number of our most distinguished painters, especially in water-colours; among them may be enumerated, Barrett, Bennett, Bentley, Bonington, Bright, Cattermole, Chambers, Colins, Constable, Cox, Creswick, Dewint, Etty, C. Fielding, Harding, W. Hunt, Lewis, Maclise, Prout, Stanfield, and others.

CRYSTAL PALACE FOR THE PARISIANS.—A *société anonyme*, says the *Builder*, with a capital of 25,000,000 francs, is in course of formation for the construction of a "palais de cristal" in the Bois de Boulogne. The council of administration comprises a number of gentlemen well known both in France and this country—the French portion, including the Marquis de la Roche-Aymon, Count de Santivy, the Marquis de Monclar, M. Pasqualini, and Prince A. Galitzin; and the English portion, Messrs. S. Beale, M.P., T. N. Farquhar, and Wm. Jackson, M.P. Sir Joseph Paxton has accepted the office of architect in chief; Mr. Edwin Clarke that of consulting engineer; and Mr. Thomas Brassey that of contractor-general. It is intended to make the Palace specially attractive by concentrating within it magnificent halls for public entertainments, and a vast nave for the exhibition of Fine Arts, manufactures, and horticulture. Balls, concerts, Art-festivals, literary and national reunions, will find accommodation worthy of the advancement of the age. The exhibitions will be permanent.

REVIEWS.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT. Illuminated by W. and J. AUDSLEY. Illustrated by CHARLES ROLT. Chromolithographed by W. R. TYMMS. Published by DAY and SONS, London.

There are certain things which, we are told, are fit only for "kings' houses," and for those who "live delicately;" among such must be classed this gorgeous volume resplendent with gold, vermillion, azure, and many other rich colours. But the gold, the azure, and the rest, would be of little avail without the taste to direct, and the well-skilled hand to execute, what these are capable of effecting; and both taste and handicraft of a good order have been at work here, not, however, with uniform success on each page, but yet everywhere they are manifest more or less; occasionally the ornament seems overabundant, and here and there it is rather sparse, and the page looks naked: perhaps this arises more from contrast than from actual deficiency. The page containing the "Lord's Prayer" may be cited as an example of the former; the broad, floral border of which is painted in the gayest colours, but they do not compose harmoniously, and they disturb the eye: the page commencing with "your heavenly father feedeth them," is an instance of the latter; here the border is also of a floriated character, light and graceful in design, but printed in red only.

It is quite evident that the artists who undertook to produce this costly and superb volume, are men who have carefully studied the best types of illuminated art in its unconventional and most liberal character; there is nothing in the designs savouring of the "monk and cloister" fragrance. Based on the principles adopted by the old illuminators, Messrs. Audsley—who, by the way, are architects practising at Liverpool—have effected their object in a manner less restricted in form, equally felicitous in invention, and, generally, with as extended a knowledge of the value of combined colours: hence, as we have observed, some pages are surpassingly rich, while many others are simply beautiful. The "Sermon" is spread over twenty-five of these pages, besides which are the title-page, and one whereon are inscribed the names of the artists and publishers: both of these are also most elaborately ornamented: all are of folio size, and bound in a cover of corresponding richness. Mr. Rolt's frontispiece of Christ preaching, is an addition to, but does not improve, the book: it is a very commonplace picture in expression and composition.

Since the appearance of Owen Jones's and Digby Wyatt's now well-known works on Decorative Art, there has been no illuminated publication which can be compared with this: it must take its place with the best of its kind produced here or elsewhere, and will uphold the credit of Messrs. Day's printing establishment, which has long enjoyed high reputation throughout Europe.

THE HALLOWED SPOTS OF ANCIENT LONDON. By ELIZA METEYARD. Published by MARLBOROUGH and Co., London.

Intention, rather than execution, is the chief feature of this addition to our books on old London; its author speaks enthusiastically and writes healthily on our city and its martyrs for liberty, civil and religious; but something more than this is wanting to make a book live in the present day. It has as much of information and comment as convey agreeable instruction; further than that it does not reach. Perhaps nothing more was aimed at than this; and the gay binding, fine paper, and pretty pictures were thought sufficient. Certainly the series of disjointed essays, with which Charles Knight managed to fill six octavo volumes, contain in any one of them more interesting chapters on London localities. The present book lacks scholarship; it is too superficial; it may be an agreeable parlour or drawing-room book, but it will not satisfy the antiquary or the student.

The illustrations demand notice, because we see in them much to avoid. They are expensively and carefully executed, but they often sin against good taste and truthfulness. The historic scenes are generally bad; 'Sir Thomas More at Chelsea' is loose in drawing, and inaccurate in its details; the 'Execution in the Tower' is got up in the French novel taste; and the scenes usually selected are of that "sensational" school, in which we are confronted with horrors. The imaginary representation of 'Defoe in the Pillory' we think as offensive against good taste as possible. The topographical cuts are sometimes in fault, owing to the desire to make pretty pictures out of stern facts; whoever has dealt with these facts, has done so unwillingly, and endeavoured to disguise truth in meretricious treatment. Thus the

'View of Old Southwark' is no faithful copy of the original, but has been tampered with till all its value is lost; the same may be said of the 'View of All Hallows Church.' Many seem to have no business in the book at all, such as 'Elwood's Cottage at Chalfont,' 'The Source of the Thames,' &c. But the most remarkable of all is an attempt to delineate the ground before London was built, representing nothing but the stream, and even that incorrect in its sinuosity, passing through a country cut up with lanes and hedgerows! and this, too, in Lambeth Marsh in pre-historic ages. The only parallel case we know is in Dutch art, where the Garden of Eden always appears with well-dug trenches, and clean-clipped box borders, as if it had been in the suburbs of Haarlem, in the days of King William III.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN PALESTINE. By MARY ELIZA ROGERS. Published by BELL & DALDY, London.

It is one thing to travel through a country, it is another thing to reside in it: travellers, however observant, see little more than what is on the surface, and often receive impressions and form conclusions of an erroneous nature, adapted, it may be, from the impulse of the moment, or the slight knowledge they have of what is passing around. Time, perhaps, also presses; there is a necessity for speeding onwards, and thus the opportunity for investigation and examination is lost. Again, most persons who travel, do so either for health or pleasure, and make these respectively their object; if for scientific or artistic purposes, the speciality they are in search of claims their only, or their chief, attention. Hence, as a rule, books of travel convey but an imperfect idea of the actual condition of a country in its innermost social character, the undercurrent of society permeating its various channels, and forming its very life and body.

Just the opposite to this is it with a resident, especially one who, like the writer of the volume before us, had unusual opportunity of mingling with all classes of people in her occasional ramblings among them, and who, also, had so enviable a faculty as Miss Rogers must possess, to ingratiate herself with those among whom she dwelt, during a period of about three years. Her brother is British Consul at Damascus, and it was while on a lengthened visit to him that she moved among those whose habits, manners, and customs, and journeyed amid the scenery, she describes in so easy, unaffected, and pleasant a way. While reading her narrative, one seems to be leading the life she led, entering with her the abodes of the strange people around her, conversing with them, and listening to all their domestic concerns. As a female, Miss Rogers—who, we may mention, is a daughter of Mr. W. Rogers, the distinguished wood-carver—obtained the *entrée* where a man, and especially a foreigner, would be excluded; besides, the position held by her brother, gave considerable influence to the lady with the natives.

Every traveller in the Holy Land bears testimony to the fulfilment of Scripture prophecy, as well as to the similarity of the customs still existing, and those we read of nearly two thousand years ago: but nowhere do we find them more forcibly and convincingly set forth than here: every third or fourth page affords some striking and positive evidence, both that things which have been are not, and things which have been still are.

It is only necessary to dip into this narrative to be satisfied that the writer is a person of more than ordinary intelligence, with eyes to see, and a mind to understand, what lawyers call "the points of a case." She has made good use of her opportunities by producing one of the most interesting books of travel which has come under our notice: we shall be much mistaken if the publishing season has brought forth a volume of any kind that will have a larger circle of readers: the subject and the treatment are equally deserving of attention.

THE LADY OF LA GARAYE. By the Hon. Mrs. NORTON. Published by MACMILLAN & Co., London and Cambridge.

The music of Mrs. Norton's harp has long been unheard by the public, except when an occasional strain has broke forth to assure us it is not utterly mute and dead. Sweet music it is at all times, whether it comes in some lyric of a few stanzas only, or in the form of a lengthened poem, like "The Lady of La Garaye," making a life's history the burden of the song: plaintive, too, is the melody, as if fearing to wake a rude and discordant echo. The strings of the lyre seem ever struck by a hand guided by the tenderest susceptibilities of human nature, and modulated by the warmest sympathy

with human grief: the key-note is found in her own heart.

The story which Mrs. Norton has versified is, she tells us, in no respect a fiction. The Countess de la Garaye was a young and beautiful woman who, about the commencement of the last century, resided, with a husband who idolised her, near Dinan, in Brittany. While hunting one day she met with a terrible accident, and was borne to her chateau, torn, disfigured, and destined to pass the remainder of her years an incurable invalid and cripple. It would only be forestalling the reader to tell here what effect the disaster had upon the future lives of the lady and the count; and we would not, even in so small a matter, detract from the interest of the tale, which, sad though it be, is narrated with a sweetness which cannot fail to charm. There is an admirable moral, moreover, in it—a homily to teach us that life, stripped of whatever appears to render it desirable and attractive, may yet be made productive of the highest and purest enjoyment.

The dedicatory stanzas, to the Marquis of Lansdowne, are worthy of all praise; we have rarely read anything of the kind more impressively beautiful and touching. They strike us even more than the longer poem, with the author's power of appealing to the noblest feelings of the heart.

The book receives an additional, though a painful, value from the fact that the few initial woodcuts are from drawings by the deceased son of the poetess—a young gentleman of rare promise—whose early death she so touchingly and deeply laments.

POEMS. By a PAINTER. Published by W. BLACKWOOD & SONS, London and Edinburgh.

Poetry and Painting are often spoken of as sister arts, and though it is not an every-day occurrence to find an artist embodying his thoughts in words so well as in forms and colours, we are not surprised when we do see it. A painter devoid of poetical feeling must produce very dry and unattractive works—pictures which, whatever may be the subject, would be unlike nature, for she abounds everywhere with poetry.

This little volume, that has modestly made its appearance anonymously, is, we have reason to know, the production of an artist who is a poet-painter, Mr. J. Noel Paton, of the Scottish Royal Academy, one who can as gracefully express his ideas in verse as on canvas, whose mind is keenly alive to the beauties of nature and the workings of the innermost soul of man, and who has carefully trained and cultured his intellect. There are among these poems, which consist chiefly of sonnets and short lyrics, some that would not be disowned by the best of our living writers: they embrace a variety of subject, but in the majority the romance of the old-world mythology is the pervading influence, and very beautifully has the author entwined the ideas borrowed from these stories with his descriptions of nature. Some of the sonnets, especially those written in Italy, are, perhaps, the most finished compositions in the book; and there is an elegant little poem entitled "To the Summer Wind," full of sweet and soothing thoughts; the "War Song, 1854," is spirit-stirring as the sound of a trumpet.

CHRYSALE; or, A Story with an End. By FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP. Illustrated by THOMAS HOOD.

GARDEN FABLES; or, Flowers of Speech. By MRS. MEDHURST. Illustrated by THOMAS HOOD. Published by SAUNDERS, OTLEY, and Co., London.

We place these two pretty little books together, because there is some kind of family connection between them, in subject and in authorship. "Chrysal" is the story of a little peasant-girl, who, as she wanders during the four seasons of the year in field and meadow, by the hedge-row and brookside, finds communicative friends in the plants, birds, insects, and natural objects which meet her everywhere: they talk to her and teach her lessons of wisdom, faith, and hope, and she receives their instruction in a meek, trustful spirit; and the fruit of it is evidenced when little Chrysal bids the last "good-night" to her mother, and was laid,—her cold, folded hands filled with daisies, and her golden locks wreathed with snow-drops and white violets,—in the green churchyard. A more charming book for young children, or one more full of that holy instruction which nature offers, we have rarely known.

Mrs. Medhurst's "Garden Fables" has a similar excellent tendency, but the lessons are conveyed in a somewhat different manner,—chiefly by dialogues between the objects themselves, wild flowers; for, as

Douglas Jerrold has said, "beautiful thoughts grow out of the ground, and seem to talk to man." No one need fear that this book, in the hands of a child, would teach anything but what it would be good to know.

Both works are gaily bound, and illustrated by Thomas Hood, brother of one of the writers, Mrs. Broderip; Mr. Hood's pencil is pleasing, varied, and fanciful, but the woodcuts are heavily engraved, and much too black: this is a pity, for the character and beauty of the designs are often lost, or, at least, spoiled, by this failing.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE. With One Hundred Illustrations by EDWARD H. WEHNERT. Published by BELL & DALDY, London.

Defoe's inimitable romance is among the few books which seem destined to live for ever: publishers appear never to be weary of reproducing it, and the public of buying it, for where is there a household of young people that cannot show its Robinson Crusoe? This edition is very comprehensive, for it contains the voyager's "further adventures," which are not given in the majority of its predecessors: but we think the chief interest of the narrative terminates with Crusoe's final escape from the island. The book is well printed and prettily bound, but much cannot be said in praise of Mr. Wehnert's illustrations, either as designs or engravings; twenty years ago they might have been considered of fair average quality as popular book cuts; now they can only be looked upon as below par. It is evident the artist's style of drawing upon wood is not calculated to make agreeable and effective engravings.

THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOK OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

NURSERY CAROLS. Illustrated with One Hundred and Twenty Pictures by LUDWIG RICHTER and OSCAR PLETSCHE. Published by BELL & DALDY, London.

THE CHILDREN'S GARLAND FROM THE BEST POETS. Selected and arranged by COVENTRY PATMORE. Published by MACMILLAN & Co., London and Cambridge.

If there is a dearth this season of gift-books for "children of a larger growth," there is certainly none for little masters and mistresses; their supply is well kept up, and it is, generally, of a character to command a ready market. The first of the three named above is what it purports to be, "a book of useful knowledge," about matters which a child cannot be too early taught—the clothes he wears, the food he eats, and the animals that furnish it, and the objects which are constantly around him; all of these are brought still more distinctly to his mind by a large number of careful wood-cuts. The information it contains is abundant, and suitably expressed, in a good bold type.

NURSERY CAROLS, as its name implies, goes a step lower: we cannot say much for the rhymes, but the pictures are amusing; and nurse, if she has any tact, may hush a colony of small rebels into silence, by means of what she may tell and show them out of this book,—one, we imagine, entirely of German origin.

THE CHILDREN'S GARLAND is too far advanced for very young folk: it is a good selection of well-known poems; but Macaulay's "Spanish Armada," Scott's "Young Lochinvar," Delone's "Fair Rosamond," Southey's "Bishop Hatto," Tennyson's "Lord Burleigh," Shakspeare's "Meeting of the Witches," Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin," and many others we could point out, are not the kind of poetical flowers to be woven into a garland for children.

THE HISTORICAL FINGER-POST: a Handy Book of Terms, Phrases, Epithets, Cognomens, Allusions, &c., in Connection with Universal History. By EDWARD SHELTON, Author of "The Railway Traveller's Handy Book," &c. Published by LOCKWOOD & Co., London.

Mr. Shelton's idea is good, and, to the extent to which he has gone, is exceedingly well carried out: he admits it might be advantageously enlarged, but this would have resulted in a voluminous, rather than a "handy," book. The object of the compiler is evidently to provide a kind of encyclopædia, or dictionary, that will explain in a few lines the meaning of terms, and the history of events which, in these days of extensive reading, one constantly meets with, and often without knowing their significance. The book is divided into several sections, each including a distinct dictionary under its respective headings: hence we get at the meaning

without the trouble of searching, perhaps, many volumes, even if they chance to be at hand, and with scarcely a halt or interruption to the subject under perusal. But the "Historical Finger-Post" must be seen to be appreciated.

CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS; or, Stories of the Great Civil War. By JOHN G. EDGAR, Author of "Boyhood of Great Men," "Sea Kings and Naval Heroes." With Illustrations by AMY BUTTS. Published by BELL & DALDY, London.

Historians, novelists, and poets, have said or sung so much about Charles, his friends, and his enemies, that the subject is worn almost threadbare; the Great Civil War is an exhausted theme, a painful one at all times, whatever benefit—if indeed any—England derived from it. But such stories, however attractive, are not nourishing aliment for juvenile minds; and there is little in what Clarendon calls "The Great Rebellion," to elevate the thoughts and character, unless the records of blood be regarded through party medium; then, on one side we recognise unflinching and devoted loyalty, and, on the other, an obstinate adherence to, and struggle for, principles assumed to be right. Mr. Edgar does not pretend to tell anything new, but he has given what is already tolerably well known of the incidents of the quarrel, from the elevation of Buckingham to the Restoration, in a style which his young readers will be able to appreciate.

LORD HAWKE. Engraved by J. H. BAKER from the Portrait by S. PEARCE. Published by J. BROADHEAD, Pontefract.

Three or four years ago, the gentlemen accustomed to hunt with the Badsworth hounds, whose kennel is near Pontefract, subscribed for a full-length equestrian portrait of Lord Hawke, who for a period of more than thirty years had fulfilled the onerous duties of "Master of the Badsworth Hunt," to the entire satisfaction of each sportsman: the picture was a testimonial of his lordship's services, and was presented with due honours. But the subscribers naturally felt desirous of possessing an engraved copy of the work, and the services of Mr. Baker were put into requisition for the purpose; the result is a large print of very careful execution, and, generally, of good effect. The venerable "master" sits firmly on his hunter, surrounded by some of his favourite dogs: the expression of his face is open and intelligent, a fine specimen of the old English gentleman, whose youth and manhood have been spent in the genial and health-giving sports of the field. The engraving will, doubtless, be especially valued by Lord Hawke's brother-hunters and friends.

OBERON'S HORN: Two Books of Fairy Tales. By HENRY MORLEY. With Illustrations by CHARLES H. BENNETT. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

A work which, in a divided form, has helped to make two Christmas seasons merry in our juvenile households, has, there is no doubt, in its collective character, proved still more welcome during the Christmas just passed by. We are not greatly in favour of fairy stories for children, but Mr. Morley's tales are amusing, and will, with the aid of Mr. Bennett's clever but grotesque woodcuts, make fun for the young ones. He modestly petitions the reader to accept or reject them "as a small outbreak of holiday extravagance and nothing more;" we are quite content to accept and commend them as such, believing they will enliven future generations of small folk for many Christmases to come.

STEPPING STONES. From the picture by F. GOODALL, A.R.A.: ON THE ISLAND OF ZANTE. From the picture by T. L. ROWBOTHAM. Published by the ART-UNION of England. London.

The committee of the Art-Union of England has considered it expedient to alter the system upon which the society has hitherto been conducted, and to adopt that which most similar institutions employ; namely, to offer each subscriber a print in addition to the chance of securing a prize in the drawing. The two chromolithographs, whose titles appear above, have been executed by Messrs. Hanhart for this object, and each subscriber to the Art-Union of England for the current year will be entitled to one or other of these little prints. Both are good, but the "Stepping-Stones," a young Irish girl, bare-footed, and with an empty milk-pail under her arm, is like a bit of Spanish Art in colour; Velasquez or Murillo might have painted it. The other is a bright landscape, without much subject.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, MARCH 1, 1862.

SALOPIAN CHINA.

A HISTORY OF

THE COALPORT PORCELAIN WORKS.

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A., &c.



In the midst of one of the most historically interesting districts of the kingdom—a district abounding in spots rendered famous in various ages by the events which have occurred within its boundaries, and full of associations as varied as they are interesting—within a few miles of Boscorbel, and Tong, and numberless other places possessing a sad interest as connected with the wanderings and the painful vicissitudes of King Charles II.—within a short distance of those two glorious monastic ruins, Buildwas Abbey and Wenlock Priory—not far from the “English Nineveh,” Uriconium, and within easy distance of Shrewsbury and Ludlow,—stand the works whose simple history I am about to relate;—themselves as interesting as many or most of the places by which they are surrounded. Besides its historical associations, however, the district is full of interest of a more stirring kind; for it is the very centre of a large manufacturing neighbourhood, whose productions have a world-wide fame, and are almost as varied as the beautiful scenery of the Severn, which flows majestically through it.

Broseley, whose pipe manufactories two hundred and fifty years ago were as famed as they are now, and whose makers then got rid of their goods without, as at the present day (following in the wake of the starch-makers), advertising the emphatic words “When you ask for a Broseley pipe, see that you get it!”—Jackfield, famed of old for its earthenware, and where it is still to some little extent made;—Benthall, where “yellow ware” works are in constant operation, and where the magnificent encaustic and enamelled tile and mosaic works of Messrs. Maw are situated;—Ironbridge, with its famous one-arch bridge, from which it takes its name, spanning the Severn;—Madeley, with its extensive iron furnaces;—Benthall Edge, with its limestone works, the rocks of which are rich in fossil remains, and full of interest to the geologist;—Coalbrookdale, whose iron works are known throughout the world, and where articles in terra-cotta are about being manufactured;—and a score of other busy hives of industry are gathered together in this district, close around the Coalport China Works, whose productions are of unrivalled excellence.

To some of these works I shall again, *en*

passant, refer, before closing this article, my present object being to confine myself to the china works alone.

Like the Worcester and the Derby porcelain works, the Salopian manufactory dates from the middle of last century; and, like them, the manufacture has continued from its first introduction to the present time without interruption. Indeed, it may be said of the district in which these works are situated, that an almost—if not an entirely—unbroken historical chain may be traced, on the same beds of clay, from the Romano-British period down to the present day. It is important as well as highly interesting to be able to say, that the same beds of clay which, fifteen hundred years ago, produced some of the fictile ware of the Roman occupiers of the soil, has been worked in the intermediate ages, and still produces, more largely than ever, articles of daily use for every class of the people of England. The same beds which supplied the magnificent city of Uriconium with jugs, mortaria, bowls, and colanders of white ware,—quantities of the *débris* of which have been found in the recent excavations, both in its plain state and rudely painted,—and, indeed, also with perhaps most of its ware, except the Samian and Durobrivian varieties, still supply the neighbourhood with innumerable articles of daily use. Little, perhaps, do the generality of people who visit the excavations at Wroxeter, and see the fragments of coarse ware turned up on every mound, think that the very clay which produced them, the very arts which formed them, and the very district which sent them forth, have produced, and formed, and sent forth, most probably, the very vessels in which the food they have just partaken of has been prepared. But so it is; and thus the clay beds of the Severn Valley possess in themselves abundant interest to the historian, and indeed to people of every class.

As I have shown in my account of the Worcester works (p. 42, No. II., *A.-J.*) the manufactory in that city was established in the year 1751; and the commencement of the works in Shropshire must have been, if not coeval, at all events closely subsequent to that event. Indeed, the establishment of the two works must have so closely followed each other, that they may be almost said to have sprung into existence at the same time. The site of the first Salopian china works was at Caughley, about a mile from the present manufactory, and on the opposite or south side of the river Severn. The works were situated on the hill overlooking the valley of the Severn, as it flowed on to Bridgnorth, and commanding a magnificent view of the surrounding country. On this spot, it is said, a small pottery was begun by a Mr. Brown, and after his death managed by a gentleman named Gallimore, to whom, in 1754, a lease of the place was granted for the term of sixty-two years.* This Mr. Gallimore does not appear to have been long connected with the works; for the only name, as proprietor, which I have at present been able to establish, is that of Mr. Thomas Turner, who married a daughter of Mr. Gallimore, and carried on the manufactory.

Mr. Thomas Turner was the son of Dr. Richard Turner, rector of Cumberton, and vicar of Emely Castle and Norton, all in Worcestershire, in 1754, and who was also chaplain to the Countess of Wigtown. This Dr. Turner, who took his degree at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, was the author of several works on geography, astronomy, gauging, trigonometry, education, history, &c.; and in 1765, was a “Teacher of geometry, astronomy,

and philosophy,” at Worcester. He died in 1791, and was buried at Norton, near Worcester. Besides his son Thomas, he had two other sons, Richard, LL.D., and Edward; the first of whom also published some works, and the latter was a general in the army in India, where he died. Mr. Thomas Turner is said to have been brought up as a silversmith, at Worcester; but this is an error, as for the purpose of obtaining the freedom of the city, he was apprenticed to his father.

No doubt the incentive to the establishment of these works were the experiments long carried on at Worcester by Dr. Wall, and the knowledge that at this spot the two principal materials wanting in a pottery of the kind could be had at a trifling cost. With abundance of coal within twenty feet of the surface, with clunch of the best quality for the making of seggars overlying the coal, and with the navigable river at hand for bringing the materials and for carrying away the finished goods, the inducements were strong for the fixing on this spot the manufactory which was destined ultimately to grow into such enviable importance. To Worcester, of course, coal, and clunch, and other materials had to be conveyed at great cost; but here they were ready to hand, and indeed were cropping out in every direction, inviting to be used. In 1756 the works had attained a considerable degree of excellence; and an example is in existence, bearing that date, which gives most satisfactory evidence of the excellence of the body at that time—a body, however, which speedily became greatly improved. In the early years of the Caughley manufactory, the ware was not many degrees removed from earthenware; but it gradually assumed a finer and more transparent character. Like the early Worcester examples, the patterns were principally confined to blue flowers, &c., on a white ground; and in this style and colour the Caughley works excelled, in many respects, their competitors. An excellent example of the body, as made in 1776, is exhibited in a mug, bearing that date, now in the possession of a family at Coalport. This mug, of which I give the accompanying engraving, is white, with blue and gold flowers,



and bears the words “Francis Benbow, 1776,” surmounted by an anchor; the Francis Benbow, for whom it was made, being a barge-man. This mug is highly interesting, as indeed are all dated examples; and I cannot too strongly impress upon all collectors the importance of strictly preserving, in any variety of ware or make, all specimens which bear either dates or names, or other objects which may form data for inquiry.

About the year 1780 Mr. Turner visited France, for the purpose of “picking up knowledge” on the porcelain manufactures of Paris, and other places. He is said to have been an excellent draughtsman, and this, added to his chemical knowledge—for he had a regular laboratory fitted up at the top of

* Information of R. Thursfield, Esq.

his house—must have been a great advantage to him while in that country of beautiful and chaste designs. On his return from France he brought with him some skilled workmen, and at once entered with increased spirit into the manufacture of porcelain in his own works at Caughley.

One of the men whom he had brought over appears to have been a clever architect; and from his design a very tasty and elegant château was built for Mr. Turner, near the works. This building, being of a novel design in England—more especially in the sequestered neighbourhood of Caughley—attracted much attention; and its peculiarities of construction and arrangement are still often talked about by the old inhabitants of the place. This house was pulled down in 1820 or 1821, and the materials used for making additions to the present works at Coalport. At the present time no vestige of the house or works remains at Caughley.

In 1788 Mr. Robert Chamberlain commenced his china works at Worcester, and for some time bought his ware at Caughley, had it sent down by barge to Worcester, and there painted and finished it. The same thing was also done when Grainger's works were first started at Worcester. The number of hands employed at Caughley must have been somewhat large, as the premises were extensive, and the quantity of goods required by Mr. Turner, for his own trade and for Worcester, was large. The works were built in the form of a quadrangle, with an entrance gateway surmounted by an inscribed stone. The works were, as will be seen hereafter, taken down by Mr. John Rose, after assuming the proprietorship.

Mr. John Rose, whose father was a farmer, in the neighbourhood, was taken into the house by Mr. Turner, and taught the art of china-making in all its branches. After some years, from causes which are not relevant to my story, a difference arose between them, and Mr. Rose left Mr. Turner, and commenced a small business on his own account at Jackfield, in the immediate neighbourhood.

The Jackfield Pottery was one of the oldest in the neighbourhood, and is believed to have been worked for centuries. The potters had, at different times, probably from being expert hands, migrated into Staffordshire; and I am informed that, as early as 1560, several entries occur in the parish registers of Stoke-upon-Trent of people (potters, of course,) as "*from Jackfield*." A few years ago a coal-pit at Jackfield, which was known not to have been entered for nearly two centuries, was opened, and in it was found a small mug of brown earthenware, bearing the date 1634. The works were, probably not long after this period, carried on by a person of the name of Glover, who used the old salt glaze for his ware. He was succeeded by Mr. John Thursfield, son of Mr. John Thursfield of Stoke-upon-Trent, about the year 1713. This John Thursfield had married a daughter of Captain Webb, who had been in the wars under Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and had, while in the Low Countries, married a Dutch lady. In 1729 John Thursfield married a lady named Eleanor Morris, of Ferney Bank, who is curiously described in the Broseley register as a "*sojoiner*." He died in 1751, leaving two sons—John, who built the works at Benthall; and Morris, who succeeded his father at Jackfield. The kind of ware made at Jackfield was a white stoneware, very similar to the Staffordshire make, and on some examples flowers and other ornaments were incised and coloured; that is, the outlines were cut in while the clay was soft, and the flowers and other ornaments touched afterwards with colour. A very interesting and remarkably well potted jug of

this description is in the possession of W. F. Rose, Esq., of Coalport. Maurice Thursfield made at Jackfield a very superior black ware, highly vitrified and glazed; indeed, so highly glazed was it that it had all the outward appearance of glass. The forms, and the potting of these articles, locally known as "*black decanters*," were remarkably good, and on some specimens which I have seen, ornaments have been judiciously introduced. On one, in the possession of Richard Thursfield, Esq., of Broseley, a head and wreath are executed in gold and colour; and on others, paintings in oils, both portraits and views, and raised ornaments are introduced. Maurice Thursfield died in America, where he had, it appears, considerable business connections.

In these works, then, Mr. Rose, in conjunction with a Mr. Blakeway, soon after the death of Maurice Thursfield, began making china. The works were not, however, carried on long, but were removed to Coalport, on the opposite side of the Severn, where they were begun in some buildings which had formerly been a pottery (I believe belonging to a Mr. Young, a mercer of Shrewsbury), and where they have continued uninterruptedly to the present day. It is well to note, that at Jackfield a pottery of yellow ware is still continued. Mr. John Rose had not long established himself at Coalport, it appears, before he met with opposition; for other works were started on the opposite side of the canal, and only a few yards distant, by his brother, Mr. Thomas Rose, and partners, who commenced business under the style of "*Anstice, Horton, and Rose*." These works, however, did not continue long, but passed into the hands of Mr. John Rose and his partners, who, with other additions, formed them into one establishment. In the space of three or four years from the establishment of the Coalport works by Mr. Rose, he had so successfully carried on his business that the Caughley works of Mr. Turner had become greatly reduced, and were gradually beaten out of the market. In 1798 the Caughley

works passed into the hands of Messrs. John Rose and Co., by purchase, and Mr. Turner withdrew entirely from the business. Both works were then continued by them, thus giving a great increase to the establishment, and rendering it one of the most extensive in the kingdom.

In the following year, October 23rd, 1799, an event occurred in connection with the works at Coalport which was most sad in its results. At that time a considerable number of the workpeople and painters employed at the works resided at Broseley, and were in the habit of passing backwards and forwards across a ferry near the works. On this night, thirty-two persons, including the best artists, went on board the ferry-boat, which, about midwater, owing to the intoxicated state of the ferryman, was capsized, and twenty-nine were drowned. The principal painter at this time was an artist named Walker, and an unfinished piece of work of his—the piece he left in progress only a few minutes before he lost his life—is still preserved, with almost religious care, in the factory.

The coal at Caughley beginning to work out, and the cost of carrying the unfinished ware from thence down the hill and across the water to Coalport was so great,—the unfinished ware being carried on women's heads the whole distance,—that Mr. Rose determined to remove the works to Coalport, which he did at different times, gradually drafting off the workmen, until about 1814 or 1815, when they were finally removed, the kilns and rooms taken down, and the materials used for the enlargement of the works at Coalport. The last of the buildings, with the house, were not, however, destroyed until 1821, when the materials were brought to Coalport to build the present burnishing shops and some workmen's cottages. Since then the manufactory has been constantly and considerably enlarged, and now occupies, I believe, considerably more ground than any other porcelain works in the kingdom.

The view of the Coalport China Works,



COALPORT CHINA WORKS.

here given, will show its pleasant situation on the banks of the Severn, and its extensive character in the early part of the present century. The view is copied from an interesting painting by Muss, who, before his successful artistic career in London, was employed as one of the painters at this establishment. Since the period when Muss

made this painting, the works have been constantly increased, and at the present time are about doubled in extent.

The commercial style of the firm has been, ever since its establishment at Coalport, "*Messrs. John Rose and Company*," although many changes in the proprietary have taken place. These changes have been as follows:

"Rose and Blakeway;" "Rose, Blakeway, and Rose;" "Rose, Johnson, and Winter;" "Rose, Winter, and Clarke;" "Rose, Clarke, and Maddison;" "Maddison, Rose, Pugh, and Rose;" and the present proprietors are Messrs. W. Pugh and W. F. Rose; but the firm is still known by its old style of "John Rose and Co." Mr. John Rose died in 1841, and was buried at Barrow. He was succeeded by his nephew, one of the present proprietors, W. F. Rose, Esq., of Rock House, Coalport.

It will be seen from what I have said, that the Coalport works had already, before the commencement of the present century, absorbed those of Caughley, of Jackfield, and of the opposition establishment of Messrs. Anstice, Horton, and Rose. Some years later, the SWANSEA* porcelain works, which had risen somewhat into repute, were discontinued, and the moulds, &c., bought by Mr. Rose, who removed them, along with the workmen, to Coalport about the year 1820. Another famed manufactory, though small, that of NANTGARROW,† established by Billingsley, the famous flower painter, of Derby, and his son-in-law, Walker, also of Derby, in 1816 (under the assumed name of *Beeley* and Walker), and which produced, perhaps, the finest examples of porcelain with granulated fracture ever made, also soon afterwards was merged into the Coalport establishment. Billingsley and Walker, on discontinuing the works at Nantgarrow, removed to Coalport, with all their moulds and processes, and continued employed there until Billingsley's death, which took place in 1828. Walker was a remarkably clever workman, and did much during the time of his continuance at Coalport to improve the art of china making. He removed thence to America, where he established a pottery, which, I believe, he still continues to work. The Nantgarrow porcelain was very expensive to make, but was remarkably fine in its body and texture. Specimens are very rare, and invariably fetch high prices when offered for sale. The original recipes for the making of this Nantgarrow ware are in the possession of Messrs. Rose and Co.; and it can be made at Coalport of as fine a quality as ever. I have carefully examined specimens made at Nantgarrow with others made by Billingsley and Walker when they first came to Coalport, and these again with examples made by Messrs. Rose in 1860, and they appear all to be of equal excellence of body. It is however, too expensive a process to be followed to any extent.

In 1820 Mr. John Rose received the gold medal of the Society of Arts for his improvements in the manufacture of china. The prize, which was offered for the best porcelain glaze produced without lead, was competed for by Copelands, Davenport, and all the principal manufacturers, as well as by Mr. Rose, but was honourably gained by him. It bears the inscription—"To Mr. John Rose, MDCCCXX, for his improved glaze for porcelain."

The history of the works has been one complete success from their first establishment to the present day; and this success has been attained by untiring and unflagging energy on the part of the proprietary, and by a determination on their part to make their establishment second to none in existence in extent, and in beauty and purity of work. The porcelain trade owes much to the ability and energy of Mr. John Rose, the uncle of one of the present proprietors; and it is truly pleasant to add, that the works so ably commenced by him have been carried on with

the utmost skill, and with complete success, by the nephew, Mr. W. F. Rose, who has gained most honourable distinction, at home and abroad. Both at the Great Exhibition in 1851, and at the French Exhibition in 1855, Messrs. Rose and Co., carried off medals for their productions. At the first a magnificent dessert service in the difficult but truly beautiful *Rose du Barry* colour, which the firm had succeeded in restoring in all its beauty to the ceramic art, was exhibited, and excited considerable interest. This service, considered by competent judges to equal the original Sèvres in evenness of colour, was purchased by Lord Ashburton. At the latter Messrs. Rose exhibited a large number of exquisite examples of their make, and services were purchased by the Emperor, by M. Fould, and by the principal *savans* of Paris.

For the coming Exhibition the Coalport works are making great preparations, and, judging from the magnificent pieces in progress, and from the amount of artistic skill and labour bestowed upon them, they will take a first stand in that great "world's struggle." But of this a few words anon.

The subject of *printing* upon porcelain, of which I have spoken in previous articles, is one so intimately and intricately connected with the Caughley and Coalport works, that it will be necessary to consider the period of its introduction at some length. I have already shown that transfer-printing was used as early as 1757 on Worcester porcelain (p. 43, *ante*); and I have little doubt that quite as early, if not a few years before that period, it was practised at Caughley. Indeed, in the early years of the manufactory, the two works, Caughley and Worcester, seem to have been closely connected, and to have worked "in-and-in," if I may be allowed the use of so unscientific an expression, and, I believe, with ample reason, that a great proportion of the printed goods bearing the Worcester mark were printed at Caughley. Indeed, it is known that the ware was sent up from Worcester by barge to be printed at Caughley, and returned, when finished, by the same mode of conveyance. I have closely examined the style of engraving, and the patterns of a large number of examples, and I am clearly of opinion that they are the work of the same hands.

I do not, by this, claim for Caughley the honour of *inventing* the art of transfer-printing on to porcelain; but I feel assured, that that art must have been there practised at quite as early a period as the dated example of Worcester make; and I am led to this belief, partly from the fact that the Robert Hancock, whose beautiful productions I have before spoken of, and to whom the engraving of the dated example is ascribed, also engraved for the Caughley works. And I have an impression of a plate, of an identical pattern with the famous tea group, which bears his monogram on the Worcester specimens, on which his name, *R. Hancock fecit*, occurs in full at Caughley. Collectors, therefore, in a case of this kind must not be too hasty in ascribing, from appearance *alone*, examples to either one or the other make, but must be guided, in a great measure, by the *body* on which the engraving occurs.

It cannot be wondered that an art, then such an important secret, should have been followed at Caughley,—a place so perfectly retired from the world, situated in the midst of woods and wilds, almost unapproachable to strangers, and with every facility for keeping the workmen away from all chance of imparting the secret to others,—in place of in Worcester, where secrecy would be almost impossible, and where the information would ooze out from the workmen, at the alehouse or

elsewhere, and be greedily caught up by those interested in the process. At Caughley every possible precaution seems to have been taken to secure secrecy; and the workmen—the engravers and printers—were locked up and kept apart from every one else. Who the engravers were, I cannot satisfactorily say. It is, however, certain that Hancock engraved for the works; and it is said that Holdship, of whom I have before spoken, was also employed. Among the other engravers was a man named Dyas, who was apprenticed as an engraver at Caughley, about the year 1768, and who continued at the works until his death, at the ripe age of eighty-two. It is also worthy of note that Mr. Minton, the father of Mr. Herbert Minton, was also apprenticed as an engraver at these works. It is not too much to say, that the style of engraving adopted at so early a period was remarkably good, and of really high character. Indeed, some specimens which I have seen of the plates used at Caughley, are far superior to most of the productions of the period.

Of the painters employed at Caughley, it will be sufficient to say that amongst those apprenticed there, were John Parker, Thomas Fennell, and Henry Boden, famous for their skill in flowers; and that Muss, Silk, and others, excelled in landscapes and figures—some sepia landscapes being remarkable for their pure artistic treatment; while among the gilders, a most important art, and one to which special attention has always been directed at these works, were men of the name of Rutland, Marsh, and Randall, who were considered proficient. Of the latter, a nephew, who is the author of a pleasant little volume on the "Severn Valley,"* is still employed at the works, principally on birds.

The *principal* painter of the present day, though there are several other excellent ones, is Mr. Abrahams, a student of Antwerp and Paris, and a successful follower of the school of Etty. The softness of touch, the purity and delicacy of feeling, and the sunny mellowness of tone, as well as the chasteness of design and correctness of drawing, produced on the best pieces of this gentleman's productions, show him to be a thorough artist, and place him high above most others in this difficult art. Among the other painters worthy of note are Mr. Burkbeck, Mr. Rowse, and Mr. Cooke. Modellers of a very high class in their respective branches are also employed, and the excellence of their work is apparent in all the higher class productions of this establishment.

The MARKS used at Caughley and Coalport have been very few, but they are very important, and require careful attention at the hands of the collector. In my account of the Worcester works, I have given several varieties of the *crescent*, as a mark of that establishment, and have also stated that it was used at Caughley. I believe the first mark used at Caughley to have been the *crescent* alone, and that it was, as I have before stated, intended to have the signification of a C for Caughley, and that its connection with the Worcester works may, in a great measure, be traced to the fact of the goods on which it appears being printed, not at that city, but at Caughley. I have seen examples of this mark on undoubted Worcester body, and also on equally undoubted Caughley make, bearing precisely the same printed patterns. The following



are some of the varieties of the *crescent* occurring on Caughley specimens, and show

* A history of these works will be given in a future number.

† A history of these works, and a notice of Billingsley, will be given in a future number.

* London: James S. Virtue.

pretty clearly its transition from a common "half-moon" (I have often heard it called "half-moon china") to the finished and engraved C.

Another mark said to have been used at Caughley, but of which at present I have met with no example, is the accompanying, which is very similar to the mark ascribed to the Leeds manufactory.

Another distinctive mark of the Salopian Works was the capital letter S, of which the following are varieties:—

SS Sx S^x So S

When the S was introduced it is difficult to say; but at all events it appears on the dated example alluded to above in 1776, and it was used at the same time as the C for a considerable period. On many of the engraved plates still in existence, indeed both the C and the S occur, and this leads me to suspect that the one was used to mark the goods sent to Caughley to be printed, and the other those made and printed for their own market. I have seen precisely similar articles, in pattern, bearing each of these letters.

Another circumstance is also worthy of note. On two mugs printed from the same engraved plate, which I have seen, the one bears the S, and the other the accompanying curious mark, which is evidently of the same character as the examples of assimilated Chinese ones, which I have given in my article on Worcester.

I have named above that Robert Hancock engraved for Caughley as well as for Worcester, or at all events that plates of his were printed from at the former place possibly for the latter. His name appears on one of the plates as follows:—

R Hancock. fecit.

and other plates are evidently the work of his hand, though without name. I engraved a curious mark, the monogram RH, anchor and name of Worcester, in the account of those works. This I reproduce, for the purpose of giving another which occurs on a plate from Caughley, with the anchor and

RH Worcester.

Derby

the word Derby, which I introduce for the purpose of comparison, and to suggest the probability that the place which produced the one with the word Derby (for whatever reason that may have been done), which was undoubtedly Caughley, also produced the one with the word Worcester. The engraved plate, with the anchor and Derby, is a curious one (for a mug), and represents a landscape—a river, with trees on either side, swans sailing in the foreground, behind them two fishermen in a boat drawing a net, beyond them a boat with sails, and in the background a bridge, and church with ruins to the left, and a tall gabled building on the right, over which are the words "Sutton Hall," whilst above the whole picture is "English Hospitality."

Following the C and S, two impressed marks, bearing the word "Salopian," were used. These are as follows:—

Salopian SALOPIAN

and it is worthy of remark that, on some examples of plates bearing this impressed mark, the blue printed S also appears.

After the removal of the Caughley works

to Coalport, the same letters, both C and S, were used. But at these works marks have been adopted, perhaps, more sparingly than at any other; and the great bulk of the goods have been manufactured, from the first down to the present time, without any mark at all. On some examples of the early part of the present century, the written name of "Coalport," thus—

Coalport

appears; but these are of very rare occurrence. Another mark adopted somewhat later, though only used very sparingly, was the following, simply the letters C D for Coalbrookdale.

Another mark, adopted in 1820, was of large size, and will perhaps be as well understood by description as engraving. It is a circle of nearly two inches diameter, in which is a wreath of laurel encircling the words, "Coalport Improved Felt Spar Porcelain," in four lines across. Surrounding the wreath are the words, "Patronised by the Society of Arts. The Gold Medal awarded May 30, 1820;" while beneath, and outside the circle is the name "I. Rose and Co." This mark was adopted, of course, consequent on Mr. John Rose obtaining the Society of Arts' gold medal for "his improved glaze for porcelain," to which I have before alluded; and the articles on which it appears are of extremely good material, and very perfect glaze.

The marks used by the present proprietors, although they have been but seldom used—the great bulk of the goods, as I have said before, being sent out without any mark at all—are the following:—



The first of these is a monogram of the letters C, B, D, for Coalbrookdale, so joined together as to produce a very characteristic and distinctive mark. The second, the same monogram, surrounded by a garter bearing the name of "Daniell, London"—an eminent firm for many years connected with Coalport or Coalbrookdale, and who have had that mark used for some especial orders; and who, like Mortlocks and other leading houses, have large transactions with these works. The third and last is a mark recently adopted, and intended to be the future distinctive mark of the Coalport works, which embraces the initials of the various works which have from time to time been incorporated with, or merged into, the Coalport establishment. Thus the scroll—which at first sight may, to the uninitiated, look like a short and (&)—will, on examination, be seen to be a combination of the writing letters, C and S, for Coalport and Salopian, enclosing within its bows the three letters, C, S, and N, denoting respectively Caughley, Swansea, and Nantgarrow.

Having now passed through the history of these famed works, and shown their connection with others, both in manufacture and in printing, it only remains to say a few words on the varieties of goods for which the Salopian works have been famed, both in times past and at present. First and foremost, then, of course, come the blue painted and printed wares copied from Chinese patterns, for which both it and the early Worcester works were remarkable. The first painted, as well as printed, wares were close imitations of the foreign; but groups of flowers of original design, &c., were also

introduced, and designs, based perhaps on foreign models, were adopted. Groups of figures, in the characteristic costume of the period, were also executed with great taste and ability. Of the Chinese patterns, the two most famous—the well-known "Willow Pattern," and the "Blue Dragon"—owe their first introduction to the Caughley works; and this fact alone is sufficient to entitle them to more than ordinary notice. The Willow-pattern has undoubtedly been the most popular, and had the most extensive sale, of any pattern ever introduced. It has, of course, been made by most houses, but the credit of its first introduction belongs to Caughley; and early examples, bearing the Caughley mark—the cups without handles, and ribbed and finished precisely like the foreign—are rare. I have a cup and saucer of this period in my collection, which are remarkably fine. The Dragon, known still as "the Broseley Blue Dragon," or "Broseley Blue Canton," was also a most successful imitation of the Chinese, and almost rivalled the Willow in popularity. A special form of jug, considered in those days to be very far advanced in Art, known, technically, as the "cabbage-leaf jug," was also first made at these works.

Later on, the "worm sprig" pattern, the "tourney sprig," and other equally successful patterns, were here introduced from the Dresden, as were also the celebrated Dresden raised flowers, and the "Berlin chain edge" pattern. About 1821 a peculiar marone coloured ground, which is much sought after, was introduced at Coalport, by Walker, of Nantgarrow, of whom I have before spoken; and at this time many marked improvements were made in the different processes of manufacture.

The copies, both in embossing, in body, in colour and oiliness of the glaze, and in style of painting of birds and flowers, of the Dresden at this period were perfect, and, as the Dresden mark was (perhaps injudiciously) introduced as well, were capable of deceiving even the connoisseur. It may be well to note that at this period an impressed anchor was sometimes used. This must not be taken to be anything more than a workman's mark. Very successful copies of the Sèvres and Chelsea have also been at one time or other produced, and on these the marks of those makes have been also copied. Collectors of "old Chelsea," especially of the famous green examples, must be careful, therefore, not to take everything for granted as belonging to that place on which the gold anchor is found.

I must not omit saying a word on the egg-shell china produced at Coalport. The examples I have examined appear to be much finer than any others which have come under my notice, from the fact that the body is pure porcelain, being composed of one stone and one clay alone, unmixed with bone or any other material whatever.

The productions of the Coalport works at the present day, thanks to the determination, energy, and liberality of the proprietors, take rank with the very best in the kingdom, both in body, in potting, in design, and in decoration; and at the coming Exhibition, where a large space will be occupied by them, there can be no doubt, from what is now actively in progress, that the stand taken by Coalport will be one of enviable eminence among the ceramic manufactories of the world.

[Through the great absorption of space consequent on the coming Exhibition, my series of "Histories of the Porcelain Works of England" will be discontinued for a few months, to be resumed after the close of that great "show." Chelsea, Bow, Swansea, Pinxton, Nantgarrow, Plymouth, Bristol, Wirksworth, and other places, including of course, Staffordshire localities, will then follow each other, and be accompanied by notices of some of the more remarkable of the fine earthenware potteries.]



W. MULREAD, R.A. PINX.

R. C. HELL, SCULPT.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

FROM THE VERNON GALLERY

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE VERNON COLLECTION, NATIONAL GALLERY.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

W. Mulready, R.A., Painter. R. C. Bell, Engraver.

A PERIOD of more than half a century is a very long time for an artist to appear before the public, adding each season, or nearly so, fresh leaves to his chaplet of honour, causing disappointment when he has withdrawn from public view, but opening up new sources of gratification whenever he presents himself. And yet this has been the case with Mr. Mulready, who has now passed far beyond his threescore years and ten. Our own recollection does not go back so far as his first appearance, but we remember the exhibition of a large collection of his works at the Society of Arts in 1848—a kind of chronological series developing the progress of this very eminent and popular painter, whose hold on popular opinion has scarcely ever been loosened, even when age might naturally be presumed to have weakened his mental powers, and rendered the hand infirm of action, though, possibly, not of purpose. This almost constant vitality is as rare as it is welcome, and, in his case, is the result of a determination to do well and completely whatever was undertaken; hence his latest works exhibit no less elaborate finish, delicacy, and perfection of drawing, technical vigour, and beauty of colour, than those he produced in the very prime of life.*

Mulready was not always the humourist we of the present generation now know him to be, perhaps we should rather say, to have been, for we can scarcely expect from his advanced age to see another 'Wolf and the Lamb,' 'The Last In,' 'Punch,' or 'Boys Firing a Cannon.' Some of his earliest efforts were directed to historical painting, or something akin to it, such as 'Polyphemus and Ulysses,' 'The Disobedient Prophet,' these were followed by a few landscapes; and then came the class of works with which his name has so long been associated. Though the greater number of his pictures are of a humorous character, those of a more sober vein show that if the painter had given his mind to compositions—such, for example, as 'Choosing the Wedding Gown,' and the several illustrations of the story of 'The Vicar of Wakefield'—where human nature in its more matured form is developed, he would have succeeded as well as in subjects like 'The Wolf and the Lamb,' and others of a similar kind.

The picture engraved here was a commission from the late Mr. Vernon, and now forms a part of the "Vernon Collection" in the National Gallery at Kensington. Like most of Mulready's other works, it was a long time "in hand," and was not finished till 1857, when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy, eight years after the death of Mr. Vernon, who, in all probability, never saw it—at least, in any stage of advancement. If one analyses the composition with the view of ascertaining its subject, there is little narrative or incident to be discovered. Mr. Ruskin speaks of it as a "piece of painting," not a 'picture,' because the artist's mind has been evidently fixed throughout on his modes of work, not on his subject—if subject it can be called." This is palpable enough: the three figures—which, by the way, are the largest we ever remember Mulready to have painted—are simply a young female, a youth, and a little child in the arms of the former, and who is shrinking from a playful attack of the boy; this is the only story the canvas tells, but it is presented in a marvellous manner as regards execution, and beauty of colour most harmoniously disposed and of the greatest purity, especially in the flesh tints, and in the yellow dress of the female, so exquisitely rich in decoration. In drawing, too, the figures have all the tenderness and truth of outline for which Mulready has gained a master's reputation.

* Many years ago Mr. Mulready showed us an exquisitely painted picture, minute enough in finish to satisfy even Mr. Ruskin: it was of a gravel pit with men at work digging. To our utter astonishment he informed us that the subject was the site of Russell Square.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

IN punctual accordance with established custom, this exhibition opened at the beginning of February with a collection of six hundred and forty-five works of Art, ten of which are sculptural. We observe that, year by year, not only in this institution, but in every other in which oil pictures are exhibited, the number of large works diminishes and that of small pictures increases. Time was—and that not many years ago—when there were nowhere to be seen such small pictures as are now exhibited; the small works of past years are only sketches; but undersized essays are now disregarded, unless they are polished into the utmost brilliancy that colour and finish can impart. These minute figures and groups cannot be placed on the line; seeking them is therefore like pearl-diving, sometimes you get a worthless shell, at others you find a pearl of price. Portraits, as such, are excluded from this institution, yet many used to be received under subject titles; these have now almost disappeared, and this is without question a change for the better. To persons who have for the last thirty years watched the vicissitudes of Art, it is interesting to contemplate, in such periods, the appearance presented by these or any other exhibition walls, and compare it with what it was in past times. It is an anomaly, but not uneasy of explanation, that those who buy history and philosophy in books, cannot endure history and philosophy in pictures. The exhibition looks almost as if serious Art were comprehended in the bye-law that excludes portraits; but it is not so; light reading in pictures, as well as in literature, is much the most popular, and therefore the most profitable department to which an artist can now devote himself. In this as in every other collection, there is a mass of very indifferent productions, which it were profitless to discuss; turn we, therefore, to those that are entitled to consideration, drawing our line at the base of those that have in them a certain measure of good.

'A Burgher Watch' (No. 22), J. A. Houstoun, R.S.A., stands out from the pictures around it as an instance of what is gained by the rejection of vulgar points of effect. It is a small picture of a single figure—a burgher guard doing night duty on the ramparts of, it may be, Edinburgh Castle. It matters nothing whether the artist received his hint from Rembrandt's 'Standard Bearer' or any other source—this does not diminish the force of the presentation. We may suppose him standing near a watch-fire, the light of which falls upon a portion of his dress; but there is not yellow enough in it to show that the light is east from a fire. The face is lighted from beneath, and the figure in profile is standing or marching past with a musketoon on the shoulder. The background is a view of the city, with its spires and buildings just telling against the dark sky. This picture is small in size, but large in everything else—it might have been painted of the size of life.

In 'Cardinal Wolsey and the Duke of Buckingham' (No. 73), by J. GILBERT, there is nothing really available for that kind of peculiar Gilbertism that has marked all the artist's works of the last four years. It is in movement, not emotion, that Mr. Gilbert's power lies; what could be more imposing than his pictures of the King's (Charles I.'s) Cavalry and Artillery, and what could be more original and sparkling than his drawings from Shakspeare, exhibited two or three years ago? He is at home with Rembrandt, and well up with the Cavaliers, but not so with Wolsey. The subject is from *Henry VIII.*, Act i., Scene 1:—

Duke of NORFOLK to BUCKINGHAM.
Lo, where comes that rock

That I advise you shunning.

[Enter Cardinal WOLSEY attended. The Cardinal, in his passage, fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.]

Wolsey and his train pass on the left; while Buckingham, Norfolk, and others occupy the right. Independent of whatever moral shortcomings there may be in the work, we are at once struck with certain technical errors which nobody can help seeing, and into which Mr. Gilbert may perhaps have fallen from having worked the picture too near the eye—these

are the extraordinary length of the Cardinal's right arm, the shortness of the arms of the Duke of Norfolk, and the excessive bulk of their figures in comparison with the persons around them. The breadth, for instance, of the shoulders of the Duke of Norfolk, making every allowance for the style of dress, is altogether disproportionate to the lower part of the person; and, tracing the left arm upwards, it cannot be brought into attachment to the body. It is well to give Wolsey's head in profile, for we are most familiar with the face as it appears in profile at Christ Church, Oxford; but both heads are fleshy and heavy. But, after all, we know of nobody who could work off a sketch like this—for sketch it certainly is—having been painted without models.

'The Convent Shrine' (No. 171), FRANK WYBURD, is a study of two effects—lamplight and moonlight—the preference given to the former. There are three figures—one a nun kneeling before a shrine of the Virgin, while two peasant girls stand by, the scene being apparently a landing porch on one of the Swiss lakes, whence are seen the opposite mountains, which, with the sky, are of a pure crystal green; for this we must presume, the artist has had some authority.

'No Music to him but the Drum' (No. 180), J. SANT, A.R.A., is the title given to a portrait of a child—a little boy—a small life-sized figure, very skilfully set, and ingeniously accompanied by draperies and material that support the figure without being anything in the picture. Mr. Sant has followed the best masters in this difficult kind of arrangement until he is become a master in it himself. The child's head is a beautiful and delicate study—a fair boy with blue eyes—and such a complexion must have given a variety of tender greys in the neck which we do not find in the picture. By anybody else the work would be a gem; but it wants Sant's force, and the light is too uniform over the entire figure. The lower part of the composition does not look like this artist's painting.

'The Return of the Runaway' (No. 28), T. CLARK, is, with so much excellence as distinguishes it, one of the most unassuming and still-voiced compositions that can anywhere be met with. Yet with all the merits of this work, the absence of an effective dark is sensibly felt. The story is of the son of some poor people, who ran away and went to sea, whence he now returns a well-grown A.B., and, perhaps, gunner's mate of H.M.S. *Ariadne*. He pats his old father on the back, and his mother looks at him with blank wonder; but there is no recognition in their features—every muscle of "the cordage of their cheeks" is, as the sailor himself might say, all "a-taut."

'Autumn' (No. 58), ALEX. JOHNSTON, reads well as an impersonation of the season with the yellow hair; everything in the picture is most faithful to the theme: in the face Reynolds' peach has not been forgotten. It is like a piece of ripe fruit—the dress, the sky, everything is mellow and harmonious. By the same artist there is another small picture (No. 213), 'Jeanie Deans.'

No. 184, 'Nadira,' FRANK WYBURD, is a study of the head and bust of the dreaming Sultana. The head is a handsome profile in shade, and the person is surrounded by a quantity of rich material, showing us that there may really be no end to the minute insinuations in a small picture, any considerable proportion of which must really be fatal to a large one.

In 'The Jury' (No. 1), J. MORGAN, the idea seems to be a description of the raw material of which juries are made; but there appears to be one of the twelve deaf—this is an error, no man who cannot hear the evidence has any right in a jury box.

No. 124, 'Effe,' H. LE JEUNE, is a study of a child—a girl absorbed in an open volume before her. This artist is true to himself—he asserts here, as he has done before, that he is not to be seduced into a declamatory manner. Everything is tender and gentle; but wherefore stick the child's head, the chair, and the curtain so jealously together? it is easy to separate them. In the arrangement there is much elegant taste.

'The Leisure Hour,' G. SMITH (No. 134), shows us a girl and a sailor-boy occupied in that kind of significant trifling that says for them more than they are willing to say for them-

selves. The two figures are admirably painted, but the landscape has too little to do with the story. It may be a leisure hour with them, but we do not see whence they came, nor whither they are going.

In (No. 141) 'The Counterfeit Coin,' W. H. KNIGHT, are figures that would do honour to the worthiest of the bygone Dutch small figure painters. It is evident there is here a dispute about a piece of money, but it is by no means clear whether the woman keeping the fish stall has attempted to pass it to the child before her, or the latter has tried to cheat her.

No. 147, 'The Portrait,' C. ROSSITER, is an oil miniature, very French in feeling, in which a mother shows her child the portrait of its father. 'Come Along' (No. 5), W. HEMSLEY, are words of encouragement addressed by a boy to a child that has just begun to trust itself to its legs.

In 'The Caryatid Portico of the Erechtheum, Athens' (No. 2), HARRY JOHNSON, the ruins are seen by twilight, the portico itself rising against the clear sky. Dealing with the subject thus communicates to it a sentiment which would be wanting to a mere daylight portrait of the place. The same artist has painted 'The Temple of Minerva in Ægina, Greece' (No. 65), and here the lone and shattered columns stand in opposition to a sky lighted by the rising moon. There is no sign of life; had there been any, perhaps, the evidences of death would be more deeply impressive. In looking at such pictures, one feels an intrusive upper tone that would rob them in any degree of their tomb-like sanctity, to be an insufferable impertinence.

In 'The House of Lords from Millbank,' J. DANBY (No. 52), the spectator will be at a loss to account for the artist's good fortune in having been able to keep his subject so free from useless distractions. With the exception of the towers of the Houses of Parliament, the view is almost as bare as it might have been half a century ago. The purpose is the light of a sunny morning with the sun just above the horizon, and in order to make the most of this, there are just buildings enough; these are set forth with a simplicity that centres the interest in the sky and water.

A contrast to this is 'Through a Birch Wood, North Wales' (No. 179), by T. DANBY, a close study from a veritable locality, and looking so pleasantly easy that nothing could undeceive an aspirant but sitting down under the agreeable delusion to do something like it.

In Mr. Dawson's 'Evening' (No. 185) there is a distribution of lines and forms that keeps the interest alive in what part soever the eye falls. It represents only a hay-field, but the figures, the heaps of mown hay, the cart, the trees, and other incidents, form a most pleasing association. It may, however, be observed that the hay does not differ in colour sufficiently from the grass to look fit for carrying, and the tree on the left against a sunset sky should have been darker, this would have thrown the cart more forward. The subject may be commonplace, but it is rendered valuable by its heart-felt interpretation.

'Leafy Shade' (No. 212), H. JUTSUM, is a study of a pool deepened and darkened by overshadowing trees—and with a surface so tranquil that any skating spider or jaunty gnat would break it into flashing lines or circles. The trees, with their full charge of leafage of lively green, and the fresh herbage at the water's edge, speak of June; but the picture has even more to say than this.

No. 221, 'The Valley Mill, Newlands,' J. W. OAKES, has much merit; but we cannot help remarking how rapid has been Mr. Oakes's transition from microscopic definition to a more unctuous solidity of manner. 'Limburg, on the Lahn' (245), G. C. STANFIELD, is one of those old-world combinations of castellated and domestic architecture which this artist reproduces with such earnest reality. There is as usual a river, from the brink of which the buildings rise pile upon pile, terminating with the highest points of the castle. 'Out,' C. ROSSITER (249), is a game at cricket, spirited in every way. 'The Connoisseur' (253), T. P. HALL, is called a sketch; if it be so, it is not very clear where sketching ends and painting begins, for, as well

as the picture can be seen, it presents a very highly-finished surface, with much suavity of colour. There are two figures, a rustic youth and maiden, who have met at the pump, and he criticises a photograph of her. The defect of the picture is the caricaturesque style of the figures.

'Evangeline' (263), W. GALE, is a head extremely bright in colour and tender in expression. 'You Mustn't Shoot Me' (264), A. LUDOVICI, shows a little girl deprecating the menace of a plaster Cupid who is about to discharge an arrow. It is a little picture painted in the feeling of a foreign school, with more of shade than we should perhaps give to such a work. 'The Golden Age' (268) is the joint production of two artists—NIEMANN and CRAIG, and the passage is principally a greenwood nook, with a pool shaded by tall trees having heavy and dense charges of foliage. The scene is extremely well painted, looking like composition, as wanting all the obtrusive incident of nature, which cannot always be rejected; and thus far it is very powerful, but vulgarised by a multitude of coarse nymphs where two retiring figures would have been ample. 'Anne Page' (275), T. F. DICKSEE, is a pretty girl carrying a tray. In 'Signing the Will' (279), W. H. KNIGHT, there is great force of colour and a dignity of composition that would well suit a larger picture; the whole comes well together, with the exception of a picture frame in the upper left corner. 'Anxious Hours' (299), J. A. HOUSTON, in which we see a mother praying by the bedside of her sick child, is impressive and interesting. It is a prevailing fashion to get as much light as possible into pictures, but we find here a composition modelled on the old-fashioned principle that a proportion of dark is necessary to secure a direct appeal to the eye. 'Shylock's Charge to Jessica' (311), W. HOLYOAKE. This is a large work, and intended to be important; but, right or wrong as to costume, common taste is gravely outraged by the yellow hat worn by Shylock; it is a hideous headgear, and the heads of both figures are too large—Jessica especially would have been more graceful and delicate with a smaller head. The composition has, however, been worked out with great care. 'A Litter of Blind Pups' (319), T. EARL, and (349) 'A Study of Pups,' R. PUYSECK, seem to have been painted from the same animals; both are admirably drawn. 'Reflection' (334), J. H. S. MANN, is a study of a girl seated in a chair, painted in a strain of dreamy, low-toned brilliancy demonstrating that light does not always depend upon white paint. 'The Reproof' (340), ALFRED PROVIS, is one of those quaint cottage interiors of which this painter has produced so many. But we miss here the darks and the middle tints which gave such piquancy to his earlier works. In finish, it is unexceptionable, but it is overdone with colour. 'A Bit by the Water-side' (350), W. W. GOSLING, is a cottage and "bit of" foreground shaded by trees, the foliage of which is spread out in individual leaflets—this is the weak point of the view; a little massing is indispensable to the relief of this monotony. 'A Storm a-Brewing' (359), A. LUDOVICI, is an example of a foreign school, more like the French than any other, which we notice for its negative qualities. It introduces us to a numerous company of ragged urchins who are playing among a quantity of beer barrels. It is only a sketch, for none of the figures are painted from the life, however full of life they may seem, and the shades are dull and opaque. 'Mazeppa—a Study' (367), A. COOPER, R.A., looks like a sketch of years gone by, when Mr. Cooper was ambitious. Very little of it can be seen. 'The Port of Brest,' being No. 7 of a series of the ports of France, W. PARROTT (390). We have seen Mr. Parrott's 'Honfleur,' 'Havre,' and other similar subjects, but this excels all those in honest daylight effect; it is singularly full of a variety of seafaring allusion and material, but has less the appearance of a naval arsenal than a commercial port.

Of 'The Burgomaster's Dessert' (No. 407), G. LANCE, we think we have already tasted the quality; yet there is a piece of tapestry under the dish which we cannot help again praising beyond all else in the picture, marvellously elaborate though it be throughout. Mr. Lance has also (No. 118) 'Force and Finish,' a pair of inseparables in one frame, presumed each to illustrate

one of the properties in the title; but we find that each picture exemplifies the entire title.

'On the Thames, near Goring' (No. 411), E. HARGITT, is so fresh as to suggest its having been entirely worked on the spot. We have been for some time impressed with the substantial originality of the works that appear under this name.

'An Overgrown Nursling—Brittany Ewe and her Lamb' (No. 414), F. W. KEYL,—remarkable for its strong vitality. The lamb is nearly the size of its mother, and is yet indebted to her for nutriment. No. 135, 'Sheep on a Common,' by the same artist, is a more pleasing work.

'Perth,' J. FAHEY (No. 431), is a broad and unaffected landscape with a distant view of the ancient city—the whole painted in warm and sober tints eloquent of autumn. We look up the Tay, which, spanned by its fine old bridge, sparkles in the distance.

'The Conversation' (No. 441), J. A. FITZGERALD, is an aggroupment of small, half-length figures, remarkable for beauty of colour and firmness of painting.

'Rodwell—Portland Bay' (No. 479), E. F. D. PRITCHARD, seems to have merit, but the picture cannot be seen.

'Andalusian Peasants departing from a Venta,' D. W. DEANE (No. 520). This is so full of peculiar individualism, that it must be true in everything. The place is one of those Spanish country inns wherein men and beasts are received in one abiding place almost common to both. But the picture is heavy, because all the shades are opaque.

'Peppys' Dancing Lesson' (No. 545), J. D. WINGFIELD, reminds us of Richelieu's saraband before Anne of Austria. "The dancing-master came," says the Diary, "whom standing by, seeing him instructing my wife, when he had done with her he would needs have me try the steps of a *coranto*. The truth is, I think it is a thing very useful for any gentleman"—and so Peppys complacently justifies the very silly figure he cuts in his saltatory exercise.

'Dialogos Diversos' (No. 600), E. LONG. An affected title to a picture which has in it some good points overborne by striking weaknesses. The *dialogos* are carried on by two monks (principal figures) and two or three other pairs, two lovers, a fruit woman and her customer, and perhaps a second couple of lovers. In the two priests there is much to praise, but all that is good in them is negated by the other components.

'How I Won the Victoria Cross'—taking the Taku forts, China—T. JONES BARKER (No. 590). This is Ensign Chaplin's feat of beating the French tirailleur, and planting, under a murderous fire, the colours of the 67th Regiment on the cavalier platform. There is nothing to be said about the work, but that the description of the gallant act is perspicuous and unaffected.

Among the landscapes and localities in the South Room, there is, by G. SANT (No. 607), 'Loch Ard, Perthshire'—a wild and rugged, but essentially romantic scene, showing a lake in the centre with a flat, dead, and opaque reflection like a film over milk and water. The rest of the view is an impressive solitude of many hills, all of which come together on good terms; but the lake is certainly a staring anomaly.

'A November Morning on the Thames,' FRANK DILLON (No. 534), is an effect which occurs, at least once or twice in each year on the river, when neither steam nor sailing vessels can make their way without the exercise of the greatest skill and caution. The phantom forms of the ships and sails are such as we should see them under such circumstances.

'The Last Days of Pompeii' (No. 619), J. COLBY, exemplifies a class of subject and feeling long exploded. We notice the picture simply to observe that in the public taste there is no inclination whatever for this kind of Art. The theme is drawn from Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," and lies in the following passage:—"Arbaces, pausing for a moment, gazed on the pair, with a brow from which all the stern serenity had fled; he recovered himself by an effort, and slowly approached them, but with a step so soft and echoless, that even the attendants heard him not, much less Ione and her lover." The picture is like fresco, and it wants that kind

of spirit which a passage of dark and the heightening of the lights would give it.

'The Empty Frock' (No. 554), J. ERSKINE NICOL, is a sound and substantial study of a woman in humble life, who holds before her the frock, it may be supposed, of her deceased child. Had the mourning of the bereft mother been marked by some distinct outward sign, the story had been more impressive. The sentiment of the picture is of a tone superior to that of many exhibited under this name.

'Part of the Old Church of Notre Dame and Rue Notre Dame, Caen, Normandy' (No. 555), L. J. WOOD, contains a greater depth of view and more detail than Mr. Wood usually paints. His practice has been to select a commanding and picturesque building, and to work it out in strong relief, supported by smaller objects, and such compositions are much more telling than a street vista such as is here represented. We have all the clear painting of the artist, but the picture is not so interesting as those composed with more important quantities.

'The Reconciliation of Dora' (No. 558), C. LUCY—a finished sketch—is from Tennyson's poem—

"Oh, father, if you let me call you so,
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child: but now I come
For Dora," &c.

Thus pleads Mary, and Dora stands beside her hiding her face, and the father looks quite "hard"—enough to justify Mary in asking back her child. In the larger picture, which, we presume, it is intended to paint from this, we venture to counsel that there should be a more direct relation between Mary and her father—a line of connection is wanting.

In 'A Welsh Girl Knitting' (No. 575), E. J. COBBETT, the drawing and painting are not of the best examples of this painter's art.

'Limpet Gatherers, Coast of Devonshire' (No. 595), C. DUKES, is a departure from the class of figures and kind of composition we have been accustomed to see under this name. The figures are two, and the simplicity of the composition leaves nothing to be desired in that direction.

In 'How an Heiress was Lost' (No. 612), A. WEIGALL, we learn that she was lost by her suitor having fallen asleep while she thought she was entertaining him by her singing and playing. Having finished her song, she looks round and finds him dozing, perhaps snoring, in the most graceless of all attitudes, with his hands in his pockets. The story is perspicuous enough, and in the present day such a work will have admirers, though there was a time when it would have been pronounced a barbarism.

Not only is 'Summer Hours' (No. 618), D. WILKIE WYNFIELD, Italian in the costume and character of its figures, but also in the spirit of the painting. It contains a pair of lovers seated on a stone bench, but divided by the slab that serves as the common back for both sides. A better composition, we submit, would have resulted from grouping the two in this side.

'A Country Road, Autumn' (501), F. W. HULME, is an instance of the most refined feeling in our rising school of landscape art. The trees are almost pretty; but they are redeemed by neighbouring influences, and the eye is charmed by the caressing touch wherewith all is made out, though here and there there is a dryness of surface left by the vehicle—copal, we presume.

Mr. BODDINGTON'S 'Morning on the Usk' (No. 514), has more of freshness and freedom, and less of the air of the studio, than has been seen in his recent works. The subject is, perhaps, not so attractive as many he has painted even lately, but it is more breezy and natural.

CARMICHAEL'S 'Scarborough—Morning' (No. 624) affords a north-east view of the town from the beach, so showing the cliff and the castle. The artist has been clearly painting for light, and although the sun's rays are more or less veiled by the morning vapours, there is a distribution of light sufficient for great brilliancy of effect. The delineation is very faithful withal; the place is at once determinable.

'Finchall Abbey, Durham,' J. PEEL, is an example of perfect local accuracy, without any attempt at sentimental description. The place is on the banks of the Wear, below Durham, and

presents a charming variety of pleasant meadow, winding stream, and green trees—an uncompromising transcript of the locality.

Having spoken of small works forming a feature in the Art of the time, it may be well to show more distinctly what is meant. It is obvious that French Art has exerted a marked influence upon painters who were yet free to choose, whose constitution was yet unconfirmed, or who were not yet sunk into the blind inveteracy of manner. The works of Meissonier and Frère have served as models to many. We trace the source of the suggestion, though it be presented in a dress rather more English than French. The novelty of "pre-Raffaellism" drew many followers among those who could not think for themselves; and these French pictures have made similar impressions: yet the firmer infatuation is all but subdued, while the French sentiment is flourishing, and will, it is to be hoped, supply a deficiency in our own school. "Pre-Raffaellite" pictures are now few, and even the majority of the most ardent professors of the manner have modified their pretensions. Pre-Raffaellism never could have assisted students to popularise small pictures, whereas the feeling of the French school is precisely that best adapted to domestic story, which is at this time in the ascendant in the popular taste.

Mr. FROST'S 'Venus and Cupid' (No. 471) is the very reverse of the French; but it is a small picture, and in flesh painting we have nothing to learn from the French. It is a gem rarely finished, and seriously mythological—a class of subject that went almost out with Etty, and will go quite out with Frost. It is the only work of its kind in the collection; yet, if there were others, it would yet be of unique excellence.

Very different is 'After the Spanish' (No. 464), W. GALE. It is simply a study of the head and shoulders of what we must suppose to be a Spanish woman, solidly painted, highly finished, and though dark, yet brilliant. This artist paints many of these miniature heads, and the question arises, if they were of the size of life, would they be as readily convertible into currency as they are "in little," even at the same cost? We say "No!" for many reasons.

'A Bit of Common' (No. 465), A. GILBERT, is a minute landscape, passing sweet in colour.

'The Temple of Vesta, Tivoli' (No. 473), G. E. HEING, is very mellow and harmonious in colour. It is really a better view of the beautiful remnant than is to be had on the other side.

'A View near Norwood' (No. 463), A. DAWSON, is an extremely chilly bit of landscape, but it has been very conscientiously worked.

'The Nutgatherer' (No. 472), C. S. LIDDERDALE, is a girl carrying a bag of nuts; it is bright and attractive at a few yards distance, but portions of the painting, especially of the hands, will not bear examination.

'The Evening Hour' (No. 476), C. SMITH, is original, sparkling, and effective; it would paint well larger.

'An Irish Fireside' (No. 506), G. W. BROWNLOW, is perhaps too daintily worked for the best aspect that could be given to the place; rags, dilapidation, and what housewives call untidiness, are the essence of the picturesque.

'Recollections of Greece' (No. 355), HARRY JOHNSON, consists of three small views, in one frame, of Corinth, Sunium, and Athens. In the last we see the Acropolis under the effect of sunset and moonrise; but Corinth holds much better together—it is highly romantic and charming in colour. Sunium is a round picture, smaller, showing principally the ruins.

'The Escape—a Sketch' (No. 372), R. BEAVIS, is that of a trooper of the civil war between Charles and the Parliament careering at high speed on a grey charger, and pursued by the enemy; it is an extremely well conceived and spirited picture, with all the qualities for a large sized work. With execution much more careful, we find a small composition called 'Down in the Wood' (No. 443); but this title is wholly inapplicable to the picture, which is composed of a woman carrying a child across a mountain stream. The group is made out with great nicety and propriety.

'The Sheikh of a Desert Tribe' (No. 399), W. LUKER, is presented as standing by his camel, a part only of both being seen; and very like this

is 'A Bedouin Arab on the Desert of Suez' (No. 111), by the same artist.

'A Foraging Expedition' (No. 402), F. WEEKES, contains but one figure, a moss trooper, mounted on a thin and jaded beast, cautiously approaching the herd he intends to "lift."

'Beauty and the Beast' (No. 419), C. ROSSITER, suddenly changes the scene from Cheviot foot to a well-ordered room, in which a fresh looking baby plays beauty, and a long, shock-haired terrier plays the beast: it is painted with firmness and precision.

'At Boppard, on the Rhine' (No. 235), J. D. BARNETT, describes a mass of old and picturesque architecture, such as painters of architecture prize highly.

No. 193, called 'A Recollection, Somerley, Hants,' J. D. WINGFIELD, is a well-painted section of a richly-furnished room, showing particularly the fire-place, over which hang pictures, and conspicuously, 'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse.'

The above noted works are all small, and the number and continued reproduction of pictures almost minute is very significant of the class of patrons for whom they are executed. They must be necessarily placed near the eye—a situation that exacts the utmost nicety and exactitude of finish. But those who devote themselves to these miniature studies will not be able to execute large works with the like success, if they can even paint large at all. All Wilkie's triumphs are small pictures—he could never work out large figures; all Haydon's works are large—he could never paint small with equal power.

The exhibition presents but very few instances of impressive landscape painting. We see that there is a very large proportion of collectors who are content with figure pictures that are deficient of both argument and sentiment; and their landscapes, in like manner, they select for their local similitude, the lowest scale of landscape art. For such productions there is necessary only a good eye and a practised hand—to the poetry of nature there is no response within; therefore, on the canvas there is no song. Up to within not very many years ago, all our landscapes were worked out in the studio. Creswick was one of the first that worked assiduously and effectively in oil, in the woods and fields; and the result of this practice was so entirely different from all mere studio pictures, that these close imitations excited an admiration which has not yet subsided. All the landscape painting is in the hands of men comparatively young, who have educated themselves on the simple principle of a literal translation of nature as they see it.

Dawson's title 'Evening' (No. 185), is perfectly appropriate, for his picture is more than a simple representation of a hay-field. It has generally happened with this artist that his skies have been his pictures; the sky here is admirable, but not good enough for him, though the hay-field is the most valuable ground plan he has ever painted.

As a mode of practice directly opposed to this, Mr. NIEMANN'S 'Golden Age' has been painted entirely in the studio, in compliance with the habits of our old masters. Of this work we have already observed that the scene had been better without the figures. This artist exhibits also (No. 139) 'An Italian Landscape,' which is simply a view of the windings of the river Swale, in Yorkshire, with a Roman tower occupying the site of Richmond Castle. Any title may be given to a picture, but between the title and work there should be coincidence.

'The Lago Di Como, Menaggio' (No. 383), a warm Italian landscape, would never be attributed to A. W. WILLIAMS. He is here painting for light; he has hitherto painted for force of shade.

A picture by E. HARGITT—'On the Thames near Goring'—we have already noted. We revert to it now to say, that with all its merits, judging from landscapes that have already appeared under this name, the artist possesses powers far beyond this.

Mr. JUTSUM, an old contributor to this institution, has one picture wherein is embodied a striking reality, with a more refined sentiment than he has been wont to paint.

In 'Mont Orgueil, Jersey' (No. 383), E. HAYES, R.H.A., it seems to be proposed that water forms should not be painted into rigid shapes, but present a surface as liquid as can be

made consistent with movement. There is more lustre in a sea like this, than when it is hardened by an excess of white.

By G. E. HERING there is a broad and warm Italian landscape, 'On the Isola dei Pescatori' (No. 165), so tranquil that everything seems to be listening for an echo that never comes. Of Sant's 'Luch Ard' we have already spoken, and also of Hulme; both he and Peel have sent works on which they have bestowed much careful labour; both work *sub Jove*, but they differ in the terms of their translations.

Among the sculpture are two subjects from English history. In one—'Queen Eleanor and Fair Rosamond,' GEORGE HALSE—we see the queen insisting on her victim draining the poison cup. The narrative is so clear, that the nature of the relation between the figures cannot be mistaken. The second is 'Queen Eleanor sucking the poison from the arm of Edward I.,' J. S. WESTMACOTT; and other works by Lynn, Earle, &c. And thus conclude we our analysis of this exhibition, of which the catalogue gives certain good names, but by a coincidence that falls out sometimes, it would almost seem as if the bearers of these names had, with one consent, agreed not to do themselves justice.

It does not, however, follow that because an exhibition is indifferent, the lessons that it teaches are not valuable. Painters, like all other aspirants, must have weak and crude beginnings; and he is the most discerning critic, who has knowledge enough of the craft he deals with, to see the small yet starry scintillations which emanate from canvases otherwise obscure, and to mark them down as lights that will one day illuminate a name. The *toujours perdrix* of choice collections palls upon the appetite. We are insensible, for instance, to the grand collection of paintings we possess in the National Gallery, save when we come fresh from some of the very mixed collections of the Continent. One of Disraeli's heroes said he "rather liked" bad wine, but gave no reason for his liking; for ourselves we rather like, sometimes, bad pictures, but with a reason, which is, that they give great zest to the relish for good ones.

Fuseli, in his day, said that the art was gone whence it is not desirable that it should return; what would he now say, could he walk round these or any other rooms wherein are shown the labours of our living school? It is singular, but nevertheless true, that, as the run of subject has descended from history and poetry to the incidents of every-day life, our drawing is more accurate, and our painting more firm; and these qualities occur continually in the exhibition of which we are speaking: yet withal, we must regret, as a hiatus which nothing else can fill up, the almost entire absence of high-class theme and narrative.

It were profitless to speculate on the number of works that are rejected, and the complaints of those who are disappointed of having their works exhibited. On examining the upper lines, inasmuch as they possess no kind of interest, it would be well if some such rule were adopted, as has operated in the Royal Academy, to limiting the hanging space to one or two tiers above the line. Long and loud has ever been the wail of excluded mediocrity, but we cannot help thinking rising artists would be eventually benefited, and exhibitions would become more attractive as their contents became more select.

There can be no doubt that a time is approaching when a remodelling of the British Institution will take place, founded on the circumstance of their lease expiring.

THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

THIS Society is now holding its sixth exhibition at the Gallery of the New Society of Water-Colour Painters, No. 53, Pall Mall. The majority of the pictures are small, but in those small works there is more of sound quality than has ever been seen in any preceding exhibition of the Society. Very many of the drawings have a superfluity of white margin round them,

though they by no means require any such false support; they are sufficiently firmly drawn and worked, to be framed up close. A glance at the walls shows at once that there is a considerable accession of contributions from the hands of practised painters. There are more figures and skilfully painted landscapes, and the still life and flower subjects are less numerous, than heretofore. The works of ladies have always had a tendency to the light and the pretty, for want of that earnest discipline which would bring them up to a standard of competition with the works of men. What we mean is conversely shown in the pictures of the French ladies who contribute to the exhibition. All these studies declare a power of drawing and painting from the living subject, and the manner of the painting is confident, based as it is upon a sound, elementary education. Yet on looking into the pictures, there will be seen a great increase of executive power, and a sounder knowledge of the means of Art. Ladies often think face painting the first and the last desideratum, and here and there the feeble drawing of extremities and imperfect proportions, shows that it is not to be so considered. There is a proportion of bad pictures in the collection, but what similar exhibition is without such? With these it were a waste of time and space to deal critically; we shall speak only of those that have a certain claim to notice, and these on examination will show that the exhibition is the best the Society has yet had.

There are in Mrs. BACKHOUSE's drawings, greater breadth and mellowness than she has ever shown before: this lady has the faculty of making pictures out of very ordinary material—'A Year in Place' (198)—a little girl holding a dusting brush, and with a smiling face—is bright in colour and better than masculine in treatment and touch. 'Madeline Waiting for a Customer' (173)—clearly a study of a French child presiding at her fruit stall—is different in character and kind from the preceding, but equal in executive quality. There are also by this lady, 'Beginning Life,' and 'French Porteuse on her way to Market,' with some others not less powerful. 'Resting at the Well' (183), Mrs. PAUL J. NAFTL, is a study of much tenderness and beauty, as well in the figure as in the careful making out of the whole of its surroundings—it is a child sitting at a well; Miss AGNES BOUVIER exhibits two drawings, 'The First Lesson' (136) and 'Little Heath Flower,' both remarkable for careful drawing and painting. 'Autumn Berries' (165), Miss ADELAIDE BURGESS, is not, as the title would imply, a vegetable study, but a group of two children decking their hair with wreaths of haws; and (107) 'Dreams more pleasant than Realities,' is a girl sleeping at a window, from whence it is seen that outside the weather is stormy.

'Give Me a Hand' (39), Miss K. SWIFT, is a large oil picture, in which a child is asking assistance over a stile from a girl bearing a pail on her head. The simplicity of this study is its great merit. Other works under the same name are 'The Bucket,' 'Peace likely to be Broken,' 'The Escape of Grotius from Löwenstein,' &c. 'The Lace-Maker' (42), Miss ELLEN PARTRIDGE, is a presence real and palpable—a girl seated in profile, with her lace-pillow before her; but in the smaller heads by this lady there is much skilful painting and firmness of manner, especially in (90) 'A Portrait.' By Mrs. ROBERTON BLAINE there are two Eastern desert subjects (Nos. 61 and 77), 'Fountain of the Virgin Mary, Nazareth, from a sketch taken in 1849,' and 'Evening in the Desert,' both of these, with the figures and camels by which they are animated, and the sentiment that characterises them, are purely Oriental; in the subjects there is but little whereof to make pictures, hence the greater merit in the spirit in which they are dealt with. There are two or three further instances of the clear, quaint, and substantial mode of poultry-painting practised by Madame JULIETTE PEYROL (*née BONNEUR*); these are (18) 'Fowls,' (45) 'Ducks,' (70) 'Boy feeding Ducks,' and (87) 'The Thief'—a fox with a fowl that he has stolen. The principle on which these pictures are wrought is the simplest we know; that is, the relief of a light or a dark tone by its opposite, the background being kept as broad as possible. 'A Portrait of a

Lady' (22) is a life-sized head and bust, by Mrs. SWIFT.

The French pictures are principally figure incidents, not very aspiring, but for the most part well drawn and boldly painted; they consist of, notably, (38) 'Love of Labour,' Madlle. MARIE BARSAC; (41) 'The Knitter,' Madame MARIE CHOSSON; (52) 'Happiness,' Madlle. ZÉOLIDE LE CRAN. In (68) 'The Absent Scholar,' Madlle. SOPHIE JOBERT, appears a student in the garb of an ecclesiastic, so intent upon the book he holds before him, that he does not see the love signals that pass between his secretary and his niece, who hands him a glass of lemonade. (76) 'School in Normandy,' Madlle. EUGÈNE DE GUIMARD, is so entirely an artist's picture, that, on the part of a lady, some nerve and much knowledge are necessary for the completion of such a study. The scene is a schoolroom—too crowded perhaps—wherein all the children, and the dame, who wears the habit of a nun, are opposed to the light. The luminous outlines are very true, but the shaded portions are opaque and heavy. 'The Slipper' (78), Madame GOZZOLI, is a sketchy study of a girl putting on a slipper.

Among the water-colour works there are yet some figure subjects to be noticed. We find on one of the pedestals a pen drawing or etching of 'Angels adoring the Infant Saviour; it is the work of the Hon. Mrs. BOYLE, and a more careful piece of elaboration we have never seen—beautiful in drawing, and not less so in sentiment: the lady who drew this with such infinite striving for accuracy would certainly paint equally well. Mrs. BARTHOLOMEW has sent (125) 'The Hop Queen,' and (141) 'Going to be Confirmed,' whereby her reputation is well sustained; and in 'Miranda' (94) Mrs. MOSELEY exhibits a life-sized head (oil), extremely delicate in treatment. Lady BELCHER has sent (118) 'Disappointment—Portrait of a Gipsy Woman at Hereford,' and (162) 'Raglan Castle, Monmouthshire.'

Among the landscapes there are examples of earnest and persevering labour; such are Mrs. J. W. BROWN's (24) 'Entrance to Glen Rosa, Arran,' 'Glen Sharrag, Arran' (29), and 'The Loch of Lowes' (106). Mrs. OLIVER has sent nothing of importance, but her small studies are decided and masterly—they are in all seven: (62) 'Rydal Water, Westmoreland,' again (142), 'Rydal Water, Westmoreland,' (178) 'On the Stock Gill River, Westmoreland,' &c. Miss E. F. WILLIAMS contributes two small landscapes of much beauty, they are—'Near Kingston Vale' (51), and (82) 'Morning on the Thames,' and by Miss POCOCK is a well-meant study of a difficult passage (253), 'A Burn in the Forest of Birse, looking towards Aboyne, Aberdeenshire.'

There are not so many instances of flowers and fruits as have heretofore appeared in this exhibition, but those shown are of rare quality. A 'Study of Colour' is a rich aggroupment of flowers, as curiously finished as, but with more effect than, antecedent works which established this lady as one of the most persevering of living artists. Mrs. E. D. MURRAY contributes two pieces of coast scenery, 'Grève de Lecq, Jersey,' and 'The Bass Rock, Firth of Forth' (35 and 86). By Miss WALTER there are several brilliant flower and fruit compositions, as (112) 'Green Grapes and Peaches,' (157) 'Hedge Sparrow's Nest and Flowers,' and 'Spring Flowers,' all of which show an advance on former works. Miss LANCE's (180) 'Fruit,' and (260) 'Peaches,' are as charming as anything that has ever been done in this way. 'Roslyn Chapel' (46), LOUISE RAYNER, is an oil picture on a large scale, but this artist is by no means so much at home in oil as in water and body colour: her architecture is most spirited and effective.

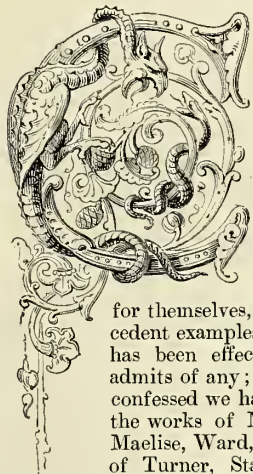
On the screens are some very carefully finished works by CLARA E. F. KETTLE, CHARLOTTE JAMES, Miss WEIGALL, Miss LAIRD; and elsewhere some drawings worked out with knowledge and effect by S. WILKES, and others by Miss GASTINEAU.

In sculpture, the Princess Beatrice, by Mrs. THORNECROFT, has been modelled with a strong feeling for classic beauty; and by ROSA BONHEUR are some small bronze live stock, as spirited as all her cattle studies invariably are. The exhibition has more real artistic value than it has heretofore shown.

BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LIX.—ABRAHAM SOLOMON.



COULD it be possible for the founders of the British School of Painting to rise from their graves and examine the Art of the present day, how much would they see to excite their surprise and wonder—the multitude of its disciples, the variety of their works, the change which less than a century has effected in the whole artistic body, as well as in that portion of the public which takes an interest in pictures. Our early painters were content in a great measure to follow, so far as they were able, in the footsteps of the great masters of antiquity; our cotemporaries work out a path for themselves, independent almost, if not quite, of all antecedent examples. In portraiture, perhaps, but little alteration has been effected, because this department of Art scarcely admits of any; it is limited in its character: still it must be confessed we have no Reynolds now. Yet how strange would the works of Mulready and Webster appear to Hogarth; of Maelise, Ward, and Herbert, to Barry, Opie, and Northcote; of Turner, Stanfield, Linnell, and D. Roberts, to Wilson, Zuccherelli, and Louthembourg; of Landseer and Sydney Cooper to Morland: opinions may disagree upon the merits of the pictures belonging to the respective epochs, but the difference between them is as indisputable as is the increase in the growth of painters and the diversity of their operations.

The latter fact is, probably, to be accounted for by the enormous addition the last twenty or thirty years have made to our literature, and

the various resources these have opened up to our school of artists. As a body they are not reading men; and, perhaps, there is no class pursuing a liberal and enlightened profession, in whose houses one will see fewer books, even upon those subjects in which they are presumed to have especial interest—namely, their art: exceptions there are undoubtedly, but, as a rule, the statement is undeniable. Books, however, form the foundation of a very large number of their works, and the walls of our exhibition rooms teem every year with pictures illustrating the pages of the standard novel, or poem, or drama, from Shakspeare and Spenser down to Scott, Byron, and Dickens, preference being given to the most popular productions of the most popular writer: hence the constant repetition of subjects with which every one is familiar, till we become weary of the old themes, notwithstanding the varied garb in which they are made to appear, and looking round the gallery whereon they are displayed, we despondingly ask—"Who will show us anything new?"

The class of artists to whom these remarks especially apply, are men, generally speaking, who will not think for themselves, preferring rather to work out the thoughts of others, and of those thoughts which cost them the least trouble, because they are the most familiar both to themselves and others, and are, therefore, most readily understood. Yet we are not without painters who will not accept another's description or interpretation of men and manners, but will tell their own story, and in their own way; they will study human nature for themselves and give us their own reading of it: such an one is Mr. Solomon, in some of his pictures at least.

He was born in the city of London, in May, 1824, and, at the age of thirteen, entered the School of Art in Bloomsbury, then presided over by Mr. Sass, but subsequently, and at this time, by Mr. F. Cary; the same year he obtained a medal from the Society of Arts. In 1839 he became a student in the Royal Academy, and in the two following years gained silver medals in the antique and life schools respectively. From the year 1843 down to the present time, Mr. Solomon has been a regular contributor to the annual exhibitions of the Academy, and occasionally at the gallery of the British Institution. His first picture was a scene from Crabbe's poems, the 'Courtship of Ditchem'; then came a scene from 'Peveril of the Peak,' introducing Ralph Bridgenorth, Julian, and Alice



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"DROWNED! DROWNED!"

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

Bridgenorth, where the father unexpectedly intrudes on the young lovers: the story is pointedly told, and the picture contains some clever painting. The 'Breakfast Table,' exhibited in 1846, is, as the title suggests, a domestic scene, but there is in it a little episode, or by-play, which gives it significance. The breakfast party consists of an elderly gentleman, occupied with his morning paper, and a young lady, his daughter: a negro servant enters, bearing a tray covered with good things for the meal; but he is in the

damsel's confidence as to some love affair, for underneath the tray he holds a letter which the lady receives with much trepidation, fearing a discovery. The heads of the three figures have been carefully studied—in the absorbing interest which the old gentleman finds in his paper, the apprehensive look of the girl, and the half-sly, half-fearful face of the black accomplice.

A more ambitious work than any he had hitherto executed was sent to the Academy in 1847, a composition suggested by the "Vicar of Wakefield,"

when the good man rebukes his wife and daughters for putting on their accustomed gay attire on the first Sunday after his reverse of fortune. There is an earnest solemnity on the Vicar's face that speaks of sadness of heart, less on account of his pecuniary losses than because of the vanity he sees before him—a vanity as perceptible in the looks of the females as in their attire. In the architectural room of the Academy hung the following year, 'A Ball-room in 1760,' a large picture of numerous figures, grouped with much eloquence and spirit, and very brilliant in colour: the costumes of the period had evidently been the subject of research and study. A composition not altogether dissimilar to this appeared in 1849; it is called 'Academy for Instruction in the Discipline of the Fan—1711,' and had its origin in one of the *Spectator* papers: the ladies are seated at the lesson, to one of whom the professor of the art is speaking: an undercurrent of satirical humour lies beneath the surface of female vanity and conceit. 'Too Truthful' (1850) illustrates a passage in Gay's *Fables* describing the artist who lost his practice by the faithfulness of his portraits. The patron who has entered the studio to look at the finished picture before it is sent home, is a wealthy citizen: the portrait is too faithful to please him, it shows all the ill-effects in his person and countenance of a life of animal enjoyment, and he turns from it disappointed and angry. Portrait-

painters are too wise now to fall into the error of Gay's unfortunate yet honest artist.

Mr. Solomon exhibited at the British Institution in 1851, two little pictures, one called 'Scandal,' an elderly lady and gentleman, half-length figures, in the costume of the last century: the former pours some "leperous distilment" into the ear of the latter, who listens to the communication with a sensible feeling of horror; the other picture, called 'La Petite Dieppoise,' conveys the subject in its title: both works are very substantially painted. In the Academy the same year was 'An Awkward Position,' representing an incident in the life of Goldsmith, who invited some lady friends whom he accidentally met at White Conduit House, to take tea in the gardens; when, however, the bill was presented, poor Oliver found he had not a penny in his purse. The artist shows him diving hopelessly into the depths of his breeches pocket, and looking amazed and confused at the dilemma in which he is placed. Sterne's 'Grisette,' and a scene from "Le Tartuffe," the quarrel between Marianne and Valere, where Dorine interferes, are the subjects of the pictures exhibited in 1852; the two works show a remarkable contrast, the angry and excited spirit of the one being opposed to the quiet expression of the other; but both are very skilfully worked out. 'Brunetta and Phillis' (1853), the subject



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MADE. BLAIZ.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

taken from the *Spectator*, is a severe satire upon the fashions of the day, carried out with much brilliancy of feminine costume, and not a little display of the weakness and frivolity of human nature.

The pair of pictures exhibited in 1854, respectively entitled 'First Class—the Meeting,' and 'Second Class—the Parting,' showed that the painter's ideas had moved into a new channel: he was now thinking for himself, instead of trusting to the thoughts of others, and hence we find an originality not observable in his preceding works. Of these two compositions, though the first is expressed with considerable power and knowledge of the value of colour, the second adds to these qualities a realisation of character and a feeling to which the other has no pretension. The story of the widowed mother accompanying her boy, perhaps her only son, in the railway carriage to the seaport where he is to join his ship, is told with deep pathos: one can sympathise with the poor woman's heart-trouble, we feel her grief to be genuine at the thought of parting; nor is the lad, though he strives to put a cheerful face on the matter, without some strong feeling of inward sorrow. As for the 'First Class' passengers in the other picture, they are so well pleased with themselves and each other as to interest none besides; they may go on their way unnoticed and uncared for; they are merely a group of well-dressed travellers who seem to have no definite object or purpose, except a passing flirtation.

'A Contrast,' exhibited in 1855. This is the title given to a subject which represents an invalid lady drawn in a chair on the sea-sands where a group of ruddy-cheeked fish-girls are busy: the sick woman's face is very beautifully painted. Mr. Solomon's next picture was also a "contrast" to the preceding; a young bride, after whom the painting is called, is adorning herself, or rather has just completed this important proceeding, for the marriage ceremony; her mother and the lady's-maid are present. The subject does little more than afford the artist an opportunity of showing his skill in painting rich costumes. 'Doubtful Fortune,' exhibited at the same time, is also a composition of three females, all young and well-born: one of them is pretending to tell, by cards, the fortunes of her companions. The girls are not ideal creatures of flesh and blood, but sensible and graceful realities.

But the picture which has served more than any other, perhaps, to raise Mr. Solomon's reputation as an earnest, thoughtful painter, was that exhibited in 1857, 'Waiting for the Verdict,' a work that forced itself on the attention of the visitors to the gallery quite as much as any in the rooms. So full of suggestive material for description is it, that we could devote a large space to its notice if we had room: it must suffice for us to say that both it and its companion, 'Not Guilty,' exhibited in 1859,—though the latter is in some respects inferior to the former,—are not mere

vapid sentimentalities, but works that touch the feelings by their honest, natural expression, and which commend themselves to those who look only on the artistic surface, as it were, by the skill with which the painter has carried out his ideas. In 1858 he contributed three pictures to the Academy, one called 'The Flight,' an Indian scene, with a group of English women fleeing from some burning town or city: the second was 'MADL. BLAIZ,' engraved on the preceding page; the subject is taken from Goldsmith's well-known ballad. Mr. Solomon seems occasionally addicted to pictorial contrasts; there is one here,—the vulgar-looking and drowsy woman, bedizened with jewels and gorgeous with "silks and satins new," is opposed to the modest young girl in the same pew, kneeling reverentially at her devotions with eyes fixed, in all probability, on the worthy minister. The point of the picture is self-evident, and if the subject is not the most agreeable, it is cleverly portrayed and needs no explanation. The third work of the year was 'The Lion in Love,' an old military officer making love to a jilt of a young woman. We candidly admit our regret at seeing this picture, and still more so to find it some time afterwards engraved, and so circulated over the country. Mr. Solomon unquestionably made a mistake here, if Art is to subserve any good purpose.

In addition to the picture of 'Not Guilty,' just referred to, he exhibited, in 1859, 'Ici on Rase,' the interior of a French barber's shop, the operator being, as is frequently the case in the villages of France, a female, who is conversing volubly with her friends while using the razor, to the evident terror of the sitter: there are numerous figures on the canvas, each one presenting some humorous and characteristic point. A third work of the year is that engraved on this page, 'THE FOX AND THE GRAPES,' a presumed scene in some public gardens during the early part of the last century. The two ladies are, of course, the "grapes," and sour grapes, too, under such guardianship, to the fop or "fox," seated on the bench, whose friend directs his attention to them: the expression of his face and his attitude demonstrate an opinion by no means complimentary to their beauty. The dresses are painted with marvellous accuracy and attention to details; one may fancy the rustling of that rich brocade worn by the nearer lady as she sweeps past the jealous beau with a self-satisfied air not unmixed with a certain degree of pertness.

If frivolity and vice were capable of learning a lesson from the teachings of Art, it would be difficult to find a more instructive page written with a painter's pencil than Mr. Solomon's picture of 'DROWNED! DROWNED!'



Engraved by]

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

exhibited at the Academy in 1860, which is not unworthy, for the story it tells, of a place beside Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress,' and, in all probability, had its origin in Hood's wonderfully thrilling and most pathetic poem of "The Bridge of Sighs." The composition shows two distinct groups: one a party of half-intoxicated revellers returning from a masquerade, the other a young female, "one more unfortunate," whom a waterman has just brought to shore from the dark rolling river: in front of her is a policeman, the light of whose "bull's-eye" glares vividly on that pale, death-stricken face. Another man points out to a woman coming from early market the place where the body was found. Here again, as in other works by the same artist, we have a "contrast,"—misery, death, and sympathy with human suffering on one side; gaiety, licentiousness, and degradation on the other; while midway between these the foremost figure of the revellers seems, by his look of mingled horror and pity, to stand as a link connecting the two extremes. Will that pallid form teach him anything? Has he had any share in bringing her to a suicide's death? Will he point her out to his companions, and entreat them, and learn himself, to turn from the error of their ways? No more eloquent and impressive sermon could be preached to them even by a St. Paul. The

picture, which, by the way, gained the £100 prize from the Liverpool Academy in the same year, is worth a whole gallery full of 'Lions in Love,' and works of a similar kind: we want Art which will do something more than amuse, even when it reach that point.

'Art-critics in Brittany,' 'Consolation,' and a scene from Molière's "Le Malade Imaginaire," were the pictures exhibited last year; the first at the British Institution, the others at the Academy. All that need be said of works so recently before the public is, that they well sustained the artist's reputation.

Without any desire to depreciate Mr. Solomon's talents as an illustrator of the writings of popular novelists and dramatists, it seems a pity that one who can delineate character of his own creation so skilfully as he has done in some of the pictures we have pointed out, should seek for subject-matter out of himself: he has that within him which needs no extraneous aid of this kind, and should rely on his own powers in the study of human nature as manifested in the world around him. This did Hogarth.

Mr. Solomon's younger brother and his sister are painters who are fast earning a good name for themselves.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

CHILDREN'S PICTURE-BOOKS.*

THIS subject may probably excite a thought or feeling of surprise in the minds of some of our readers, who might consider it one beneath the notice of our journal, especially in a prominent form. We, however, are not of this opinion, and deem it to be as much our duty to point out, at discretion, what may please and benefit their children as what may interest themselves. While endeavouring to provide the strong meat for men, we would not forget the milk necessary for babes. In the present day, particularly, the efforts of all who wish well to their fellow-creatures are directed to

popular education in every form: it engages the attention of statesmen, it occupies the thoughts and the time of the man of letters and the artist; and the education of the young, in whatever condition of life, is regarded by all as a paramount duty, and therefore cannot be ignored by the journalist.

A book has just come into our hands which appears to merit especial notice from us, in our character of Art-journalists; but scarcely more for the excellence of its

numerous picturesque illustrations than for the clever and ingenious way in which the explanatory text is brought in. The title of the work is indicated below. On one page is a wood engraving, the subject of which takes in a letter of the alphabet, as, for example, in the illustration here introduced:—

"F begins Fanny, whose dear brother, Fred,
Has got a large basket of Fruit on his head.
How pleased she appears, with her arm-full of Flowers,
So Fragrant and Fresh, after yesterday's showers."

And thus the verse is continued on the opposite page, almost every line containing a word, generally a noun, commencing with the same letter, and referring to some object that appears in the ornamental border on the



illustrated page. This border we are compelled to omit as too large for our page. The editor of the volume says, "Children should be encouraged to find out for themselves the various objects that are introduced into the illustrations. It has not been practicable to engrave all the objects that are named in the letter-press, but upwards of three hundred of them are to be found in the pictures, thus affording ample scope for exercising the ingenuity and perseverance of the little ones."

The style in which the drawings and engravings

* THE MOTHER'S PICTURE ALPHABET. Designed by Henry Anerley. Engraved by James Johnston. Dedicated, by Her Majesty's permission, to the Princess Beatrice. Published at the Office of the *Children's Friend*, 9, Paternoster Row, London.

are executed is seen in the above specimen; they are remarkably bold and artistic. The child will, by their means, have its eye educated to forms true and excellent, while its mind is being trained to that which is morally good, and pleasant at the same time; for the verse is not of the ordinary nursery-rhyme order, but sensible, and really attractive to young minds.

Another book, a much smaller one, from the same publishers, lies before us,—the volume of *Children's Friend* for the past year. It contains, if we are not mistaken, a

considerable portion of the writings and of the woodcuts which have appeared in that admirable and wonderfully cheap periodical, the *British Workman*; a sheet—for it is nothing else—we should rejoice to know found its way, as it deserves to do, into every dwelling in the British dominions; ay, more than this, into every civilised habitation throughout the world where the lessons it teaches, either pictorially or by words, could be understood. We regard the editor of the *British Workman* (who is also the editor of the "Mother's Picture Alphabet") as one of the "great philanthropists" of the day. The name of Mr. Smithies deserves to be made known as one whose works oppose a strong barrier to the immorality and infidelity of the age.

THE
SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT,
SOUTH KENSINGTON.

THE great Council of the nation is once more sitting in solemn conclave, occupied with the affairs of the country. Before these pages are in the hands of our readers, all the questions relative to the recent dispute with the Americans will, no doubt, have been asked, and satisfactorily answered. Happily we are now at peace with all the world, and there seems to be nothing with regard to our foreign relations, to distract the attention of the legislature from affairs at home; but there is ample scope here for the exercise of the powers with which it is invested, and, in the absence of stirring International matters, members of Parliament may profitably employ themselves upon those which bear upon the internal economy and social condition of the community. Politics find no place for discussion in a journal like ours; they come not within our province: the contention of party, the struggles for office, the results of parliamentary "divisions," are all alike objects of perfect indifference to us as journalists; but there are questions in which we have a deep interest,—questions that come legitimately within our province, though they concern the public even more than ourselves, and on which necessity is laid upon us to speak, if we wish to maintain our character as an organ of popular education, though it be only in one especial branch.

Parliament has again met: we hope and believe it will not separate without a *searching inquiry into the conduct, management, and practical working of the Art Department at South Kensington*: there is abundant reason for such an inquiry, and we do not hesitate to say that the investigation, if fairly and honestly conducted, must have a most beneficial result. It is quite time this was done; and we trust some member—one, it must be, whose knowledge of the subject enables him to speak with authority, and whose influence may gain him the attention of the House—will move for a commission, if there is no other way of entertaining the subject, by whom the matter may be thoroughly sifted to the bottom, for it is not going too far to say that the Department, for any practical good it does, is, in itself, and in all its ramifications, a *complete failure*, involving the country in a vast annual expenditure, and producing nothing but disappointment, where a positive gain to the intelligence and well-being of the community was reasonably looked for, and might have been effected under different management. Such a parliamentary inquiry as we propose was instituted last session into the management and expenditure of the National Gallery: the investigation, which took place on the motion of Lord Henry Lennox, was made with the best results. His lordship threw out a hint that in the present session he would direct the attention of the legislature to other institutions of a kindred character; we hope to find the Science and Art Department prominent among them.*

That we are not making charges without the means of supporting them, will be seen

* Since the above was written, Mr. Gregory gave notice in the House of Commons, on the part of Lord H. Lennox, that he "would move, on the 25th" (of February), a resolution to the effect—"That this House is of opinion that, for the preparation of any estimates, and for the expenditure of any monies voted in aid of the British Museum, the National Gallery, and all other institutions having for their object the promotion of education, science, or Art, one minister of the Crown should be responsible to this House." The result of this motion we shall anxiously look forward to, though, as our sheets will all be at press before the matter is discussed, we shall be compelled to postpone any comment upon it.

as we proceed: much of our information is derived from the records of the Department itself, much from sources that have, from time to time, been made public through various other channels, and much from our intercourse during many years with those who have had the most favourable opportunity of testing the teachings in Government Schools of Art. There are reasons, to which it is not necessary to allude, why this subject has not been brought forward in our columns at an earlier date; the delay, however, is not without its advantages, as the evidence we are enabled now to bring forward is more conclusive than any which could have been adduced at a former period; lapse of time, while it may have afforded an opportunity for amending a defective system, has only more prominently revealed its errors, which have taken deeper root as the system itself progressed towards maturity. In pointing out these to public notice, and demanding a remedy for them, we feel our task, though self-imposed, is not a pleasant one; and that in all probability we shall incur much obloquy. We must be content, however, to bear whatever consequences may follow, and shall do so cheerfully, if our observations bring about the amelioration which every one interested in the Art-manufactures of the country must earnestly desire.

Have any of our readers, during an absolute famine of light and cheerful literature, chanced to look into a Parliamentary Blue Book, with the view of whiling away an idle hour or two, and at the same time of gaining some positive and practical information on the subject to which it refers? If so, can they honestly affirm that they have succeeded in accomplishing both objects? or shall we not rather be told that though the specified time may have been thus occupied, they have cast the book aside little wiser than when it was taken up? We do not so much mean the published reports of evidence given before committees of the House, on some important national question, but those documents purporting to reveal the working of a great public establishment—vulgar commercial statements of debtor and creditor, of monies received and monies expended, of services performed, and by whom, and how the "estimates" are distributed among the officials of the Department. All these matters are puzzles to the uninitiated, as much so as a problem of Euclid to a country school-girl, or algebraic quantities to the comprehension of a rustic, whose knowledge of numbers just enables him to count the animals in his master's meadow and straw-yard.

It is not, then, the cause of great wonderment to ourselves that, after spending some hours in wading through the portion of the Civil Service Estimates for "Education, Science, and Art," which relates to the South Kensington Museum and Schools, for the year ending 31st of March, 1861, and which was ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, we arose from the study almost as ignorant as when we sat down to it. Our object in undertaking the task, was the hope of arriving at some satisfactory conclusion as to the disposition of the ways and means; we desired to make out something like an intelligible balance-sheet, a simple debtor and creditor account of public grants made to the Department, and where the money went; but the matter is altogether beyond our arithmetical powers, whether from our own stolidity, or the manner in which the accounts have been furnished, we do not presume to say. With the aid, however, of an authorised list of those who hold office at Kensington, some little insight has been obtained by the research, enough to enable us to "fix," as our American cousins say, some

of the expenditure; and this we consider it our duty to report, for the information of our readers.

It appears, then, that the total amount required for the Department for the year 1860-1, terminating in March last, was £60,415, being in excess of the preceding year about £400. This sum was apportioned under the following heads:—

General Management in London	£4,560
Schools of Art and Science in the United Kingdom, Museum, Library, &c.	14,500
Books for Circulating Library of Art to Local Schools	900
Instruments, Books, Medals, &c., for Prizes.....	2,500
Grants in aid of building Art-Schools at Coventry and Lambeth	1,000
Salaries and Payments in aid to Masters of Schools, certificated Masters, Lecturers, Pupil Teachers, &c.	17,500
For Inspection and Examination	3,100
Travelling Expenses of Inspectors, Masters, &c.	1,850
Photographic Apparatus, Chemicals, &c.	1,500
	42,850
Salaries of Officials at the Museum ...	3,515
Purchases of Educational Apparatus, Products of the Animal Kingdom, Building Materials, Food	700
Preparation and Illustration of Catalogues.....	300
Labour of Attendants and Artisans during the day and evening time in Museum, &c.....	3,350
Police.....	1,150
Firing, Gas, and providing means of Security against Fire, Ventilating, &c.	2,150
Works and Repairs	650
Fixtures, Fittings, Materials, and Labour, &c.	4,700
Keeping the Grounds in order, Tithe rent-charge	200
Advertisements, Labels, and Printing	850
	£60,415

Of this sum, less than one-third, it will be seen, goes to the support of the Museum, the remainder is absorbed by the Schools of Art and Science. But let us examine the matter a little more in detail.

For the general management in London there is paid to—

Secretary	£1,200
Assistant Secretary	800
Chief Clerk	390
Two First-Class Clerks.....	460
Three Second-Class Clerks	330
Accountant	330
Bookkeeper	200
Extra Clerkship	200
Four Messengers	300
Incidents, Copying, &c.	350

£4,560

The second-class clerks and bookkeeper are represented to be paid "by the day," the messengers "by the hour."

On referring to the last "directory" published by the Department, we find the chief of the above offices held by the following gentlemen:—*Secretary*, Henry Cole, C.B.; *Assistant Secretary*, Norman MacLeod; *Chief Clerk*, E. S. Poole; *First Class Clerks*, W. T. Deverell, G. F. Duncombe; and *Accountant*, A. L. Simkins.

Passing over for the present the other items in the general list, we come next to the £3,100 paid for Inspection and Examination: this is accounted for thus:

General Inspector of Art	£750
Five Inspectors of Art, Science, and Navigation (paid two guineas a day when employed)	1,950
Two Examiners (paid by the day) and for occasional Assistance in Examination	400
	£3,100

To this sum must be added the next item of £1,850, for travelling expenses of inspectors, masters, &c., making a total of £4,950 paid last year under this head. The *General Inspector* is Mr. Redgrave, R.A.; *Inspector for Science and Art, Engineer and Architect*, Capt. Fowke, R.E.; *Inspector for Science*, Capt. R. E. Donnelly, R.E.; two *Inspectors of Art*, H. A. Bowler, and R. G. Wylde; Occasional Inspector of Navigation, Capt. R. P. Ryder, R.N.

There are two or three matters here which must certainly strike others as they have done us, and the first is that Captain Fowke must be a man of varied attainments, to combine in himself the qualifications necessary for an *Inspector of Science and Art*, and to be at the same time the Engineer and Architect.* The next is, if Captain Fowke actually fulfils the duties which are assumed to be allotted to him, of what use are the services of Captain Donnelly? Both these gallant officers cannot certainly be doing the same work; and why are they called away from their military posts to perform labours which we think, without disparagement to their abilities, might just as well be performed by civilians. We take it for granted they do not draw pay from the War Office while employed at Kensington, where they undoubtedly are not on "special service" connected with the department of the Horse Guards. There are other questions, too, we shall like to have satisfactorily answered; one has frequently been asked of us—Who are Messrs. Bowler and Wylde, the *Inspectors of Art*? and another is, What are their qualifications for the positions they occupy? We have constantly seen their names in connection with the distribution of prizes to the pupils of the provincial schools of design, but have never heard of them as artists, or in the remotest way allied with Art—except as *inspectors*. It may be presumed that, if called upon, they could exhibit some title to eligibility; but we can confidently say we are in profound ignorance of it, notwithstanding our repeated efforts to discover it. Messrs. Bowler and Wylde are the distributors of medals for "outline drawing," "free-hand drawing," "shading from the round," &c. &c., and it is only right to assume that they know all about these things theoretically and practically, and can not only propound their views of the beauty of ornamental Art, but illustrate them on the "black board." Another *inspector* is, perhaps, to us the greatest puzzle of all, and he is the *Inspector of Navigation*; what such an official has to do with the South Kensington Museum we cannot for the life of us understand. Is it intended to make it a training school for our young sailors? is there to be a model frigate like that at the Naval School at Greenwich? and are the boys to practice evolutions on the ornamental basins in the Horticultural Gardens, or, possibly, on a grander scale on the Serpentine? We can understand an Inspector of Navigation at Portsmouth, or any place on our sea-board, but what his duties can be where Captain Ryder hoists his flag is, as we have said, a puzzle to us.

The principal officers in the Museum are classified thus:—

Deputy Superintendent	£320
Three Superintendents of Collections, Art, Architectural Casts and Library, Food, and Education, paid Two Guineas a day when employed	1,100
Keeper of Collections of Education, &c.	360
Three Assistant Keepers	675
Three Clerks, paid by the day	230
One Housekeeper, paid by the day.....	230

* In a note appended to the parliamentary documents it is said, "This officer has hitherto been charged under Inspector;" the salary is £650.

The *Deputy Superintendent* is P. C. Owen; of the three *superintendents* one only is named in the "directory," Dr. Lankester. Then there is a *Keeper of the Art Collections and of the Art Library*, J. C. Robinson; an *Assistant Keeper* of the same, R. H. S. Smith; a *Clerk of the Art Library*, R. Laskey; and a *Clerk of the Travelling Museum*, C. B. Worsnop. The salaries of these gentlemen do not appear in the "estimates." Mr. George Wallis, one of the most efficient teachers that ever filled the post of master in our Schools of Design, and who was for a long time at Birmingham, and afterwards at Manchester, appears now as *Agent for the Sale of Photographs*; with qualifications that better fit him to be placed at the head of the entire Art Department at Kensington. His sound practical knowledge, his judgment, and business habits, deserve to be recognised in a far different way than they now seem to be. The *Keeper of the Educational Animal Products and Food Collections* is R. A. Thompson.

The sum of £14,500, which appears under the head of "Examples, Diagrams of Science and Art, Objects of Art, Books, &c., granted and circulated to Local Schools, and exhibited in the Art Museum," &c. &c., seems enormous; so also does that of £2,500, for prizes: it is difficult to understand how so large an expenditure can be made in a single year, if we bear in mind how comparatively unimportant have been the additions made to the Museum within this period. In the preceding year, moreover, the same amounts appear in the estimates. The charges for Lighting, Warming, &c., are £2,150, and for Fixtures, Fittings, &c., £4,700. We should like to ascertain whether these works are done by contract with tradesmen, or by persons employed by the architect and engineer; and, if by the latter, whether the materials are furnished by contract or by purchases made at discretion. The whole matter is a public one, and the public cannot rest satisfied with a categorical reply to our questions. We have heard incidentally of £350 having been recently paid for a small lodge of some kind or other; a sum sufficient to build a respectable six-room house; and of a tunnel made at considerable expense, between the Museum and the new International Exhibition building—if we are not mistaken—for the private use of the principal officials.

There are throughout the United Kingdom and Ireland about ninety Schools of Design: the amount of fees paid by pupils during the year 1860-61, was £17,221, exclusive of three or four, including the school at Birmingham, from which no return was received. If to this sum be added the £17,500, paid by government to masters, certificated masters, lecturers, pupil teachers, and others, it will give a gross total of £34,721, or an average of about £385 paid for the support of each school. How many "ha'porths of bread" are there to all this "sack?"

The estimates voted in the year 1859-60 reached almost as much as those of last year, namely, £60,025; of which £4,235 was assigned to the *General Management*, £14,500, to *Examples, Diagrams, &c.*, £2,500 for *Prizes*, £16,000 for *Salaries and Payments in aid of Inspection and Examination*—£560 less than last year—£2,000 for *Travelling Expenses*, £2,815 for *Salaries to the Officers of the Museum*—£700 less than last year—£2,200 for *Lighting, &c.*, and £4,700 for *Fixtures, Fittings, &c.* It would be an easy matter, if we had the parliamentary papers at hand, which we do not happen to have just now, to calculate the cost of this establishment to the country since the foundation of the School of Design at Somerset House, about twenty-

five years ago; but we shall not be above the mark, we conscientiously think, at setting it down as approaching *one million sterling*, independent of what has been expended in the Museum out of the proceeds of the 1851 International Exhibition. And again we ask, what has the country received as an equivalent, beyond the Museum?—an excellent one, it is allowed, in every respect; but how small has been the cost of this acquisition, in comparison with that of the sister establishment.

Our readers, we trust, will bear with us in the dry statistical statement we are placing before them. We are dealing with facts and figures in combination, and however useful these may be, and we hope will be, in furthering our object, which is to direct public attention to the evils of the South Kensington management, with the view to amendment, we cannot but be sensible of the uninteresting nature of what is here set forth.

Prior to the year 1854, the Department of Science and Art was under the management of two secretaries at equal salaries, Dr. Lyon Playfair presiding over the former, and Mr. Henry Cole over the latter. In addition to their duties as secretaries, these gentlemen also discharged the office of Inspectors of Schools, visiting and reporting on the institutions in connection with the Department in various parts of the kingdom. But as the duties of inspector and secretary united in the same person were alleged to have been found inconvenient, an alteration was effected in the above year; the offices of the two secretaries were united in one individual, Dr. Playfair, and Mr. Cole became inspector-general. The salaries, we believe, remained as they were. In 1856, the Department, by an order in Council, was transferred from the Board of Trade to that of Education. Dr. Playfair's connection with the Kensington institution ceased not very long after this, under circumstances, as they have been related to us, not the most creditable to some with whom he had held office. Mr. Cole became secretary-general, with a considerable augmentation of salary,—why or wherefore it should have been so, none can reasonably imagine,—and Mr. Redgrave was installed inspector-general of Art. Dr. Playfair's vacant post has never been filled up; the duties, so far as we can understand the "directory," being added to Captain Fowke's multifarious occupations.

It has always appeared to us a strange misappropriation of offices, that in a national institution the avowed object of which is to teach Art, Mr. Redgrave, acknowledged to be an artist of very considerable talent, and one whose theoretical knowledge of ornamentation we know to be sound, should be placed in a subordinate position to Mr. Cole, of whom the world knew nothing and heard nothing, till he emerged from the dim twilight of a room in the Record Office, and was, luckily for himself, installed first at Marlborough House, and then at Kensington. But stay—we do him injustice; something had been heard of him as Felix Summerley, and seen of him in his remarkable designs for Art-manufactures. Whether these last entitle him to be placed over the head of the Royal Academician, Mr. Redgrave, we leave the public who have some knowledge of such matters to judge. But of one thing we are quite certain, that since the government Schools of Design have been placed under their present management, they have become almost practically useless, as we shall endeavour to show in a future paper. For the present we are content to challenge any manufacturer throughout the country, to produce three men, pupils of the School of Design, whose services as designers have been permanently available in his establishment, and really of value to it. If this challenge

cannot be answered, to what purpose is the costly machinery of officials kept up at Kensington? what have so many hundreds of thousands of pounds out of the public purse been expended for? and is it not high time for a parliamentary inquiry into so unprofitable a system as is there at work?

Year after year it has been our duty to record the annual meetings which take place in the various towns where Schools of Design are established. On these occasions noblemen and members of the House of Commons, or other gentlemen of influence and station, are seen presiding or supporting the chairman; complimentary speeches are made, drawings examined and approved of by people who know as much of Art as they do of the occult sciences; medals and prizes are awarded, and the proceedings are wound up with a grand flourish about the success of the institution and the progress of the pupils. All this cannot blind us to what we know to be the truth, and what others know as well as ourselves, namely, that manufacturers who want the aid of Art schools, these institutions do not and cannot give them. How can they, as at present conducted? Take one, for example, which has just come under our notice—that at Brighton; though this is not a manufacturing town, yet from its large population and high respectability, a place where such an institution, if properly conducted, should be doing well.

The Brighton school has been established four years only: by the last annual report, issued in January, it seems that more than 1,700 pupils, of all grades, were under instruction last year. These are classified as follows:—

At the National, and other similar Public Schools (including 40 at Chichester) ...	810
Day Classes:—	
Gentlemen's	11
Ladies'	36
Evening Classes:—	
Artisans, &c.	102
Schoolmasters and male Pupil Teachers	6
Schoolmistresses and female ditto	43
	1,008

The remaining 700 consist of private pupils, and of students of training colleges and schools. But though the artisan class is stated to be 102, the analysis of trades does not reach one half, and among these are several clerks and assistants in shops.

Now how is it possible for any master, however talented and ingenious, to teach, with the least chance of success, upwards of 1,700 scholars, even with such help as he may receive from assistants? But the fact is, the fees derived from the ordinary pupils, in almost every one of these schools, are insufficient for the due and proper maintenance of the master, and he is compelled to resort to other sources to increase his income. Nothing else can reasonably be expected, under the circumstances; but if the school—and we are not speaking only of that at Brighton—were better supported by the inhabitants of the town it is meant to benefit, the master need not look out of it for what is essential to his well-doing. Would any one believe that, in this fashionable and wealthy place, the subscriptions of the inhabitants towards the school last year amounted to £38 13s. 6d. ! If this be their estimate of its value, it must be low indeed; and what a text is hereby supplied for comment.

The Kensington Department seeks to make the provincial and metropolitan district schools self-supporting, and generally refuses aid, except for rental; and yet the large sum of £17,500 appears in last year's estimates for salaries and payments to masters and others. Theory and practice are not identical here.

It is not pleasant to have our dreams of progress and prosperity broken in upon—to have our bright illusions obscured by some hideous intervening power, or scattered to the winds by some rude and withering blast: it is not satisfactory to know while we are apparently sailing in safety over a quiet surface of water and under a soft smiling sky, that we are actually drifting towards shoals and quicksands: it is sad to be told that disease, though all cannot detect it, is "feeding on the damask cheek;" and yet these are the conditions in which the great "Art Department of the United Kingdom" now is. Facts and figures are stubborn things, and until we see some explanation or refutation of the statements here brought forward, we must hold to our opinion. But the subject is not yet exhausted: we shall find occasion hereafter, as we have already intimated, to recur to it, by examining some of the causes which have operated to render the provincial schools what they are seen and felt to be.

ON THE DIVINE AND HUMAN IN PORTRAITURE.*

WE desire not further to illustrate the interesting portion of our subject, which appeared in the preceding paper, in reference to a by-gone period, our object being rather to call attention to a store of Art worthy of British imitation, than dogmatically to tether genius to any pasturage. Yet it would be a pleasing retrospection in us, wedded as we are to mind's expression in portraiture, to find, when these well-meant monitions may have met the eye of youth—too frequently floundering in their own inaptitude of expression—that the little trouble which this passing sketch may have cost us, has been rewarded by the relinquishment, in too many of the compositions of modern men in sacred subjects, of attitude for grace, mannerism for expression, the theatre for nature, and mere outline for the anatomy and symmetry of humanity. The cost to abolish the practice might be great, but the feeling that it would engender would be paramount.

Of human portraiture we shall confine our remarks to such subjects as may, from their expression, come within the scope of our notice, as especially recommended by their fidelity. Such we conceive, in the first place, to be Annibale Carracci's 'Three Marias at the Tomb,' in the possession of Lord Carlisle; Rubens' 'Portraits of Himself and Family in the Garden;' the same painter's portrait of his wife at the foot of the cross, in his well-known master-piece, 'The Descent from the Cross,' at Antwerp; those of Gerard Douw,† and Rembrandt, by themselves, in our National Gallery; together with a few others with which the public are doubtless intimately acquainted.

Of the 'Marias at the Tomb,' its highest praise is to say that common consent at once binds it to one's heart, and places it upon the highest pinnacle of distinction. In this harrowing scene of mortal woe, we have no striving after effect, no exaggeration of contortion, no forced colouring to attract it; but the simple, sad, unsophisticated depth in the expression of a mother's swooning in

agony of grief over the dead body of her son, with the wailing of woe in a variety of forms, binding captive, as it were, the very life's blood of humanity, with the stricken Saviour in a divine repose—only requiring to be seen to be appreciated. Were but this gem made the touchstone of modern Art, then we should at once say that the living and the dead, in expression, might yet fraternise.

Of the 'Descent from the Cross,' of Rubens, we scrupulously confess that we are somewhat disappointed in our expectations of its expression.* The scene, though wonderful to behold, and grouped in an avalanche of light, contrasting finely with the rich harmony of colouring reflected upon the pale body of the departed, as though enshrouded in that glorious light about to attend it to its last resting place,—though equal to the finest compositions of the Carracci—appears to us to be somewhat wanting in that pathetic expression of portraiture so pre-eminently characterising the picture of his great predecessor just referred to; the agony of the Mother especially, in the portrait of the painter's wife, at the foot of the cross, partaking more of the insipid expression of West's group at 'The Crucifixion,' though incomparably beyond it in dignity. Like the latter, we have the "suits of woe" abundantly, but we miss the devotion. But in the great Flemish master's 'Wife, Himself, and Family in the Garden,'—known only to a few in this country, by Earlom's fine engraving in mezzotint of it,—there is a grace abounding in the whole composition the most chaste, the most winning, the most captivating, and the most refined, unsurpassed in this or any other nation's treasures. Truly, in looking upon this brilliant emanation of Art, it may be said of Helen Forman—

"Ha! she comes;
There's music in her motion. All the air
Dances around her. There is a foot
So light and delicate, that it should tread
Only on flowers, which, amorous of its touch,
Should sigh their souls out, proud of such sweet death.
So glides upon the clouds the queen of love!
So sovereign Juno won the heart of Jove!"

After this favourable rhapsody to the fair, it is but doing justice to the Arts to pass in review a few specimens of our own painters, whose pencils have so truthfully depicted weal or woe, as they may have run their races, diversified, as they doubtless were, with gusts of passion—thorns, fruits, sweets or bitters ever springing up and perishing in the arena of this life's chequered pilgrimage. Shall we venture to say that Hogarth, of the illustrious band of brothers, stands out in unrivalled relief as the master mind of this world's great moral reformatory? If this great painter, as it is sometimes instanced to his detractor, somewhat failed in the holier sense of Art, he yet depicted, let us bear in mind, the passions and amenities of social life, with a vigour and depth of feeling worthy of the renown of the greatest philosophers. If divinity had failed, in an age of indecorum, to put down vice, his was the art so to paint the latter in its true colours, that even fashion paled at its own hideousness. If bribery or corruption tainted the scene, his was the flail to scatter the chaff with a force of derision that no scourge could accomplish. If idleness suborned industry, his was the finger to point the way to honour and wealth, or to hold up to view, with an unerring hand, the sure end of the terrible realities of mischief. If cruelty prevailed, his was the lash of the ready reckoner, to balance its own injury. If drink brutalised the scene, his was the glass

* Continued from page 48.

† Surely there must be some unaccountable error here, in cataloguing this picture as a portrait of Gerard Douw. Should it not rather be called a portrait, by Gerard Douw, of his friend, Isaac Van Ostade, who is known to have designed some of the former's pictures, one of which, 'The Young Housewife,' cleaning a panikin, with a bird-cage and an overturned tankard in the foreground, decorating a window, and the other a portrait of 'A Jew Rabbi,' both exquisitely pencilled, are now in our possession?

[* It is necessary we should guard ourselves against participating in all the opinions expressed by the writer in these papers—opinions, in some instances, obviously opposed to our own. We, however, leave him free liberty of speech.—ED. A.-J.]

so to reflect its loathsomeness to humanity, that even vice itself trembled. But if truth prevailed—where a wise toleration of humour permitted a little whispering to one another, that poor human nature had sometimes its perils and adversities—there is a rich vein of humour pervading all the holes and crannies, called his imperfections, in his broad pieces, scattered around us like nuggets in a wilderness, appealing so trumpet-tongued to our feelings and criticism, as well as to his renown, that at once, in reminding us that we are but men, involuntarily weds us to the family of his 'Laughing Audience,' in a helpless captivation of charity to all men, amid the sighs and the moans of a more passionless, though perhaps, after all, in the severity of ascetics, not a happier people, comprehended in the subjects of other artists.

Of domestic life, in portraiture, we speak with a feeling naturally allied to its amenities; and in no sense do we see this native economy of the mind and the heart so truly and elaborately carried out as in Wilkie's familiar compositions; though we plead to a leaning in our hours of idleness, to the broader humour of the Ostades, Jan Steen, Teniers, Brauwer, as well as to the quiet and matchless interiors of Gerard Douw, Mieris, and others, too numerous to mention.

In the first place, the artist that could take a week, as Gerard Douw is said to have done, to paint a broomstick no bigger than a bodkin, one would be disposed to think somewhat worthy of a competitive joust with those giants of the brush, Zeuxis and Parrhasius: the former, as the story goes, having painted a bunch of grapes so naturally that birds pecked at them; and the latter, a curtain so exquisitely as successfully to deceive his competitor—the one getting the praise for deceiving the most provokingly good judges of currants and gooseberries, and the other the prize for deceiving, perhaps, an indifferent judge of upholstery.

Notwithstanding this boast about the ancients, we have no hesitation in holding up our hands, in the absence of their pictures—in spite of Pliny's guarantee for their existence—for a first-class piece of buckram to the *manes* of our Dutch friend's interior of himself in his study, decorating, we believe, a niche at Lord Ellesmere's, as an equally marvellous achievement; together with his pots, kettles, pokers, tongs, shovels, brass fittings, coats of mail,—with sundry good-humoured looking housewives, doubtless equally as susceptible of as high a polish.

And in passing in review the exuberant fancies of Jan Steen, Ostade, or Teniers, we are free to confess, that, even at threescore and five, we uncontrollably fall into their humour with a hop, skip, and a jump—high and low—now here, now there—up and down—first this side, next that—romping here, saluting there—swaying this side, tripping up that—buffeting, biting, pinching and screeching, amidst toppers and tapsters, flagons and pipes, rolled as it were centripetally into one, as though we were bitten by a Tarantula; though Teniers, it must be admitted, speculated at times in his St. Anthonys, in fancies of a much more tender complexion; and that Jan Steen has left behind him, in his 'Dutch School,' evidence of his genius, in an imperishable gem—formerly in the possession of Lord Camden—not since equalled in lustre.

Of Wilkie it would be invidious to say that he had not kept a fair pace, in his interiors, with these redoubtable yet happy-minded masters. His 'Village Politicians,' purchased, as the first popular picture of his easel, by the late Lord Mansfield; his 'Village Festival,' and his 'Blind Fiddler,' in our national collection, still hold their ground in

public estimation, with the best of the Dutch school in expression, though neither so carefully nor transparently painted. Of his 'Reading of the Will,'—originally, we believe, purchased by the King of Sardinia, or other foreign potentate, for 1,000 guineas—we can speak, from bitter experience, of its unequalled and painful fidelity: the very stick, and stiff silk gown, of the old lady seeming to keep pace in our remembrance, in their knocking and rustling, with her consequential and bustling importance, amid the grouping, in general indicative of that overconfident expectation, usually ending in bitter disappointment, if not irretrievable disaster. And of his 'Preaching of John Knox,' though we execrate the gnashing of teeth, and fiend-like raking claws of the preacher that would make mortal man the "judge over Israel," we cannot but, in lamenting the occasion of such a vivid exhibition of bad feeling, deplore the bitter spirit that could dole out to erring man even those cold crumbs of Presbyterian comfort peculiar to the fanaticism of the period, invidiously selected, as it were, from the treasury of our Divine Redeemer, by a frantic enthusiast for political purposes.

Of landscape portraiture we have little to say, but of its uses in giving that effect to distances in pictures, ever, as the poet says, lending that "enchantment to the view" beautifully depicted by the Caraccis, Rubens, Claude, Poussin, Hobbima, Ruysdael, Wilson, and a few others, now and then to be met with in the best collections.

Of the importance of figures in landscapes, we must confess that we were much struck, for the first time lately, on entering the Turner Gallery in our national collection, to notice, after somewhat luxuriating on the deep-toned, mellow, sparkling, and transparent colours of the Rubens, the Claudes, the Poussins, and many others in the other rooms of the National Gallery, that our sight was as completely embarrassed with the white tone pervading the collection, as though we had debouched upon a region of snow, with a lurid sun lighting up its quarries, here and there picked out with a marvellous ingenuity of primitive colouring, which, had it been as properly toned down and applied as Claude had been successfully imitated in most of the pictures, would have gone very far to win us over to Mr. Ruskin's appreciation of this remarkable, eccentric, yet at times captivating artist. In illustration of our great objection to Turner, we will take for example his master-piece, 'The Building of Carthage'—rather invidiously hung by the side of the 'St. Ursula,' Claude, in the next room—and at once say that its figures in the foreground are palpably out of keeping with other objects in the same point of perspective. Now we cannot, for the life of us, appreciate that analogous association of ideas, giving gigantic proportions to the dexter over the sinister side of a picture, reminding one in its measure of architecture, contrasted with the figures, of the Liliput doll-house and Glumdalelitch. Neither can we possibly approve of that oleaginous haziness of aerial perspective, or disposition of light and shade, so truthfully apparent in its neighbour, as to make one wish that the latter had not existed, as an example, for the former's chance in its imitation of eclipsing so brilliant and beautiful a picture.

Having captivated the many, through the brilliancy of his pen in "Modern Painters," into a conviction of the unrivalled excellence of Turner's productions, Mr. Ruskin, with a bitter asperity common to cramped minds and successful authorship, denounces all other imitations of nature, by the world's most esteemed ancient artists, but as mere storms in puddles, with trees like broomsticks.

Let us examine awhile this critical acumen,

perilling the reputation of our household gods, and see how far this gentleman's discriminative genius for the sublime and beautiful in modern Art is borne out, in the test of his *protégé's* pretensions.

Turner, it is unquestionably admitted, had great powers of imitation: ever uniting the characteristics of Claude, Vernet, and Canaletto, with the coarser materials of his nature, without ever realising in oils a truthful and natural landscape. Let us recur, for example, again, to what is called his master-piece, 'The Building of Carthage,' so modestly bequeathed to the nation, with a view, as we have said, of eclipsing our Claudes—still outshining it, though much impaired, in their charming and beautiful lustres. Why, the image of the building of any mundane city this picture cannot be; for there are neither ladders, nor picks, nor pulleys, nor wedges, nor axes, nor workmen, nor cattle, nor scaffolds—beyond a few loose sticks and stones, with here and there a puddle and paper boat about it—denoting the bustle of such an occasion; but the representation of a passive combination of the form and features of other climes than Carthage, wedged into European expression through a vista of false chiaro-oscuro, to give the world assurance that it is otherwise than a vision of that city of the dead, whose glory expired in its ashes. Wherein, let us ask ourselves, do we see in this example of Turner—as in any noted Claude—that sparkling sunshine jutting through the trees, as it seems to rebound from their graceful inflections, animating the scene and making life lovely, as it leaps like an angel of light from molehill to mountain, gilding turret and dome, trees, temples, bridges and ruins, with that transparent and beautiful hue alone constituting the spark of nature? Yet it may be truly said of this great man, that with "all his faults, we love him still;" for there is a genius left to us in all his coloured drawings that will ever find in the bosom of Art its best resting-place.

In taking our leave of the Turner collection, we make our bow—with a sigh to the memory of its founder—at an exquisite example of expression, approaching the Divine in the original, known as the 'Madonna' of Tasso Ferrato, in our National Gallery. The same error appears to exist in relation to the naming of this picture, both at Lord Ellesmere's and, we think, at Windsor, or Hampton Court. For two centuries this gem of Art has been known and appreciated on the Continent as the 'Madonna,' by Guido, engraved by De Poilly,* and it is not to our credit that so grievous an error as a misnomer in so important a picture should still be permitted to pass unnoticed, to the disadvantage of the latter great artist; since its beauty idealises, at the least in our poor estimation, an expression so in consonance with our more exalted feelings on sacred subjects as almost to amount to idolatry.

* What immediately brought us acquainted with this fact, arose out of the following circumstance:—About four years since, on looking over some loose rolls of canvas, we stumbled upon one overlaid with a choice engraving of this subject, by De Poilly, and wishing to transfer it to our portfolio, carefully effected our object, and to our agreeable surprise found underneath the print a beautiful picture, in a composition of colours we did not then understand, by Raphael, as we have since ascertained, representing Mercury, as the messenger of hell, conducting the shades of the wicked to Pluto; doubtless cut from the margin of one of this artist's great pictures, and thus smuggled into England; and which, in our weakness, we were induced to entrust for a trifling repair to a young picture-dealer and printseller, to get corrected. Having applied to this plausible gentleman for some months for its restoration, getting at times an apology for the delay of its repairs, we at length demanded the picture, and to our mortification, got a note from the unfortunate youth entrusted with it, saying how sorry he was that he had delayed telling me before, that his man had lost it on his way to the repairer's the very evening of the day he had received it of me for the above-stated purpose. *Ver. Sap.*



THE VISITATION.

FROM "THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS."



THE PRESENTATION.

FROM "THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS."



ELIAS.

FROM "THE CRUCIFIXION."



ST CATHERINE.

FROM "THE CRUCIFIXION."

SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS.

CHAP. III.—IN ENGLAND.

BEFORE proceeding to speak of some—for they are so numerous that it would be impossible, in our limited space, to include all—of the pictures by Rubens which are in this country, it may not prove uninteresting to preface our remarks with a brief account of his mission to England. Considerable light has recently been thrown on the subject by Mr. Sainsbury's published volume of original papers and documents relative to Rubens as an artist and diplomatist, existing in the State Paper Office.

In 1627, Charles I. declared war against France; and Rubens, who had been held in great esteem by the Archduke Albert, and after his death by his widow, the Infanta of Spain, was entrusted by the latter with some negotiations with Gerbier, Charles's agent at the Hague. In the autumn of the same year, Rubens was despatched to Madrid, where he executed several fine pictures, and remained till 1629, when he left Spain, being accredited by the Infanta on a mission to England. Mr. Sainsbury says, "the nature of his employment is clearly shown. He was not an ambassador" (as has frequently been alleged) "from Philip IV., with power to negotiate a peace between England and Spain, but ambassador from the Archduchess Isabella, to sound King Charles, ascertain his views, and pave the way for a peace, 'the chief subject of whose employment was his Proposition of a Suspension of Arms.'" Rubens left Spain on the 27th of April, 1629, arrived at Paris on May 12th; thence went to Brussels, stayed a few days at Antwerp, and then proceeded to Dunkirk in order to embark for England. The artist, however, seems to have been under some apprehension of falling into the hands of the Philistines, who, in his case, were Dutchmen: this we learn from the following curious letter, found among the state papers:—

Hugh Ross* to [William Boswell]? (*Extract.*)
Dunquerque, May $\frac{1}{2}$ ⁸, 1629.

Ryght Worschipfull and Noble Sir:

Pleis Monsieur Reubines is heir at Dunquerque and attendis for ane schip of sum force to bring him from hence to England, for his order is not to hazard his commission nor his messives except that it be in ane schip of England, for he is mychtillie affrayit of the Hollanderis, and except ane schip cum to resave him heir he is of intentionn to retoune abak, he only dois expect heir for ane resolut anseuer. Withe the first fair wind the schip may cum befor Dunquerque or to the fort and send yeur boit aschoir and I will bring Monsieur Reubines aboard of the schip. Zour honour sall reseeve the incloist and delyver the ansr. theirot to my servant Oliver Ross, who will sendit saiffly to my handis, expectting to heir when the schip shalbe heir that I may gif hir attendance.

Zour honouris most humble

And affectionat serviteur,
HUGH ROSS of Ballamouchy.

Rubens reached London about the end of May, but whether or not under safe convoy of the British flag, has not been quite clearly ascertained. On the 23rd of September he visited Cambridge in the company of the Chanecellor of the Exchequer, when the honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred on him and several other distinguished foreigners; and on the 21st of February, 1630, he was knighted by Charles, as appears by a document in the State Paper Office; the monarch presenting him "with the sword enriched with diamonds, which was used on the occasion, adding to the arms of the new knight on a Canton *gules*, a lion or."

Leaving him to pursue his diplomatic mission, we pass on to notice matters more especially within our province. Biographers and other writers, among whom is Mr. Sainsbury, state that Rubens, when in England, painted several pictures; this can scarcely be correct, seeing he returned to Antwerp in about ten months from his arrival here, and that his time was much occupied with his official duties and in visiting.

There is no record, so far as we have been able to ascertain, of any paintings actually executed in this country—though he doubtless received numerous commissions—except the 'Peace and War,' now in the National Gallery; this allegorical picture was a present from the artist to Charles, and was probably intended to have reference to the object of his journey here. After the death of the monarch, in whose time it was valued at one hundred pounds, it passed into the hands of the noble Genoese family of Doria, where it was called the 'Family of Rubens,' and from whose descendants it was purchased, at the commencement of the present century, by Mr. Irvine, for eleven hundred pounds; shortly afterwards it became the property of Mr. Buchanan, the well-known picture dealer, who sold it almost immediately, in 1802, to the then Marquis of Stafford, by whom it was presented, in 1827, to the National Gallery. Rubens's object in this composition was to show the blessings of peace, as protected by Wisdom and Valour; Peace being represented by a woman with a child at her breast, and a satyr scattering fruit around them from his cornucopia, other women and some children are grouped with them: the heads of these figures are very finely painted, though there is in them a certain coarseness of expression. The opposite group shows Minerva driving away Mars and the Furies; it is powerful in design and action, but is not so carefully painted. While speaking of the pictures by this master in the same collection, mention may be made of his 'Rape of the Sabines,' a bold and animated composition, in which Rubens has indulged in a display of muscular development such as Michel Angelo shows in his 'Last Judgment'; 'St. Bavon relieving the Poor' is a more agreeable and refined work; 'The Brazen Serpent' is worthy of note for its expressive character and rich colouring; the 'Judgment of Paris' possesses similar qualities of excellence, united with much poetical feeling. The copy, with some alterations, of Mantegna's 'Triumph of Julius Caesar,' bequeathed by Mr. Samuel Rogers to the nation, with the study for the allegory of 'War' in the Pitti palace at Florence, is a fine example of Rubens's dramatic composition: his "ardent imagination," it has been observed, "could not be restrained within the limits of the original," and so he changed Mantegna's peaceful animals into beasts of prey, ready to tear each other.

But his greatest work in England is the ceiling of the banqueting-room in Whitehall, a commission from Charles, and of which the sketches were made when Rubens was in London, though some correspondence on the subject had taken place nearly ten years earlier, as appears by a letter from the artist to W. Trumbull, the king's agent at Brussels, dated Antwerp, Sept. $\frac{3}{13}$, 1621: Mr. Sainsbury has given the letter at length both in French and English: the original is in the former language. An extract from the translation shows Rubens's opinion of his own powers, and is interesting from its reference to the work in question. He says, "As to his Majesty and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, I shall always be very pleased to receive the honour of their commands; and with respect to the *Hall in the New Palace*, I confess myself to be, by a natural instinct, better fitted to execute works of the largest size rather than little curiosities. Everyone according to his gifts. My endowments are of such a nature that I have never wanted courage to undertake any design, however vast in size or diversified in subject." Certainly, diffidence was not one of the great Fleming's attributes.

The pictures were completed early in 1634; Rubens was to receive three thousand pounds for them, but the money was not forthcoming, and, it may be presumed, the artist was unwilling to part with them before payment. The truth is, the royal exchequer was low, the king's credit abroad suffered accordingly, and no arrangements were made for the transmission of the works. At length Charles's ambassador at Brussels, Sir Balthazar Gerbier, was compelled to bring the matter before his Majesty, which he did in the following not very gratifying letter:—

Brussels, August $\frac{1}{11}$, 1634.

May it please yr. Majty.

Being an infallible truth, I may not, will, nor

dare not willingly displease yr. Majty. Without scruple may I then relate what malicious tongues or ignorant spirits utter seing the great worke Sr. Peter Rubens hath made for yr. Majty. Banqueting house, lve here, as if for want of money. Spaniards, French, and other nations talke of it, the more it's said the matter to reach but to 3 or 4 thousand pounds. Having nae other interest in this then yr. Majty. honr., I remaine confident what noted wilbe taken as y^e duty of

Yr. Majty., &c.,

B. GERBIER.

Another year, or nearly so, passed away before any measures were employed to get the pictures over; they had been rolled up, and as a consequence, had become cracked, so that Rubens "resolved to overpaint the said pieces att his own house." It became necessary to "retouch and mend the cracks," and "he feared that, when he had passed into England, he might be taken with the gout, which had only lately confined him to his bed for a whole month, and would prevent him from placing the pictures, and retouching them if necessary." Still further delay occurred from a difficulty in getting them passed "free of license." In September, 1635, Gerbier writes to Rubens,—the letter is a translation from the French,—

Sir,

I have received a letter from the Chevalier Windebank, his Majesty's Secretary of State, in which I am again commanded to use despatch in sending off the pictures which you have painted for the Great Hall. You have not yet informed me whether the said pictures are in a fit state to be sent away. Your last letters say that there was still much work to be done in retouching and mending the cracks, which had been caused through their having been rolled up almost a whole year; and further say you wished to finish them in such a manner that it would not be necessary to retouch them in England, where you said you purposed going (your health permitting) to have them placed, agreeable to his Majesty's pleasure. This is, therefore, to beg of you to tell me when your said pictures will be in a fit state to be packed up, so that I may do justice to the orders which have been given to me, and do justice to myself also; that I may sleep in repose without worrying too much, if heavy gales should blow, although their utmost rage could never reach me, nor even those who bring forward this proverb, saying, These are the worst tidings that I can say, although the best for myself; wishing, like the Emperor who desired to live in a house of glass, that all the world could read my heart, I divert you too long from your attractive occupations, so will conclude, and remain, &c. &c.

In about a month from this time the pictures were packed and on their way to England, as appears from the following letter from Lionel Wake, an English merchant trading in Antwerp, to Sir F. Windebank; Wake was employed by Rubens to transmit them:—

Antwerp, October $\frac{3}{13}$, 1635.

Right Honorable:

Uppon Saturday last (28th September), in the afternoon, Sr. Peter Rubens delivered unto me the case of Pictures for his Magty. the wh^{ch}. I have sent to Duynkerk, by wagon, and I doubt not but, by this time it is there arived, and will be sent from thence by the first shipp that goeth to London: and I gave order that it should be sent unto Mr. Willm. Cokayn, merchant, to the end that he maye give yr. honor notice of the arivall of it; that then you maye send for it and present it to his Magty. I caused it to be packt, in the presence of Monsieur Rubbens (*sic*) in the best manner we could; so I doubt not but it will com well conditioned. Monsieur Rubbens intended to have sent one of perpose alonge wth. the Case, and I gave him a lere (letter) to our factor at Duynkerk, to assist him in taking his passage to goe along wth. the Case, but he sent me worde that the party was fallen syck, and so made some doubt whether he could goe or not. When I have the note of the charges, w^{ch}. is payde out at Duynkerk, I will send yr. honor the particulars of what I have layde out in all: and so I humbly take my leave, ever resting

Yr. honours most humble Servant,

LYONNELL WAKE.

In order to complete the history of these pictures as a financial transaction, we append two documents from Mr. Sainsbury's book, the one a receipt for the balance due to the artist;

* Hugh Ross was a Scotchman, employed in Flanders by Charles I. for the general release of his Majesty's subjects who were prisoners in the King of Spain's dominions.

the other, a receipt for a present made him by Charles:—

Reed, y^e 4th of June Ao. 1638, of y^e h^oble. Endymion Porter, Esq., y^e some of three hundred and thirty pounds sterling, in full paint and discharge of three thousand pounds, due by his Matie. unto S^r. Peter Paule Rubens, knight, for pictures wth his said Matie. bought of him, long since; of y^e w^{ch} some of M. M. M li. and of every parte and parsell thereof, I doe heereby acknowledge satisfacon, & I doe heereby cleerly acquite his said Matie. and y^e said Mr. Porter of y^e same, by virtue of a letter of Attorney from y^e said Rubens. In witness whereof I have heere unto set my hand, y^e daie and yeare abovesaid, I saie reed.

LYONELL WAKE, Junior.

Wittnes hereunto

PR. STEPHEN LE YOCHE.

RICHARD HARVEY.

Receavd the 24 March 1638 (1638-9) of his Matie., by the hands of Endymion Porter, esquier, one cheane of gould, waying fower skore and two oz. 2^d wayt, for the use of S^r. Peeter Paulo Rubens; the w^{ch} his Matie. doth bestow upon him; and I ame to convey itt unto him wth all convenient speede. In Witnes heereof I have heere unto set my hand.

LYONELL WAKE.

This chaine was delivered at y^e office of y^e juell-house to weigh 82½ ounces.

We have extracted somewhat at length from Mr. Sainsbury's book, because the matter referred to is one of especial interest in itself, and because the correspondence shows in what way Art-transactions were carried on at the period referred to: both patrons and painters manage things better now.

The Whitehall paintings are nine in number, the ceiling being divided into as many compartments, of which the central one is largest and is oval-shaped, the subject of this picture is the 'Apotheosis of James I.;' at each end of it respectively is a representation of somewhat similar character: at the two ends are four allegorical subjects, and the two long sides are ornamented with friezes of young genii loading cars, drawn by lions, bears, and other animals, with corn and fruit, emblematical of Plenty: the colossal proportions of these designs may be estimated from the fact, that the genii measure nine feet in length. As pictures they possess little intrinsic worth beyond a boldness and luxuriance of conception, such as we find in almost all the works of Rubens; and it is more than probable that he had little more to do with them than to give his pupils the designs, leaving the execution of the works to them.

Dr. Waagen, in his "Art-Treasures in Great Britain," describes nearly one hundred and fifty pictures, assumed to be by Rubens, which are in this country; and in his supplement to that work, published three years later, in 1857, he speaks of very many more, probably fifty or sixty. The largest number in any single gallery is at Blenheim, which contains twenty: Windsor Castle and the National Gallery come next, each with eleven; the Grosvenor Gallery has eight, and Buckingham Palace seven. The remainder are dispersed in different collections over the country.

The "Blenheim" pictures by Rubens are, perhaps, unsurpassed as a whole by any collection in Europe. They include subjects from sacred and mythological history, and several noble portraits. 'The Return of the Holy Family from Egypt' belongs to his best period; it is what may be termed a quiet, sedate-looking composition, with a feeling of sanctity appropriate to the subject, and a subdued, though effective tone of colour. 'Suffer Little Children to come unto Me'—a group of half-length figures, introduces portraits of some of the artist's contemporaries, both adults and children, in Flemish costume; their appearance arrayed thus seems incongruous, but there is such lifelike and natural expression in the faces, so much simplicity and truth, and such freshness of colour throughout, that one almost forgets the anachronism of which the painter is guilty in the masterly and agreeable manner in which the subject is placed on the canvas. 'Lot, with his Wife and Daughters, conducted by the Angels out of Sodom,' was a present to the great Duke of Marlborough from the city of Antwerp; it is a picture that, from its truly pathetic character amounting to solemnity, ought to exonerate Ru-

bens from the sweeping censures bestowed on him by Mr. Ruskin; so, too, ought the 'Roman Charity.' Of the mythological subjects the most remarkable are:—'Venus and Cupid dissuading Adonis from going to the Chase,' a large picture presented to the first duke by the Emperor of Germany, "a grand work of the master's middle period," the figures finely modelled, and very rich in colour; a 'Bacchanalian Procession,' evidently based on the style of Giulio Romano, too free and coarse in conception to be pleasant, but wonderful in power of execution and depth of tone combined with brilliancy. Of the portraits that of his second wife, Helena Formann, and another of a group consisting of himself, the same lady, and a little child, walking in a garden, are noble examples of Rubens's pencil: the latter, a gift from the corporation of Brussels to the Duke of Marlborough, is quite a masterpiece of portraiture.

In the Grosvenor Gallery are four colossal works; the canvases of each measure fourteen feet in height, and vary from fourteen to nineteen feet in width. The subjects represented on them are—'The Israelites gathering Manna,' 'Abraham receiving Bread and Wine from Melchizedek,' a 'Procession of the Four Evangelists,' and a 'Procession of the Four Latin Fathers of the Church—St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Gregory, and St. Jerome,—and of St. Thomas, St. Norbert, and St. Clara,' the last bearing the host. "These pictures," says Waagen, "belong to a series of nine, which, till the year 1808, were in the Carmelite convent of Loeches, about eighteen miles from Madrid, founded by the Duke d'Olivarez, to whom they were presented by his sovereign, Philip IV. In the year 1808, these four were sold by the French to M. de Bourke, at that time Danish minister at the Court of Madrid, who brought them to England, and sold them to the late Marquis for £10,000." Two others, 'The Triumph of the Christian Religion,' and 'Elijah in the Wilderness fed by the Angel,' are in the gallery of the Louvre. Another, 'The Triumph of Charity,' was, in 1830, in the possession of Mr. Joshua Taylor; 'The Triumph of the Catholic Religion,' and 'The Victory of Christianity over Paganism,' seem to have remained at Loeches. These compositions were evidently intended as designs for tapestries, for at the upper ends are angels engaged in hanging them up to a cornice between pillars: but whatever was the object for which they were originally designed, it is quite clear that as pictures they come infinitely short of Rubens's genius in every quality; they have neither form, arrangement, expression, nor colour to commend them; and we only point them out here because they have borne, and still bear in the estimation of some, a high reputation, as may be supposed from the large sum paid for the four in the Grosvenor Gallery. Three other pictures in the same collection are 'Pausias and Glycera,' 'Sarah dismissing Hagar,' and 'Ixion embracing the Cloud,' of which the first, a very beautiful work, is unquestionably the best: a little cabinet landscape is a perfect gem.

Of the eleven pictures at Windsor Castle, three were engraved among the "Royal Pictures" in the *Art-Journal*: among the others contained in what is called the "Rubens Room," stands prominently 'St. Martin dividing his Cloak with a Beggar;' it is a composition showing great power of design and expression; the colour, too, is rich and luminous: it is the opinion of some modern critics that Vandyke painted a large portion of this work; for example, the horse, women, and children. The 'Virgin with the Infant Christ' has considerable dignity of character, united with more of religious sentiment than is usually found in the compositions of this painter.

The Buckingham Palace Rubenses are varied in subject; under the head of historical pictures may be classed 'Pythagoras teaching his Pupils the properties of Fruit,' the latter painted by Snyders. 'Pan pursuing Syrinx,' is a small allegorical work very carefully executed. A portrait of the Bishop of Antwerp, and another of a man with a falcon on his hand, are excellent examples of Rubens's firm and free style of pencilling. Here, also, is the celebrated landscape, 'The Farm at Lucken,' which is one of the "Royal" pictures engraved in our journal.

Though the collection of Sir Robert Peel in

Whitehall Gardens is rich in the works of the Flemish and Dutch painters, it has only two by Rubens, but they are of the highest order; one is the famous portrait of a female, known as the 'Chapeau de Paille;' the artist is said to have esteemed it so highly that he would not part with it, and it was accordingly enumerated in the catalogue of his pictures left in his possession at his death. After the death of the widow of Rubens, it passed into the hands of the Lunden family, of Antwerp: the portrait represents a lady of this family; it remained in their possession till the year 1817, when M. Van Haveren, a descendant, sold it to another branch of the family for £2,400: on the death of the last owner, in 1822, it was sold by public auction in Antwerp, where it attracted the utmost competition, and was ultimately knocked down to M. Nieuwenhuys for about £3,000, including the duty. It was then brought over to this country, and after being offered to the King, George IV., who declined the purchase, it was sold to the late Sir Robert Peel for the large sum of £3,500, it is said. A picture so well known needs no comment here. The other painting by Rubens in this collection is a Bacchanalian Scene, which was also one of those in the artist's possession at his death; after passing through the hands of Cardinal Richelieu, the Regent Duke of Orleans, Lucien Buonaparte, and others, it was sold by Mr. Smith, the eminent picture-dealer, to the late Sir Robert Peel for £1,100. The composition abounds with the most luxurious fancy.

The Marquis of Hertford is the owner of two small but exceedingly valuable pictures of sacred subjects, and a glorious landscape among a few other works, by Rubens. 'Christ giving the Keys to St. Peter,' a comparatively small picture of five three-quarter length figures, is remarkable for the elevated character of the heads and the rich tone of colour throughout. It was bought at the sale of the late King of Holland's private collection for the sum of seven hundred guineas. A still more noble example, perhaps, of the qualities of expression and colour, is a 'Holy Family,' representing the Virgin holding the Infant, St. John, Elizabeth, and Joseph, painted, not long after the return of Rubens to the Low Countries, for the private chapel of the Archduke Albert; at a subsequent period it ornamented the Imperial Gallery at Vienna, and in 1784 was presented by the Emperor Joseph to M. Burtin, of Brussels, a well-known collector and writer upon Art. The Marquis of Hertford paid three thousand guineas for it. The landscape alluded to is that popularly known as the 'Rainbow' picture, from a rainbow being introduced into it: this work is undoubtedly among the finest of its class Rubens painted.

We could select very many more deserving of notice from the various collections throughout the country, but the space at our disposal is exhausted. Rubens as much as, if not more than, any other great master of antiquity, has fallen under the censure of Mr. Ruskin, but has found an able defender in a somewhat recent writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*. It is always much to be deplored when a critic, whatever may happen to be the subject he takes up, descends to the use of strong—often unjustifiable—epithets, upon matters where opinions of a contrary nature to his own are equally entitled to respect and consideration. Now, although there are certain principles which should guide everyone professing to sit in judgment upon Art, and none ought to presume to give an opinion who has not a knowledge of those principles, good Art is, even with such, a question of taste; and it does not necessarily follow that because Mr. Ruskin cannot see in Rubens what he sees in Raffaele and Titian, therefore the great Fleming is only a "healthy, worthy, kind-hearted, courtly-phrased Animal, without any clearly perceptible traces of a soul except when he paints his children." Rubens's spiritual character as symbolised in his works, is not, probably, what many others besides Mr. Ruskin desire to see in painting; but the man who produced some of the works we have noticed in these papers, and many others left unspoken of, could only have been an *Animal* of a high intellectual order.

J. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

THE EXHIBITION BUILDING—1862.

SIR,—A "dignified silence," without doubt, is a very good thing; and there often occur circumstances, under which it is both the most appropriate and the most eloquent form of expression. But speaking out plainly and fearlessly is also a very good thing; and it becomes the right and the proper thing, when altered circumstances imperatively require plain and fearless speech. The difficulty is to adjust these two very good things, each to its own becoming circumstances. In our days this difficulty is found to be so great that, unfortunately, a profound silence commonly prevails just when earnest and emphatic words ought to be spoken aloud, while tongues are most active and energetic at the very time in which it would best become them to be absolutely at rest. This state of things, I believe, is supposed to indicate the power of what are elegantly entitled conflicting influences. It is truly refreshing to find that the *Art-Journal* knows both *how* and *when* to speak out in a plain and fearless manner, and that it rejects every influence except that of duty. Your article upon the building that is to contain this year's Great Exhibition, in the February number of the *Art-Journal*, is a model of just and intrepid criticism, and you have placed it before the world exactly at the moment best suited for its appearance.

An architect myself, I cordially thank you for coming forward so nobly to the rescue of the "living architecture" of England. The architects, collectively, have hitherto preserved the strictest silence; the architectural periodicals have made no sign—and so Captain Fowke and Mr. Cole and the Royal Commissioners have had it all their own way at South Kensington, until at last their monstrous mass of unparalleled ugliness in brick and iron and glass, has positively been held up to the public as a magnificent achievement of architecture. Such is the ignorance of the many, and such also the prejudices of a few, that probably even the "house that Fowke built," might have been mistaken by the general community at home for an honourable example of the English architecture of the year 1862, had the "dignified silence" system been permitted to prevail. To be sure, even the most inexperienced in Art regarded the actual structure with suspicious misgivings; but then, the Architects said nothing, and the *Builder* and the *Building News* also said nothing, and Captain Fowke worked on in happy independence—the building must be a grand thing, therefore, after all, and in due time people would be enabled to understand and appreciate it. The *Art-Journal* has understood Captain Fowke and his abettors all along, and has appreciated the Exhibition Building: and the *Art-Journal* alone has had the courage to set the truth fairly before its readers; and, unawed by either a Royal Commission or a Department of Science and Art, has taught them to assign their proper names to arrogant ignorance and disgraceful failure. It is well to be able to appeal to this one protest on behalf of genuine architecture, when our Great Exhibition Building comes to be studied by foreign visitors to the Exhibition itself. They will deal with the edifice with intelligence and impartiality. They will take it as they find it—as the Great Exhibition Building, that was designed and built to be the Great Exhibition Building. They will also test by this building the English architecture of the present period—and will very fairly do so. I do not mean that foreign visitors will estimate this edifice as the highest type of *all* existing English architecture: but they certainly will regard it (and most justly) as the exponent of our capacity for producing a building of *its own class*—they will look upon Captain Fowke's production as the best thing that we could accomplish, when we set the full architectural power of the nation at work, to devise and construct a Great Exhibition Building. From this hypothesis, the argument by analogy may be readily applied to all other expressions of architecture in England; and we can understand how highly compli-

mentary and gratifying the inevitable inference will prove to be.

There exists but one means only, by which the reputation of English architecture may be vindicated from the degrading effects of Captain Fowke's building. This is, as you have so rightly suggested, by protesting against both the appointment of Captain Fowke and the structure which has arisen under his auspices. This is not a case for silent contempt. Silence in this case is at least in danger of being mistaken for inability to object or to criticise. If they value their own honour, then, as artists, and if they have any regard for the honour of our distinguished profession, I call upon my brother architects to take a position by your side, and to denounce this outrageous piece of jobbery and its truly consistent issue. Your manly and straightforward protest must be supported. The architects share your views, and reciprocate your sentiments: they are bound, therefore, to emulate your independence and candour. The architects also are no less bound to uphold the cause of architecture, than the *Art-Journal* can be. Neither does it become them to leave the impression undisturbed, that they are conscious of the justice of the promotion of Captain Fowke over the heads of the entire profession.

If foreigners are to respect the architects of England, the architects must prove their title to that respect. If jobbery in high places is to be put down, it must first be exhibited in its true guise, and then firmly and fearlessly denounced. Nor is this course of procedure on the part of the architects, with reference to "the enormous shed at South Kensington," and to "the gallant shed-maker," incumbent upon them only with a view to what opinions foreigners may form of English architecture, and in order to strike a blow at such jobs as may be perpetrated by Royal Commissions. The architects of England owe it to their own clients, they owe it to the public at large, they owe it to the *Art-Journal*, to pass a formal judgment upon the engineer captain's operations, not in his own, but in their profession. This building is in part to remain, and it is to remain in intimate association with the Arts of our era. If a single brick of it must be permitted to stand, it ought to be stamped with the indignant reprobation of every true architect, as it most surely will excite the contemptuous indignation of every true lover of architecture. And, as to the Arts, if this edifice is to be their home, they never will become acclimatised under such uncongenial associations. An Art-museum will refuse to recognise as a *home*, a building which is in itself an intense practical outrage upon the greatest of the Arts. I repeat it—the truth must be spoken concerning this wretched "shed" (I accept your word): it must be spoken without reserve, without fear, and by those whose words will best command attention and respect.

If there were no other motive for such a protest as I am advocating, it would be a grievous dereliction of their duty were the architects to permit another of the presiding potentates of South Kensington to set themselves and their profession openly at defiance. In the opinion of Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., of the South Kensington Museum, the Great Exhibition Building is an architectural production of the highest order, and Captain Fowke is a prince amongst (or over) architects. This Mr. Cole is the prime mover in what is pleasantly supposed to be the national Art-education of England. With the "shed" and the "shed-maker" as types of architecture and architects, popular Art-education must needs thrive and flourish. This is indeed the very way to secure for architecture an adequate appreciation, and for architects a becoming measure of admiring sympathy. Are the architects disposed to leave Mr. Cole under the ban of "contemptuous silence?" That would be to realise exactly what he most earnestly desires. All that he wants is to be let alone, and left to work out his own plans after his own fashion. He does not indulge either architects or architecture with the contempt that rises above the eloquence of mere words. Far from this, Mr. Cole is delightfully communicative upon both the art and the profession. The Great Exhibition Building impersonates for him the art: and, having no great opinion of the profession, Mr. Cole most candidly

makes a clean breast of it, and says so; and he is particular to explain that *it is* the profession that he esteems so lightly. He carefully distinguishes between architects who profess to be, and who style themselves, architects, and officers of engineers and other amateur builders of buildings. Mr. Cole does not believe in either the "Institute" or the "Association." He ignores the profession as a profession, and he also ignores the members of the architectural profession, individually and collectively, as artists. Having taken some pains to explain his sentiments on these points, Mr. Cole proceeds to inquire, "Who is an Architect?" As he does not seem to have anticipated any such *tu quoque* reply to his inquiry as might be conveyed in the corresponding question, "Who is Mr. Cole?"—instead of pressing any such reference to the antecedents and qualifications of Sir Oracle, I recur to the fact that this man is virtually at the head of the "Government School of Art," and I call upon architects to declare both what they are, and what Mr. Cole is. Let the schools of Art understand, and let the public understand, Mr. Cole's capacity for dealing with a question of architecture, and for enunciating his *dictum* upon architects. He assumes the office of chief inquisitor of architecture: let the architects show his qualifications and title.

It will not do, Mr. Editor, to be silent any longer, however copious may be the measure of contempt that may suffuse the silence. The "shed" is a fact; and Mr. Cole is the champion of its architectural worth and nobleness. The "shed-maker" holds a veritable commission in a gallant service, and he is also ready at a moment's notice to repeat his experiments in what he supposes to be architecture; and Mr. Henry Cole, who is not in any degree a myth, upholds Captain Fowke, and glorifies him as an architect. Will the architects *sanction* Mr. Cole's proceeding, and *endorse* his sentiments, by leaving him without notice and rebuke?

And now I must ask you to accompany me to South Kensington, once again to survey the "monstrous shed." I accept every word that you have written in your last article; but you might have gone into details, with signal advantage, and so have demonstrated the justice of your criticism at the same time that you would have enriched it with characteristic descriptive illustrations. Your meaning ought to be grasped in its fulness when you assert of Captain Fowke's building, that "in every detail, and in the combination of the several details into a single whole, there are ever present a poverty of conception, and a palpable ignorance of all architecture humiliating indeed." Perhaps you will accept from me a few practical comments upon this brief but pregnant sentence.

In the first place, the entire scheme (I cannot call it a "design") is based upon the false principle of absolutely severing the ornamentation of the building, with all its parts and details, from their actual construction. In all true architecture, the construction and the ornamentation are inseparable, the one from the other, in the thought and the mental vision of the architect. With rare exceptions only, these two elements are also realised by a simultaneous development—the construction producing the ornamentation, and the ornamentation growing with the growth of the structural operations. When this is not the case (as in the instance of overlaid or veneered architecture, such as St. Mark's at Venice), the construction is planned, and framed, and put together always with a view to certain definite and determined forms of ornamentation. The mass of the building may be the roughest brick or rubble masonry; but still there is to be a covering for all this frame-work, for the reception of which the bricks are laid and the rubble is bound together after a plan that is uniformly adapted to the ultimate requirements of the covering, be it of marble, of mosaic, or of terra-cotta. Not so Captain Fowke. He leaves the ornamentation of his building to the discretion, or the indiscretion, of some "decorator," who may devise and carry out an independent project of his own—without for a moment taking into his consideration that the building should be in perfect harmony with its own ornamentation, and the ornamentation should be faithful in its conformity to the structural character of the building. Captain Fowke's ori-

ginal notion certainly possesses this advantage, that he himself is saved from all trouble beyond the engineering stability of his work, while he leaves for enterprising decorators a wide field for miscellaneous experiments.

If the effect of the entire building is "humiliating indeed," even a superficial examination will suffice to show that this general effect is repeated in every detail, or, rather, that it grows out of the aggregation of a multitude of humiliations that obtrude themselves in every direction. It is positively curious to trace out the undeviating uniformity of the "humiliating" element, and its universal prevalence. Never were bricks more faulty in composition, or uglier in colour; never was mortar coarser; and never has a "broad and a tall" mass of brickwork been rougher and ruder and more thoroughly offensive to the eye. Then the devices for breaking the dreary monotony of the brickwork by shallow arches as rude and unsightly as the wall-surfaces themselves, or by projecting single courses of the common bricks to do duty for mouldings—here are abundant materials for producing the most abject humiliation. There is an intense paltriness about the brickwork as brickwork, and the brick building as a brick building, which is absolutely astounding. Never were such despicable arches; never such failures, even as shams, as the sham recessed orders of both jambs and arch-heads. I suppose that the long row of these arches, that stretches over the entire length of the front of the edifice abutting on the Cromwell Road, is altogether unique. Lofty and broad, but without even a pretension to good proportion, these arches have their upper two-thirds filled in with blank wall, of which the blankness is made the more hideous by being covered with plaster. You have already sketched the true character of the windows and doorways beneath, which correspond so well with the brick and plaster-work; but you did not particularise the strip of contemptible open iron-work that intervenes between the plaster and the windows; nor did you notice the substitutes for a basement, that are in such good keeping with both the wall and the arches. The great central arches differ from the blanks of the long walls only in the circumstance of their being open instead of blank, and also that their ugliness increases with their greater dimensions. I have heard it stated that the blank arches are to be covered with encaustic tiles. Floorecloth would be much cheaper. *Why do not the Commissioners let them for advertisements?* They might make a handsome thing out of such a project; and the artists in the advertisement line, specimens of whose works may be seen at Sydenham railway station, and at either end of Holborn, and elsewhere, would be sure to undertake (and I consider that they would be quite justified in undertaking) to make the arches themselves much *handsomer things* than Captain Fowke has left them; but, possibly, the captain may have prepared all this perplexing plaster-work with a prudent anticipation of advertising frescoes.

Your sketch, faithfully engraved upon wood, of the ogee gables, with their "glazed oval holes," &c., is very well as far as it goes. However accurate, it might be made much more impressive by being considerably extended. I send you a sketch of my own from the same point of view, but more comprehensive. You will not fail to feel the merits of the two lateral groups of much smaller unglazed circular holes, which flank the central-glazed oval. The impressive effect of the side gable (ditto to the one represented in elevation) in profile, cleverly contrived to look like the end of a plain wall, with the rise of the roof, and the hand-glass above all, out of which grows the tall flagpole—all these you ought really to have shown in your former ent. You could not have been blind to their peculiar claims yourself; and (with all respect) I do not see why your readers should not have had the advantage of a representation of them. I am almost tempted to suggest that you should engrave my entire sketch as a companion to your own.*

I observe that the old ecclesiastical terms of nave, transepts, and clerestory are applied to Captain Fowke's shed. Which may be the nave, and

which the transepts I do not pretend to surmise, since the terms are equally without meaning to whatever portions of the edifice they may be applied. The clerestories, however, are easily identified. They carry out the cucumber-frame system of lighting, which has its highest development along the ridge of the roof of the picture-gallery, with complete success. You are under a misapprehension should you suppose these ranges of glazed sashes to have been studied after the clerestories of Westminster Abbey, or of the cathedrals of Ely or York, or of such churches as St. Mary Redcliffe, or Selby, or Long Melford. Captain Fowke repudiates such antiquated models; and he has gracefully exhibited the combined condescension and practical feeling of true genius, by making his clerestories exact fac-simile copies of the glazed strips of wall that are so well known in carpenters' shops.

The domes have had their eulogy determined by their admirers. They are the *biggest* of domes. Possibly they may be. It would be difficult to discover what else to say about them—unless, indeed, one were to commence an inquiry with *cui bono*, and were to subject them to a rigid critical analysis; which I humbly leave to others.

I might pass before you in review every component of the building, and I could not select one that would deserve less severe condemnation, unless it be the "Annex," a shed that professes to be a shed, and is really clever and effective. This "Annex" confirms to Captain Fowke his right and title to your designation of "shed-maker," as the epithet "gallant" is inseparable from his real profession. By all means let Captain Fowke have the appointment of *chief annexer*, provided always that his "annexes" are genuine sheds, constructed of simple wood-work as at South Kensington. The only possible improvement upon this "Annex" would be to submit the planks to a simple planing process, and to varnish the whole of the surfaces.

One other matter I cannot pass over without particular notice. The prolonged galleries that stretch right and left, and hither and thither, within the building, are guarded by open iron-work. This is quite the right thing in the right place; that is, it *would be* quite the right thing, were the iron-work *not* in such hapless keeping with the rest of the building. Artistic architectural iron-work occupies a place of honour in the front rank of the Art-manufactures of our day. You have recently treated of this very subject in the pages of the *Art-Journal*; and Captain Fowke might readily have secured the co-operation of Mr. Skidmore, or the Messrs. Harts, or the Messrs. Benhams, or of several other masters in metal-working. I presume that he must be ignorant of the style of iron-work that these gentlemen would have provided for him, and that he therefore trusted to himself. The metal-work that has been put up by the furlong bears the genuine Fowke *imprimatur*. It may be described as the exact converse of the new screen at Lichfield Cathedral: it both is what that noble screen is not, and it is not what Mr. Skidmore's metal-work always is. If the Lichfield screen is the very best work in metal that our era has produced, the Great Exhibition gallery railings are the very worst. So they also are in the front, *in their own direction*. The design is a combination of the national badges—the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock, with some imitative twisted rope and conventional scrollings.

Not being in the confidence of Captain Fowke and the conclave of South Kensington, I am necessarily without any information "upon authority" with reference to the painted decorations (?) of the interior of the Exhibition Building. Like many other people, I gazed with wonder, and almost with awe, at certain portentous experiments, which seemed to indicate the presence and the operations of *artists* who wielded brushes and worked with colours unknown to Winsor and Newton. Strange bands of varied brown, some dark, some light, some broad, and others narrow, all of them crossing and intersecting at such peculiar angles and under such unexpected conditions; and close by, in adjoining compartments, discs of red, and black, and blue, and odd stripes of the same colours; and again, chocolate and buff pillars, and chocolate and buff roof-framing, many tinted, but always omitting from the chord

of colour every appropriate and pleasing tint—all this seemed to indicate an occult school of Art that might not be estimated by mere academic rule. I admit that I was fairly confounded by the whole thing, until by a sudden conviction of the realities of the case my mental equilibrium may be said to have readjusted itself. The mystery, so dense before, then vanished at once, and all was palpable and evident enough. *Scindit se nubes*—the painting told its own true tale: Captain Fowke and his allies had been trying their own hands at the production of "decorations in colour!" What had before seemed to have a meaning too profound to be fathomed by the uninitiated, proved to have no meaning whatever—it looked deep, but it was shallow indeed. Strange to say, the painters were not altogether pleased with their painting. Possibly this arose simply from the independence of their several ideas. Certainly they did differ rather widely. Any one of their "works," however, would have been in exquisite harmony with the edifice. The result is, as we are told, that Mr. Crace has been called in. The time is coming which will reveal to us how his singularly ungracious task will have prospered in his hands.

You concluded your former article with a glance at the hotel built by Mr. Knowles for an enterprising company at the Victoria terminus of the Brighton Railway, thus suggesting an architectural comparison between that fine edifice and the Great Exhibition Building—a comparison between the architecture of an architect and the shed-making of the Commissioners' military engineer. It is to be hoped that Mr. Cole will act upon your suggestion, and will apply himself to the proposed comparison. It may fail to benefit him, because it may be hopelessly impossible for him to rise in architecture above the South Kensington type. Still, I would press upon him the attempt to learn the valuable lesson that you have indicated. At any rate, let every unprejudiced person, who is in any degree competent to form a correct estimate, compare the shed-making with some true architecture. Thus let them judge for themselves of the character of Captain Fowke's building, and of the fitness of Captain Fowke for the appointment received by him from the Commissioners. Thus also let them determine whether the Commissioners did, or did not, commit an act of treason against the charge entrusted to them, when they superseded the architectural profession in favour of their "gallant shed-maker." You have proposed the contrast between the Grosvenor Hotel and the Exhibition Building to the "accomplished foreigners," who may visit our country for the purpose of exploring the Great Exhibition. The same contrast, arising from the same comparison, is equally competent to convey valuable teaching to ourselves here in England. Foreigners—the accomplished residents at Hamburg and Liege, for example—know quite well that we have amongst us architects of the very highest ability; and they also know that here, at home, the ablest of English architects are very far from being either understood or duly valued in high places. Captain Fowke and his shed may at length open our eyes to discern what "accomplished foreigners" see so clearly. This last piece of jobbery in architecture may give the *coup de grace* to architectural jobs. It may impress us with a becoming sense of the nobleness of true architecture; and it may teach us to esteem and to support as they deserve true architects. If so, the Great Exhibition Building will do some good service. Very bad things often do. They often lead to the appreciation of what is very good, as well as serve to warn others from everything that is at all akin to themselves. Captain Fowke's edifice is certainly bad enough to accomplish whatever may be accomplished through being very bad. It is quite bad enough, too, to hint significantly at its own story, if not to narrate in plain words its veritable autobiography. No architect could possibly have built it. The building itself acquires the profession. It was evidently *done to order without architecture*—some trifling consolation to every individual who subscribes himself

AN ARCHITECT.

London, February 10.

* We may perhaps engrave this leading portion of the building when it is pronounced to be "finished."—ED. A.-J.

THE ANGEL CHOIR SCREEN AT LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

THE Angel Choir at Lincoln, so well known as one of the crowning achievements of the early Gothic of England, derives its title from the group of angelic figures represented as variously engaged in befitting occupations, and placed in the spandrels of the triforium. Boldly sculptured, and remarkable for their freedom of movement and versatility of expression, these angels of the era of Eleanor of Castile are elevated about sixty feet from the spectators who stand in the presbytery below. And they have been designed expressly for their lofty positions: and their proper effect is then only duly estimated, when some sixty feet of space intervene between the eyes that gaze upon them and themselves.

Lichfield Cathedral may now claim to possess, not indeed a second Angel Choir, but a *choir screen* that most justly may derive its distinctive title from the celestial hierarchy. The new ANGEL CHOIR SCREEN at Lichfield is one of the most remarkable, the most beautiful, and the most gratifying productions of the era of Queen Victoria. It is as original in its conception as in its execution it is absolutely unsurpassed. What renders it so eminently valuable is its high character, as the exponent of the capabilities of living English workers in the hard metals. This screen, unlike every other cathedral choir screen, is entirely composed of iron, brass, and copper—the constructive details of the composition being produced in the iron and brass, and the angel figures that give a distinctive character to the whole being executed in copper. It is with these copper statuettes (for they are considerably less than full life-size) that we are at present particularly concerned, and therefore we now must be content to leave the screen itself with no more than a general expression of our warmest admiration.

On either side of the central entrance are four enriched circles of open work, resting upon the arches of the lateral arcades, and rising above their intervening spandrels. Standing upon a corbel of exquisite foliage—the abacus which forms the actual pedestal being encircled with a coronet-like border of burnished brass—in front of each circle, is one of the group of angel figures. These figures are set in pairs, back to back; and thus they are, in all, sixteen in number,—eight of them facing eastwards towards the interior of the choir; and the second group, of the same number of figures, looking to the west, and consequently having their faces towards the nave. The figures are all winged: some are playing upon instruments of music, and others, with uplifted hands, appear as in the act of taking such a part as angels might take in a hymn of the loftiest adoration. And, so far as human thought may conceive, and human hands may execute, what may be accepted as the personal forms of the ministrants of heaven, these figures are veritable figures of angels. They also most truly constitute an angelic choir; the feeling of harmonious praise pervades the entire group. Each individual sympathises with every other; and all are engaged with kindred devotion in a common act, which all feel alike, and all express with perfect unanimity. The variety of these figures is no less remarkable than the distinct and emphatic individuality of each figure. They are at once earnest and graceful, animated and dignified. The wings, which are all gemmed with eyes, are adjusted to various attitudes in the different figures. Some are raised aloft, as in our example, while others droop, and convey the sentiment of calm repose. These wings are distinguished by the peculiar originality of the thought, which has expressed itself in their majestic plumage. In them the ideal of such wings as might be imagined to convey hither and thither the messengers of light, is realised with a truly wonderful truthfulness; so that if man's conception of an angel requires the existence of actual wings as appendages of his person, these indeed are angels' wings. The figure from which our engraving has been drawn, stands second from the centre in the north-eastern group. To do full justice to the original, except by pho-

tography, has been found to be impossible. Our woodcut, however, has been thoughtfully and carefully executed, so that it may be accepted as giving a thoroughly correct conception of this eminently beautiful figure. It is to be borne in mind that this particular figure has not been selected for engraving, in consequence of possessing any pre-eminent excellence; on the contrary, all are absolutely equal in merit as works

of Art, while in their treatment all have their several distinct characteristics.

This fine screen, with its admirable statuettes, is the production of Mr. Skidmore, the artist who presides over and directs so ably the important establishment for producing architectural and other artistic metal-work, at Coventry. Mr. Skidmore's Lichfield Screen is a work that may be regarded with unqualified and most just pride,



seeing that it is equally honourable to his own rare ability, to the Coventry establishment for metal-working, to the authorities of Lichfield, and to the distinguished architect who directed the recent restoration of their cathedral. We congratulate all parties on the success of the Lichfield Screen, and rejoice to record our own high appreciation of so beautiful and so felicitous a work. Our correspondent, "An Architect," glances at this screen as affording a striking contrast to the metal-

work in the Great Exhibition Building. We ourselves are able to corroborate his views, from our own personal study of both the South Kensington castings and Mr. Skidmore's handwrought works; with him, therefore, we inquire, with commingled surprise and regret, why was not the South Kensington metal-work produced under the direction of Mr. Skidmore, at Coventry?

OBITUARY.

MR. MATTHEW COTES WYATT

WE have lost one of our oldest and most eminent sculptors, Mr. Matthew Cotes Wyatt, who died on the 3rd of January, at his residence, Dudley Grove House, Paddington, at the patriarchal age of eighty-four. The deceased belonged to a family of old standing in the midland counties, and which has become famous for having produced among its various branches a long list of names celebrated as artists and architects. His grandfather, Benjamin Wyatt, of Blackbrook, in the parish of Weeford, county of Stafford, had four sons, all of whom became eminent in their profession. Samuel, the eldest, was a distinguished architect, and from his designs were erected Hooton Hall, Tatton Park, Doddington Hall, and Kedleston, for Lord Scarsdale, as also the Trinity House, on Tower Hill. The second son, Joseph, was father of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, who designed, and superintended to completion, the restoration of Windsor Castle, and the construction and embellishment of the royal apartments as they now exist; for which services he received the honour of knighthood and the addition of "ville" to his patronymic Wyatt, from George IV. The youngest son, James Wyatt, also an eminent architect, rose early into repute, and enjoyed the highest patronage. Of his three sons the eldest, Benjamin, was private secretary to Sir Arthur Wellesley (afterwards the renowned Duke) in Ireland and in India, and subsequently devoting himself to what may not inappropriately be called "the profession of the family," became distinguished in it. From his designs were erected the present Drury Lane Theatre, Holderness House, and Wynyard, for the Marquis of Londonderry; Sutherland House, and Apsley House, at Hyde Park Corner. The Surveyor-General's youngest son was Matthew Cotes Wyatt, the subject of the present notice, who was educated at Eton, and early displayed the hereditary talent of his family. From the position and influence which his father held at Windsor Castle, Mr. Wyatt soon felt the fostering patronage of royalty, and, like his father, became a great favourite with George IV. and Queen Charlotte, the latter of whom honoured him with a magnificent presentation silver tea service, which he has devised to his eldest son, Sir Matthew. To enumerate all the works which have emanated from the atelier of Mr. Wyatt would occupy more space than we can well spare; we must therefore confine ourselves to mentioning a few of his principal ones, upon which his fame will rest, and which will hand down his name to posterity as an eminent sculptor of the Georgian era. These are,—the beautiful cenotaph in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, to the memory of the Princess Charlotte—familiar to all sight-seers at that royal residence; the elaborate monument to Lord Nelson, in the quadrangle of the Exchange at Liverpool; the monumental group in memory of the late Duchess of Rutland, at the mausoleum near Belvoir Castle; the equestrian statue of King George, in Cockspur Street; an equestrian statue, carved in ivory, of the late Marquis of Anglesea; St. George and the Dragon, commissioned by George IV. for St. George's Hall, Windsor Castle; a sculptured portrait, in coloured marbles, of a favourite Newfoundland dog, "Bashaw," belonging to the late Earl of Dudley, and which excited universal admiration at the Exhibition in Hyde Park, in 1851; and last, but not least, the colossal equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, at Hyde Park Corner.

In private life the late Mr. Wyatt was highly and universally esteemed for his truly amiable and social qualities. The deceased, besides a good collection of works of Art and *virtu*—for he was a connoisseur of great taste and judgment—has left considerable wealth, which he has equitably bequeathed to his family. Of the survivors, the eldest son is Sir Matthew Wyatt, who was a few years ago lieutenant of the Queen's Gentlemen-at-arms, or Bodyguard, in virtue of which office he received the honour of knighthood; and another son, James, is a sculptor of distinction, to whom the deceased has

confided for completion such of his works as were unfinished at his decease.

Mr. Digby Wyatt, the eminent architect, was nearly related to the late Mr. Wyatt, and descends from a branch of the same family.

THE INTERNATIONAL SUPPLEMENTAL EXHIBITION.

WE remember to have heard the expansive action of steam in a cylinder explained by a lecturer to a youthful audience, by the potent vapour being represented to be perpetually exclaiming, "*I want more room; I will have more room!*" This explanation was at once clear, graphic, and intelligible; and the undeveloped Stephensons to whom it was addressed, were perfectly satisfied with its simple appeal to their experience.

The very same words just now will give expression to the sentiments of the great majority of the exhibitors who have "applied for space" at the forthcoming Great Exhibition. Their applications have been ruthlessly cut down—"razed," as the sailors like it—and they, consequently, are exclaiming, like the steam, "More space—I want and I must have more space!"

"More space," in addition to what has been allotted to them in Captain Fowke's building, these claimants may unexpectedly find available in close proximity to the Great Exhibition itself. As in 1851, Sir Joseph Paxton has now come to the rescue, with iron and glass; and again he has undertaken to provide for the wants of exhibitors. At the present time, indeed, the appointment of Captain Fowke by the Royal Commissioners, has restricted Sir Joseph Paxton's operations within a comparatively narrow range; and yet, his "supplemental" structure will not really be one of the race of the pigmies. We learn with much pleasure that the success of the project for an "International Supplemental Exhibition" is already assured, and that the necessary preparations are in able and energetic hands. A second edifice, in some respects resembling the unique original which first produced and secured for itself the significant title of *Crystal Palace*, will be most welcome at South Kensington, both as a reminiscence of its predecessor of Hyde Park, and as a contrast to the greater edifice, its neighbour and rival.

Since 1851 the treatment of iron and glass in what we may term *improvised architecture*, has been carefully studied, and it now is thoroughly understood; Sir Joseph Paxton will be able to render his second structure somewhat more artistic in its details than his former Crystal Palace, and at the same time the simple iron-work will doubtless be as effective as before, and the glass walls and roofs will again be crystal construction, pure and simple; or, as Mr. Molony would express it, Sir Joseph Paxton once more will build "a palace made of windows."

The decorations of this supplemental structure will be executed by Mr. Owen Jones, a formidable rival to Mr. Crace. It is to be earnestly hoped, that the Great Exhibition No. 2, will be pushed forward with all possible speed. It ought not to delay its opening a single avoidable day after No. 1. We are aware that we are writing in the middle of February, and that No. 1 is to open on May-day; still, the Paxton style is of rapid growth and ready (almost spontaneous) development, so that in a couple of months we know it may accomplish wonderful things. If it were possible for the "Supplemental Exhibition" to be open at charges within a generally available range, while No. 1 was enjoying its exclusive high rates of charge for admission, No. 2 might *take the lead in popularity*—and such a lead is a thing that it is difficult to estimate too highly.

The "Supplemental" plan includes arrangements for the sale of the objects exhibited, both under its own glass roof and in the greater building hard by. Foreign visitors will find this part of the scheme peculiarly advantageous.

We shall watch the progress of this project with the utmost interest, and shall again advert to it as it advances in its career.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

THE PARTING OF HERO AND LEANDER.

Engraved by S. Bradshaw.

TURNER was not learned in the dead languages; he read classic history as he painted classic ground, vaguely and indefinitely, using it for a purpose of his own oftentimes, much if not altogether, independent of the stories bequeathed to us by writers: it answered the end just as well as if he had adhered strictly to the narrative, for this is generally so much the offspring of tradition, that the actual facts, if ever there were any, are lost amid the obscurity thrown around them by time and distance.

This picture is a valuable example of the painter's manner of dealing with what may have been a truth; for there is nothing impossible or even improbable in the history of Hero and Leander, as it has reached us in the works of Virgil, and other classic writers of about that date. Hero, they tell us, was a priestess of the temple of Venus, at Sestos, in Asia Minor, with whom Leander, who lived at Abydos, on the opposite side of the Hellespont, fell in love; and he was accustomed to pay her frequent visits at night, by swimming across the straits, the lady guiding him to the landing-place by holding up a lighted torch from a lofty tower. On one of these amatory expeditions, a violent storm suddenly arose, and Leander perished in the waters. Hero was a witness of the disaster, threw herself in despair from the watch-tower, and shared his fate. But Turner, instead of following the story in this form, has represented it according to the version of it given by Musæus, who lived in the fifth century of our era. A mere glance at the picture will show to those who know the true history, or that which is assumed to be true, how wide is the discrepancy.

"The morning came too soon, with crimson blush,
Chiding the tardy night, and Cynthia's warning beam;
But love yet lingers on the terraced steep,
Upheild young Hymen's torch and failing lamp,
The token of departure, never to return.
Wild dashed the Hellespont its straitened surge,
And on the raised spray appeared Leander's fall."

The poet and the painter have transformed the night into daybreak or early morning; and although the torch would scarcely be then required, nor even if it were quite dark, to light Leander back again, it is upheld, but not by Hero; a winged figure, representing Hymen, holds it, in the company of several nymphs, whom Hero would scarcely have invited as witnesses of her meeting. The two lovers are embracing on the shore, some distance beyond; it is the last they will have, for the angry lurid sky portends a destructive storm. The watch-tower may be any one of that magnificent mass of buildings rising up on the left. To the right the "straitened surge" is already upheaving wildly, and breaking against the high rocks, and among the turbulent waters; and in the calm pool below numberless shadowy forms are seen—spirits, it may be presumed, waiting to escort the souls of the dead lovers to the regions of the departed.

Turner never visited Greece, and has not borrowed from any who had, an idea of the locality: his representation of the Hellespont is altogether imaginative. Sestos and Abydos, which stood almost opposite to each other, would be separated by about one mile and a-quarter of sea; but as seen here, there is scarcely one-fourth of that space. Byron, in 1810, to test the possibility of Leander's feat being true—for the current runs with fearful rapidity—undertook to swim across, which he did, in company with a naval officer, Lieutenant Ekenhead; they accomplished the distance in about one hour and ten minutes; it was estimated that, owing to the current, they had swam four miles ere the shore was reached.

The merits of the picture are almost limited to the composition; this is very fine in every part, sky, architecture, water, and rocks; but the painting is low in colour, and looks still lower from the position in which it now hangs in the National Gallery, immediately above a large subject brilliant with colour. Turner's management of light and shade is here most effective, yet unnatural; the shadows of objects being thrown in opposite and impossible directions.



J. M. W. TURNER. R. A. PINXIT

S. BRADSHAW. SCULPT.

THE PARTING OF HERO AND LEANDER.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

GORDON JAMES & CO. LONDON.

HISTORY AND ART.*

THESE essays have, we believe, been already made public through the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, but they are of a character that entitles them to be extracted from a publication of an assumed ephemeral nature, and to take a place by themselves in the library. Much has not unfrequently been said in a supercilious and comparatively contemptuous way concerning magazine writers and the "gentlemen of the press;" but it should not be forgotten that some of the standard works of English classic literature originally were of this class, as the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, for example. Moreover, the "periodicals" of the last half-century include the writings of the most eminent men of the day; scarcely a time-honoured name could be mentioned which does not owe a large measure of its reputation to what its owner has contributed to the passing pages of the review or magazine; and however short or long such literature is destined to live, it has had a powerful influence on the character of the age, and has helped to make it what it has been and is. Statesmen and rulers, in the form of government under which it is our happiness to live, are guided by public opinion, and this is learned and acted upon through and by the public press in its various organs, as they issue forth diurnally or at longer intervals of time. Politics, philosophy, Art, science, and social condition, here find voices which are echoed back from the far-distant regions of the earth, and men learn wisdom less from the bulky tome than from the broadsheet and ephemeral periodical.

Mr. Patterson's essays are fourteen in number, of which five have reference to Art, four are historical, one considers the subject of European ethnology; another is entitled "Utopias;" another "Genius and Liberty;" and a poetical rhapsody—not in verse—on "Youth and Summer," with a noble tribute to "Christopher North—In Memoriam," fill up the remaining pages.

There is not one of these papers which will not amply repay the reader, though his attention will undoubtedly be most absorbed by the subject in which he feels the greatest interest. The historical essays treat respectively of "Our Indian Empire," "The National Life of China," "Records of the Past—Nineveh and Babylon," which, however, may almost be classed among the Art-treatises, and "India—its Castes and Creeds." Those more especially devoted to Art are—"Colour in Nature and Art," "Real and Ideal Beauty," "Sculpture," "An Ideal Art-Congress," and the "Battle of the Styles." In the first of this latter division, the writer has taken as the groundwork of his remarks the well-known books of D. R. Hay and Chevreul, and he draws from the theories of these writers deductions, and offers hints, of almost universal application to dress, domestic ornamentation, which, if acted upon, would produce a more satisfactory order of things than that we now too frequently see. The artist and portrait-painter would also gain some valuable ideas from the perusal of this paper.

"Real and Ideal Beauty" opens up a more discursive subject; it is one which Mr. Patterson has handled with much discrimination and ability, looking at it in the varied aspects of moral, intellectual, and material beauty. The result of the theories he advocates and the arguments he employs is, that "beauty is no mere fiction, but a quality of which the soul takes cognisance as certainly as it does of right and wrong." This, at least, is the principle on which his æsthetic structure is reared, though he acknowledges that it differs totally from the theory still in the ascendant among thinking minds.

The essay on Sculpture is short: as an axiom the writer asserts, what few will be disposed to deny, that perfect beauty of form is the paramount and indispensable requisite of the art. He differs from the opinions of Guizot and Chantrey, who argued that beauty of repose, without any limitation, is the especial province of sculpture: Mr. Patterson allows some license, but not much, in a contrary direction, laying down, unhesitatingly, as the grand canon of the sculptor's art, that he should seek to combine in his figures the greatest amount of Life and Mind, with the least deviation from a posture of Repose. The principle is based on a truth scarcely incontrovertible, that violent action almost necessarily involves the sacrifice of beauty of form, the "indispensable requisite of sculpture." Certainly the old Greeks worked on this principle, for in all their statues, or nearly all, where action of more than

ordinary character is introduced, as in the 'Discus-player,' for example, the most scrupulous care is taken to preserve grace and beauty in every limb, as well as in the whole embodied form. Even in the group of the 'Laocoon,' as Mr. Patterson remarks, the sculptor has been careful not to represent the legs and arms of the children as being in any way crushed or distorted by the coils of the serpents—although, in fact, no such roundness of the limb could, under such circumstances, be preserved: so that truth is here made subordinate to other qualities deemed of greater importance.

In the paper entitled "An Ideal Art-Congress," a subject which appears to have been suggested by Delaroche's great picture, 'L'Hémicycle,' the composition of this work is vividly and poetically described. In following up his remarks Mr. Patterson supports, to a certain extent, the opinion expressed by the writer of the article on Rubens in our January Part, that war has given birth to the greatest works in poetry and painting. He explains what may be called a phenomenon in this way. During a long-continued peace the eye of nations is turned *inwards*; reflection ensues, which expresses itself in science and philosophy: but break the quietude, and the human soul becomes agitated, and the eye of the nations turns from the mental shapes within to the realities without. What are the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" but war poems? what "Paradise Lost" but a narrative of the war in heaven—the contest between the spirits of the good and bad—the struggle for the life and soul of man? And what are the noblest of Shakspeare's dramas but poems in which wars, and events arising out of them, form the characters of so many of the personages he brings on the stage? It is an observation frequently made, that our own age has produced no really great mind: Mr. Patterson says,—"The poetic inspiration died away suddenly with the generation that produced the great war. What a burst, and what a sudden decline! Scott, Byron, Southey, Moore, Wordsworth, Wilson, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats,—and then twilight, if not darkness! It is to be observed, as characteristic of the times, and illustrative of the theory which I propose, that we have now (1853) only two great *objective* poets—two poets of action and energetic emotion—Aytoun and Macaulay; and that the latter of these great artists belongs rather to the past generation than to the present. In almost all the other brethren of the lyre, the *subjective* vein predominates. Theirs is the poetry of reflection, of introspection." And when poetry languishes Fine Art dies!—dies, that is, as to its grandest efforts: what further need have we of confirmatory evidence than the walls of our exhibition rooms, covered annually, as they are, with little else than feeble and puerile sentimentalities, however beautifully these may be expressed; and with landscapes, of a noble order we admit, but works, nevertheless, which are not, and cannot be from their very nature, the productions of great minds? The essay is short, but it contains some thoughts capable of much expansion, and worthy of attention as descriptive of the character of our times.

Mr. Ruskin's lectures at Edinburgh have given the essayist something to say on the "Battle of the Styles," and on the intolerance of that eloquent writer. Mr. Patterson, like most other men whose minds are not wedded to a single idea, sees beauty both in Grecian and Gothic architecture. "Let Gothic architecture," he says, "stand supreme in richness, variety, and expressiveness; but leave to the Greek the merit of its simple majesty, and of that pure, matchless symmetry which has won for it the title of Classic." He points out, with great judgment and taste, the excellences of each, and shows what, in his opinion, have been the causes which have led Mr. Ruskin to adopt his one-sided view of the question: "It was not his feelings, his instincts, that first told him that Classic architecture was a godless style,—but a play of the fancy, a fantastic spirit of symbolism, to which he is ever prone, and which is constantly leading him to indulge in most erroneous analogies." Passing from architecture to painting, he combats Mr. Ruskin's theories and opinions with respect to landscape painting as a special Christian art, and one, by implication, of a higher pictorial character than historical painting; or, in other words, that representations of the works of nature are more worthy of our regard than those which represent the mind and actions of men—that the poetry of nature stands in nearly the same relative position to the great exponents of human intellect:—"A copier of lifeless matter, of inanimate nature, to be classed with giants of intellect whose heads touched the skies! An expiator in the narrow field of landscape painting to be ranked with men whose genius overflowed all creation! 'Shakspeare,—Bacon,—Turner!' BAH!"

These essays—both those we have touched upon and those which do not come so immediately within our province—deserve to be classed among the best writings of the kind to be found in the periodical literature of our day. They are eminently practical, while the views and doctrines propounded are set forth in language terse, simple, and elegant. Mr. Patterson argues forcibly, yet in a catholic and gentle spirit: no antagonist who tempts his lance used fear unknighly conduct—in a tournament of letters.

A FRENCH VIEW OF EGYPTIAN OBELISKS AS MONUMENTS.

THE author of a highly original and learned work upon every branch of Art and literature, illustrated by the painter, the architect, and the sculptor, in France, has examined this subject with great judgment.

M. Hennin* objects strongly, and with reason, to the practice of collecting, pell-mell, from foreign lands, valuable productions of Art, which, by being removed from the spot to which they first belonged, and with which they continue to have lively associations, lose far more than is gained in their new locality.

"Thus," he says, "the obelisk brought from the Temple of Luxor, in Egypt, and set up in the Place de la Concorde, in Paris, is a striking example of our irrational way of proceeding in such cases. It is covered with hieroglyphics, perfectly unintelligible to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of the people who walk by it. The inscription is the dedication of the Temple of which the obelisk itself was a characteristic portion. But it so happens that half of the inscription remains in Egypt, upon the fallen pillar, which was left behind. They both together formed part of, and were in harmony with, that ancient gigantic place of worship.

"The transport of it to Paris was defended by the example of the Romans, who certainly brought such things from Egypt into Italy. But the Romans were real conquerors, who might be allowed to give so broad a fact in token of their victory. The case is very different with France; and if we have an obelisk from Egypt which we have not conquered, it should be added to the Egyptian Museum. To set it up in a great public square in the metropolis of France, is an anachronism and a manifest absurdity.

"The subject, indeed, of carrying off works of Art when we take an enemy's capital, calls for very serious consideration.

"As models for our own artists to study, these products of our enemy's skill and taste are here singularly misapplied. The true aim of such studies is to elevate, to humanise our people; but the contemplation of these tributes of war and victory hardens the heart, and debases the intellect.

"The victor in a conflict may exact reparation of the wrong which he has suffered; and an estimate of that reparation can readily be settled in money, which leaves little trace, and no perpetual occasion for bitter taunts. Statues, on the contrary, and paintings, and the like, carried off, remain for ever to exasperate the conquered, and make the victors insolent.

"It is not necessary to enlarge upon the evil effects of this abuse of power upon the minds of neighbouring nations. No possible gain in this display of our triumph can make up for its evil influence, as the source of enmity and a desire for revenge.

"The way in which the finest works of Art have been carried about the world through the conquerors' caprice, strongly marks the absurdity of the practice.

* ESSAYS IN HISTORY AND ART. By R. H. Patterson, Author of the "New Revelation; or, the Napoleonic Policy in Europe." Published by W. Blackwood & Sons, London and Edinburgh.

* "Les Monumens de l'Histoire de France." Par M. Hennin. Paris, 8vo., 1856. Vol. i., pp. 198—203.

"The famous pair of horses in bronze, now at last fixed upon little stools, as it were, in the porch of a church in Venice, is a case in point. There is little merit in their execution; but Nero thought them worth transporting to Rome. In the year 326 of our era, they were carried to Constantinople, and in the year 1205, they were seized and taken to Venice. In 1801, Bonaparte bore them off to Paris, where they were little favoured. In 1814, they were set up again in Venice with singularly bad taste.

"Other examples of the like absurdity may be cited, all leading to the conclusion, that the nations which are distinguished for greatness in arms, ought themselves to cultivate the Fine Arts, by which their great deeds may be handed down visibly to the admiration and imitation of the latest posterity."

Such are the enlightened views of this learned French writer upon a subject which at this moment properly attracts much attention. It is fervently to be hoped, that in preparing a monument worthy of the good Prince, whose loss all deplore, views like M. Hennin's will prevail; so that the work may be an original, lasting lesson and delight to our own people, and calculated to secure universal applause.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

WORCESTER.—The annual meetings of the School of Art in this city were held on the 10th of January. In the early part of the afternoon, the committee and subscribers met for the reception of the report, the appointment of officers for the ensuing year, and for other business matters. Later in the afternoon, the committee and several friends of the institution dined together; and in the evening an adjournment to the Music-hall took place, when the prizes were presented to the students entitled to them, and addresses delivered by the Earl of Dudley, President of the school, Lord Lyttelton, Mr. J. S. Pakington, honorary secretary, Mr. R. W. Binns, Mr. W. H. Kerr, and other gentlemen. We gather from the report that, notwithstanding the success which, it is said, has followed the course of instruction imparted to the pupils, the financial position of the school has not, to quote the words ascribed to Lord Lyttelton, "attained that perfectly satisfactory state which he should desire or might have expected. Worcester was one of the last places where he should expect a School of Design to be languishing or wanting of a proper and sufficient support." A few years since, the Earl of Dudley paid off a debt due from the school, and on the present occasion a balance of nearly seventeen pounds against it was discharged by donations made on the day of the meeting. The result of this state of things is that three rooms hitherto used by the pupils, will have to be closed to them in order to save rent. The condition of the Worcester school is only another instance to be added to those it has of late been our painful duty to record, where managers cannot make both ends meet.

BRIGHTON.—The annual general meeting of the subscribers to the School of Art in this town took place on the 28th of January. The financial report of the past year is not satisfactory; in the beginning of the year there was a balance in hand of nearly £39, but the year closed with a debt due to the treasurer of upwards of £18: this result, it is stated, is partly owing to the heavy prospective expenditure adverted to in the last annual report, partly to the illness of the head-master, Mr. White, but chiefly to the fact that a rental of £1 per week has had to be paid during the greater part of 1861. The committee of the school concur in the opinion officially expressed by the Department of Science and Art, that the receipts from fees are, in general, sufficient, with due economy, for all the expenses of the institution, except the rent, for which the committee must look to public subscriptions. The report of the working of the school states that upwards of 1,700 pupils of all grades received instruction from "the Art-master, or under his superintendence, during the past year." At the annual examination in the month of December last, by Mr. Wyld, fourteen works were adjudged worthy of local medals; seven were selected to take part in the national

competition; fifty-four prizes were awarded, of which twelve belonged to the second grade; and sixteen certificates were awarded, though ten only could be granted, four of the successful candidates having received certificates at the examination.

SOUTHAMPTON.—On the 6th of February a meeting was held to distribute the prizes to the successful competitors in the Southampton School of Art, and to receive the annual report. This institution is connected with others of a similar kind in the neighbouring towns of Romsey and Ringwood; during the last year the combined schools had upwards of 1,000 pupils under instruction, besides "a large number of children taught drawing by masters of national schools in Southampton and the surrounding district." At the annual examination in September last, by Mr. E. Crowe, one of the assistant inspectors of the Department of Art, thirty-three works were sent in for competition in the advanced stages of the course, and ten medals were awarded. No account of the financial condition of the school appears in the report of the proceedings sent to us; nor, as it seems, was any reference made to it in the speech of the chairman, Dr. Buller.

BRISTOL.—A lecture on "Venice, her Architecture and Pictures," was delivered on the evening of the 27th of January, by Mr. J. Beavington Atkinson, before the members of the British Philosophical Institute. The subject is a good one in the hands of a lecturer competent to do it justice, and this, from the report which has reached us, Mr. Atkinson, as we expected, proved himself to be. His remarks were just, forcible, and discriminating, expressed in earnest and eloquent language.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. W. J. Mückley, who has for some time superintended the school of design at Wolverhampton, has just been appointed head master of the important school of Manchester, in the room of Mr. J. A. Hammersley, resigned. Mr. Mückley carries with him to his new post a character for ability and energy.

NORTON MALDEN.—The church of this little village, near Bristol, now being renovated, has thirty-six exterior corbels, sculptured in designs, or emblems, suited to the sacred purposes of the edifice, each corbel serving as a text, so to speak, for the instruction in things religious or social, of the people. The carver employed is Mr. Henry Swales; but subscriptions are greatly needed to complete the re-edification of the church, which has a Norman arch of much beauty.

CAMBRIDGE.—A bust of Horne Tooke, presented by Lady Chantry, has been recently added to the collection in the Fitzwilliam Museum. It is one of the earliest works of Chantry, and gained him great reputation.

PENZANCE.—It has been decided that the monument to be erected as a memorial of the late Sir Humphrey Davy is to take the form of a tower. The architects chosen to erect it are Messrs. Salter and Perrow.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—Of the foreign engravers employed on the new work of "Selected Pictures" for the *Art-Journal*, three have received government commissions for important plates, viz.—M. Devaschez is to engrave the 'Visitation,' by Sebastian del Piombo, for the French government, and for the Belgian, 'Christ Crucified,' by Rubens. M. de Mare is to engrave the 'Holy Family,' by Giorgione, in the Louvre; and M. Thevenin the portrait of 'Alphonse d'Avalos,' after Titian, also in the Louvre, both for the French government, which seems to have become alarmed at the state of line engraving, and is now determined to support it by all means in its power.—It can scarcely be denied that at no period were the Fine Arts so neglected as at the present, the painter having little or nothing to do, and pictures being almost a drug in the market. Sales this season are at a low ebb, nothing remarkable having been brought forward. On the 10th of January a good collection of modern works were sold, in which, as usual, certain names brought considerable prices; we note a few:—'A Swiss Cow,' by Brascassat, £256; 'Animals,' by R. Bonheur, £188; 'Cow and Calf,' by the same, £80; 'View in Smyrna,' Descamps, £440; 'Gipsies,' Descamps, £160; 'View on the Lake of the Four Cantons,' Calame, £102; 'Wife of a Brigand of Sonino,' Leopold Robert, £96; 'The Fisherman's Wife,' A. Scheffer, £148; 'Interior of a Corps de Garde Albanais,' Gérôme, £268. The opposition to all productions of the "David" school seems to continue in full force, for while these more modern pictures brought high prices, a fine sketch of 'Hypocrates refusing the Presents of Artaxerxes,' by Girodet, was bought in for about £9.—M. Gé-

rôme, with several artistic friends, is on a journey into the farthest limits of Egypt, with the object of making sketches.

ROME.—The English sculptors residing in Rome are forwarding the works they intend for the International Exhibition. Mr. Gatlry's colossal *basso-relievo* has, according to the *Standard*, "been got on board a vessel on the Tiber with great difficulty, the mass of marble, with its case, weighing not less than fourteen tons. Mr. Cardwell's beautiful statue of 'Diana,' and his group of 'Cupid and Pan,' have also been packed; but Mr. Spence's colossal group, 'The Finding of Moses,' from which an engraving is being executed for the *Art-Journal*, was at that time still in the sculptor's studio.

THE HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

Among the pleasantest of our London "memories" are the associations connected with the Rooms in Hanover Square, the oldest of our musical temples, and sacred in the eyes of all lovers of this most refined art as the scene of lyrical triumphs throughout the last century, during which period the noblest works and the greatest musicians have been presented in this noble room. Its existence was almost threatened, in accordance with the change that dooms most places in a great city; but, after a temporary oblivion, its due position is again taken, and this in a renovated form, which speaks of a long vitality. It is owing to the judicious care of the present proprietor, Mr. Cocks, the music publisher, of New Burlington Street, that this renovation consists of judicious decoration, without in any degree sacrificing the original character of the rooms, which are deservedly celebrated for their admirable acoustic properties. Throughout the entire building the apartments have been made replete with elegant comfort. It is almost difficult to recognise the dingy rooms of last year in the light and elegant chambers we now pass through. Wherever wall-decoration or ceiling-ornament can be applied well, it has been so used; and the most gratifying feature of the whole restoration is the good taste which has subdued the tone of colour throughout, and given a sense of harmonious enrichment to the great room, which we consider as a singularly happy example of internal decoration. An excellent mode of lighting has been adopted here, consisting of a group of gas jets arranged under hemispheres of silvered glass, giving a rich and softened light around. The royal box is enclosed in a graceful framework, supported by caryatides, and surmounted by scroll-work, and cupids bearing the royal cypher. The box is further decorated with panel-pictures of the Seasons, &c., and the front reconstructed of an ogee form, covered with a gold trellised ornament. Portraits of celebrated composers are placed as medallions along the upper portion of the walls, with names of others in ornamental panels; the lower panels are enriched with emblematic figures and foliage, and the compartments tinted in various shades of delicate colours; the pilasters are enriched with fine lines of gilding, their capitals and cornice delicately touched with gilding also. The entire absence of glare or gaudy colour is certainly the great beauty achieved by the artists employed, and is deserving of much commendation. The lower room has also received a due amount of enrichment, and some few of the coloured panels remind the spectator of the old Pompeian styles, particularly the figures floating in the central compartments. The entrance hall is panelled in imitation of marbles, with enrichments in *carton-pierre*; and one very important improvement has been made in the adoption of sanitary arrangements and due ventilation, both embracing the "latest improvements." We may augur, then, for these celebrated rooms a new career, of a not less important kind than the past one. Not only to music have they given echo, but to the equally divine voice of charity. It is pleasant to note that already this feature has become conspicuous again; and while London retains this favourite resort, we may confidently hope it may ever be so, and add to the pleasant memories of musical hours the gratifying remembrances of exalted charity.

GROTESQUE DESIGN,
AS EXHIBITED IN
ORNAMENTAL AND INDUSTRIAL ART.

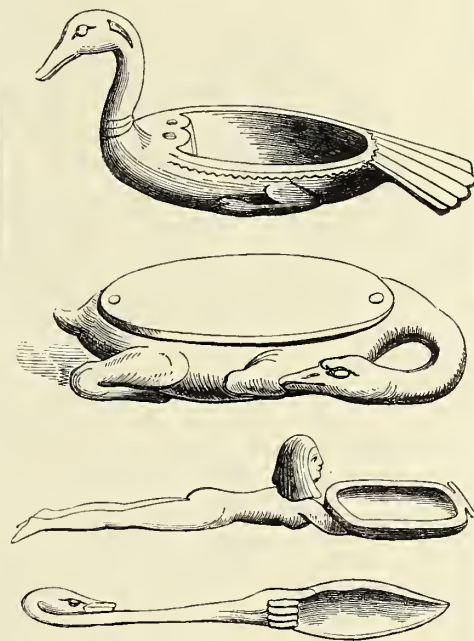
AMONG the quaint terms in Art to which definite meanings are attached, but which do not in themselves convey any such definite construction, we must surely class the term *grotesque*. Absolutely signifying anything "in the style of the grotto," it thus hints at its derivation, but fails to convey, except by courtesy or established usage, any idea of a branch of design that has its chief characteristic in the combination of heterogeneous features, or whimsical adaptations of one class of design to another. It is an Art-travestie, but appears to have accompanied Art from its infancy. The term *grotesque* was applied as a generic appellation to this ancient offshoot of Fine Art in the latter part of the fifteenth century, when the "grottoes," or baths of ancient Rome, and the lowermost apartments of houses then exhumed, exhibited whimsically designed wall-decorations, which attracted the attention of Raffaele and other artists, who resuscitated and modified the style; adopting it for the famous Loggie of the Vatican and for garden pavilions or grottoes.

We may safely go back to the earliest era in Art for the origin of the style, if, indeed, the grotesque does not so intimately connect itself with the primeval Art of all countries as to be almost inseparable. Indeed, it requires a considerable amount of scholastic education to see seriously the meaning, that ancient artists desired in all gravity to express, in works which now excite a smile by their inherent comicality. Hence the antiquary may be occasionally ruffled by the remarks of some irreverent spectator, on a work which the former gravely contemplates, because he feels the design of its maker, and is familiar with the antique mode of expression. Thus the early Greek figures of Minerva, whether statues or upon coins, have occasionally an irresistibly ludicrous expression: but, as Art improved, this expression softened, and ultimately disappeared, the grotesque element taking a more positive form and walk of its own.

In that cradle of Art and science, the ancient land of Egypt, we shall find grotesque Art flourishing in various forms. Their artists did not scruple to decorate the walls of tombs with pictures of real life, in which comic satire often peeps forth amid the gravest surroundings. Thus we find representations of persons at a social gathering, evidently the worse for wine drinking; or the solemn procession of the funeral boats interrupted by a ludicrous delineation of the "fouling" or upsetting one unlucky boat and its crew, which had drifted in the way; while the most impressive of all scenes, the final judgment of the soul before Osiris, is depicted at Thebes with the grotesque termination of the forced return of a wicked soul to earth, under the form of a pig, in a boat rowed by a couple of monkeys. In our British Museum is a singular papyrus, upon which is drawn figures of animals performing the actions of mankind; and among the large number of antiquities which swell the Egyptian galleries, there are many that exhibit the partiality of this ancient people for the grotesque.

Our first cut is devoted to the delineation of a group of wooden boxes and spoons, all of whimsical form, and selected from the great work by Wilkinson on the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians; that author says that they were formed to contain cosmetics of divers kinds, and served to deck the dressing-table, or a lady's boudoir. They are carved in various ways, and loaded with ornamental devices in relief, sometimes representing the favourite lotus-flower, with its buds and stalks, or a goose, gazelle, fox, or other animal. The uppermost in our group is a small box, made in the form of a goose; below it is another, also in the shape of the same bird, dressed for the cook. The spoon which succeeds this, takes the form of the cartouche, or oval, in which royal names were inscribed, and is held forth by a female figure of graceful proportions. Our fourth specimen is a still more grotesque combination; a hand holds forth a shell, the arm being elongated and attenu-

ated according to the exigencies of the design, and terminating in the head of a goose. The abundance of quaint fancy that may be lavished on so simple a thing as a spoon cannot be better illustrated than it has been by an American author, who published, in New York, in 1845, an illustrated octavo volume on the history of "The Spoon, Primitive, Egyptian, Roman, Mediæval, and Modern." Speaking of these antique Egyptian specimens, he says,—"In these forms we have the turns of thought of old artists; nay,



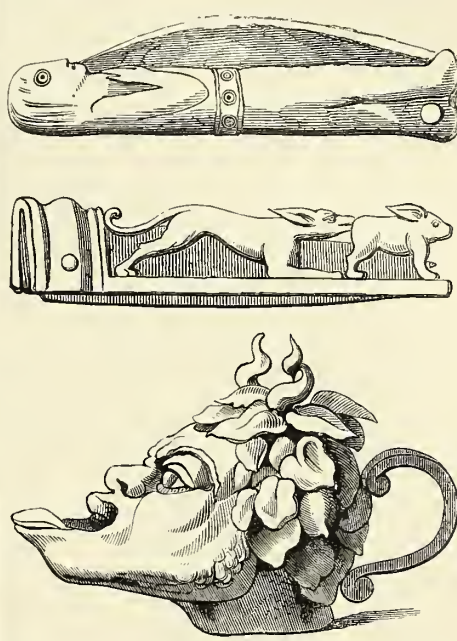
casts of the very thoughts themselves. We fancy we can almost see a Theban spoonmaker's face brighten up as the image of a new pattern crossed his mind; behold him sketch it on papyrus, and watch every movement of his chisel or graver as he gradually embodied the thought, and published it in one of the forms portrayed on these pages—securing an accession of customers and a corresponding reward in an increase of profit. We take it for granted that piratical



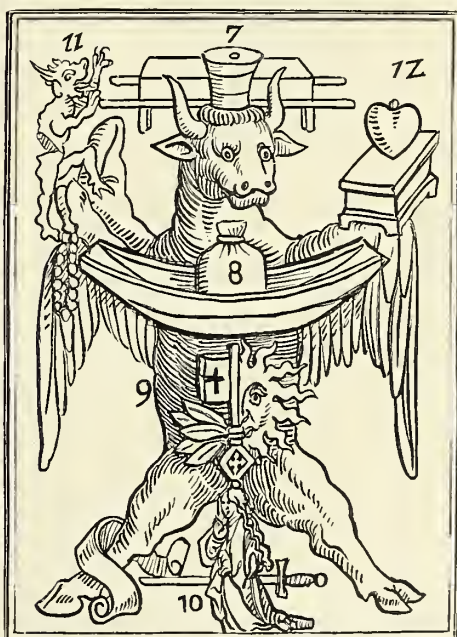
artisans were not permitted to pounce on every popular invention which the wit of another brought forth. Had there been no checks to unprincipled usurpers of other men's productions, the energies of inventors would have been paralysed, and the arts could hardly have attained the perfection they did among some of the famous people of old."

The graceful head and neck of the swan continued through many centuries the favourite termination for the handles of *simpula*, or ladles.

The Greeks and Romans adopted it, as they freely did grotesque Art in general; and the walls of Pompeii and Herculaneum exhibit it in untrammelled style; while many articles of ornament and use were constructed in the most whimsical taste. We must restrict ourselves to three specimens of Roman works, as many hundreds might be readily brought together from public museums. Our triplicate consists of two clasp-knives and a lamp. The uppermost knife was found at Arles, in the south of France; the



handle is of bone, and has been rudely fashioned into the human form: the second example is of bronze, and represents a dog of the greyhound species catching a hare; the design is perforated, so that the steel blade shows through it. It was found within the bounds of the Roman station of Reculver, in Kent; another of similar design was found at Hadstock, in Essex: nor are these solitary examples of what appears to have been a popular design in Britain. The superiority of the

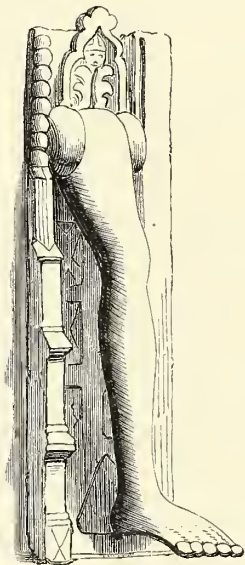


British hunting dogs has been celebrated by Roman writers, and induced their frequent exportation to the capital of the world. The lamp, with the quaint head of an ivy-wreathed satyr, was found in the bed of the Thames, while removing the foundations of old London bridge. The protruding mouth of this very grotesque design holds forth the lighted wick. In nothing more than in lamps did the quaint imaginings of the Roman artists take the wildest license.

When the successful incursions of northern

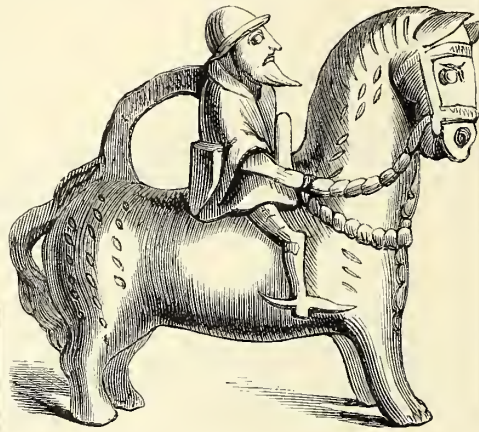
barbarism had quenched the light of classic Art, the struggle made by such artists as the Goths had at command to embody the ideas of power or grace they wished to indicate, were often as absurd as the work of a modern child. Hence the grotesque is an inseparable ingredient in their designs, often quite accidental, and frequently in express contradiction to the intention of the designer, who imagined in all seriousness many scenes that now only excite a smile. A strong sense of the ludicrous was, however, felt by mediæval men, and embodied in the Art-works they have left for our contemplation. With it was combined a relish for satire of a practical kind. A very good and amusing instance is given in the engraving upon our third page, which is copied from a carved corner-post of an old house in Lower Brook Street, Ipswich. It depicts the old popular legend of the Fox and Geese, the latter attracted toward Reynard by his apparent innocence and sanctity, as he reads a homily from a lectern, and meeting the reward of their foolish trustfulness, in the fattest of their number being carried off by the crafty fox. Both incidents are, as usual with these ancient designers, represented side by side on different angles of the post.

Beside this engraving, we have placed a very striking specimen of grotesque design in ironwork of the fourteenth century. It is a door handle from a church in the High Street of Gloucester, and a more extraordinary admixture of details could not very readily be imagined. The ring hangs from the neck of a monster with a human



head having ass's ears, the neck is snake-like, bat's wings are upon the shoulders, the paws are those of a wolf. To the body is conjoined a grotesque head with lolling tongue, the head wrapped in a close hood. Grotesque design, though obviously improper, frequently appears in the details of church architecture and furniture during the middle ages, particularly from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century. The capital of a column was the favourite place for the indulgence of the mason's taste in caricature; the *misereres*, or folding seats of the choir, for that of the wood-carver. It is impossible to conceive anything more droll than many of the scenes depicted on these ancient benches. Emblematic pictures of the months, secular games of all kinds, or illustrations of popular legends, frequently appeared; but as frequently satirical and grotesque scenes, sometimes bordering on positive indelicacy; and occasionally satires on the clerical character, which can be only understood when we remember the strength of the *odium theologicum*, and how completely the well-established regular clergy disliked the wandering barefooted friars, who mixed with the people free of all clerical pretence, and induced unpleasant comparison with the ostentatious pride of the greater dignitaries. The Franciscans were in this way especially obnoxious, and between them and the well-established Benedictines an incessant feud existed. The tone of feeling that pervaded the middle and humbler classes found a mouth-piece in that curious satire, the Vision of Piers Ploughman, than which Luther never spoke plainer.

One very prevailing form in early Gothic design was that of the mythic dragon, whose winged body and convoluted tail was easily and happily adapted to mix with the foliage or other decorative enrichments these artists chose to adopt. Hence we find no creature more common in early Art than this purely fanciful one, rendered still more fanciful by grotesque combination. The bosses from which spring the vaulted ribs of Wells cathedral furnish us with



one instance, engraved in our fourth page; here two dragons twine round a bunch of foliage, biting each other's tails.

Domestic utensils were often made to represent living things; the tendency to convert a globular vase or jug into a huge head or a fat figure, has been common to all people in all ages. The highly civilised Greeks indulged the whim, and our own potters continue it. In the fourteenth

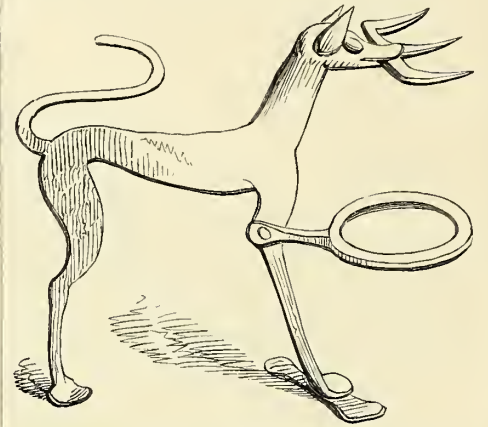


and fifteenth centuries, vessels for liquids were often constructed of bronze, taking the form of lions, or mounted knights on horseback, of which specimens may be seen in our British Museum. The manufacturers of earthenware imitated these at a cheaper rate, and we engrave, above, one example of their skill, the original being rudely coloured with a blue and yellow glaze on the surface of the brown clay which forms the body.

The door-knocker, whimsically constructed in

form of a human leg, the heel hitting against the door, is also a work of the fourteenth century; it is affixed to a house in the Rue des Conseils, at Auxerre, and is very characteristic in execution.

Our selection comprises a most rare domestic antiquity, to which a date cannot so readily be assigned, but which cannot be more modern than the sixteenth century, and may be older. It is a toasting-fork in the form of a dog, to whose breast a ring is attached for holding a plate. It



is entirely constructed of wrought-iron, the body cut from a flat sheet of metal. It was found in clearing away the foundations of one of the oldest houses in Westminster. The tail of the dog forms a convenient handle; to the front foot a cross bar is appended to preserve its due equilibrium.

Grotesque design was adopted by the artists who decorated books from the very earliest time.



The margins of ancient manuscripts are often enriched with whimsical compositions, as well as with flowing designs of much grace and beauty. Occasionally the two styles are very happily combined, and a humorous adjunct gives piquancy to a scholastic composition. The early printed books often adopted a similar style in Art, and we give two curious specimens on our first page. The letter F, whimsically composed of two figures of minstrels, one playing the trumpet and the

other the tabor, is copied from an alphabet, entirely composed in this manner, and now preserved in the British Museum; it bears no date, but the late Mr. Ottley, at one time keeper of the prints there, was of opinion that it was executed about the middle of the fifteenth century.

This quaint alphabet has been repeated by the artists of each succeeding generation, with variations to adapt the letters to the costume or habit of each era; but in this unique series we seem to see the origin of them all.

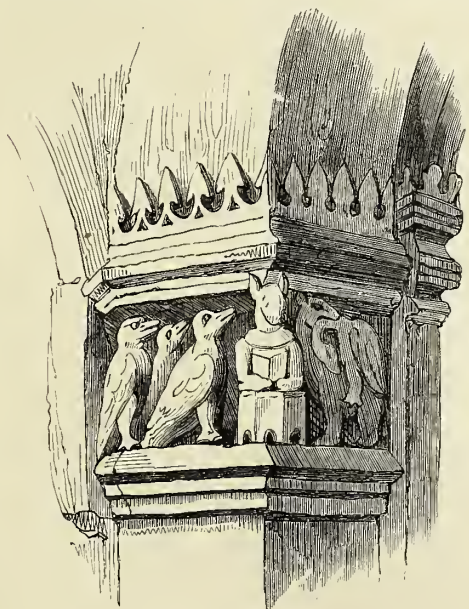
One of the most singular books ever issued

the principal contents being thus called to memory. The bier alludes to the Saviour's miraculous restoration to life of the widow's son, whom He met carried out on a bier as He entered the city of Nain; the ointment pot alludes to the anointing of His feet by Mary Magdalene. The bag upon which the figure 8 is placed, indicates the fable of the sower, it is the seed-bag of the husbandman; the boat alludes to the passage of the Lake when the Saviour quelled the storm. The singular group of emblems in the centre of the figure indicates—the power given to the disciples, by the key; the Saviour in His transfiguration, by the sun; and the miraculous multiplication of the five loaves; as narrated in the 9th chapter of St. Luke. The following chapter has its chief contents noted by the scroll indicative of the law; the sword which wounded the traveller from Jerusalem whom the good Samaritan aided; and the figure of Mary commended by Jesus. No. 11 is typical of the casting out a devil whose back is depicted broken; and No. 12, of the teaching of that chapter in the Gospel; for here the heart is set upon a treasure-chest, an act we are especially taught to avoid.

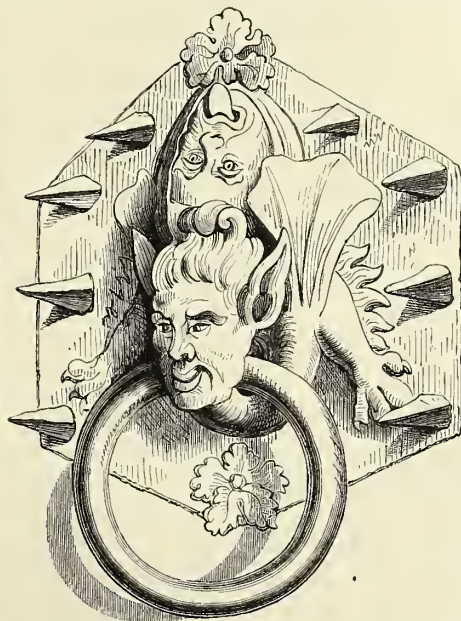


from the press, was published about the same period; it is known as the *Ars Memorandi*. As its name imports, it was intended to assist the memory in retaining the contents of the Gospels

small groups, symbolic of the contents of the various chapters. The copy we give, from the second print devoted to St. Luke's Gospel, will make the plan of this singular picture-book



in the New Testament. This is done by making the body of the design of the emblematic figure indicative of each, either the eagle, angel, ox, or lion; in combination with this figure are many



clearer. The winged bull is spread out as a base to the group of minor emblems, upon its head rests a funeral bier, and in front of it a pot of ointment; the numeral 7 alludes to the chapter,



These great treasure-chests were important pieces of furniture in ancient houses, and were generally placed at the foot of the master's bed for the greater safety; in them were packed the chief valuables he possessed, particularly the household plate. At a time when banking was unknown, property was converted into plate, as a most convenient mode of retaining it. Decorative plate increased the public state of its owner, was a portable thing, and could be easily hidden in time of danger, or pledged in time of want. Hence the nobility and gentry of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries gave abundant employment to the goldsmith. Cellini, in his Memoirs, has noted many fine pieces of ornamental plate he was called upon to design and execute; and one of the finest still exists in the *Kunst-Kammer*, at Vienna—the golden salt-cellar he made for Francis I., of France. The "salt" was an important piece of plate on all tables at this period, and to be placed above or below it, indicated the rank, or honour, done to any seated at the banquet. The large engraving on this page delineates a very remarkable salt-cellar, being part of the

collection of antique plate formed by the late Lord Londesborough. This curious example of the quaint designs of the old metal-workers, is considered to have been the work of one of the famous Augsburg goldsmiths at the latter part of the sixteenth century. It is a combination of metals, jewels, and rare shells in a singularly grotesque general design. The salt was placed in the large shell of the then rare *pecten* of the South Seas, which is edged with a silver-gilt rim chased in floriated ornament, and further enriched by garnets; to it is affixed the half-length figure of a lady, whose bosom is formed of the larger orange-coloured *pecten*, upon which a garnet is affixed to represent a brooch; a crystal forms the caul of the head-dress, another is placed



below the waist. The large shell is supported by the tail of the whale on one side, and on the other by the serpent which twists around it; in this reptile's head a turquoise is set, the eyes are formed of garnet, and the tongue of red onyx. The whale is of silver-gilt, and within the mouth is a small figure of Jonah, whose adventure is thus strangely mixed with the general design. The sea is quaintly indicated by the circular base, chased with figures of sea monsters disporting in the waves. It would not be easy to select a more characteristic specimen of antique table-plate. The inventories of similar articles once possessed by the French king, Charles V., and his brother, the Duke of Anjou, King of Naples and Provence (preserved in the Royal Library, Paris), give

descriptive details of similar quaint pieces of Art-manufacture, in which the most grotesque and heterogeneous features are combined, and the work enriched by precious stones and enamels. Jules Labarte observes, "the artists of that period indulged in strange flights of fancy in designing plate for the table, they especially delighted in grotesque subject: a ewer or a cup may often be seen in the shape of a man, animal, or flower, while a monstrous combination of several human figures serves to form the design of a vase."

But quaint and fanciful as were the works of the Parisian goldsmiths, they were outdone by the grotesque designs of the German artificers. They invented drinking-cups of the strangest



form, the whole animal kingdom, fabulous and real, birds, and sea-monsters, were constructed to hold liquids. A table laid out with an abundance of this strangely-designed plate, must have had a ludicrous effect. Many of their works, though costly in character, refined in execution, and thoroughly artistic in detail, are absolute caricatures. There is one in Lord Londesborough's collection, and another in that of Baron Rothschild, made in the form of a bagpipe; the bag holds wine, and is supported on human feet; arms emerge from the sides and play on the chanter, which is elongated from the nose of a grotesque face, the hair a mass of foliage. Dozens of similar examples might be cited, of the most extraordinary invention, which the metal-workers of the seventeenth century particularly gave their



imaginings licence to construct. Indeed, the German artists of that period seem to have had a spice of lunacy in their compositions, and the works of Breughel were rivalled and outdone by many others whose fancies were of most unearthly type. Salvator Rosa in Italy, and Callot in France, occasionally depicted what their grotesque and mystic imaginings suggested, and Teniers gave the world witch-pictures; but for the wild and the wondrous, Germany has always carried the palm from the rest of the world, in Art as in literature.

We engrave a fine example of a vase handle, apparently the work of an Italian goldsmith at the early part of the seventeenth century. The

bold freedom of the design is utilised here by the upheaved figure grasped by the monster, and which gives hold and strength to the handle; the flowing character throughout the composition accords well with the general curve of the vase to which it is affixed. There is a prevailing elegance in the Italian grotesque design that we see not in that of other nations. The knife handle by Francesco Salviati, which we have also selected for engraving, is a favourable example of this feeling; nothing can be more *outré* than the figure of the monster which crowns the design; yet for the purpose of utility, as a firm hold to the handle, it is unobjectionable; while the graceful convolutions of the neck, and the flow of line

in the figure, combined with this monster, give a certain quaint grace to the design, which is further relieved by enriched foliage.

With one specimen of the later work of the silversmith we take our leave of grotesque design as applied to Art-manufacture; but that work is as whimsical as any we have hitherto seen. It is a pair of silver sugar-tongs, evidently a work of the conclusion of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth century. It is composed of the figure of Harlequin, who upholds two coiled serpents, forming handles; the body moves on a central pivot, fastened at the girdle, and the right arm and left leg move with the front, as do the others with the back of the body, which is formed by a double plate of silver, the junctures being ingeniously hidden by the chequers of the dress.

We have already had occasion to allude to the adoption of grotesque design in book illustrations, it is often seen in manuscripts, and abounds in early printed works. When wood engraving was extensively applied to the enrichment of the books which issued in abundance from the presses of Germany and France, the head and tail-pieces of chapters gave great scope to the fancies of the artists of Frankfurt and Lyons. The latter city became remarkable for the production of elegantly-illustrated volumes, which have never been surpassed. Our concluding cuts represent one of these tail-pieces, in which a fanciful mask combines with scroll-work; and a head-piece (one half only being given), where the grotesque element pervades the entire composition to an unusual extent, without an offensive feature. Yet it would not be easy to bring together a greater variety of heterogeneous admixtures than it embraces. Fish, beasts, insects, and foliage, combine with the human form to complete its *ensemble*. The least natural of the group is the floriated fish, whose general form has evidently been based on that of the dolphin. When Hogarth ridiculed the taste for *virtu*, which the fashionable people of his own era carried to a childish extent, and displayed its follies in his picture of "Taste in high life," and in the furniture of his scenes of the "Marriage-à-la-mode," he exhibited a somewhat similar absurdity in porcelain ornament. In the second scene of the "Marriage," is an amusing example of false combination, in which a fat Chinese is embowered in foliage, above whom floats in air a brace of fish, which emerge from the leaves, and seem to be diving at the lighted candles. Hogarth's strong sense of the ludicrous was always pertinently displayed in such good-humoured satire.

The pottery manufacturers were always clever at the construction of grotesques. We have noted their past ability, and our readers may note their present talent in many London shops. The French fabricants furnish us with the most remarkable modern works, and very many of the smaller articles for the toilette, or for children's use, are designed with a strong feeling for the grotesque. Little figures of Chinese, rich in colour, twist about in quaint attitudes, to do duty as tray-holders, or match-boxes. Lizards make good paper-weights, and wide-mouthed frogs are converted into small jugs with perfect ease. There is evidently a peculiar charm possessed by the grotesque, which appeals to, and is gladly accepted by, our volatile neighbours. We are ashamed to laugh at a child-like absurdity, and take it to our hearts with the thorough delight which they do not scruple to display. In this we more resemble the Germans, and, like them, we have some sombre element even in our amusements.

This subject, though entering so largely into the decorative designs of all countries in every age, has never been treated with any attention as a branch of Fine Art. It is by no means intended here to direct study to the reproduction of anything so false as the grotesque; but as it has existed, and does still exist, its presence cannot be ignored, and will be recognised constantly by all who study Art. The scope of the present paper is necessarily limited, but enough will have been done in it to show how curious and how general has been the use of grotesque design, and how much that is amusing and instructive may be connected with its history.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

THE
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION
OF 1862.

THE progress of the building itself, such as it is, is most satisfactory, thanks to the skill and energy of Messrs. Kelk and Lucas, the contractors, who have fulfilled their task with such diligence and good faith as entitle them to the highest praise.

Although far from being completed, it was formally delivered over to the Royal Commissioners on the 12th ultimo, and the reception of goods has already commenced. We referred in a previous number of the *Art-Journal* to the questionable policy of using felt as a covering for the roof. Not only has this material proved very liable to combustion, but the portion that had been laid was found to be anything but waterproof. Whether from the form of the roof, or the manner in which the material was stretched, the rain came through so freely as to necessitate its abandonment, and zinc is now being substituted.

The colossal domes, which have given so much anxiety in many senses, are now progressing rapidly, and will doubtless be completed by the time required. The lavish expenditure of money which has been entailed in the construction of these useless appendages, together with the loss of life which has ensued, are subjects that may at a future time come under the special consideration of the guarantors. Such a prodigal waste of means would, under any circumstances, be reprehensible, but when incurred for a mere caprice, in most questionable taste, and most unquestionable uselessness, it is unpardonable. The difficulties attending their construction and their unexampled size have been quoted as rendering them triumphs of constructive art, but they furnish only exercise for regret that the difficulty is not also the impossible. It is boasted that such works have never hitherto been attempted, and we would hazard the conviction that had such experiments only been made at the instance of those who were personally liable for the cost, or who were considerate of the interests of those upon whom it would fall, they would still have remained untried. We trust that eventually the sums expended upon these gigantic follies will be made public.

As to the capacity of the building, and its fitness for the reception of the works destined to form its material, we can form no opinion till it is thus furnished. In a strictly artistic sense, it is an unmitigated failure, the more eminently so from its pretentious magnitude, both in regard to size and cost.

The allotments of space are now being forwarded to exhibitors. A plan of each is drawn to scale, with passages marked, as determined by the Commissioners, and each exhibitor is left to the fitting up and occupancy of this space, under certain restrictions of height, &c., as he may fancy. There may be difficulties in the way of any other regulation, but this is not the course to adopt by which the best general effect of the exhibition may be secured. Each exhibitor now acts totally irrespective of any consideration for his neighbour (indeed, he knows not who this may be), and not only is the general harmony of the *tout ensemble* perilled, but the individual value of each separate grouping diminished. A committee of arrangement ought to have been elected for each class, by whom such regulations should have been enforced as would secure the most effective display. The French understand these matters better than we do. It is officially reported that they would expend nearly £100,000 sterling in the decorative appointments of their division of the Exhibition; the walls of the French Court are to be covered with velvet hangings and looking-glass, and the floor carpeted. No one can doubt the additional value which will attach to exhibitors surrounded by such appliances. The South Western Court, including the galleries around, is the *locale* allotted to the French exhibitors. The bare brick walls of this court have been painted of a blood red colour, and the same extraordinary hue is to be applied to the whole surface of the inner brickwork. This will compel exhibitors to resort to some means of concealing a blunder so vulgar and objectionable.

The French will take prompt measures to effect this, and their example will not lack emulation.

The simple question as to the most fitting method of decorating the building, seems to have involved the Commissioners in unexpected troubles. Judging from the variety of experiments that have been made, and by different hands, there can be no doubt of the numerous means employed to enable the authorities to arrive at a decision; but there is a strong belief that help was not sought where it was most likely to have been found. We hear of numerous experiments made by mere *experimentalists*, but none by acknowledged *experts*. The names of men whose judgment should at once have been appealed to, will readily present themselves. Why were they ignored?

After much expenditure of time and paint, in endeavouring to determine the most applicable and effective style of colouring, it was felt that none of the proposals were successful. Unquestionably there is some difficulty in coming to a conclusion from the fact (to which, however, we have not hitherto found any allusion made), that all the experiments have been made in reference to a vast empty space, which eventually would be seen in connection with an assemblage of crowded and varied material. Thus what, under the present phase of the building, might be the most effective, may eventually lead to disappointment.

The final result of the competitive essays has been, that the matter is left to the discretion of Mr. Crace. The almost endless variety of tints, in harmony and contrasts, which have been made, tends to prove that there was not a very definite perception of the most suitable combination for the purpose. Amongst the different systems of colouring which have found exponents, some are, to our thinking, most hopelessly objectionable. The violent contrasts of green, scarlet, and blue, in one obtrusive example, call for something more than condemnation.

Some bays present combinations of salmon colour relieved with green, and white mouldings; others those of pale blue and white, and lavender and white. That with an olive-drab ground and the mouldings relieved with chocolate, judiciously limited in quantity, and the caps of the columns gilt, is infinitely preferable; and we are inclined to believe that when the exhibits were arranged, this would have been the most effective of the series.

The experiments have, of course, been made upon a comparatively small surface; and it is difficult, even to the initiated, to estimate precisely the effect which repetition over an immense space may produce. The final decision appears to be in favour of the following disposition:—The pillars are to be coloured in imitation of bronze—imitation is, however, too strong a term; a “soupçon” only is intended, by the use of a pale olive-green, enriched with gold mouldings. The colouring of the caps, we understand, is to be alternately blue and red; but we hope that this decision may yet be reconsidered. The roof presents a large and important surface, the judicious treatment of which will materially influence the general effect of the interior.

At present the determination is to colour the spandrels in alternate panels of vermilion and blue, with broad lines of buff, the panels to be enriched by diapered patterns executed in gold. The subdivisions for this decoration appear singularly formal and ungraceful; and this will, we fear, be especially conspicuous when defined by colours so positive as those selected. In strong contrast with this, the sloping roof will be tinted in very pale hues of grey and white. We cordially hope that Mr. Crace may pass successfully through the ordeal before him, the difficulties of which have been very materially, and, as the results prove, unnecessarily increased by the time which has been wasted in a series of experimental failures. The effect of the colouring upon the domes will be known only when completed, as it is impossible, through the intricacy of the scaffolding, to get a clear view of even a few consecutive yards of the surface.

The numerous and signal failures which have marked the protracted experiments on the decoration of the building necessarily give rise to questions as to the cause. Was there no authority in London sufficiently versed in such matters to give a sound judgment? Were the

artistic professors at the Department of Art consulted, and did they plead ignorance on the subject?—or have any of the rejected trials been the results of their suggestions? If so, what is the end for which so many hundreds of thousands of pounds have been expended within the last twenty years upon this favoured institution?

But we do not believe there is such a total dearth of decorative talent as must be inferred from the inefficient experiments alluded to; and we attribute them to the fact that competent services have been ignored, and that other considerations than those of capacity and fitness have influenced the employment of many agencies now trying their prentice-hands in the different departments of the International Exhibition. We have received many remonstrances upon this subject, but we decline to enter into details, hopeless of any practical result.

We have hitherto refrained from comment upon a rumoured project to decorate some of the external walls facing the Horticultural Gardens with designs executed in mosaic, as there was much uncertainty about it, both as to the means of its execution and the time which it would occupy. It now seems determined that some experiments shall be made, and assistance has been sought, as far as the preparation of drawings for the purpose, from Mr. Mulready, R.A.; Mr. MacIse, R.A.; Mr. S. Hart, R.A.; Mr. Horsley, A.R.A.; Mr. Holman Hunt; and a Mr. Bowler. Altogether this is a remarkable list. Some names are as conspicuous by their presence as others are by their absence. We cannot think this selection has been made in good faith, but that private considerations have been busy in the appointments. The experiment is novel in England, and originated, we understand, in a suggestion from the Society of Arts. Though there is no probability of the work being ready by the opening of the Exhibition, still it will be proceeded with, as some results may be obtained which may open a new feature in mural decorative art, irrespective of its first application.

The delivery of works of Art is announced to commence on the 10th of March.

The proposition that the season tickets should be five guineas each, and that they should include the right of admission to the Gardens of the Horticultural Society, has been modified, and wisely so. The season tickets will now be of two classes—three and five guineas; the former admitting to the Exhibition building only—the latter having the additional privilege of entrance to the Horticultural Gardens. The following are the official regulations in respect to the rates of admission:—

SEASON TICKETS.

6. There will be two classes of season tickets; the 1st, price £3 3s., will entitle the owner to admission to the opening and all other ceremonies, as well as at all times, when the building is open to the public; the 2nd, price £5 5s., will confer the same privileges of admission to the Exhibition, and will further entitle the owner to admission to the Gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society at South Kensington and Chiswick (including the Flower Shows and *fêtes* at these Gardens) during the continuance of the Exhibition.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

7. On the 1st of May, on the occasion of the opening ceremonial, the admission will be restricted to the owners of season tickets.

8. On the 2nd and 3rd of May the price of admission will be £1 for each person; and the commissioners reserve to themselves the power of appointing three other days, when the same charge will be made.

9. From the 5th to the 17th of May, 5s.

10. From the 19th to the 31st of May, 2s. 6d., except on one day in each week, when the charge will be 5s.

11. After the 31st of May the price of admission on four days in each week will be 1s.

We think that generally the prices are fixed too high, and that a less amount will be realised than if they had been upon a more moderate scale. Upon what ground is the ordinary season ticket, which in 1851 was two guineas, now raised to three guineas? The financial result of 1851 was surely sufficiently satisfactory to have allowed

it to form a precedent in this respect. It is an unwise, an unnecessary, and an ungenerous pressure upon those who are willing to support the scheme, that may defeat its object.

We think the omission of any arrangement for *family tickets*, or for the *admission of children* upon reduced terms, is a grievous mistake, and one that should be at once taken into consideration. Every inducement should be held out for the adoption of season tickets, and this will most effectually be aided by offering facilities to those who are disposed to make frequent visits, and who wish to share such enjoyment with the members of their family. There can be no objection to "family tickets" that does not equally apply to season tickets. The advantage resulting from them is far beyond the mere amount which, in the first instance, their sale produces.

One great inducement to the purchase of season tickets, independent of sympathy with the object of the Exhibition, has been the right of admission which the ticket exclusively gave to the inauguration on the opening day. In 1851 this was a grand and solemn feature, which few who witnessed will forget.

With the diminution of the *écclat*, that will from this cause alone prejudice the Exhibition, it was impolitic to have thus increased the subscription fee.

If, after the 31st of May, such arrangements are made as will give every reasonable facility for the attendance of the public, especially of those classes whose interests may be advanced by the study of the objects which will then be submitted to their inspection, we think the charges for admission during the first month (always excepting that for the season tickets) may be accepted. The expense of working out a scheme so comprehensive as this must, of necessity, be large; but not content with the vast liabilities which were indispensable to its accomplishment, accumulated cost has been needlessly and injuriously incurred. It is doubtless from this unfortunate mistake, and the desire to shield as far as possible the guarantors from personal loss, that the public are taxed more heavily than they otherwise might and should have been. Had this exaction resulted merely from a desire for pecuniary success over and above these considerations—a craving simply for a substantial balance—we should treat the matter very differently, and express our dissent in far stronger language.

The primary and permanent advantage which should be sought as the best result of this Exhibition, is in its peculiar capabilities for effecting a valuable educational influence on the masses of the people. Herein it is all-powerful for good, and any course of management which restricts the full available realisation of these benefits, will determine a national loss and a national degradation. To this end all other considerations should be but of secondary import, or we shall miss the chief good which such exhibitions were founded to advance, and which, to the same extent, can be realised by no other means.

Operatives, duly authenticated, should have admission for the season upon easy terms, so as to induce repeated visits, for it is only by frequent observation that any permanent and practical impression can be made by the examples which will make special appeal to their notice. Individual and national progress is identical. If the Exhibition is to be treated as a mere show, and its inspection a mere holiday, then it will have involved a lamentable waste of time and funds.

Dr. Lyon Playfair, C.B., is appointed superintendent of the jury department; the services he rendered in 1851 are held in honourable remembrance: no better selection could have been made. It is reported that Lord Taunton has been elected chairman of the council of juries, but by whom we know not. Surely the council of juries should have had a voice in the nomination of their president.

Arrangements have been concluded with Mr. Robert Hunt, F.R.S., by which he undertakes to produce a Synopsis of the contents of the Exhibition, which shall be ready on the 1st of May. Also for a Hand-Book in parts, which shall popularly describe the most important exhibits in every class, both English and foreign—to be ready on the 1st of June.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ART-JOURNAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.—

The first division of this work will be issued with the next Part of the *Art-Journal*—the Part for April. It will consist of twenty-four pages devoted to the works of Messrs. Hunt & Roskell, Hancock, Garrard, Emanuel, Phillips, Smith & Nicholson, and Jules Weise (of Paris), goldsmiths and jewellers; of Messrs. Copeland, Minton, Wedgwood, and Kerr & Binns, porcelain manufacturers; of Messrs. Gillows, Jackson & Graham, Trollope, and Foudinois (of Paris), furniture manufacturers; of Messrs. Pellatt, Dobson & Pearce, and Defries (chandeliers), glass manufacturers; of the Coalbrookdale Company, Handyside (of Derby) Feetham, and Barbezat (of Paris), manufacturers of iron. These houses are among the heads of their respective arts; and we trust their productions will be well and duly represented by the engravings we shall publish. During the seven following months (eight months altogether), we shall publish a series of similar pages. We shall thus be enabled to represent a considerable portion of the best works by British and foreign producers contained in the Exhibition. Our regret will be that the collection cannot be more extensive; but inasmuch as the Royal Commissioners issue a catalogue consisting of any engravings the publication of which is paid for by the producer of the work, we were reluctantly compelled to narrow our plan, and not to make any extra charge for the *Art-Journal Illustrated Catalogue* to the purchaser thereof, nor any charge to the manufacturer to whose productions we give publicity. The first edition that will be printed of this catalogue will consist of 30,000 copies—a number that will probably extend to 50,000. We are therefore justified in calling upon manufacturers to aid us in this undertaking; we shall require from all who desire their works to be engraved by us to furnish us with drawings or photographs, or both, and authority to finish the engravings from the actual works when placed in the Exhibition. It will be obvious, however, that as we incur the whole of the cost of engraving and publishing, we shall exercise our right to reject all such productions as do not seem to us calculated to be creditable, at least, to all parties. It is to obtain this right we decline to receive any payment from manufacturers. We shall thus form our catalogue entirely of excellent works, such as may be for a long time to come teachers in all parts of the world.

ST. MARTIN'S SCHOOL OF ART.—An exhibition of the drawings by the pupils of this school was opened in the building in Castle Street on the evening of the 12th of February. The awards at the last examination were twenty-five medals, and "honourable mention" is made of the works of twelve pupils. Seven drawings were selected for the usual national competition.

THE MONUMENT TO THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.—The sum already subscribed approaches £40,000; it will probably reach £50,000. It is only in England so grand a tribute could have been offered: the bare fact of such a subscription is an ever-enduring monument to the memory of the good Prince, whose value is even now appreciated, whose loss is even thus early felt. Time will add to the one, and not lessen the other. Every movement of our best institutions will be cramped without his aid—so conciliatory, so sympathising, so judicious, and so just. Devout and earnest, yet not unmixed with anxiety, is the general hope that with the immense sum subscribed there will not be perpetrated another "job." We have safety in the assurance that any scheme proposed must receive the sanction of her Majesty the Queen. If she act according to her own judgment, there need be no alarm: but it is quite certain that efforts will be made to work out certain plans at South Kensington which may create another monument of English incapacity.

A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE PRINCE, of great interest, has been issued under peculiar circumstances. Mr. Frank Holl, the eminent engraver, executed some time ago "a private plate"—from a photograph, we presume. It is a striking portrait—the most pleasing reminiscence we know of the good prince, whose irreparable loss will be long, very long, deplored. Her Majesty has

graciously permitted Mr. Holl to take, and dispose of, a limited number of impressions (proofs on India paper) of this portrait, thus recording her own opinion of this particular engraving among the many that have been produced, and enabling those of her subjects who honour and love his memory to obtain the most agreeable record of him. They will be fortunate who obtain a copy, for there is no picture of him so desirable to hand down to posterity.

AN OBELISK "IN MEMORIAM."—Strong efforts are making to raise what is called a "suitable monument" to the memory of the good Prince Consort, by raising in the park or elsewhere a huge block of Cornish or Scottish granite, tapering gradually to one end, and containing at its base an inscription setting forth why it was dug, polished, and placed. That is all that could be made of it—let sculptors and stonemasons do what they will. The only point, indeed, on which it is "recommended," is that it will "tower above the trees"—if built up in Hyde Park. It is not pretended that it can be a work of Art, but it is said, we cannot tell on what authority, that his Royal Highness liked that sort of monument, which a correspondent of the *Times* pronounces to be "most sublime!" We trust there is no danger of introducing into London such absurdities: although the writer referred to may succeed in persuading us that they are better than "equestrian statues mounted on attics of ornamental gateways." We refer our readers to the opinion of a great authority of France, who earnestly and learnedly advocates the removal of similar blots from the capital of that country. It will be found in another part of the *Art-Journal*.

PICTURES FOR THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—A circular (it is stated by the *Observer*) has been issued by the Commissioners for the International Exhibition, requesting all "unprivileged artists"—a term we cannot comprehend—who had previously to the appointed time applied for space, to forward each one picture for examination to the Horticultural Society's Council Room, South Kensington. The works were to be sent in on the 24th and 25th of February; and it is expressly enjoined that the picture or drawing "must have been previously exhibited." Artists, we know, have been slow to believe that such a stipulation would be made, although we stated as much three or four months ago, and spoke of it as an act of injustice to our own countrymen if foreigners are not placed—and we are told they will not be—on the same footing. One thing we are certain of, that the continental painters have been hard at work, under the full conviction that they will be allowed to exhibit what has not already been before the public. "If all that is rumoured be true," says the *Observer*, "as to the limitations of space, size of pictures, and preferences, there would appear to be reason to fear that this competition of nations can hardly be a fair and full trial of the real strength of each."

THE PRINCE OF WALES will be accompanied during his tour in the East by Mr. Francis Bedford, as photographer to his Royal Highness; the object of Mr. Bedford's journey being to take views of the most interesting places visited by the Prince.

MULREADY'S NEW PICTURE.—The Royal Academy Exhibition of 1862 will be remarkable, if but for one work. A picture from the pencil of Mr. Mulready is always a grateful and valuable addition to the collection; but that now near completion is more than usually so. Here we have figures not only life-like but life-size. It is a matter of sincere congratulation that the artist has made an exception to the ordinary dimensions within which he has generally restricted himself, as he has had an opportunity of evidencing his powers beyond the scope admitted by a smaller canvas. The subject is somewhat similar to that of a former work by the same artist; but the grand scale upon which the present picture is painted admits of much fuller development, both in arrangement and colour. We have no hesitation in affirming that in drawing, expression, colouring, and elaborate manipulation, this work fully equals, whilst in some respects (attributable to its important size) it even excels, the most successful of this artist's previous productions. That delicacy and refinement which

are the essentials in Mr. Mulready's treatment (as far as such qualities are admissible in his subjects), are here eminently conspicuous. A wandering negro is offering a toy for sale to a young mother nursing a child, who, evidently alarmed, has turned away; whilst the mother, with gentle and soothing words, is endeavouring to calm the infant's fears. The feeling of alarm at the vendor, which has suppressed the look of pleasurable excitement that the boy had elicited, is most happily rendered. The mother is, also, an admirable study—charming in expression, natural and graceful in action. The negro is a triumph of Art. Nothing can excel the fidelity of expression, and truth of colouring, which here find realisation. The variety and graduation of the tints are such as only the eye of a true artist could have detected, and the pencil of a master transfixed. The negro's flesh is as palpable as that of the fair objects who in colour present so forcible a contrast. The background of the picture is a pleasing landscape, in which some beech trees—evidently studies from nature—are furnished with photographic fidelity. We shall notice this picture more in detail on a future occasion; and, in the meantime, congratulate the artist most sincerely upon the production of a work which is an honour to British Art.

MR. FOLEY, R.A., has, we understand, lately received commissions for two statues: one of Sir Henry Marsh, M.D., to be erected in Dublin; the other of Father Matthew, the "Temperance Apostle," to be placed in Cork. The latter will be executed in marble. Mr. Foley's statue of Goldsmith will be completed in about two months. The sculptor was to receive £1,000 for his work, but has intimated to the committee, through the secretary, that he shall only accept £900; and desires that the balance may be considered as his subscription to the fund. All who know Mr. Foley will not be surprised at this act of liberality.

MR. O'DONERTY has just completed, in marble, his statue of 'Erin'—an engraving of which, from the original model, was given in our Journal towards the close of last year. The sculptor, in his finished work, has greatly improved upon his first design, by taking away the mass of drapery connecting the figure with the harp and giving strings to the instrument. The outline of the figure is now more developed, and the whole has a lighter appearance. 'Erin' is to make her appearance in the International Exhibition.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—The report for the last year of this excellent charity has been placed before us. It alludes in terms of much regret to the resignation, on account of ill-health, of Mr. J. H. Mann, who, through a long course of years, has acted as chairman of the council, and to the death of Mr. Roper, the laborious assistant-secretary of the Institution from its foundation. A munificent gift is thankfully acknowledged from Mr. George Jones, R.A. This gentleman, having for many years subscribed £10 annually, has now given the capital which produces this sum, namely, £333 6s. 8d.; but expresses his wish that the interest shall be entered during his lifetime as his subscription. Mr. Jones's donations, including this sum, have now reached £637 15s. 8d.—a royal benefactor truly! Seventy-two applicants were relieved during the past year with sums amounting in the aggregate to £1,126; while from the commencement of the Society, forty-seven years ago, it has disbursed upwards of £24,230 in relieving the necessities of two thousand applicants. The funded property of the Institution has now reached the sum of £18,252. The anniversary dinner is fixed for the 29th of the present month, when Mr. Charles Dickens will preside.

TROPHIES AT THE EXHIBITION.—Among the other "attractions" of the Exhibition will be four prodigious trophies of metal-work, two of mediæval and two of varied art; they will consist of the works of Messrs. Hardman & Hart, in the former, and Messrs. Feetham & Benham in the latter. We hope, however, these eminent producers will "exhibit" in other ways; for, however effective they make these huge pyramids, the objects will not be thus seen to the best advantage.

MR. WEALE, the publisher, has disposed of the stock and copyright of his numerous works to Mr. J. S. Virtue, by whom they will hereafter be issued. Among them are many well-known valuable books on the constructive Arts, and on various sciences, some specially written for educational purposes—histories, grammars, dictionaries, and a series of Latin and Greek classics.

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—On Friday, the 14th, and again on Monday, the 17th ult., there was a private view at the Female School of Art, 43, Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, of students' drawings, executed in competition for medals during the session 1861-1862. The number submitted in competition was ninety-one, of which twenty-nine obtained medals, and eleven honourable mention from the Government Inspector. The drawings consisted of designs for Maltese lace, lace collars, and flounces, &c., paper-hangings, engraved glass, and some other articles; of figures, in sepia, chalk, and water-colour, copied from the life; and of flowers, fruit, and foliage from nature. Most of them are carefully executed, and exhibit considerable technical skill; but few or none of them show originality either in conception or treatment. There are, to give an example, paper-hangings—here is a branch of Art that affords scope for invention, and success in which would, without doubt, bring adequate reward to those who should be the means of introducing a design that is at once beautiful and novel. But the designs exhibited in Queen's Square, pretty enough in their way, are far from being such *desiderata*; they are "timid" in colour, and lack boldness in other respects as well. A 'Bouquet of Chrysanthemums' (not in competition, however), by Charlotte Smith, was much admired, and the arrangement of colour is certainly well managed. Some 'Ferns,' too, in outline, by Hannah P. Gypson, deserves and received praise.

A DRINKING FOUNTAIN, the gift of Mr. Felix Slade, will shortly be placed in a conspicuous and convenient part of Kensington Park, where it will be not only useful but ornamental. Messrs. Elkington and Co. are to cast it in bronze, from the design by Mr. C. H. Driver; portions of the design we have seen, and from their artistic character a fine work may be anticipated.

MR. MILLAIS is making large preparations for the Royal Academy Exhibition. His principal picture describes a singular scene—a family having been seized by bandits is ransomed by the father, who is paying the price of their liberties and lives.

'THE RAILWAY STATION,' BY W. P. FRITH, R.A.—This picture is rapidly proceeding towards a finish, and will be ready for public exhibition in the spring. Expectations are high as to its interest and merit, and we are sure they will not be disappointed. The subject is exactly suited to the admirable artist; he is, among all the artists of England, best calculated to deal with it; it is a theme that every person in the kingdom is more or less familiar with—for who has not, some time or other, watched the varied groups assembled at a railway station? There is nothing either too high or too low in life that may not be introduced into the picture without violating any of the "proprieties" or probabilities. No poet, indeed, has had a wider scope for his fancy; no painter materials so ample or so favourable. We therefore anticipate large success for the work, and believe the engraving will be more extensively circulated than any other that has been produced in England. Mr. Flatou announces his intention to devote his whole energy and time to the production of the print and the exhibition of the picture, which will perhaps find its way in due course to every city and town of the kingdom.

MR. FLATOU'S COLLECTION OF PICTURES will be distributed by Messrs. Christie in March. It consists principally of cabinet pictures, small of size, and consequently not very costly; although they are, for the most part, the productions of leading British artists. Generally, the subjects are interesting, and of the "domestic" order,—such as will better suit those who desire to grace the drawing-room than those who have spæcious galleries.

THE SALE last month of the collection of water-colour pictures, belonging to the late Mr. Leigh Sotheby, may be considered to have had a

favourable result, for the works generally were of small size: they realised, however, nearly £1,300. Among them 'The Elopement,' G. Barrett and F. Tayler, sold for 18 gs.; 'View on the Hudson,' T. Creswick, R.A., 22 gs.; 'The Pier at Broadstairs,' Copley Fielding, 27 gs.; 'Interior of a Barn,' 39 gs.; 'The Old Brewer at Oxford,' 50 gs.; 'The Shepherd's Boy,' 20½ gs.; 'The Christmas Pie Attacked,' 41 gs.—these four are by W. Hunt; 'Ullswater,' G. F. Robson, 22 gs.; 'Moonlight—Sea-shore,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 38 gs., and 'A Calm,' by the same, £26.

We understand that the *Literary Gazette* has come under the direction of Mr. C. W. Goodwin, the author of the article on the Mosaic Cosmogony in the *Essays and Reviews*. Mr. Goodwin is a brother of the Dean of Ely. He was a Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge, and resigned his Fellowship rather than take orders. He is a good Anglo-Saxon scholar, and was previously known in connection with the press as an accomplished critic of music and painting. We presume by the appointment that the *Gazette* will adopt a more liberal tone than that which of late years has distinguished it; and under the management of so able an editor as Mr. Goodwin, it will unquestionably prove a formidable rival to its literary weekly contemporaries.

THE PORTLAND GALLERY, it is reported, will not be opened this year, owing to some disagreement among the directors, which will not improbably lead to legal proceedings.

REFRESHMENT DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—The eminent firm of Messrs. Copeland and Co. has engaged to furnish the contractors both with glass and earthenware, and the number of plates of two sizes already ordered is nearly 30,000, to which the proportion of dishes will be 5,000. These will be accompanied by about 1,000 tureens of different kinds. Of china coffee-cups there will be, to begin with, 10,000; of tea-cups, half that number; and of pint milk-jugs, 500, with 3,000 smaller jugs for milk or cream. This vast array of earthenware, with a great deal more not yet decided upon, will come from Alderman Copeland's pottery at Stoke. His Lancashire glass factory will supply 2,000 decanters, 20,000 tumblers, 50,000 wine-glasses of various shapes and sizes, 1,000 finger-basins, and 2,000 small salt-cellars. Messrs. Elkington and Co. have engaged to supply the electro-plated articles, and are now manufacturing an enormous quantity of forks and spoons.

DOMESDAY BOOK.—Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A., has issued proposals for publishing that portion of the Domesday Book which relates to the county of Derby, by means of photo-zincographed plates, prepared in the Ordnance Department of the War Office, under the personal superintendence of Col. Sir H. James, the Director. Other counties are entertaining similar propositions. In all cases a certain number of copies must be subscribed for before the Government will undertake the work.

THE STATUE OF DR. JENNER has disappeared from Trafalgar Square. It certainly looked very much like an interloper in the busy thoroughfare where it stood, beside that gaunt-visaged old warrior, Napier; though, as a work of Art, it rose far superior to the statues both of Sir Charles and Havelock; viewing it, therefore, in the light of a street ornament, we regret its removal. Our foreign visitors this summer will form but a low estimate, it is to be feared, of the condition of sculpture in this country from what they will now see standing on the "finest site in Europe."

A PORTRAIT OF MR. CHARLES DICKENS, lithographed by R. J. Lane, A.R.A., from a photograph by Messrs. Watkins, has recently been published. The likeness is good, notwithstanding a certain sternness of expression, which is not natural to the original. The execution of the drawing on stone is free and delicate.

MR. VERNON HEATH, of the firm of Murray and Heath, Piccadilly, has retired from that establishment, in order that he may devote his whole time and energy to the art of photography—an art in which he holds a very foremost rank.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON has issued the engraving to which subscribers of the current year will be entitled: it is a large plate, by Mr. C. W. Sharpe, from Mr. F. Goodall's picture of

'Raising the May-Pole'—a work with which our subscribers are acquainted from the print we introduced some months since. Mr. Sharpe has made an effective engraving of a subject popular in character, and therefore likely to attract numerous subscribers this year to the society; for we believe its subscription list depends very much on the print issued. Independent of the chances of obtaining a picture at the annual "drawing," the Council of the Art-Union proposes to give as prizes statuettes in bronze, from Foley's fine figure of 'Caractacus,' statuettes and busts in porcelain; and silver medals, commemorative of the late Sir Charles Barry, R.A.; besides other works of Art. Cavillers object to this and similar institutions as doing little to foster high Art; but a society which has expended, since its formation, upwards of £280,000 upon Art in various ways, must have done some good, if it has only produced a love of Art and a desire to acquire its productions, even if a higher object—knowledge—has not grown simultaneously with the love and the desire.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION BUILDING.—The last information which has reached us respecting this vast speculation is, that Messrs. Lucas, Brothers, and Messrs. Kelk, the contractors for the International Exhibition building, have insured the immense structure in the Norwich Union Fire-office. The premium has been paid to the Norwich Union, and amounts to no less than £3,300, the amount of the insurance being £400,000. The Norwich Union will, it is understood, divide the risk with several other offices, as it is not inclined to take the entire responsibility on itself. The agent who brought the business to the office nets £330, the commission allowed being 10 per cent. A fortunate individual is this "middle man" who has negotiated the business. The commission, of course, will come in fact out of the pockets of the guarantors, who must undoubtedly make up their minds to pay a considerable sum of money (if not the entire amount guaranteed), when the whole affair is wound up. The insurance effected cannot be presumed to cover the entire cost of the building, or anything approaching to it. The other expenses will be no doubt in proportion.

THE SOANE MUSEUM.—It appears that this Museum is without a curator: we borrow the following interesting but singular statement from the *Literary Gazette*:—"The government of the Museum is by Act of Parliament vested in a body of trustees, who have no power to choose a curator; but they are to appoint to that office some architect who is to be recommended to them by the Royal Academy; they are to see that he does his duty, and to dismiss him if he does not. When, upwards of twelve months ago, the late curator died, the trustees sent word of the vacancy to the Royal Academy, and asked them to recommend a gentleman to fill that office. The Act of Parliament describes the qualifications which are required in a curator; and the Council of the Academy, with the Act before them to guide them in their choice, chose Mr. Joseph Bonomi, a gentleman well known to artists and antiquaries. They sent word of their choice to the trustees, who might be supposed to have then nothing to do but to hand over the key and the charge of the Museum to this gentleman who was nominated by the Royal Academy as a fit person to be the curator. But the trustees were of opinion that they ought to criticise the conduct of the Academy and re-judge their choice. The Act of Parliament, among other qualifications for the curator, requires him to be an architect; and the trustees were of opinion that as Mr. Bonomi had never been apprenticed to an architect, the buildings which he had erected were neither numerous enough nor important enough to qualify him for the post. The trustees and the Royal Academy are not agreed as to what constitutes an architect, nor as to their respective duties. The Academy say that the choice of a curator is with them, and that under the terms of the Act Mr. Bonomi is the most fit person; and the trustees say he is not an architect, and therefore refuse to appoint him to the office. In consequence, the office remains vacant, and the Museum has no curator, and three of the trustees have resigned, to get out of the quarrel."

REVIEWS.

THE TURNER GALLERY: a Series of Sixty Engravings from the Principal Works of Joseph Mallord William Turner. With a Memoir and Illustrated Text by RALPH NICHOLSON WORMUM, Keeper and Secretary, National Gallery. *Proof Impressions*. Published by J. S. VIRTUE, London.

The appearance of the twentieth and concluding part of this work demands from us a few valedictory words: we have occasionally noticed it as the publication progressed. Though the engravings are the same as those which have for some time formed so distinguished a feature of the *Art-Journal*, and are still being introduced by us, *proof impressions* of the plates are only to be obtained by subscribing to the publication entitled "The Turner Gallery," and it is not too much to affirm, that a more beautiful and worthy tribute to the genius of the great painter does not exist, and is not likely to exist at any future time; for his best pictures being included in this series, it is not probable that any publisher would, even under the most favourable circumstances, hazard a repetition of them, in any collected form, at least.

In selecting the subjects, the publisher has chosen judiciously. Turner's Art-life is divided into three epochs; it was, therefore, necessary that the series should include examples of each period, but as the last is that in which his genius—or fancy, as some say—took the strangest and most unintelligible form, so there is here the smallest number of engravings: while the period when, perhaps, it reached its culminating point is that containing the greatest number. Of the first epoch, extending from 1800 to 1819, there are twenty-two subjects, including four or five of the celebrated marine-pictures, and 'The Goddess of Discord,' 'Hannibal Crossing the Alps,' 'The Blacksmith's Shop,' 'Dido and Æneas,' 'Abingdon,' 'Crossing the Brook,' 'Dido building Carthage,' 'The Meuse,' 'View of Cologne,' &c. &c. Among the twenty-seven works of his second epoch, extending from 1820 to 1839, we find 'The Bay of Baia,' 'Fishing-boats off Calais,' 'Ulysses deriding Polyphemus,' 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' 'Petworth,' 'Grand Canal, Venice,' 'Ehrenbreitstein,' 'Mercury and Argus,' 'The Parting of Hero and Leander,' 'Ancient Italy,' 'Modern Italy,' 'The Fighting Téméraire,' &c. &c.; what a grand catalogue! The third epoch, extending from 1840 to 1850, has eleven subjects, including three Venetian Scenes, 'The Burial of Wilkie,' 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' 'Rain, Steam, and Speed,' 'Whalers,' &c.

Now, to those whose memories are old enough to go back through any considerable portion of Turner's life, or who may have seen the majority of the pictures he painted during so many years of loving labour, it will at once be manifest that no better selection could have been made of paintings which could be got at by any reasonable means. Many of his grandest productions are in this series of engravings, and the ablest landscape engravers of the day have been employed on the plates, among which are some that, we feel assured, Turner himself would have been delighted to see. These *proof impressions* constitute a volume of exceeding beauty, which deserves to find a place in the library of every man of taste. The number of copies printed is too limited for a wide circulation, but, on that account, the rarity of the publication makes it the more valuable.

EGYPT, NUBIA, AND ETHIOPIA. Illustrated by One Hundred Stereoscopic Photographs by FRITH, with Descriptions by JOSEPH BONOMI, and Notes by SAMUEL SHARPE. Published by SMITH, ELDER, & Co., London.

The names appended to this volume are a guarantee of its worth; it would not be easy to obtain the services of better men in each department, and Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, who produce the stereoscopic views, are also well known for tried ability. It is doubtless a great advantage to sit in London by a comfortable fire, and see the positive reflection of the antiquities of these most interesting and distant places, made by the unerring sun for our experience and instruction. Elucidated too by the remarks of a travelled artist like Bonomi, and a sensible scholar like Sharpe, we have indeed an intellectual feast in this beautiful volume, spread before us at a cost of travel and thought not to be lightly valued. It is a new feature in modern literature, this useful co-operation of many minds to one end, this union of science and literature. But while allowing all the praises due to photography, we must say we are "provoked" into an opposite criticism to that which we find printed in the course of the remarks made by Mr. Sharpe in his preface, who slights

Art as an interpreter of nature, by telling us that scientific accuracy is sacrificed at times to artistic effect; "but when we look at photographic views we are troubled by no such misgivings. Here we have all the truthfulness of nature, all the reality of the objects themselves, and, at the same time, artistic effects which leave us nothing to wish for." If we were to speak in the same "extreme" style, we should say that this is not only unjust but untrue. Certainly no artist can hope to rival the photographer in the production of such elaborate transcripts of sculpture and hieroglyphics as many of these views present; but when "artistic effects" are spoken of, we shall often look in vain at these views to find them. Indeed, there is a general blackness in some that is not at all characteristic of the brilliant climate of Egypt, and is simply the result of the effect of the hot air and bright sun upon the negatives from which they are produced. There never was, nor could be, such a dark mass of confusion seen in the colonnade at Philæ, or the Temple of Luxor (Pl. 27) as is thus by chemical accident produced. Shadows can scarcely be said to exist in this land of sunshine and sand, and the works of Roberts and Lewis are consequently far more truthful than any photograph in this volume; inasmuch as they delineate the pure sky and arid air, the transparent shadows, and clear beauty of Egyptian scenery. Let us give honestly to every branch of Art and science its due praise, but let us not overrate one by underrating another.

THE RELIQUARY; a Depository for Precious Relics—Legendary, Biographical, and Historical, Illustrative of the Habits, Customs, and Pursuits of our Forefathers. Edited by LLEWELLYN JEWITT, F.S.A. Published by J. R. SMITH, London. BEMROSE & SONS, Derby.

An agreeable, gossiping little periodical is this Reliquary, which issues every quarter from the town of Derby, and is edited by an enthusiastic antiquarian, though he is certainly not a Doctor Dryasdust, for the contents of his book are often as amusing as they are generally instructive; while among his contributors are names not unknown in literature. For example, in the current number now on our table, that published in January, is a paper on the "Dialect of the High Peak," by Lord Denman, another, entitled "Bridget of the Moor," by "Silverpen" (Miss Meteyard); one by Mr. Blight on "The Well-Chapels of Cornwall;" and Mr. T. Wright contributes an article on "The Latest Discoveries at Uriconium." These, with others, and a large mass of minor materials, combine to form a very entertaining number of this provincial publication, which ought to, and doubtless does, find its way to the notice of many metropolitan readers. The magazine is illustrated with numerous woodcuts having reference to the subjects under discussion.

THE SEVERN VALLEY. By J. RANDALL. Published by J. S. VIRTUE, London.

The title page of Mr. Randall's book describes it as a series of sketches, descriptive and pictorial, of the course of the Severn; containing notices of its topographical, industrial, and geographical features; with glances at its historical and legendary associations. A portion of the ground travelled over by the author is already familiar to our readers, through Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Tour in South Wales." Mr. Randall follows the whole course of the Severn, from its rise at the foot of Plinlimmon through the counties of Montgomeryshire, Shropshire, Worcestershire, and Gloucestershire—an itinerary abounding with interesting material of a very varied kind, of which the author has availed himself to write a most agreeable guide-book, and has illustrated his book with a sprinkling of woodcuts: some of these we recognise as old acquaintances of ours.

THE WAVERLEY SERIES OF CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS. Places and Scenes of Historical Interest in England and Scotland. By S. THOMPSON. Published by A. W. BENNETT, London.

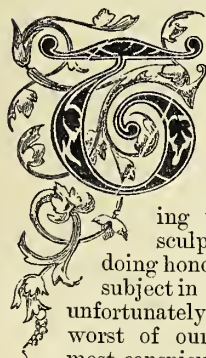
A few only of this series have yet reached us, but the prospectus that accompanied those we have, enumerates fifty "places and scenes" which it is intended to include. The views before us are Abbotsford, three of Melrose Abbey—the western front, the south porch, and the southern side—and Dryburgh Abbey. None of these are first-class photographs; with the exception of the west front of Melrose, which is extremely heavy, all are weak and wanting in detail: the delicacy of the architecture, the "chisellings" of the rude hand of time, are lost. The prints are of large size, about eighteen inches by twelve inches.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, APRIL 1, 1862.

OUR PUBLIC SCULPTURE.



THE arrangements for the completion of the Monument proposed to be erected in memory of his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort will afford an opportunity of attesting that we are not without sculptors who are capable of doing honour to themselves and their subject in public works. It happens, unfortunately, that some of the very worst of our public statues are the most conspicuous.

Never has tribute from a sorrowing people to the memory of a departed prince excited interest and sympathy so universal as this proposed memorial to the late Prince Albert; and it is the common desire that it should be worthy of the nation, and of him whose excellence it is intended to commemorate. The announcement of the Queen's command as to its nature conveyed an intimation of a desire on the part of her Majesty that the sculpture should be the joint production of the best artists of our day. In order to justify an earnest deprecation of everything in the shape of competition, it is enough to recommend a comparison between statues resulting from competition, and others that have arisen from commissions unconditionally confided to men of acknowledged eminence. It cannot be supposed that the refined expressions arrived at by artists after a lifetime of labour can be understood by committees hastily constituted for the nonce, and composed of persons entirely incompetent to pronounce seriously on the intrinsic merits of any work of Art.

We need not again make record of our opinions relative to the purposed "Memorial;" we have urged many objections against an obelisk, as unsuited to our age, as ignoble in character, and as implying no effort of Art beyond that of the stone-mason. We have brought strong arguments in support of our views, but to the will of her Majesty the Queen we bow, the more especially as it is understood that the feeling of the late Prince Consort—ALBERT THE GOOD—was in favour of this style of monument. We may regret that it was so, but we shall not, under the circumstances, say another word of comment on the decision—watching, however, with some anxiety the proceedings of the committee under whose direction the works of sculpture will be placed, earnestly hoping the selection will be such as we verily believe it will be—honourable to Art and creditable to the country: such names as those of the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Clarendon, the Lord Mayor, and Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A., we accept as a sufficient guarantee of safety.

The subject generally leads to a consideration of the ulterior effects of such failures as are some of the sculptures that have recently been set up in our public places. They operate directly to the disrepute of the sculptor, in condemnation of public taste, and proclaim an absence of ability in our school of sculpture so entire, that to strangers these monuments suffice—they ask to see no more. In such cases the sculptor's present gain is his lifelong loss—his career in public monuments is closed by his first essay. An announcement has been going the round of the newspapers to the effect that a model by Mr. Richmond had been determined on for a statue of the late Bishop of London, by the committee appointed to carry out the wishes of the subscribers. Soon after the decease of the late bishop this monument was in contemplation, and it was understood that Mr. Richmond was to be the sculptor. Although an associate of the Academy, and an eminent portrait-painter, Mr. Richmond, in this line of Art, new to him, is in the same position as one of those young untried sculptors who are brought forward by patrons, munificent with public money, to design and realise pieces of commemorative and decorative sculpture, which, as a rule, turn out failures. The appointment of Sir Edwin Landseer to model the lions for the Nelson monument is not a precedent for the case we mention; for, if we look around, who is there who understands the animal so well as Sir Edwin? he has studied, sketched, and painted lions, dead and alive, and we believe understands well the anatomy of the animal. Between Sir Edwin Landseer and the Baron Marochetti the public, we are assured, will see (when they come) four such studies of the animal as the world has not yet seen. Mr. Richmond's case is not parallel with that of Sir Edwin Landseer—the latter has modelled very spirited things, he is even now a fresh student of animal life; we know of no one, even in any European school, who will equal him in such a work, but we could name eight or ten sculptors whose known works should have entitled them to consideration in preference to an artist who has a reputation only—certainly a high one—for portraits in water-colour. We have not yet seen Mr. Richmond's work, we cannot therefore assert that he is certain to increase the number of our eminently bad sculptures; but we do assert that the manner in which this monument has been got up is that to which we are indebted for those screaming figures that foreigners naturally enough assume to be among the most approved instances of our school of sculpture, because they occupy the most public sites in our capital. In our free and happy land money and committees can be got to carry out any plausible proposition, and there is always an affluence of surviving friends ready to devote themselves as committee-men for the commemoration of departed worth. These committees have no prejudices in favour of men acknowledged to be at the head of their profession, but one of their number secures the votes of the rest for a young man of transcendent genius, who has been kept in obscurity by a combination formed against him from jealousy of his exalted powers. The result is that he is provided with one chance, and he immolates himself, a martyr to the cruelty and ignorance of his friends.

Foreigners will never look beyond Trafalgar Square to estimate the quality of our school of sculpture. It will never be believed that these are not among the best works of our school; because to the best works of all schools are allotted the most public sites. The pages of Indian history are lustrous with the feats of Napier and Havelock. Even the

simplest recital of the career of either man quickens the pulse—both come out incomparably better in type metal than in bronze, as we see them in Trafalgar Square. One never failing source of reproach against these works is that they rob us of our imaginary heroes, and propose for our adoption figures which are destitute of quality either for good caricatures, or even bad statues. We have been assured that the artists have done their best for personal reproduction. It was unnecessary to have told us this; because the thing is clear enough. Likeness is the "asses' bridge" of sculptors; to pass it, powers of no ordinary cast are indispensable. Happy is the sculptor who has to deal with an unknown quantity—a person whose dust may, even centuries ago, have fulfilled the sordid office ascribed by Hamlet, in supposition, to the clay of Cæsar. If Marochetti had consulted Meyrick or the ancient chroniclers for his *Cœur de Lion*, it is probable he would have put a mace into his hand instead of a sword; and it is certain that he would have loaded both the king and his *destrier* with heavy trappings that had been much less questionable in fact than in artistic taste. Marochetti was not bored to death by people who had known Richard, who knew that he was tending to corpulency, that he was only of a certain height, that his face was round, and he showed his teeth when he spoke. Marochetti has had to do only with a chivalrous ideal, and he has carried it to the verge of the theatrical: there is all but a suggestion of the foot-lights. To this the very business-like statues in St. Stephen's Hall present a marked contrast. It strikes us as singular, and yet, being right, it ought not to be a matter of surprise, that so many men of different powers and feelings should (except, perhaps, Baily), independently of each other, agree in the exclusion of superficial demonstration, and in the adoption of thought and argument. Artists who are charged to commemorate recently deceased celebrities have to work up to two impressions very different from each other. These are the conception left in the public mind by the attributes and reputation of the individual, and the social remembrance of the person by friends and acquaintances. We should have better sculpture if the statues of our great men were postponed until their contemporary generations had passed away. Had there been nobody surviving to insist upon the precise form of Nelson's cocked hat, and the cut of his coat, Baily would have been able to have made a better statue, but there were Sir Thomas Hardy, Admiral Pascoe, and others, who had seen the last of Nelson on the quarter-deck of the *Victory*, and nothing would suit them but a *fac-simile* of the man. There was, by the way, a large competition for this monument, but the Duke of Wellington said that it should be nothing but a column—and a column it is. What is it that has rendered so odious Wyatt's statue of the Duke at Hyde Park corner? Nothing but the great pains taken by the artist to reproduce the entire personal equipment as it was worn at the great battle. In his statue of George III., in Cockspur Street, the same precision is observable, and so entirely is the mind of the artist absorbed by small exactitudes, that no thought can be given to the relief of the figure; hence the most offensive stiffness, and this is conspicuous in many of our public works. One great secret of Marochetti's success is that he makes his subjects doing something, and the action is generally appropriate and graceful. His Duke of Savoy is sheathing his sword; *Cœur de Lion* is commanding a charge; but between the dates of these works there is a wide interval, and during that interval Marochetti has learnt the utter worthlessness of small trimmings as

regards both man and horse, if the artist has the breath of life wherewith to animate his bronze. We have called the Richard a sketch; it is nothing more. If he has done in his Duke of Savoy what he ought not to have done, he has left undone in his Richard what he ought to have done.

In his famous statue of Frederick the Great, at Berlin, Rauch dared not have brought forward the king without his cocked hat, old square-tailed threadbare blue coat, and the other items that are so dear to the Prussians, as portions of the royal equipment; but Rauch has carried all this off by giving to Frederick in the bronze a jaunty ease which, perhaps, old Fritz in the flesh never knew. But therein lies the cunning of the sculptor—the eye is seduced into following lines that break into curves and angles which lighten the smaller quantities of the composition, and give, consequently, a living elasticity to the whole. The figure is so fine that it alone would have been sufficient; but in every similar case, when too much is attempted, the best is in some degree disqualified by the worst. To complete the history, Frederick's contemporaries must assist, and many of these are indifferent statues. Whoever would have dreamt that old Fritz would have made so fine a statue? The Prussians gave their most popular king to their best sculptor, and the result is a grand work. It is scarcely to be wondered at that everything connected with Frederick should be dearly remembered—his flute, and even his cane, contribute to the story; but these might have well been spared. In their 'Frederick' the Prussians wanted a creditable national work. They had no faith in rising young men of promise and genius, but they gave it to their best man, and there it is.

We have said that our bad sculpture impresses foreigners most unfavourably; but not only these—the bulk of our own countrymen are ignorant that anything much better than the statues in Trafalgar Square can be produced by our school. A knowledge of Art is necessary to the indication of the telling points of a well-contrived composition; but the slightest attention to natural form and movement is all that is necessary for the condemnation of the statue of General Napier, in Trafalgar Square, as perhaps the worst piece of sculpture in England. The moral and relative worthlessness of the work exceeds tenfold its formal imperfection. To see in these days a mass so dull and soulless, and to remember that it is the work, less of a striving sculptor than of a company of gentlemen who constituted themselves a committee of taste—to see and remember these things, we say, must lead to the conclusion that there is not even a modicum of taste or Art-intelligence shared by those committees who thus indecently expose their too freshly dead friends to public animadversion; for how much soever we may pardon our great men for the good they have done their country, we can never forgive their re-appearance among us in such guise as they present themselves in Trafalgar Square.

There is not in the history of sculpture any record of an artist who has been more uniformly successful as a bust-maker than Behnes; indeed his Clarkson, and some others of his works, successfully emulate the most vaunted productions of any time or school, including even those of the most famous professors of the Rhodian art. Instances of an equal excellence exhibited by one man in different departments of Art are extremely rare. To Behnes has been given a singular facility in hitting at once, in the clay, resemblances full of life and intelligence; and that power has secured him

opportunities, during forty years, in this department of his art, such as no man before him has ever enjoyed. But his statues have nothing of the quality of his busts. His Babington, in St. Paul's, is the best of his full-length figures: it has more of natural ease than any other of his statues, which are generally stiff and timid. Unfortunately, his most conspicuous—that of Havelock—is his worst; but the odium rests entirely with the committee that managed this business, as usual, the most eminent figure sculptors wanted faith sufficient to induce them to compete. The show of statuettes, we remember, was conspicuously deficient of merit; the decision was consequently made in favour of the most striking likeness. Yet, with all its faults, this statue is much preferable to that of General Napier.

In vain do we in this case hope for good out of evil. It might have been expected that these two statues would operate as a caveat to committee-men who desire late in life to cultivate a taste for the beautiful. But even in this direction the statues are useless. The city is plunging recklessly into Art-complications, and refuses to be saved. Last year a proposition was put forth for five statues for the Mansion House. The commissions were opened to competition, and the competition was limited to three names for each statue. When the result is declared, we find among the rejected MacDowell, Marshall, and Weekes, and among the successful candidates men of a standard by no means equal to them, and one artist entirely unknown. Such a result was, perhaps, brought about by canvassing, the usual resource when mediocre talent is to be forced into notice; but this expedient surely precipitates the public censure on the head of every sculptor who owes his success in competition to such means.

To those who may be cognisant of the tone of the discussions held in relation to the selection of these models, it may not be surprising that three such men as those just named should be rejected, yet to the general public the simple fact suggests that the Academy has done

“Something disgraceful in the city's eye.”

But there is no ground for such a supposition. There was patronage to the amount of something like £4000, and had such been in a matter of ordinary city business, it had undoubtedly been well disposed of. But yet it cannot be said that the city has not learned something since its first Art-essay, the decoration of the Exchange, which we believe was the first public *Fine Art* commission the city had given since the erection of the two far-famed statues in Guildhall. First and last, some thousands have been expended in those miserable arabesques—an exhibition utterly unworthy of the City of London.

The man who set up the statue of Napoleon in the Place Vendôme—whose name, at this moment of writing, alas! we forget—that sculptor was ridiculed when he said that the Greek and Latin would be shaken out of the draperies of modern sculpture. The pupils of David and the whole of the theatrical school were scandalised—they wanted a Napoleon Cæsar Augustus, without omission of anything necessary to the personal style of a Roman emperor. But the sculptor knew the feeling of the army and that of the Parisians—to them there was no Napoleon without the grey coat and the cocked hat of Eylau, Wagram, and Austerlitz; * and that artist was

a wise man. That statue was the first effective blow struck at the classic draperies, as applied to modern sculptural portraiture. Yet there are men among us who have been so saturated with Greek art that they can give forth nothing else. Gibson has the Greek *afflatus* in such purity, that, could he be supposed to be retromitted to the days of Pericles, he would have nothing to learn (save the ancient secret of colouring his works, at which he aims a little), his sculpture would speak the same language as that of Phidias. His Huskisson, for instance, is out of time and out of place—it should date as of one of the brightest Olympiads, and should have adorned some Greek temple; yet the commission could not have been given to a better man. Cloaks and back draperies, as we see them employed in the statues we have mentioned in Trafalgar Square, in Campbell's statue of Lord George Bentinck, in Cavendish Square, and in others, are but an imbecile resource in modern sculpture. One of the most perfect and elegant examples we have ever seen of the figure, pure and simple, with a plain coat and nether continuations, is Foley's statue of Oliver Goldsmith, for Dublin; but the relief, thought, and purpose of the figure are beyond expression charming: Goldsmith was safe in such hands.

Among the best examples we have of recent personal and characteristic sculpture are the statues in St. Stephen's Hall, in the entrance to the Houses of Parliament. Of these there are twelve, whereof about two-thirds are admirable works; three or four are weak and heavy. They are productions of the best artists of our time. That there are some of them not equal to the most successful works of their authors shows the rule of uncertainty under which all artists labour. All such public works are unequal, and complaints of imperfections in such cases are vain. It were simply absurd to say that if Baily's Fox be a failure, the commission should have been given to Foley because his statue is a success. Foley might have read Fox differently, and yet his work might have been inferior to Baily's, while the latter, in treating the subject of the other, might have surpassed him. The sculptors who have contributed statues to that hall will never be subjected to a more severe trial than they undergo there. Those figures that are in anywise defective have their demerits exaggerated by contrast, and by the same test is the constitutional feeling of each artist indicated. Some of the studies are treated with a suavity of manner and delicacy of attention which has become habitual from the entertainment of female subjects, and hence a softness of expression inconsistent with the known masculine character of the individual. But we must accept these statues for better for worse; and it is but justice to say of them, that they constitute a series of works altogether more excellent than others, equally numerous, of our time.

What we wish to point out here is the incompetency of indiscriminate committees to select an artist for a public work. Such monuments are ever matters of common interest, and, occupying exposed sites, they stamp the national taste and the degree of our advancement: such evidences ought not to be false, but true; yet they will never be true so long as the most reputed sculptors of our school are not employed, and these will not offer themselves to be defeated by the interested canvass of the friends of an unknown artist, or one, at least, not favourably known in statuesque portraiture. The essays of the most eminent men are unequal, but even their failures are not without passages of essential excellence, that declare the master as far transcending the student.

* Since the above was written it is understood that the Emperor of the French has given instructions for the reproduction of the statue of Napoleon I. in the style of a Roman emperor. This is by no means reconcilable with the solicitude with which all relics of the first empire are kept in sight of the French people.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

THE thirty-sixth annual exhibition of this Academy opened, on the 13th of February, at their galleries in Edinburgh; and it was satisfactory to see such a display of artistic talent, in spite of all the temptations to centralisation presented by London exhibitions. It cannot be doubted that these temptations are great, and it is now a fact which cannot be gainsayed, and need not be ignored, that, with very few exceptions, nearly all the best of the Scottish artists reserve their best works for the Royal Academy in the first instance, and that only their second-rate works are sent for exhibition in Edinburgh, or their best works only after they have been seen in London. This course, if persistently persevered in, will gradually and surely undermine the reputation of an annual gathering superior heretofore, as still, to any other exhibition out of London; and this, in turn, may seriously affect those characteristics of depth and dignity of colour, which so forcibly distinguish the Scottish from the English school of Art.

Before glancing at the pictures, two other preliminary subjects may be noticed: first, the abolition of the private view; and second, the recent law against margins for water-colour drawings. There appears to be a growing feeling against what is known as the private view in London, and in Edinburgh this feeling seems to have been so strong as to have abolished that time-honoured institution. The reasons usually urged against the private view may be resolved into two, or at most three. It is said to be a great disadvantage to the public, and also to the artists, inasmuch as it prevents a fair competition for the works exhibited; this is to a great extent true, because the prominent dealers are certain by one means or another to secure admission, and they buy up many of the most saleable, if not the best pictures, before the public, who become the ultimate purchasers, have any opportunity of seeing what is for sale. Like other portions of the middle-men system, this in pictures has two aspects; and whatever it may be to Art and the public in its broader and higher aspects, it is certainly beneficial to those artists from whom the dealers purchase. As a pecuniary matter, if an artist puts his price upon his work before it is sent for exhibition, it cannot matter to him much from whom he gets the money—although, as a matter of feeling, it must be more pleasant to sell a picture to a gentleman who will hang it in his dining-room, and keep it there, than to have it hawked all over the country, after the exhibition closes, in search of a customer. Besides getting the same amount of money—if the artist gets that—he is sure also to get his fame more loudly and widely spread by the dealer who has bought than by any private gentleman who may become purchaser of his picture; and through this extra blowing of the trumpet, the artist's reputation is extended, and his prices are raised. This is an immediate and positive advantage, which few men are able to resist in any walk of life; and artists, like others, are entitled to all the benefits of this commercial principle. On the other hand, the system has its disadvantages by throwing a large portion of patronage into a few hands, and thereby making the artists dependent on that few not only for present reputation, but for bread. Suppose the pictures to be in a dozen hands, it is clear that this number by combination could both make and unmake reputations to a considerable extent, and that the artists which they did not choose to

patronise, might be starved into compliance, or even out of existence. But even those patronised to-day have no assurance they will be the favourites to-morrow, while there is perfect certainty that, as the dozen of dealers could only live by doing business, they have every motive commercially to change the favourites as often as possible among that very large class of buyers who care very much for exchanging the works of unfashionable for those of fashionable artists. We have purposely stated this disputed point in an abstract form, so as to avoid expressing any present opinion on the question; but in Edinburgh opinion seems to be more matured upon the subject, and hence we suppose the abolition of the private view to all except the members of the press, and even these for two hours only, on the afternoon before the public opening of the exhibition. Another objection offered to the private view system is the amount of irritation and annoyance which it creates, both among artists and those with whom they may be brought into contact in business or otherwise. In London it is openly spoken of as the right of a purchaser to have a ticket for the private view from the artist whose picture has been bought, while the other two or three tickets are watched for by a dozen of the artist's friends, three-fourths of whom must be disappointed, and who mentally, if not orally, accuse him of ingratitude for overlooking them. In Edinburgh or Dublin the matter becomes worse, from the friendships, and therefore the claimants, being more numerous; and on this ground the abolition of the private view must be a great relief. Another reason akin to this, and also a great advantage, is the abolition of that bitterness which exhibitors feel who are not academicians or associates, at a systematic exclusion from the rooms on a day when many are admitted who have at least no greater claim. It may be long before the Art-bodies in the metropolis adopt the same policy, but in Edinburgh the academy has at least ventured on a bold and dignified experiment, and all interested in upholding the social honour and position of the artist must anxiously watch for its results, because, if successful, it will be another link of that "patronage" broken, under which the professors of Art have so long groaned in this country.

The other preliminary point which requires attention in this exhibition is a new rule respecting the framing of water-colour drawings. That rule compels these works to be framed up to the edge, the same as oil-pictures; and we understand the plea for its adoption was want of space. Now it is evident that all the artists, whatever the *material* of their art, have a primary interest in economising space; and, provided that no class is unjustly sacrificed, all have an interest in promoting the end this law was meant to serve. The Scottish Academy, moreover, had precedent for its adoption, and in the exhibition of both of the London Societies of Painters in Water-colours margins are strictly prohibited. With great deference, we submit to the northern academy that the cases are by no means parallel. In these exhibitions, where all are water-colours, each artist is put on terms of equality with his neighbour, both in his pigments and his mode of framing, and if one looks feeble and another strong, the difference simply indicates the respective powers of each.

If the Scottish Academy set apart one room exclusively for water-colour works, the members might fairly demand compliance with the London system of framing. But it is not so; and so long as pictures in oil and water-colours are mixed not only in the same room, but also intermixed with each other, it seems neither reasonable to the artists, nor

fair to the progress of this branch of Art in Scotland, to take away the only chance left for distemper against oil, when placed side by side in an exhibition. This question is deeper than it seems at first sight. It would be easy to show at length that it cuts at the very root of legitimate water-colour, and if those who use distemper pigments are compelled to substitute for the tenderness and clearness of water-colours the brilliancy and depth of oil, the professors of the former branch must become scenic daubers in opaque *temperas* and gums, instead of artists in the present legitimate walk. It is not meant to decry scene-painting as a branch of Art, in its proper place; but scenes differ as much from pictures, as one star differeth from another. Neither is the question of space insurmountable, because on an average, the frames of the larger drawings under the new rule will average four inches, and if space be the only object sought, a one-inch slip with a three-inch margin would be an exact equivalent, while drawings of smaller size might be limited to a slip and a margin of two inches, which would probably afford an absolute addition of space: some such arrangement would give the water-colour artists in Scotland a much fairer chance of success than they can possibly have under this new and most unfortunate rule.

Not being afflicted with the popular prejudice against portraits, but, on the contrary, believing that a good portrait is a great work of Art, we shall commence the notice of the pictures with portraiture, in which the exhibition is strikingly and peculiarly strong. In this branch the name of the honoured president is indeed a tower of strength. Sir John Watson Gordon undeniably stands at the head of the professional portrait painters of Europe, and some of his best recent productions adorn the walls of these exhibition rooms, although the individual merits of these works cannot again be entered on, as they have been already seen in London, and noticed in the *Art-Journal* of June last, when exhibited at the Royal Academy. John Philip, R.A., also appears here as a portrait painter, in two of the most exquisite cabinet portraits produced in modern times. The portrait of the lady, Mrs. W. B. Johnstone, is especially fascinating, both as a likeness and as a work of Art; for seldom has exquisite ease been combined with fascinating colour, or the carelessness of artistic power been more successfully controlled by the discriminating care of genius. The portrait of Mr. W. B. Johnstone, R.S.A., is quite equal to the other in artistic qualities, and has a vigour of its own, besides the quality of likeness; and both show that if Mr. Philip preferred cabinet portraits to his present walk, he would at once eclipse all English competitors for fame in that department of Art.

George Harvey, R.S.A., also exhibits a portrait of extraordinary beauty, different in many respects from those of Mr. Philip, but equally tender in feeling, and in an equal degree combining pictorial art with portraiture. 'Mrs. Napier, of West Shandon, and her spinning-wheel,' is an admirable subject, and the artist, with that poetic power so peculiarly his own, when dealing with Scottish subjects, has rendered his sitter as an illustration of one of Burns's more pleasing creations. This is high Art, whenever displayed, and in the essential qualities of sentiment, simplicity, and unity, this portrait is one of the artist's finest and most important works. A painter of inferior mind would have considered his opportunity lost, unless he had displayed his skill in loading his picture with foreground still life. Mr. Harvey, with higher perception, has kept his room as a tidy housewife would have it, and depended

for success on the aerial beauty which he has thrown over the unobtrusive richness of the apartment, and the charms of the landscape seen through the window—which is, indeed, a marvellous piece of painting. Truly, in the words quoted from Burns, appended in the catalogue—

"The sun blinks kindly in the biel,
When blithe I turn my spinning-wheel;"

and the wheel seems absolutely whizzing, as the sunbeams stream through the window, in tones of light and colour so genuine as to destroy all sense of paint. This is one of the great triumphs of Art, and never has Mr. Harvey more successfully displayed his surpassing skill of transmitting pigments into colour, than in this very high-class picture-portrait.

The portraits by Francis Grant, R.A., have beauties of their own, and nothing can be more pleasing than the high-bred gentle feeling which pervades the figures on his canvases; but take his portrait of the Duke of Buccleuch as an example, and in colour and general power it is feeble and unimpressive. The likeness is good, although it might have been less careworn with advantage, because his Grace, although thoughtful, is not careworn in expression; and the drawing of the figure is as truly a likeness as the face, which is a high quality in portraiture: but in colour it looks a mere shadow, in contrast with the portraits by which it is surrounded. And what must it be, amidst some of the grandest and most powerful of Raeburn's works, in the hall for which we understand it to be destined? Mr. Grant should again take counsel from the depth and dignity of the Scottish school of colour, and retouch this portrait of the duke, before it be suspended beside such magnificent and powerful portraits as that of old Spens, and the other worthies, which now adorn the hall of the Royal Company of Archers in Edinburgh.

Mr. Graham Gilbert, R.S.A., nobly sustains his reputation as a colourist in a variety of works, but especially in the portrait of a lady in a blue dress, which solves more fully than even Gainsborough's Blue Boy the problem, whether fine colour is compatible with a predominance of blue. Gainsborough evaded the difficulty by warm shadows and red reflected lights, which blue never could have borne; but this portrait more successfully meets, and as successfully overcomes, the difficulty.

D. Macnee, R.S.A., also exhibits some admirable portraits; and the head of the portrait (Erskine Nichol, R.S.A.) by Mr. W. Douglas, R.S.A., is one of the most vigorous examples of colour in the exhibition, although the dress and accessories of the figure are evidently in an unfinished state. The portraits by John J. Napier fully sustain the rising reputation of this young artist, that of George Harvey, R.S.A., painted for Mr. Napier, of Shandon, being one of the most attractive likenesses in the rooms, although, as a work of Art, it is, however well painted, wanting in those attributes which are technically known among artists as "quality" and "texture," that is, the appearance of paint is too evident, and the paint seems to have been rather thin when it was used—at least these are the nearest popular translations we can offer of two useful and expressive technical terms in Art.

Many more good portraits there are by Colin Smith, R.S.A., Norman Macbeth, and Gavin; but how the former should have placed Lord Panmure's head upon Earl Russell's body, and called it a portrait of the late Secretary at War, must be looked on as one of those anomalies from which even able artists are not always exempt.

Beyond all doubt the best picture exhibited

is the 'Holy Water,' by John Philips, R.A., some Spanish peasants and children, the property of Arthur Burnand, Esq., Stoke Newington, and a very choice specimen of the artist; but, with all its high qualities of colour and dexterity, is it not as low in tone now as the works of Murillo, Velasquez, or Titian, and if so, will it be as high in colour as at present two hundred years hence? These questions are not asked in any spirit of captious depreciation, but from a sincere desire that the works of a great artist should keep their place in the record of British Art, and be to posterity what they are to us—examples of great colour, as well as of nervous art. In historical painting there is comparatively nothing except the 'Earliest Congregation of Scottish Reformers,' by James Drummond, R.S.A., a picture remarkable for honest study and the faithful development of thought; and these, with its high aims, are more than sufficient to atone for a few minor defects, which we care not to point out, the chief being want of tone; and if on this point Drummond could catch a portion of Philips's power, his pictures, which are always genuine, both in thought and working out, would be still more appreciated. 'Dante arranging his Friends in Inferno,' William Douglas, R.S.A., is another work of sterling merit, and quite equal to anything the artist has accomplished. There is also 'Luther,' by J. Noel Paton, exhibited in London last May; and a clever, but too careless figure, called 'One of Cromwell's Divines,' by John Pettie. These may be said to represent the historical painting of Scotland in this exhibition, and it may be asked without offence whether the present is equal to the past, and whether twenty years ago it would have been possible to have got up an exhibition displaying the same dearth of pictures in the paths of history? Everybody knows it would have been impossible; and it behoves the young Scottish artists to consider what this lowering of subject tends to, and whether any national school can perpetuate itself in Scotland on a basis destitute of thought and high effort. It is the struggle to think deeply, and to develop the thought worthily in whatever sphere, that has made Scotland what it is among the European nations. In mere dexterity and cleverness of production Scotchmen have no renown, and unless the artists prove an exception to these general rules, without the elements of thought and effort in creating as well as producing, the Scottish school, hitherto so nobly sustained, must come to nought. That will not necessarily prevent Scotchmen from painting as Wilkie and Geddes did, and as Roberts and Philips, Faed and Grant will, we hope, long continue to do; but the Scottish school will become extinct when the resident artists content themselves with bits instead of pictures, because English artists will for a century beat them in the cleverness with which their bits are done.

There is no want of what may be called illustrative art in the exhibition. Paton's 'Dowie Dens of Yarrow' has previously been seen in London; so has 'The Border Widow,' by W. B. Scott, and Lewis's 'Waiting for the Ferry,' and one or two other pictures by various artists, among whom are Frith, Houston, Creswick, and the Linnells. But these have already passed the ordeal of criticism, and attention shall be confined now to pictures not previously known to our readers. Taking these in the order of the catalogue, 'Nipped in the Bud,' by Samuel Edmonston, displays refined feeling, subtle appreciation of a painful subject, and what is equally satisfactory, the evident progress of the artist in his art. 'Logan Braes,' the property of Robert Horne, Esq., advocate, is one of the best works exhibited—well thought out,

and beautifully painted. 'Dugald Dalgetty's Interview with Montrose, after his Escape from Argyle,' by J. B. Macdonald, a name new to us, but there is a dash of power in the picture. 'The Old Lieutenant and his Son,' by John Pettie, illustrating a passage by Dr. McLeod in "Good Words," a picture with parts admirably painted, although the gown-pattern has a fierce competition with the heads for priority of attention; and 'A Soldier's Grave,' by Alexander Leggatt, illustrating the line—

"We buried him darkly at dead of night," &c.

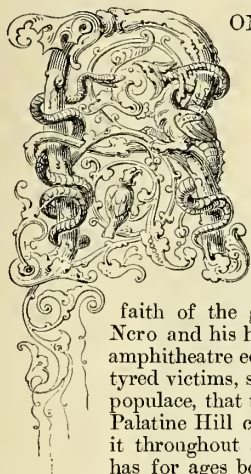
in a style of undoubted cleverness. There is one defect in all these pictures, or rather, in all the works of these three young and rising artists; like too many of their seniors, they confound breadth of touch with breadth of style, and forget that while breadth of touch is one of the highest attainments, breadth of touch is the highway to mediocrity and mannerism. If they would put themselves through the crucible of Pre-Raffaellism, without adopting its conceits, they would come out greatly purified in their art. 'Ca' the Cowes to the Knowes,' George Harvey, R.S.A., is some well painted sheep in a clever landscape; but the girl is equal to the other parts of the picture. Keely Haswell exhibits one or two creditable illustrations of Shakspeare; and 'Leaving Home,' by R. J. Ross, A., is one of the best pictures ever exhibited by this artist. 'The Ferry Boat bringing Home the Bride,' Charles Lees, R.S.A., displays much of the refinement and careful study of detail for which the works of this class by Mr. Lees are so conspicuous; and there are some excellent fancy pictures from the easels of Archer, Houston, Nichol, Ballantyne, as well as from the eminent portrait-painters Graham, Gilbert, and McNeae. There is another class of works—figure-subjects—by young artists, who are not redeeming the promise of their former years; but to them so much has been said indirectly that no positive criticism is necessary on individual works which mark no progress. 'Idle Hours,' by Thomas Graham, is the "sensation" picture of the season, and both that and his 'Normandy Woman' have a rough vigour about them, but whether of thought or mere execution is not so evident. The first looks like a recollection of Lewis, and the other a recollection of Philip so strongly, that we prefer waiting to prophesying on merits striking at the first glance, but which rather diminished than improved by closer scrutiny.

In landscape there are a great many creditable works, and a few very good pictures. Among the landscape painters, D. O. Hill, R.S.A., continues to lead in all the higher elements of poetry and feeling, and had the foreground of some of that artist's works been equal to the sky and distance, their importance as a whole would have been greatly increased. Fraser, the Academician elect, shows also decided progress in his productions; while Macculloch, as usual in his later pictures of Highland scenery, substitutes prettiness for grandeur. Among the works of younger artists there is much merit; and one of the most meritorious is 'Oaks in Summer,' by Smart: but some of the highest class landscapes in the exhibition are not by landscape-painters, such as R. S. Lauder's 'Tweed,' J. E. Lauder's 'Venice,' and Harvey's fine, but rather sketchy landscape.

In water-colours are some fine drawings by Ferrier, Fairbairn, and others, while Hutchison, Brodie, and Steele, creditably sustain Scottish sculpture. Altogether, this exhibition shows a full average of respectable work, but a low average of what is far more valuable, the deep study of higher themes developed with laborious thought.

ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART XVI.—ECCLESIASTICAL EDIFICES. CHAP. I.



OME, as the centre of the great Christian church that bears its name, and which, during so many centuries, held undisputed sway over almost the whole of Europe, contains, as might be expected from this fact, a multitude of buildings of various kinds, erected for the performance of her rituals, and for the use, both public and private, of her clergy. Little did the persecutors of the primitive Christians,—the men described by Tacitus as "hateful for their wickedness,"—think that, within a very few centuries, the tenets held by the professed disciples of those men would be the religious

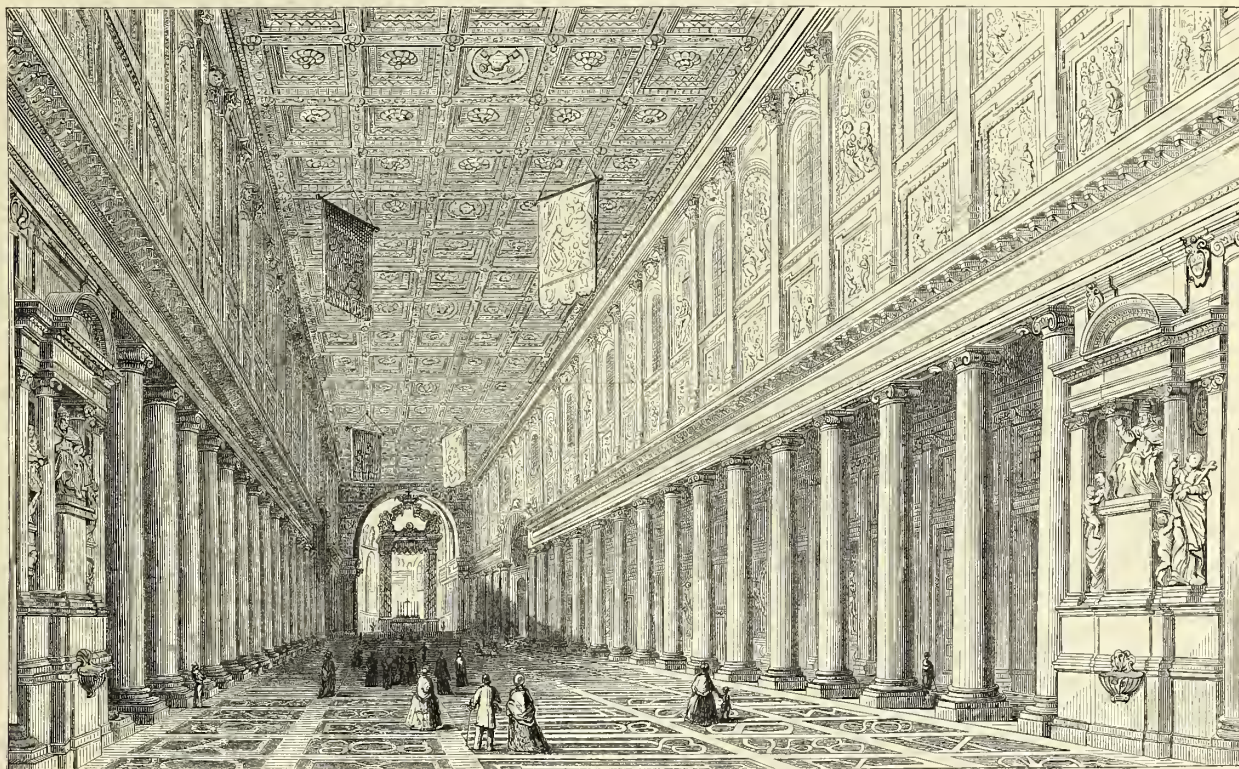
faith of the greater part of the civilised world. Little did Nero and his heathen subjects imagine, when the great Roman amphitheatre echoed back the groans and shrieks of their martyred victims, stifled only by the exulting shouts of a savage populace, that the blood thus poured forth at the foot of the Palatine Hill consecrated the spot, and was destined to hallow it throughout all time. The circus of the Roman emperors has for ages been the shrine of the Christian, be he Romanist, Greek, or Protestant, in creed, and will be so long as the world stands. It is a remarkable manifestation of that Supreme Power which "ordereth all things," that the city whose inhabitants first sought by the most diabolical means to quench the newly-risen light of Christianity, should yet continue through many hundred years to be the throne of the assumed sovereign ruler of the Christian world; and that the man who, by his own confession, "persecuted the church unto death," should have yielded up his life in the same city, an early but willing sacrifice to the doctrines he once despised. Unhappily the baptism of blood has been a ceremony not confined to heathen emperors.

The precise period when a Christian church—we are speaking of a community, not of an edifice—was first established in Rome, has never been satisfactorily determined. A body of Christians must have existed there prior to St. Paul's first journey to the city, as a prisoner, A.D. 61, for his

epistle to the Romans was written, from Corinth, prior to his captivity. He was detained in Rome two years, and was then liberated. While there he wrote, it is presumed, his letters to the churches in Galatia, Ephesus, Colosse, and Philippi, and his epistle to Philemon. On his release, in 63, he is supposed to have visited some of the western proselytes, and while in Spain to have been again arrested, under the persecution by Nero, and sent prisoner to Rome; during this second captivity he wrote his second epistle to Timothy, and, it is thought, that to the Hebrew converts. His martyrdom occurred about the year 67 or 68; tradition reports him to have been beheaded, "his dignity as a Roman citizen saving him from a more ignominious death." St. Peter had sealed his faith with his blood two or three years earlier, by crucifixion; and in the midst of that city which, in later times, rose up out of the ruins of its predecessor, stands the noblest Christian temple in the world reared in his honour, whose high priest holds the keys alleged to have been inherited by him from the martyred saint, the first Bishop of Rome. Such are the strange histories which the world's annals sometimes record.

When Christianity had become a "great fact," to adopt a term in common use among us—taking the place of heathenism, and drawing all ranks and degrees of men within its circle, they began to erect edifices to worship in, or to convert buildings then in existence to their own purposes. The temples, magnificent though they were, which had witnessed the rites and orgies of idolatrous creeds, were considered too impure to be dedicated to the service of the Deity they revered; no cleansing would wash away the stains upon those altars, no consecration by their priesthood would sanctify and purify those unhallowed walls. But the places of judicature were not so contaminated; the courts where justice was administered, or, at least, where it was assumed to have been administered, were held to be sufficiently void of taint as to render them not unfit for the celebration of Christian rites; and these became the first Christian churches, under the name of Basilicae, that by which they had always been called, though it was generally applied to any building having a large roof supported on columns. When the Christians began to erect their own edifices, they adopted these more ancient structures as models. Rome contains, according to some authorities, twelve of these Basilicae, others enumerate only seven; but all are of comparatively modern date, St. Peter's standing pre-eminent among them all.

"The Marquis Galiani remarks that the first churches were looked upon as tribunals, in which the bishops and others administered penance to the guilty, and the Eucharist to the absolved; we may therefore observe, in



THE BASILICA OF S. MARIA MAGGIORE.

accounting for the resemblance which the early Christian churches bear to the ancient Basilicae, that nothing could appear at first sight more appropriate than the idea of imitating a tribunal of justice in the construction of the new churches, in which the bishops and priests were to administer a kind of spiritual justice. This remark is well supported by the fact of the bishop's throne being placed in the apsis, or arched recess corresponding to the curved recess or hemicycle, as it was called, of the ancient Basilicae. It is, however, more probable that the obvious convenience of the Basilicae led the early Christians to adopt the principles of that form of building, as these edifices were both light and spacious, and better adapted to the ceremonies of the new religion than the temples of the pagans.*

Tradition says that St. Anacletus, who had received ordination from the

hands of St. Peter himself, and who was Bishop of Rome at the end of the first century, erected, in the year 90, an oratory on the spot where the vast Church of St. Peter's now stands; there the apostle, after his crucifixion on the site of *S. Pietro in Montorio*, was buried, and there so many of the first Christians suffered martyrdom. This statement, however, does not harmonise with the replies given by some of the early Christian martyrs to their persecutors when under examination, nor yet to the generally accredited fact of the secrecy they were compelled to observe in the performance of their religious duties. If such an oratory existed it would, of course, have been public; at least, this is only a fair presumption. Certainly a room might have been fitted up or set apart as a chapel in a private house, for the use of the new religionists, and the term "oratory" been afterwards applied to it; yet the word itself seems to signify a distinct building, or one attached to another.

* Cyclopædia. Art. Basilica.

In the year 224, St. Calixtus erected a small oratory, which, with the various alterations it has undergone at different subsequent times, is now the Church of Santa Maria in Trastevere. It was almost entirely rebuilt by Julius I., in 340, and by him dedicated to the Virgin. This church has always been regarded as the first edifice in Rome publicly dedicated to Christian worship: but the most ancient Roman building consecrated to the same service is undoubtedly the Church of Santa Maria del Sole, formerly the celebrated Temple of Vesta, which is supposed to date back to the times of the Antonines. An engraving of this temple was given in the *Art-Journal* for 1859 (p. 303); where it is also fully described.

The Basilica next in importance to St. Peter's is that of St. John Lateran, which we shall find occasion to speak of at some length in a future paper. The *BASILICA S. MARIA MAGGIORE* ranks immediately after this; it occupies a commanding position on the Esquiline, in the fine street leading

from the Basilica de Santa Croce to the Church of SS. Trinità dei Monti. The legend that records the foundation of this edifice says it was built in 352, by the then Bishop of Rome, Liberius, who, on the night of the 4th of August, had a miraculous dream, in which he received a divine intimation that, on the following day, a fall of snow would indicate the exact place where he was to erect the church, and its precise plan. This dream is said to have been confirmed the same night by the dream of a patrician, who is, however, only known to posterity by the name of John. On the succeeding day the snow fell as the vision had foretold, and Liberius and the Roman noble immediately commenced the building, and finished it at their joint expense. The first title given to it was that of S. Maria ad Nives, from the miracle of the snow-storm: it was subsequently called the Basilica of Liberius, and afterwards took the name by which it is now known, on account of its being the largest of the many churches in Rome



CHRIST SCOURGED.

dedicated to the Virgin. The interior is considered the finest of its kind in the world, and though it has undergone many alterations and additions at various periods, all tending to destroy, or at least impair, the simplicity of the original design, its form has not been changed, and it still retains more of the essential character of the ancient Basilica than any other of the Roman churches. Nothing can be more beautiful and imposing than this interior, of which a view is given on the preceding page, taken at the entrance: the monument on the right side is that of Clement IX., of the Rospigliosi family, and is dated 1299; that on the left is Nicholas IV., it bears the date 1292. The immense nave is divided from the side aisles by a row of Ionic columns of white marble, supposed to have been taken from the Temple of Juno Lucina: these columns support an entablature stretching the entire length of the nave—about two hundred and eighty

feet—except where it has been broken by an intersecting arch, at a comparatively late period, to afford an entrance to the chapel on either side. The upper wall resting on this entablature has a range of fluted Corinthian pilasters, white and gold, corresponding in number with the columns; the capitals are gilded. Between these pilasters are pictures, executed in mosaic, illustrative of the histories of Moses, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Joshua: they are proved to have been in existence in the eighth century, and are considered by some authorities to be as old as the fifth century. Above them the windows and a series of fresco-paintings alternate with each other. The roof, designed by Sangallo, is flat, and divided into five rows of coffered panels, elaborately carved, and enriched with the purest gold of Peru, the first, it is said, brought to Spain after the discovery of America, and presented to Pope Alexander VI. by Ferdinand and Isabella.

Of the numerous chapels attached to it, all of them more or less magnificent, that called the Borghese Chapel is most distinguished by its costly decorations; it was built in 1608, by Paul V. The altar of this chapel is decorated with a picture of the Virgin holding the infant Christ; a work traditionally ascribed to the Evangelist St. Luke, and authoritatively pronounced to be so by a papal bull affixed to the wall. It is unquestionably a very ancient painting, but we are quite incredulous as to its presumed authorship, even supposing that St. Luke was really an artist. On the festival of the Assumption, August 15th, the Basilica is the scene of an imposing ceremonial; the pope annually on that day performs high mass there in person, and from the external balcony pronounces his benediction on the people.

The third important Basilica is that of the "Holy Cross" (Santa Croce in Gerusalemme), founded by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great. This lady, tradition says, set forth on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, urged, as the story goes, by a dream to undertake the journey, to visit the Holy Sepulchre, and to endeavour to find the identical cross on which Christ was crucified. With much difficulty she accomplished the latter object, and not only discovered this, but the veritable tablet on which Pilate's inscription was written, and some of the nails that fastened the victim to the cross. The nails, a portion of the wood, and some of the earth of Mount Calvary, were brought by the empress to Rome: she gave the first to her son, who caused them to be inserted into his helmet and the bit of his charger; the wood was placed in a silver casket, and deposited in the crypt under the Basilica; and the sacred earth was dug into the soil of the site whereon the church was built; hence its name. Among the numerous relics here shown to visitors are some bones said to be those of the English martyr, Thomas à Becket.

The only other Basilica to which it is thought necessary to draw attention in this paper is that of San Paolo, standing about a mile and a half from the Porta San Paolo, on the road to Ostia. Prior to the year 1824 the Basilica San Paolo was that which, perhaps more than any other, offered the greatest attractions to the student of Christian Art, on account of its extreme antiquity, its beauty, and the innumerable objects of interest contained therein: but in July of that year a fire most unfortunately broke out in the building, while some repairs were going on, and destroyed the greater part of an edifice in which for fifteen hundred years Christian worshippers had assembled. The first temple erected on the site was built by the Emperor Constantine over the tomb of the Apostle Paul, who suffered martyrdom some little distance from it. In 386 the Emperor Theodosius erected another—that which was burnt in 1824; it was completed by the Emperor Honorius, and restored by Leo III. in the eighth century. Not very long after its destruction the pope commenced rebuilding it in a style of magnificence far surpassing the old edifice; contributions in aid of the work have liberally been made by the Roman Catholics throughout Europe, and the most skilful artists have been engaged upon it; but even after this long lapse of time the Basilica of San Paolo is not completely finished.

Leaving now those ecclesiastical edifices which retain the ancient name of Basilica, we proceed to notice the Roman churches, properly so called, and the first is that of S. Pietro in Montorio, originally erected by Con-

stantine near the spot where the saint to whom it is dedicated was supposed to have been crucified: the additional appellation of *in Montorio*, Italianised from the Latin words, *Mons aureus*, the golden hill, is derived from the rich yellow gravelly soil of the immediate neighbourhood. The present church was built towards the end of the fifteenth century, by Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, from the designs of Baccio Pintelli. Externally it shows little to attract especial notice, but internally the simple beauty of the architecture, with its numerous white marble columns and its graceful arched recesses leading to the lateral chapels, invite attention, while the lover of paintings will see here some pictures that must assuredly arrest his footsteps. The ceiling of the Borgherini chapel is covered with paintings by Sebastiano del Piombo, from the designs of Michael Angelo; these, historians say, occupied the artist ten years—a length of time chiefly attributable to the manner in which the oil-colours were laid on the stone, by a method known only to Del Piombo. The two principal groups in the entire composition represent the 'Transfiguration,' and 'Christ

SCOURGED,' the latter is engraved on the preceding page. It is not difficult to trace in these figures Michael Angelo's powerful, almost exaggerated, anatomical expression, combined, however, with a certain dignity of manner in their arrangement: but the narrative, as described by the sacred writers, has been widely departed from in Piombo's version. A well composed picture, by Daniele da Volterra, of the 'Baptism of Christ,' is in this church, where also was, previously to the first invasion of Italy by the French during the Revolution, Raffaello's celebrated 'Transfiguration,' and Piombo's rival work, the 'Raising of Lazarus,' now in our National Gallery.

The Church of SS. Trinità dei Monti, erected in 1495, by Charles VIII. of France, is remarkable for the fine fresco of the 'DESCENT FROM THE CROSS,' by Daniele da Volterra: it is engraved on this page. Nicholas Poussin was accustomed to consider this as the third grand picture of the world, Raffaello's 'Transfiguration' being the first, and Domenichino's 'St. Jerome' the second. Unhappily it received considerable damage some years ago in removing it from its original place to an adjoining chapel; but the fine print by Dorigny shows what the composition was before its partial destruction. We have only to compare this with the same subject painted by Rubens, of which an engraving appeared in one of the recent numbers of the *Art-Journal*, to see how far superior the painters of Italy showed themselves in dealing with a subject of



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.

this kind than the artists of the Low Countries. Da Volterra's work is replete with grandeur and boldness of action, manifested not in exaggerated and gross forms, but in attitudes which at once convey the idea of strong, stalwart men performing a task with extreme care and gentleness: the body of the dead Christ is really *dead*; the limbs are relaxed, the head droops on the chest, the whole body is lifeless. The group of women in the foreground, among whom is the Virgin Mother in a swoon, is itself a picture of great pathos and refinement of treatment: each head is a study of expression and feeling. The figure with outstretched arms, on the right, is the "beloved disciple," who seems by his attitude to fear some mishap to the body of his divine Master, as the operation of lowering it goes on. Poussin's eulogy of this grand composition is certainly not misplaced nor overstated.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

THE SUN RISING IN A MIST.

Engraved by J. C. Armytage.

THIS is one of the two pictures bequeathed by Turner to the country under the express condition that they should hang in the National Gallery side by side with two of the famed paintings by Claude in that collection; the other is the 'Carthage,' and we can readily understand why the artist should desire to have this placed in juxtaposition with the work to rival which, it is said, he had painted it, because there is an undoubted similarity of character in the compositions: but 'The Sun rising in a Mist' has, so far as the subject is concerned, not a single point of harmony with any Claude we ever saw. There is not an Italian feature throughout the whole work—it is entirely English, and unless it was intended to institute a comparison between things of opposite character, which no one would think of doing who desires to arrive at a just estimate of each, the wish of Turner can only be regarded as one of those strange idiosyncracies of mind peculiar to the great painter.

Could he have seen the pictures as they now hang, we cannot for one moment doubt he would at once have been convinced of his mistake, for, though the authorities of the National Gallery have put an intervening space between them, it is not sufficient to keep the eye, when looking at either from a short distance, to take in a portion of the other; as a consequence, the rich and glowing tones of the 'Carthage,' though it is not by any means painted in high colours, overpower the comparatively sombre low tints of its companion. On both sides the picture suffers—to the right is the 'Carthage,' on the same plane, to the left Claude's 'Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca;' the latter placed somewhat at an angle, it is true, but still the bright blue colouring of the sky and its green sward "kill"—to use a technicality—Turner's low-toned 'Sun rising in a Mist.' To the right of the 'Carthage,' at the opposite angle, is Claude's 'Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba,' over which our artist's grand composition of the rival city of Rome has the complete mastery; so that if Turner loses by comparison with himself and with his prototype on one hand, he gains immeasurably on the other. Whatever advantages or disadvantages, however, result from the hanging, the trustees of the gallery were bound to obey Turner's injunctions, or the pictures would have been lost to the nation: these injunctions were that they should always be placed between the 'Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca' and the 'Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba.'

'The Sun rising in a Mist,' or, as Turner named it, 'The Sun rising through Vapour: Fishermen cleaning and selling Fish,' was painted in 1807, when the artist was in the prime of his life, and his powers had received no especial bias towards the works of any other painter, or from his own peculiar fancies and theories; it has never appeared to us as possessing any very great qualities; the subject is common-place enough, such as a hundred other artists might easily have composed, and there is nothing of especial excellence in the treatment to carry it beyond the range of a carefully and solidly painted picture, true and natural; the execution throughout is certainly perfect, but Turner's close study of objects is eminently seen in the group of flat fish in the foreground—they literally sparkle in the faint rays of the misty sun. The arrangement of the subject-matter is judicious: the end of the old pier and the boats below are balanced by the fishing-smacks which have come in after the night's labours; to connect these two points, a two-decked vessel of war, of the last century build, lies broadside to the shore.

The artist gave this picture to Sir John Leicester, afterwards Lord De Tabley, in exchange for 'The Shipwreck,' an engraving of which appeared in the *Art-Journal* of last year. When his lordship's gallery was dispersed, in 1827, Turner purchased the painting for the sum of £519 15s.; the price he had put upon it when negotiating the exchange with Sir John Leicester was £500.

REMINISCENCES
OF A VISIT TO NIEVELT.

NIEVELT is in the heart of Bohemia, the centre of a mountainous district amidst forests of beech and fir, which the glass works, the property of the Conte François de Harrait, of Vienna, are constantly consuming. If visited from the beautiful city of Prague, although not sixty miles distant, partly travelling by mail and partly by a pair-horse, wicker-covered, four-wheeled waggon (*reise wagen*), you may arrive, with many stoppages, in twenty-four hours, knocked about from one side to the other of the natural, rocky road, made by the rush of waters from surrounding mountains; and it will be a matter of no small congratulation to reach safely, without contused bones, the glass-making village of Nievelt. On arrival, delight succeeds fatigue, in beholding this emerald retreat. Nievelt resembles rather a rustic, agricultural valley, situated on the table-land of the mountains, than a manufacturing district; and no stranger would believe that from these works were circulated immense supplies of flint glass wares, some of the cheapest and inferior qualities, but chiefly richly cut, engraved and gilded vases, and other ornaments that may be seen at Munich, Prague, Vienna, Berlin, and all the principal cities of Germany, Austria, and England. There are excellent roads to these works *via* Reichenberg to Zittau, a noble city, connected by a branch railroad to the main Dresden line, and which have scattered upon the meandering streams numerous small glass works for cutting beads, chandelier-drops, &c. The large glass works on that line have been abandoned, and only a few small ones remain for making glass drops, beads, &c. The whole of this interesting route is literally alive with these small glass-making operations. There are also woollen and linen works driven chiefly by water-power, some of considerable magnitude. Nievelt has about eight hundred inhabitants, a few of whom are employed agriculturally in raising cereals, flax, &c. The houses and women somewhat resemble the Swiss. Long winters and snow make it undesirable as a constant residence, but the inhabitants are generally happy, contented, and in good health; six to seven hundred are engaged in the glass works, and many have scarcely ever seen any other village than their own. The table-land of Nievelt is three to four miles long, and nearly as broad; the range of hills rising above it has a considerable stream of clear water meandering through, which drives about fifteen small water-mills, each having about ten to twenty hands, making a total of three or four hundred men, women, and children, chiefly the two latter, occupied in cutting ornaments and table glass, such as wine-glasses, decanters, vases, glass drops for chandeliers. These numerous small cutting mills, each with separate falls of water (to economise water-power), have therefore about one to two horses' power of water, which being repeated fifteen times, may be equal, on the whole, to one large fall of about thirty horses' power.

The Halle (flint glass-house), the ware-house or magazine, a school-house, and the church, form the principal objects in the village, to which may be added the public-house or tavern. It has but one large dining-room for all classes of customers. The tavern is also the custom-house and theatre; the latter consists entirely of Nievelt amateur performers, and has a very good amateur orchestra. Thus, in this isolated manufacturing village may be found, *multum in parvo*, for state Roman Catholic religious teaching,

theatrical amusements, &c.; and woe to the poor, unfortunate traveller who expects to get sleep at the hotel on Saturday or Sunday evenings till after the theatre is closed.

The glass-house is a large wood erection of the most old-fashioned character, without any machinery for drawing down the glass, after being annealed. The whole system is totally different to that of England, and could not be adopted in Great Britain, where coals are used; nor would our system suit Bohemia. Wood fuel should be dry, and requires large buildings besides the Halle for storing the fuel, which is used very economically, in small furnaces, with pots each holding about five hundredweight of metal (half or one third as much as ours), and which, owing to the inferiority of the heat of wood, are open at the top (not covered as the English), so that the fire may play upon the surface of the fluid metal. Although the wood is usually thoroughly dried, some carbonaceous matter will remain, which injuriously affects lead, one of the component parts of flint glass; for which reason foreign flint glass cannot be as colourless nor as refractive as English, although the wood open pot system gives greater facilities for fusing and working the beautiful ruby and other coloured glasses for which the Bohemians are so celebrated.

Nievelt workmen are employed in the glass-house many hours longer than the English, upon the continental system of working six days and nights in the week, so that each pot is filled and worked out at least twice in seven days by two sets of workmen. In England pots are usually filled and emptied only once weekly, and the workmen seldom are employed above four and a half days and nights per week. The English system is the best for superior quality, the foreign for quantity. The wages for skilled blowers are about the same as paid in England, but they work about one fourth longer time. One of the great advantages of establishing glass works in so isolated a district as Nievelt is the extraordinary low rate of wages, especially for the cutters, many women and children being employed, which is not so much the custom in England. Few skilled blowers comparatively are employed at Nievelt, as the goods are made in a crude state, leaving them to be economically finished by the cutters: this causes the thick edges of their wine glasses. The English system of flashing and shearing, which gives such beautiful, clear, thin edges, and requires greater time, skill, and attention of the blowers, is not much practised in Bohemia. The Bohemians use a local crystal rock (instead of loose sand), which is calcined and pulverised; it is of excellent quality, but twice as costly as English sand. Both red-lead and carbonate of soda are considerably dearer than in England, but these disadvantages are more than compensated by the extraordinary low price of labour.

In these works are about one hundred blowers (men and boys), eighteen to twenty first-rate engravers on glass, and as many painters and gilders, many of them of artistic skill, having the manners of men of education: some of these skilled engravers occasionally settle in London, and get three times the wages they receive in Bohemia. As you walk about the village on summer evenings, or in the rustic country adjoining, most of the workpeople, especially on a Sunday, are well dressed, and salute you as you pass, "Guten tag, guten abend." The church has abundance of glass candlesticks and vases on the altar, and a glass chandelier in the centre, all presents from the Count, and manufactured at the village works of Nievelt.

In the adjacent woods, from which the fuel is cut, there is a beautiful waterfall, and



J. M. W. TURNER, R. A. PINX'T.

THE SUN RISING IN A MIST.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

J. C. ARMYTAGE, SCULPT.

the firs are so compact and dense as almost to cause darkness in meridian day. Nothing but the rush of cataract waters was heard amidst intense shade and solemn quietude; and the traveller happening to pass the Sunday there, indisposed to join in the worship of Catholicism, will find Nature's temple, in which, in summer, he may adore God with, perhaps, as much devotion as if surrounded with all the gorgeous appendages of ritual worship.

Near the church is the cemetery, a quadrangular plot of about half an acre, walled in to the height of three or four feet—a sort of small *Pere le Chaise*, with its little cultivated enclosure of flowers, chaplets, &c. Mostly simple wooden crosses mark the spots where lie the mortal remains of sons and daughters of the Roman Catholic church. For simplicity and piety the following epitaphs may be quoted:—

HIER ROHET IN HERRN ENTSCHLAFEN,
LUDWIG KLUGEN,
GESTORBEN, JAHR, 1847.

(Here rests in the Lord, Ludwig Klugen. Died in the year 1847.)

Quotations from Scripture were upon a few tombstones, and also the following inscription:—

DAS GROSSTE UNGLUCK IST KEIN UNGLUCK TRAGEN
ZU KÖNNEN.

(The greatest affliction is not to know affliction.)

The visit to Nievelt will always be gratefully remembered: manager, artists, workmen, and young people seemed to vie in attention to the English manufacturer—perhaps the only one that had visited the place for many years. The manager gave every possible facility of viewing the interesting establishment (he had just returned from the London Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851), and fully explained the annealing processes which were carried on in arches all round the Halle or glass-house, where the goods were shut up for as many hours as were requisite for the goods and the ignited wood-fuel gradually to become cool.

The school erection was quite unpretending, with the following words inscribed in large type:—"Wurzel der Religion und de Staat." One master had the instruction of the pupils of both sexes; the morning being devoted to the senior, and the afternoon to the younger pupils; and thus were the rudiments of religion, and the elements of an ordinary education given, upon the Church and State principles of Austria, during six days of the week. The school-room, for several hours on Sunday, was used by the pupils of the school of design. The ornamental branch of the works was replenished by the knowledge of free hand-drawing (antique works of Art also becoming familiar to the students), acquired through a master who was liberally paid by the owner of the works.

With the advantages of skilled artistic workmen, more novelty of design might have been anticipated, which, although good, partook too much of the same character as that of other manufacturers, to be seen throughout the German and Austrian dominions. These extensive and interesting works were occupied chiefly in the reproduction of artistic gilt and engraved ornamental glass, and, but to a comparatively small extent, in originating novelties of high Art manufacture.

Some few years have elapsed since I visited Nievelt: subsequent advances in Art-manufactures with the competition produced by free trade, can scarcely fail to have had a beneficial effect upon the works at Nievelt, and will enable the artisans there to vie with the world in the forthcoming International Exhibition, so far as colouring and engraving are concerned.

APSLEY PELLATT.

PICTURE SALES.*

THE valuable collection of pictures recently belonging to the late Mr. Plint, the eminent stock-broker, of Leeds, was disposed of by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, at their sale-rooms in King Street, St. James's, on Friday and Saturday, the 7th and 8th of last month. The well-known excellence of these works, and the peculiar circumstances under which they were offered for public and unconditional sale, excited more than usual interest, and the result was looked forward to with much anxiety, not only for the purpose of ascertaining what value buyers generally would place upon the pictures, but those who had a claim upon the deceased gentleman's estate felt a personal interest in the sale; and the guardians of Mr. Plint's orphan children were also concerned to know what sum would be realised for their support.

The causes which have brought the collection into the market have been thus explained in a daily newspaper:—"It appears that Mr. Plint, about sixteen months since, being largely engaged in monetary speculations, met with reverses so heavy that he was obliged to suspend payment. Shortly afterwards he died, and it was then discovered that the whole of his property consisted in the collection of pictures and drawings now about to be sold. A fortnight before his death his eleventh child was born. Under the sudden change of fortune, the death of her husband, and the delicate state of her health, the widowed mother also died. Mr. Plint's gallery of Art cost £25,000, and was valued at more than enough to cover all his liabilities in full, but he was so highly esteemed, and the probable destitution of his eleven orphan children so deeply commiserated by the creditors, that they agreed to accept a composition of 14s. in the pound, which was voluntarily guaranteed to them by a liberal and wealthy mill-owner at Leeds. Another misfortune occurred to this family. Mrs. Plint, not anticipating that her death was so near, executed a power of attorney, which gave authority to a gentleman of great experience in the picture trade to manage the sale of the collection, but as that power expired with her, the estate may be described as adrift, without helm or compass, for both pictures and drawings are now entirely at the mercy of the public; and although many of them have been recently exhibited, and others collected from the studios in an unfinished state, they were all the genuine property of Mr. Plint, and in the strictest sense of the well-worn phrase 'they must be sold without reserve.' The first £8,000 produced will be handed to the creditors, and the clear balance of the receipts is all that is left for the support and education of the eleven orphans, whose ages range from sixteen years down to only as many months."

We can add our own personal testimony to the worth and liberality of Mr. Plint, who gave us free access to his gallery, and permitted us to engrave for our new series some of his best acquisitions.

The collection was especially rich in works of the Pre-Raphaelite school, those of Holman Hunt, Millais, F. Madox Browne, and Wallis, with a host of minor claimants for similar æsthetic honours. It contained upwards of 330 oil paintings and water-colour drawings, of which the latter were sold on the first-mentioned day, and realised about £5,270. In the catalogue of these appeared the names of Copley Fielding, E. G. Warren, Millais, Madox Browne, D. Cox, Turner, W. Hunt, C. Stanfield, Müller, Birket Foster, J. B. Pyne, J. F. Lewis, Holman Hunt, and others. The drawings which excited the keenest competition were:—"A Pic-nic Party," E. G. Warren, 57 gs.; "Loch Lomond," Copley Fielding, 64 gs.; "Pegwell Bay," a very small drawing by

Turner, 83 gs.; "Leonore," a large composition with numerous figures by Ary Scheffer, 100 gs. (Vokins); "View on the Dovey," Branwhite, 70 gs. (Moore); "Arabs at Prayer," Müller, 60 gs. (Wallis); "View in the Highlands," Copley Fielding, 115 gs. (Isaacs); "The Cottage Door," Birket Foster, 62 gs. (Smith); "A Street in Cairo," a fine drawing by J. F. Lewis, A.R.A., dated 1860, 170 gs. (Vokins); "A Bird's Nest," 10½ in. by 11½ in., W. Hunt, 112 gs. (Vokins); "Milan Cathedral," 3½ in. by 5½ in., Turner, 58 gs. (Croft); "Carlisle," the engraved drawing by Turner, 3¼ in. by 5½ in., 96 gs. (Agnew); "Hythe," also by Turner, and engraved in his *Southern Coast*, 5½ in. by 9 in., 92 gs. (White); "The Wreck," Turner, a vignette, engraved in the *Keepsake*, 84 gs. (Smith); "Smallholme Tower," Turner, engraved, 62 gs. (Smith); "An Illustration of *Guy Ransom*," Turner, 58 gs. (Vokins); "Sidmouth," Turner, 63 gs. (Vokins); these latter are also drawings of diminutive size. "Landscape," with a Castle, D. Cox, 68 gs. (Wallis); four small engraved drawings by Turner—"Cologne," 76 gs. (Agnew); "Venice," 73 gs. (Smith); "Mount Sinai," 111 gs. (Vokins); "Splügen Pass," 100 gs. (Isaacs). Six illustrations of *Framley Parsonage*, by J. E. Millais, A.R.A., sold for 163 gs.; and five Eastern scenes by W. H. Hunt, lately exhibited, for 527 gs.; the latter were purchased by Messrs. Agnew.

On Saturday the oil-pictures were offered for sale; of these the works of Millais took the foremost place: the "Carpenter's Shop," exhibited in 1850, was disposed of for 500 gs. (Moore); the "Proscribed Royalist," exhibited in 1853, for 525 gs. (Agnew); the "Black Brunswicker," exhibited in 1860, 780 gs. (Graves)—we have heard that Mr. Plint paid £1,000 in guineas for this picture; a small *replica* of the "Huguenot," 130 gs. (D. White); "Wedding Cards," a small female head, admirable in expression, unexhibited, 120 gs. (Grindlay); "The Bridesmaid," in a garden, preparing to fling an old shoe after the wedding *cortège*, 120 gs. (Moore). Next in importance were the productions of Holman Hunt, which included several landscape studies made in the Holy Land; among these were—"The Plain of Rephaim," 120 gs. (Agnew); "Nazareth," £151 (Agnew); "Jerusalem during Ramazan," 100 gs. (Agnew); "Cairo—sunset on the Gebel-Mokattum," 100 gs. (Agnew); by the same artist were small *replicas* of the "Scene from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*," 210 gs. (Agnew); and "Claudio and Isabella," 200 gs. (Cox).

Of the remaining pictures our space permits us to notice, were:—"The Dead Lady," Noel Paton, 170 gs.; "Burd Helen," W. L. Windus, exhibited in 1856, 350 gs. (Gambart); three paintings by the late J. D. Luard—"The Crimean Hut," 200 gs. (Grundy); "Nearing Home," 450 gs. (Moore); "The Girl I left behind me," 100 gs. (Gambart); four pictures by Henry Wallis—"Elaine," 475 gs. (Agnew); sketch in oils for the same, 110 gs. (Gambart); "Return from Marston Moor," 135 gs. (Smith); "Marten in Chepstow Castle," 221 gs. (Anthony); and "Gondomar watching Raleigh's Execution," 181 gs.; F. Madox Browne's "Last of England," 410 gs. (Gambart); "The King's Orchard," 100 gs. (Agnew); and "The Knight of the Sun," 200 gs. (Agnew)—both by A. Hughes; "The Mother of Moses," S. Solomon, 100 gs. (Gambart); "View in the Pyrenees," J. D. Harding, 101 gs. (White); "Warwick Castle," J. Brett, 140 gs. (Gambart); "Parable of the Children standing in the Market-place," W. T. C. Dobson, A.R.A., 100 gs. (Gambart); "Scene in *Quentin Durward*," A. Elmore, R.A., 155 gs.; "The Shipwreck," C. Stanfield, R.A., 250 gs. (Gambart); "View on the Tees," T. Creswick, R.A., 100 gs.; "Broken Vows," P. H. Calderon, 110 gs.; "Christian being Armed," J. C. Hook, R.A., 260 gs.; "Christiana and her Companions," F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., 180 gs.; "Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane," H. Le Jeune, 105 gs.; "View in the Environs of Naples," Copley Fielding, 480 gs.; "Isle of Thun, Switzerland," J. D. Harding, 175 gs. Some small Pre-Raphaelite pictures by Rossetti, E. Jones, and Burton were sold at comparatively good prices.

A few foreign pictures hung in Mr. Plint's rooms, among them was a masterly composition by H. Leys, "Capestro, the Carpenter of Antwerp, Preaching in his Work-yard," which Mr. Agnew

* An anonymous correspondent at Clifton, whose letter we would have answered had he favoured us with his name, suggests that we should publish "a list of all the pictures sold during the season by Messrs. Christie and Messrs. Foster, with the sizes of the works and the prices they fetch." To do this fully would occupy many columns of the Journal in the most important months of the year, to the omission of other subjects of greater interest to the vast majority of our subscribers. We allow no sale of importance to pass over without notice, but are compelled to restrict our remarks to the principal works offered, the prices they realise, and the name of the buyer.

purchased for the sum of £850; Messrs. Leggatt and Co. bought E. Frère's 'Young Drummer,' and Mr. Gambart the same painter's 'Kettle-drummer,' at the price of 90 gs. each.

The water-colour drawings realised the sum of nearly £5,270, the oil-pictures £13,121, or together about £18,391; the entire collection cost its late owner, it is said, little less than £25,000.

The *Athenæum* says, in addition to the pictures sold, the executor has, for the benefit of the family of Mr. Plint, several pictures yet in his hands. Among these are Mr. Rosetti's 'Mary Magdalen,' Mr. E. B. Jones's 'Nativity,' Mr. F. M. Browne's 'Labour,'—a large and important picture, Mr. A. Hughes's 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci,' Mr. Holman Hunt's 'Finding of the Saviour in the Temple,' and other works. Assuming this to be the fact, Mr. Plint's collection must have cost him considerably more than £25,000, or else many of the pictures realised on this occasion more than he gave for them; several, we know, were sold for much less: the 'Black Brunswicker,' for example, cost him 1000 pounds or guineas, as we have been informed, and for Leys' large picture he paid £5,000.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE EXHIBITION BUILDING FOR 1862.

SIR,—Your remarks upon the above building are but the echo of the voices of all *architects*.

Simplicity and grandeur are matters of easy combination to the initiated, whereas to outsiders difficulties present themselves which are insurmountable, and unless there be a financial margin for super-imposed ornament and unconstructional elaboration, the result of their labours must be bare and unsatisfactory. The peculiar uses of the building do not afford an excuse in this case, as there have now been so many patterns and examples from which hints might have been culled, that it looks like a determination to produce an original structure at any cost or sacrifice of good taste, resulting in the perpetration of the ex-crescence which now deforms the neighbourhood of Brompton.

But it is to be hoped that, however "permanent"ly built the structure may be, professional opinion will be so brought to bear upon the Royal Commissioners during the Exhibition, that at the end of it they will avail themselves of the clause which empowers them to pay the contractors simply a sum of money for the use and waste of the building, and direct them to clear it off the premises with all speed.

Thus, with the experience they will have gained, they will be able to give such instructions to an *architect* as will ensure the production of a design suitable for a really permanent cosmopolitan palace of industry. There will be plenty of time to get it prepared for the next Decennial Exhibition, and the construction and decoration will have every chance of a satisfactory solution.

Indeed it would (to save the country's credit in matters architectural) be well for them to come to this decision at an early date, so that foreigners might be given to understand that the building in the new Ephemeral style is simply a thing to be exhibited, and then to vanish. F.S.A.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The packages containing the *Musée Campanà* are now being opened in the Palace of Industry, *Champs Elysées*: they consist of 900 enormous cases, containing more than 6,000 smaller ones. A number of parcels, amounting in all to sixty-four, contain an interesting series of ancient jewellery. Numerous paintings fill several galleries. In a few weeks the arrangement will be complete and the public admitted, but only for a limited time, as the collection is to be dispersed, it is said, and distributed in the various museums of Paris. The duplicates, which are numerous, will be sent to the provincial museums.—The curiosities collected in China will shortly be opened to the public in the galleries of the Louvre.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

PAISLEY.—It is intended to erect in this town a memorial of the late Alexander Wilson, the Scottish poet, and the distinguished illustrator of American ornithology, who was a native of Paisley. The memorial is to take the form of a statue, modelled by Mr. John Mossman, of Glasgow, whose design has recently been selected by a committee of subscribers. The statue will be of heroic size, and cast in bronze. It is to stand on a pedestal of grey granite nine feet and a half high. The poet-naturalist is represented leaning against the trunk of a tree, intent upon a small dead bird which he holds in the left hand; the right is slightly raised, as if in admiration. The subscriptions for the payment of the work have reached, we understand, the required amount within about £100, but there cannot be a doubt of this deficiency being supplied by the time the money is wanted.

SHEFFIELD.—The Rev. Charles Boutell, in a recent lecture delivered in this town on the "Value of the Arts in Practical Connection with Manufacture," referred in not very complimentary terms to the teachings of the Department of Science and Art. "The great question," he said, "is, have we been working on such a system as will enable us to look forward with confidence to satisfactory results? and, in order to answer this question, we must inquire into the agencies which have been at work amongst us. Mr. Cole, the head of the Department of Science and Art, at a recent visit to Sheffield, extolled very highly the progress which was visible from the operations of the Sheffield School of Art; and his expression of satisfaction, taken by itself, was certainly sufficient to dispel all anxiety as to the future. But the question arose, were Mr. Cole's opinions the result of such a sound consideration and judgment of the case as to be conclusive? Unfortunately for those who maintained that because Mr. Cole said so there need be no fear as to the future, that gentleman had given an opinion upon another branch of Art—namely, architecture. At a recent meeting of the Society of Arts, Mr. Cole said, in the most explicit manner, that the body of architects were a set of ignoramuses, that there was but one great architect, and he a captain of military engineers, and that the building which he has designed to contain the Exhibition is one of the finest, if not the finest, building that ever was produced in the world; on the contrary, that building is an outrage to architecture and a disgrace to England. There is not a railway shed that ever was built that is not as fine a work. It is simply like a carpenter's shop magnified to a large extent, with no design or ornament, or good point about it whatever. This fact brought home to the lecturer's mind the serious consideration whether Mr. Cole might not be equally mistaken when he said that the Sheffield School of Art was doing all that could be desired." This was an allusion to some remarks recently made by Mr. Cole in the town at a meeting of the supporters of the Sheffield school, an institution which, we have every reason to know, the principal manufacturers of the town generally ignore as of no practical advantage to them. In another lecture delivered by Mr. Boutell in the same place on a subsequent day, he deprecated the idea of an obelisk as a suitable memorial of the lamented Prince Consort, on the ground of such an object being unmeaning as well as unimportant as a work of Art.

LIVERPOOL.—The Liverpool Society of Fine Arts has memorialised the town council for a public gallery, urging various reasons, some of which do not appear quite intelligible to us, in favour of such an object. It is argued that the sum of £200 per annum which for the last four years has been saved to the town, by the annual exhibition having become self-supporting, should be expended in purchasing pictures from the local exhibitions. Liverpool certainly is entitled from its wealth, population, and intelligence, to an institution of this kind, and we hope that those who are endeavouring to procure one may be successful. We are bound to make record of the gratitude due to the committee of this society for their continual and liberal efforts to promote the cause of Art in the great commercial port of the kingdom; and it is gratifying to know that these efforts have had right and strong influence on its merchants and people.

MANCHESTER.—The Royal Institution of this city purposes having another exhibition of water-colour paintings, to be opened this month (April): the "Heywood" Gold Medal is offered as a prize for the best exhibited work. Collectors and dealers are invited to contribute. The Manchester Academy will open its annual exhibition as early as practicable after the closing of the Royal Academy. The

"Heywood" Gold Medals are offered for the best "figure painting" and the best landscape.

BIRMINGHAM.—The annual meeting of those interested in the School of Art in this busy manufacturing town took place early last month, when Sir Francis Scott took the chair, and distributed the prizes and medals to those entitled to receive them. The report of the committee stated that the number of students of all classes who had attended the school during the year was 903; being an increase of twenty-nine over the number attending the preceding year. The amount of fees received had been £600 11s., showing a decrease of £4 19s. 6d. This apparent anomaly was accounted for by the fact that a greater number of students than usual had attended only one of the two sessions into which the school year is divided; by the greater number who had obtained nominations from subscribers, and by a slight decrease in the numbers attending the day classes, the fees of which are highest. The increase in numbers was, in fact, in the lowest paying classes, for whose benefit the school is peculiarly designed.

HANLEY.—The annual meeting of the School of Art was recently held, and the prizes were distributed. The Mayor of Hanley was in the chair, supported by Mr. Copeland, M.P., and a large number of influential gentlemen interested in the welfare of the School. The body of the town hall and the gallery were also crowded. The report which was read stated that "the high state of proficiency at which the School has arrived is best seen in the fact that twelve works of the students were sent up to the national competition, and that the School has for the fourth time secured the highest number of awards which can be obtained; viz., five national medals, as well as two honourable mentions." The report further stated that the committee had concluded the purchase of the school premises. The purchase had entailed a heavy money responsibility, and the treasurer was consequently considerably in advance (about £70). The chairman announced that Alderman Copeland had offered four prizes to the students; a first prize of £2 for the best model of a handled cup and saucer; £1 for a second ditto; £2 for the best model of a jug; and £1 for a second ditto.

IPSWICH.—Mr. Eyre Crowe, one of the "occasional" government inspectors of Art, recently held an examination of the works of the pupils in the Ipswich school, and awarded fourteen medals to the successful competitors. The students here number about 300; in addition to which a large number of persons not connected with the school, and nearly 300 children in national schools, have the advantage of instruction.

WELLS.—The next exhibition of the Bath and West of England Society for the Encouragement of Agriculture, Arts, Manufactures, &c., will be held at Wells, and is to be opened on May 26th. Manufacturers and others intending to exhibit are invited to communicate with the Secretary, Mr. Daw, of Exeter. An Art-Union, in connection with the Art department of the society, has been formed, which will have the effect of giving additional interest to its proceedings.

CAMBRIDGE.—An entertainment, in which music was included, was given by the supporters of the Cambridge School of Art, on the evening of Feb. 21, in the old Assembly Room. Among the addresses spoken was one by Mr. Wylde, a government inspector, who especially noticed that in the award of medals a large majority were carried off by ladies, adding that he expected the proportion would have been the other way. He trusted that the male classes would be stimulated by such a result to make greater exertions in the future.

BIRKENHEAD.—The first distribution of prizes and medals to the pupils of the School of Art here took place last month. This institution was opened only in June last, but the progress of the students has, in this short time, been deemed so satisfactory that, at the last examination, sixty-four prizes were awarded, of which fourteen were medals: six drawings were selected for competition in London.

BARNSTAPLE.—Mr. E. B. Stephens, the sculptor, is engaged to execute a statue of the late Earl Fortescue, to be erected in this town. A sum of about £1,500 has been raised for the purposes of a memorial, one half of which is to be appropriated to the building, and the other half to the statue. Mr. Stephens is a Devonshire man, being a native of Exeter: the fair county has been always liberal in contributing great men to the world of Art.

BRISTOL.—Arrangements are being made which, we trust, may prove successful for an Art-exhibition in this city, which, it is said, has not hitherto taken a position in this way at all commensurate with its importance as a large and opulent community.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM,
PRESENT AND FUTURE.

"The plans of Captain Fowke for the Great Museum at South Kensington are estimated at £214,000; part of which has been already expended."—*Athenaeum*, February 22.

THE staff of the Museum establishment at South Kensington, as shown in the Parliamentary Blue Book, enjoys the advantage of possessing an *Inspector for Science and Art*, who is also the *Engineer and Architect* of the institution. This officer appears, on the authority of the same official document, to receive a yearly salary of £650. Many circumstances combine to show that this salary is easily earned by the present "Inspector, Engineer, and Architect," Captain Fowke, of the Royal Engineers; since the duties of that gentleman in connection with the Museum admit of his having leisure, not only to design, and plan, and superintend, as sole architect, the Great Exhibition Building, but also to prepare plans for a new edifice, of transcendent importance, for the Museum itself. To be sure, this last-named avocation might appear to fall within the proper range of Captain Fowke's Museum duties, and the plans in question might very naturally be regarded as paid for by an admiring nation in the £650 per annum already alluded to. But, as we confess to serious difficulties in reconciling Captain Fowke's numerous and onerous duties with the possibilities of any single man's career, so we are painfully sceptical with reference to what is and what is not included amongst those duties, for which £650 is held to be an annual equivalent. Whether Captain Fowke is or is not supposed to be in active service, as an officer of Engineers, we have not been able to ascertain to our satisfaction. Whether his Museum engagements are such as to leave him at liberty to take a part in works with which the Museum has no concern, is to us equally a matter for speculation. We certainly do feel tolerably certain that Captain Fowke's services in the matter of the Great Exhibition Building will be paid for liberally by his patrons, the Royal Commissioners; and, at the same time, we do not anticipate any reduction in the current Museum salary of £650, in consequence of any such trifling occurrence as the entire absorption of the Captain's time, for nine or ten months, by the Great Exhibition Building. Of course, in some quarter or other Captain Fowke must be esteemed a personage endowed with almost superhuman abilities, with physical faculties to match, or he never would hold his somewhat numerous appointments, or be considered capable of doing so many and such varied things at one and the same time.

By ordinary minds, the *Inspector of Science and Art*, the *Engineer and Architect* of the South Kensington Museum, would be supposed to have quite enough on his hands, if he were even to contemplate a faithful and effectual discharge of the regular duties that must devolve upon him. When to these daily and sustained duties the enormous burden of Great Exhibition architect is added, there certainly appears no possibility of any spare time or unused thought available for other purposes. Such an idea, by whomsoever entertained, is simply a delusion. Captain Fowke has leisure hours, and overflowings of thought still left for his Museum; and so, amidst his other toils, he actually matures plans for a *new Great Museum Edifice*, the cost of which is estimated to be about one quarter of a million sterling.

But there is another side even to this delightful picture of patriotic devotedness, coupled with marvellous versatility of powers; and that other side is by no means a fac-

simile of the one we have hitherto been contemplating under the conjoint influence of surprise and admiration. Our point of view having been changed, Captain Fowke and his offices, his duties, and his emoluments, assume a fresh and by no means a fascinating aspect. Were he simply to undertake everything and to do nothing, mischief, at any rate, would be avoided. Instead of this, his mode of operation is infinitely worse than letting things perfectly alone. We might almost remain silent so long as Captain Fowke were well paid only for doing nothing. What we cannot endure is that he should be well paid for doing mischief. The Great Exhibition Building must stamp English architecture in the eyes of the world with a brand that another decade will not suffice to wear away, should 1872 produce a structure somewhat after the original Fowke model. And now we are told that this same Captain Fowke has prepared his plans for a Great Museum, which shall take the place of the present incongruous group at South Kensington.

Fortunately for Art in England, the erection of a new Great Museum at South Kensington will have to undergo careful consideration and searching inquiry, before any plans that Captain Fowke may have been so provident as to have prepared are at all likely to be carried into execution. Meanwhile, the architectural reputation of Captain Fowke will have been brought to the ordeal of the coming summer, and his Great Exhibition Building will have been seen, and its true character determined by the visitors to the Exhibition itself; and, if this is not enough to save us from the threatened infliction of a Fowke Museum, we admit that such a Museum will be precisely what we shall deserve.

The apathy with which the Great Exhibition job has hitherto been regarded in just those quarters where it ought to have experienced the most stern rebuke, is indeed sufficiently painful, sufficiently humiliating. But, surely, even though the Exhibition Building has elicited only so very limited an expression of sentiments that certainly are universally prevalent, Captain Fowke's Museum project cannot be permitted to attain to a scornfully silent recognition. It must be put down, and put down with a strong hand. We are tired of appealing to the architects, whether as individual artists, or collectively as constituting a great Art-profession, to come forward and to denounce both shed-making and the shed-maker. But we may appeal hopefully, and we do so appeal, to our countrymen throughout the length and breadth of England, to speak out upon this matter of a Fowke national Museum. The quarter of a million required for the new project will have to be voted by Parliament; and, accordingly, the nation may petition the legislature, and individual members of the legislature may, without much difficulty, be induced to bestow real attention upon the subject. The Exhibition Building is sufficient evidence upon which to ground any effort to rescue the South Kensington Museum Building from the grasp of Captain Fowke. We urge upon all who respect the cause of Art among us to make the most of what Captain Fowke has himself placed in our hands, as a practical illustration of his architectural powers on a grand scale. Let him be tried by the architecture of his own Exhibition Building; and, as a candidate for a Museum Building, let him stand or fall by the testimony of his own works. We do not, and we will not, believe that infatuation can go so far as to place a quarter of a million of good money at the disposal of the engineer and architect of the Great Exhibition and the South Kensington Museum.

THE GREAT EXHIBITIONS OF
1851 AND 1862.

THE TWO BUILDINGS.

WE desire to invite our readers to consider a striking contrast. Of those who did not form a personal acquaintance with the edifice erected in 1851 by Sir Joseph Paxton, for the first of the Great Exhibitions, we presume there are but few who have not since become familiar with that Crystal Palace, under its present somewhat modified conditions, at Sydenham. The Crystal Palace it is, which we now desire to contrast with the building that has grown up at South Kensington, under the direction of Captain Fowke. Unhappily, it is not possible to place the Paxton Palace *vis-à-vis* with "the shed," in bodily presence, in Cromwell Road; we must, therefore, rest content with requesting that the contrast we proposed should be drawn without the actual juxtaposition of the two buildings. Whoever has seen the two will find it easy enough to place them side by side before the eyes of his mind; he will, therefore, look first to "this picture," and then to "that."

And who, we ask, can contemplate this contrast without feelings of indignant shame? Who can remember the Crystal Palace that arose at the bidding of Paxton, without lamenting over the paltry degeneracy of the Fowke structure? And be it remembered that this contrast, so painfully unfavourable as it is to the edifice of to-day, fails to exhibit its full force, unless the circumstances attending the production of the two buildings are taken carefully into consideration. Paxton worked without any precedent, without any experience of Great Exhibition Buildings,—indeed, without even any definite idea as to what a Great Exhibition might mean, and certainly without a hint as to the style of edifice that would be best calculated to provide for its contingent requirements. Fowke, on the other hand, has had at his disposal every one of those conditions of success that in the case of his predecessor were altogether wanting. Before he set to work upon what we suppose he still considers his designs and plans, Great Exhibitions and their appropriate buildings had become what may be entitled a recognised science. Everything had been studied and tested. The whole matter had grown to be one of experience and thorough familiarity. All that was left was simply a question of comparative skill in development. The architect had only to deal with accepted facts, and to show his ability in his able treatment of them. As the production of the first building was attended with difficulties,—great, almost, if not altogether, beyond all precedent,—so unprecedented facilities have presented themselves to the architect of the second building. If there were any serious difficulties for *him* to encounter, they would result solely from either his own incapacity, or his wilful extravagance. Comparative failure might have been readily pardoned in 1851, but complete success now is what we had a right to expect.

All visitors to South Kensington, therefore, we recommend to turn their steps thence towards the Crystal Palace, where it now stands, cresting the fair hill of Sydenham, and looking down, all gleaming in the sunshine, upon its own multitudinous flowers, and beautiful trees, and gushing fountains. Assuredly, the Directors of the Crystal Palace will not fail to make the most of the contrast we have set before them, and will understand how to give effect to the excursion to Sydenham which we have suggested to all visitors to the Great Exhibition No. 2.

PROGRESS OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE building designed to receive the "world's treasures" in 1862 is now sufficiently near completion to enable an accurate estimate to be formed of its fitness for its destined purpose. Up to the present time there might have been a lurking hope in the breast of a few enthusiastic advocates that it would eventually present some redeeming feature; but the conviction, now universal, is, that it is a monstrous outrage upon national forbearance, and doomed to reflect most fatally upon the national taste. It would be difficult to imagine anything more daringly ugly than this lamentable specimen of what a selfish clique, when armed with authority and funds, can do in the way of shamefaced jobbery. It is currently reported—though the enormity of the statement almost defies belief—that for this rare design Captain Fowke has received £5,000, in acknowledgment of his "services." We wait full confirmation of this to express our opinion of the transaction. If true, this is but another instance of that reckless expenditure which will eventually render every guarantor liable for the full "penalty of the bond." Lavish in disbursement upon adjuncts worse than useless, the Commissioners exercise a most pernicious economy in matters where fair and generous dealing would better suit their purpose. It has been customary in previous exhibitions of this character to provide the counter space for exhibitors, but in this instance even that moderate share of attention to their requirements is withheld; and the final determination of the Royal Commissioners is, that the counter, as well as the fittings, must be provided at the expense of the exhibitors.

Were this economy but part of a general principle of action solicitous for the interests of guarantors, we might pass it without comment, but it is not; they strain at gnats and swallow camels. A tithe of the sum that has been culpably wasted on the perpetration of those monstrous follies, the domes, which further disfigure an already ugly building, would have enabled the Commission to act with that consideration to the requirements of the exhibitors becoming their royal character. No condemnation can be strong enough for the want of judgment which tolerated the erection of these costly absurdities, and sanctioned the slovenly manner in which they are being completed. Sash-bars have been carried up in parallel lines, cutting the principal ribs at sharp angles. The glazing is of the most paltry description, the glass in narrow slips, as being the cheapest applicable form, and the consequence is that it is subject to a leakage which will cause very serious inconvenience. The late storm has done considerable damage to them already; a large surface of the glass was blown off with great violence upon the lower part of the building, by which the roofing of the picture gallery and the courts was much injured; and as the scaffolding has been to a considerable extent taken down, the difficulty of reglazing is a serious hindrance, and involves no small risk. Even in the simple matter of the entrances to the building there has been a most ridiculous oversight; they are found to be made too narrow for the reception of some of the contributions, and portions of the brickwork have been pulled down to admit them. Of a truth the "prentice fingers" of 1851 were more expert than the master hand of 1862. Experience seems to have been thrown away, or the initiative of the first International Exhibition would have had a more useful and profitable influence on the management of the second. Although the progress made with the building is quite as great as could reasonably be expected, still the probability of its being completed by the 1st of May is no longer entertained.

The decoration under Mr. Crace is proceeding with all possible rapidity. Under all the adverse circumstances attending its execution, and the haste with which it is necessarily hurried forward, the effect is as favourable as could have been anticipated. Judged by a high standard of Art-criticism, it will fall considerably below the rank

which such a task should have held; but the many hindrances by which it has been beset, make even its shortcomings pardonable.

The French have taken possession of their space—about one-fourth of the entire building—and are proceeding to enclose it by partitions, so as in some degree to isolate it from the rest of the building. This is presumed by some writers, who have commented on it in condemnatory terms, to be for the purpose of gaining wall space. Such is an erroneous supposition. The partitions erecting in the French departments are forty-five feet high, and wall space of this altitude could be of no possible utility for exhibitive purposes in the way implied. The French, as well as all who are acquainted with exhibitions on a large scale, know very well that works, however individually important, are great or small in respect to the area in which they are exhibited. Also that the merits of Art productions, whether fine or industrial, is prominent or obscured according as the light in which they are viewed is favourable or otherwise. It is for the purpose of securing a modified light in a moderate yet ample space, the arrangement of groupings favourable to the display of their exhibits, and free from the disadvantages of proximity with what might injure their effect, that the French have taken this course; and they have acted wisely. We trust that English exhibitors will, as far as practicable, follow their example.

The whole preliminary arrangements of our Gallic neighbours show the perfect understanding they possess of the best methods of displaying the results of their skill. Whilst the English portion of the exhibition is marked in square blocks at right angles with each other, the French have organised such an arrangement as scarcely presents a right angle throughout its whole area, whilst the inclinations of the passages are so contrived that visitors once entering upon them will be unexpectedly led through the entire range of the exhibitive works.

It has been urged that these subdivisions will injure the general effect of the building. We doubt, when completed, that they will do so, but granted that the *coup d'œil* did suffer, so that the exhibits are seen to greater advantage, ample amends is made. This objection is based upon a thorough misunderstanding of the object of the exhibition. The effect of the works displayed is the first consideration, that of the building quite a secondary matter.

If rumour speak truth, France will contest supremacy not only in fine and industrial Art, but also in mere commercial utilities.

The Emperor of Russia will forward two porcelain vases of colossal proportions, one decorated with the portrait of Inigo Jones, after Vandyke, and the other that of Locke, from the painting by Kneller. By the request of his Majesty, these vases at the close of the Exhibition are to be presented "to the oldest and most dignified of the English Associations of Science."

The picture galleries are in a state of considerable forwardness, and many fine works have already arrived, sufficient, indeed, to warrant the conclusion that this feature of the Exhibition will be of the highest and most attractive character. The superintendence of this department is entrusted to Mr. Redgrave, R.A., in every way qualified for the task—one, by the by, of no ordinary difficulty. The refusal of the Commissioners to incur any responsibility in regard to the safety of works lent for exhibition, has naturally proved a barrier to the reception of many of the highest class, particularly those by English artists, which otherwise would have given increased value to the collection.

We warned the authorities against the advanced price they had put upon the season tickets, being fifty per cent. higher than those of 1851, and our fears as to the effect this would have upon the sales, prove well grounded. The demand has been but very moderate, and as an inducement to subscribers, the Commissioners have notified that they purpose to appropriate to those who take season tickets at an early date, a certain number of reserved seats for the opening ceremonial on the 1st of May. They will repent their error when too late; so also in reference to other plans where cupidity has triumphed over intelligence.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM RENSHAW, ESQ.,
AT SALFORD.

THE SABBATH EVE.

Alexander Johnston, Painter. P. Lightfoot, Engraver.

CERTAIN pictures there are which, like certain melodies, one can never altogether forget; it may not be, perhaps, the sweetness of the strain, nor the beauty of the painting, by which it lives in memory; associations of time, place, and circumstance may do much to keep it in the mind; it remains there with more or less vividness, often unseen or unheard, till the notes, at some distant day, are re-awakened, or the picture again comes before the eye; then we recognise them as "old familiar friends," whom we rejoice to meet again. Such a cordial welcome we give to Mr. Johnston's 'Sabbath Eve.' It was exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1851, under the title of 'Family Worship,' to which was appended the following quotation from Burns:—

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad."

The poet's love of his native country has led him to assume, imperceptibly, that such scenes are limited to Scotland: perhaps if, when he wrote the passage, he had known more of the south-erners, he would have allowed us some share, at least, in his proper eulogy of the practice of domestic worship.

Burns's lines afford no introduction to the scene here represented, there is in the composition enough to signify its Scottish origin; in fact, it might almost stand for an illustration of a passage in Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," were it not that the family group is evidently dressed in the best of the wardrobe, while there is nothing to intimate that any worldly business has been carried on during the preceding hours of the day,—one, unquestionably, of rest and hallowing worship in the public assembly; and now the inmates of the peaceful cottage have assembled for private devotion as the closing hour of day draws near. The home circle includes three generations: there are the aged patriarch and his wife, the latter apparently an invalid, and fast approaching the night of death; their son, the stalwart man in the prime of life, is reading, and perhaps expounding—for these Scottish peasants of the better class are frequently found "apt to teach"—a chapter in the Bible.

"The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire,
Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre."

Who knows what words of hope and comfort may reach the heart of the sick mother out of that sacred volume! His younger wife sits by, endeavouring to hush into silence a wakeful and rather refractory bairn, whose elder brother is leaning on his grandsire's shoulder. The handsome, bonnie lass may be a young daughter of the old couple, for she looks rather too old to stand in this relation to the younger man and woman. These figures are well arranged, both pictorially and with reference to the subject it is intended to illustrate; each one shows careful study of character and circumstance, and the whole are brought forward in a manner at once effective and agreeable. In colour the picture is true and forcible; while the broad and judicious arrangement of light and shade makes it an excellent subject for engraving.

Such themes are admirably suited for Art: they both gratify and teach, suggesting thought and inducing gratitude. The artist has generally selected subjects for his pencil which exhibit reading and reflection, and are never commonplace. He occupies a prominent station in his profession, obtained and maintained by the exercise of mind as well as skill in his productions.



A. JOHNSTON. PINX.

P. LIGHTFOOT. SCULPT.

THE SABBATH EVE.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF WM. RENSHAW, ESQ.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ART-JOURNAL INTERNATIONAL CATALOGUE.

—The pages we issue with the present part of the *Art-Journal* will be, we trust, acceptable to our readers as the commencement of a work we hope to render interesting and permanently instructive—to act as a teacher in the various factories of the world long after the Exhibition is but a memory of the past. We offer no apology to our subscribers for so materially abridging the ordinary contents of the *Journal*, feeling assured they will see it is our imperative duty to report this grand collection of the works of Art-industry as fully as it is possible to do. It was very reluctantly we resolved not to issue double parts at double prices, as we did in 1851, for it is obvious that, although we devote so much space to the subject—increasing the ordinary quantity of matter by eight pages—we shall still be able to engrave and describe but a comparatively small portion of the Exhibition; that portion, however, we shall endeavour to do well, notwithstanding that no amount of sale during the ensuing eight months can render the *Art-Journal* remunerative, although we shall probably circulate 50,000 copies. Permanent benefit, however, cannot fail hence to arise to the *Art-Journal*; if we merit public recompense we shall be sure to receive it. To the public we must alone look for honour and reward. The plan on which we design to proceed will be sufficiently shown by the pages herewith issued. We may not in all instances be able to award a whole page to a single manufacturer, but we shall strive to do so; we shall, however, in all cases, study to classify the works exhibited. The “Essay” on the contents of the Exhibition, of which we now give the introduction—and which will contain a critical examination of the various classes of productions in Art industry—is written by Mr. John Stewart, a gentleman eminently qualified for so delicate, difficult, and onerous a task. He brings experience, as well as matured knowledge and large intelligence, to his aid; his avocations are of such a nature as to lead him into continual intercourse with the producers of all branches of Art-manufacture at home and abroad, and we have full confidence that he will discharge this important duty to the entire satisfaction of our subscribers, manufacturers generally, and the public. This will be the *seventh* exhibition of works of Art-industry reported and illustrated in the *Art-Journal* during the twenty-four years we have conducted that work. The Art-manufacturers of England know better—or, at all events, can say better—than we can, regarding the influence and effect which these frequent reports have had on public taste and the progress of Art-manufacture. It is not likely we shall live to aid an exhibition in 1872, but we shall cherish the belief that the catalogue we issue in 1862 will materially advance the cause we have earnestly at heart; and we may be pardoned for referring with some degree of pride and pleasure to that we produced in 1851, as having essentially aided that of 1862.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—It is hardly necessary to remind our readers that the days for sending in works of Art to the Royal Academy are Monday and Tuesday, April 7th and 8th. The first Monday of May will fall on the 5th of that month.

PARLIAMENTARY GRANTS FOR ART PURPOSES.—From the statement of accounts just published by the officials of the Board of Works, we find that, of the £15,000 granted in the financial year 1860-61 for additional accommodation in the National Gallery, £10,847 was expended up to the time when these accounts were prepared. For the site of the New Foreign Office, property to the value of £25,779 was purchased, the surveyor's charges, costs of award and law expenses reaching the unusually moderate sum of £171; the balance on former votes stood on the 31st of March at £90,000. For the completion of Nelson's Column, it will be remembered that a balance of £6,000 was left in the Commissioners' hands in April, 1860; this appears to be still untouched. For the statue of ‘Richard Cœur de Lion’ £1,200 was paid up to March, leaving a balance of £448. £9,331 was laid out on the Serpentine, this sum including £1,550 paid to

the sculptors on account. In the special accounts there is a note of a further payment of £1,000 to Mr. Alfred Stevens, for his model for the monument of the Duke of Wellington, and a payment of £1,613 on account of certain *relievi* for the walls of the chapel in St. Paul's, where the monument is to stand.

SOUTH KENSINGTON SCHOOLS OF ART.—We learn that another “inspector,” in addition to Messrs. Bowler and Wyld, has been recently appointed; the fortunate person being a Mr. Iselin, of whose name the world of Art is profoundly ignorant. Mr. Iselin is, as we have heard, a good classical and mathematical scholar, and took high rank at Cambridge: subsequently he filled creditably the post of mathematical master to the Stockwell Grammar School: but these are not suitable qualifications for an *Inspector of Art*. We have, however, been informed that he is about to become one of the family of the presiding genius at South Kensington; but should much like to know who is responsible for these appointments: surely they are not made by the heads of the Department—the Council of Education—that is presumed to have the direction of affairs at South Kensington. As competitive examination seems to be the order of the day with respect to government officials, it is much to be regretted the principle is not carried out here as elsewhere: if it were, some amelioration might be reasonably hoped for; under the present system the disease has become chronic.

THE ROYAL COMMISSIONERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION are proceeding rapidly with their plans for—making money! They announce in their programme of charges that, “cases for preserving the season tickets may be obtained at their office, price one shilling each!” The plain fact is, that the Royal Commissioners get these cases *for nothing*, on condition of their permitting an advertiser to advertise his goods upon them. The funniest part of the affair, however, is this—the said advertiser actually advertises that all persons who buy season tickets from him may have them on the same terms as he supplies them to the Royal Commissioners, *i.e., for nothing!*

PHOTOGRAPHERS AT THE EXHIBITION.—The Royal Commissioners advertise for tenders conferring the exclusive right to photograph portraits somewhere within the Exhibition building, and expect “a valuable consideration” for the same. It is not likely they will get much from this source: people will have too much to see and do to sit for their portraits, and of course there must be an extra charge to enable the artist to pay the Royal Commissioners.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—The *Times* and other daily journals are remonstrating with the English exhibitors for their delay in sending in their goods. The writers in these papers, however, either do not know, or choose to ignore, the fact, that the great majority of the British manufacturers are so disheartened—we may almost say, disgusted—with the whole affair, they would gladly get rid of the entire matter. The complaints which daily reach us are numerous and loud. Besides this the building is at present in such a condition of damp that manufacturers are running much risk from the exposure of their goods.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.—The picture by John Phillip, R.A., which was the main attraction of the Royal Academy in 1861, is now exhibiting in the gallery of Messrs. Leggett and Haywood, Cornhill, prior to its transfer to the hands of the engraver, M. François.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS, had its first *conversazione* of the season on the 28th of February, in the French Gallery, Pall Mall, where the pictures forming the “Winter Exhibition,” as it is called, were still hanging on the walls. During the evening, the prize medals awarded last session were presented, as follows:—For *Historical Painting*; Mr. Marcus Stone, ‘Claudio and Hero,’ in the Royal Academy. *Landscape*; Mr. McCullum, ‘Spring—Burnham Wood,’ Royal Academy. *Genre*; Mr. Calderon, ‘La Demande en Mariage,’ Royal Academy. *Water-Colours* (two prizes); Mr. S. Read, ‘Interior of St. Augustin’s,’ at Antwerp; Old Water-Colour Society. Mr. E. H. Warren, ‘Rest in the cool and shady Wood,’ New Water-Colour Society. *Sculpture*; Mr. G.

Halse, ‘The Tarpeian Rock,’ sculpture in bronze Royal Academy. *Architecture*; Mr. A. W. Blomfield, design for “Mission House,” in Bedfordbury, Westminster, in the Architectural Exhibition. The musical arrangements were under the direction of M. Jules Benedict and Mr. Alfred Gilbert.

THE GRAPHIC.—At a meeting of this society, held on the 12th of March, there was exhibited a series of photographs from large charcoal drawings by Kaulbach. The subjects were selected from German literature, being all figure compositions, full of the intense expression which this artist gives to everything he touches. As photographs these works are very remarkable, the tint and the texture of the charcoal being reproduced with a fidelity so perfect as to deceive observers into the impression that they were actual drawings. Among other works were—‘Peter Boel arranging his Model,’ L. Haghe; two large drawings by Stanley, ‘England’s Wealth’ and ‘England’s Greatness,’ and a Highland landscape; a selection of the Egyptian sketches of Frederiek Goodall; a rich portfolio of sketches by Carl Haag; a highly finished chalk head of the Saviour, and ‘Watch and Pray,’ a study also in chalk, by W. Cave Thomas; a sketch by Constable; one by F. Taylor; a study by Frost; and a small picture by Le Jeune, contributed by Mr. Mann; two drawings by De Wint; some charming miniatures on photographic bases, by Carrick; pictures by Thomas Danby, Sandys, &c.; and especially ‘Norham Castle,’ by Turner, a drawing made about 1796, for which the artist received £8, and which has recently been sold for, we believe, upwards of £100. Some years after this drawing was made Turner revisited the banks of the Tweed with a friend, and on passing the famous old ruin he took his hat off and made a profound obeisance, on which his companion observed—“You seem to entertain a high respect for the old castle.” “Well I may,” answered Turner; “it was the first thing that set me on my legs.”

THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS IN THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—It is determined that the two gentlemen (Mr. Creswick and Mr. Redgrave) who have been appointed to the duty of hanging the oil pictures, shall perform the same duties in the water-colour department, notwithstanding a remonstrance from both the Old and the New Water-Colour Institutions; the reply to which was that the presidents and secretaries, or any authorised committee of water-colour painters, would be free to offer opinions on the arrangement of the drawings. This concession is declined on the part of the water-colour painters; and had this condition been made known to them earlier, it is very probable there would be no water-colour Art at the Exhibition. Meanwhile, the position of Mr. Creswick and Mr. Redgrave is by no means enviable; they cannot, in the face of the appeal to which we allude, deal with the water-colour works.

THE ARTISTS’ GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—This excellent and true charity had its anniversary dinner on March 29th, Charles Dickens, Esq., presiding. The late period of the month prevents our doing more than record the fact.

THE EXTENSION OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY was last year contemplated by the addition of another room to be carried over the barrack-yard at the back. It is now understood that the Royal Academy question, and, necessarily, with it, that of the National Gallery, will remain in abeyance until the business of the Great Exhibition shall be over, when it will be proposed, so rumour says, to remove the National Collection to Kensington, and give up the whole of the building in Trafalgar Square to the Royal Academy.

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION will open on the 14th of April, at the gallery in Pall Mall.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in Water Colours will be postponed perhaps a month later than was originally contemplated, to allow the members time for the completion of their works.

MR. JAMES DAFFORNE, assistant editor of the *Art-Journal*, recently delivered two lectures to the students and their friends of the Female School of Art in Queen’s Square: the one on “The Advantages of Art-education,” the other on

"The Poetry of the Arts." The audience on both occasions was large, and more than satisfied with the information they received. With reference to this institution we have been requested to correct two errors which appeared in our notice last month, of the exhibition of drawings by the pupils: the 'Bouquet of Chrysanthemums,—and a very charming floral group it is,—is the work of Miss Charlotte James, and not Miss Charlotte Smith, to whom it was inadvertently attributed; and the 'Ferns' are Miss Sarah McGregor's, not Miss H. P. Gypson's.

ART WORKMEN FOR THE EXHIBITION.—In our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Works of Art-industry in the Exhibition, we desire, on all possible occasions, to publish the names of the Art workmen to whom the merit of the object engraved principally belongs. In this Part, it will be observed, we have done so generally. We hope manufacturers will, on the ground of justice as well as generosity, as regularly as they can, furnish us with the requisite information.

"IMMORTAL FLAXMAN."—Many months ago we made reference to a plan for purchasing, by public subscription, a collection of "drawings and sketches" that were to be disposed of in consequence of the decease of Miss Denman—the adopted daughter of the great artist; or rather for the purchase of a selection of them, such selection to be made by Mr. J. H. Foley, R.A. The sum required is but £500, yet there is a difficulty in obtaining it, no more than £250 having been up to the present time procured; and as a sale of these "remains" will take place on the 10th of April, at Christie's, no time is to be lost if this valuable, as well as interesting series, is to be preserved from distribution. The plan is to add them to the gallery of Flaxman's works, now in University College, London. We earnestly hope that England may not have to endure the reproach of indifference to the memory of the greatest among her many great artists. Of the small amount hitherto gathered, a third is made up by the contributions of the late Prince Consort, the Royal Academy, and the London University, so that from all the lovers of Art in the kingdom as yet only about £150 has been collected. It will be an eternal disgrace to this country if the project should fail; and we do earnestly entreat some wealthy patrons of Art—whose names we might readily print—to prevent us from incurring so disastrous a calamity, if there be not spirit enough among the artists of Great Britain to avert it.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE NATIONAL TESTIMONIAL to the memory of the good PRINCE ALBERT already approach £50,000, and the list is by no means closed; indeed, they are pouring in from all parts of the kingdom. This fact is itself a monument. No doubt the feeling so general has been largely stimulated by the most beautiful letter—dictated by the Queen, and addressed to the committee. The Prince "being dead yet liveth"—not alone in the grateful remembrance of a people, but not only by the useful example of his life, but in the influence of incidents and events that have resulted from his removal—extending to all classes. Already his absence from the councils that prevail at South Kensington is felt as a heavy calamity: his calm, deliberate, and eminently "orderly" mind, would have prevented much of the confusion that reigns there—evidence of which will be found not only in our columns, but in the pages of nearly every organ of the public press. There is no avoiding the painful duty of exposing the "mistakes" that are continual in every department, the inevitable result of there being no guiding principle—in a word, no "head."

THE WORKS of the Baron Triqueti, one of the most eminent of the French sculptors, are excluded from the Great Exhibition in consequence of the lateness of the application made for space. This is much to be regretted, as this artist is one of the few professors of sculpture in ivory, of which but little is known in this country.

MR. MAYALL'S last series of photographic portraits of the Royal Family, published of *cartes-de-visite* size, is admirable; it includes every member of the family—not excepting that of the lamented Prince Consort, taken not very long prior to his death—with portraits of the Princess Royal and the Crown Prince of Prussia.

EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.—On the occasion of the opening of the Bayswater Athenæum, on the evening of the 11th of March, there was exhibited in one of the smaller rooms, by the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, a collection of specimens of artistic work done by ladies, among which were some productions of a novel character—as a plate of butterflies, preserved under a thin but secure cover of glass, in all their natural beauty; also by the same hand an effective decoration for photographs, consisting of natural flowers arranged on a dark-coloured background. There were some charming illuminations by Miss Wing, of Oakley Square; carved bread-trenchers, designed and executed by Miss Rogers; graceful embroidery of flowers; pen and ink etchings, original and copied, among the latter Rethel's 'Knight and Death'; an ornamented chess-board; also original and clever designs for playing-cards, porcelain, &c.; with proofs of wood engravings by the pupils of the School of Art in Queen Square. In another part of the building were shown examples of "fern printing," as applied to house decoration, especially a large composition executed on a surface of planed wood, which was adapted as the back of a photographic room; and a large roller blind, similarly treated, hung from one of the windows in the hall.

MARYLEBONE SCHOOL OF ART.—Several of the large manufacturers and tradesmen at the west end of London have formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of instituting a school of Art in that part of London. If these gentlemen succeed in their object, as we hope they will, they must rely more on their own exertions than on any government support they may expect.

A BUST OF H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ALICE, now being executed for the Queen at the studio of Mrs. Thornycroft, will excite much interest, both from the beauty of the model and the circumstances attending its production. It was the last work of Art ever touched upon by the hand of the Prince Consort, having engaged his attention so lately as the 28th and 30th of last November: on the former day his Royal Highness worked with his own hands on the clay, adding by his touches to the individual character of the bust. Her Majesty has commanded a reduced copy to be made in Parian, and we cannot doubt but the great mental qualities shown by the Princess in her hour of deep trial—qualities which the whole nation recognises and admires—will render these copies very popular throughout the country.

MR. VERNON HEATH, the eminent photographer of Piccadilly (who is, by the way, constructing the most perfect photographic room in London), announces for publication, on the 1st of May, no fewer than four photographic portraits of his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort; but Mr. Heath delays their issue until a sufficient number of copies can be made ready for circulation. Copies have been however supplied to the court, by express permission of Her Majesty, under whose immediate sanction indeed they are produced, as at once the most interesting and valuable record of the Prince,—being the last portrait for which he ever sat to any artist. They are beyond question the best likenesses that have been produced by this art, and as they were taken in Mr. Heath's own atelier, they have had all the advantages of good light, skilful arrangement, and careful manipulation. Undoubtedly they will be the most satisfactory and the most gratifying acquisitions that can be obtained by the hundreds of thousands who love and honour the memory of the GOOD PRINCE.

MR. WALLIS'S GALLERY in Pall Mall is now closed, after a very successful "season" of visitors as well as sales. The exhibition merited the prosperity it has obtained, for it was exceedingly good as a collection of cabinet pictures. Mr. Wallis proposes next year to offer a prize of one hundred guineas to the artist for the best "figure picture" that will be contributed to his gallery.

THE ROYAL PORCELAIN WORKS AT WORCESTER.—In consequence of some arrangements which involve changes in the management of these long famous works, the whole of the existing stock is announced as about to be disposed of by private contract; and its present proprietors invite purchasers by holding out to them more than ordinary inducements to obtain examples of the many

beautiful productions of the renowned manufactory. It is gratifying to add, however, that the works will be continued with wonted energy, that the taste and judgment by which they have latterly regained the fame for a time lost, will still be excelled by their wise and liberal conduct, and that the city of Worcester will not be without this addition to its honour and aid to its prosperity. A town show-room has recently been opened at 91, Cannon Street. It is Mr. Kerr, the senior partner of the firm, who is retiring from it. He will take with him, and keep, the regard and esteem of all who know him personally, and long live in the memory of his fellow-citizens of Worcester—a city whose interests have been so materially served by his energy and enterprise.

A PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE CONSORT, lithographed from a photograph by O. G. Rejlander, has recently been published by Wood of Edinburgh. It is a profile, showing the head and shoulders of his Royal Highness, who wears an ordinary evening dress with the riband of the Garter. The portrait is not pleasing; the likeness is good, but the expression of the face is stern, and the lower part too "fleshy," even allowing for the increased size which the form of the deceased prince had latterly assumed.

THERE is now to be seen, at No. 28, Old Bond Street, a large picture by Auguste Bonheur, called 'Going to the Fair,' being, like those of Madlle. Rosa Bonheur, a cattle subject, but differing from her works as to the sentiment thrown into it. This picture, it is said, the Emperor of the French desired to have purchased for the Luxembourg, and a large sum was offered for it. The artist desired it should be engraved, but the French government would not purchase under such a condition; it was therefore sold to a gentleman at Liverpool, and is now exhibited prior to being engraved. In the pictures of Rosa Bonheur the snatches of landscape which she gives play a very subordinate part; but in this large picture there is a maturely studied piece of Auvergne landscape, having a near screen of trees in the centre, beyond which, on the left, opens a long perspective, with far-off cattle groups advancing to the angle of the road—that is, the foreground of the picture, where they turn to the market-town, which appears at a little distance. The animals, as models, are much superior to those we commonly meet with in France; and, above all, we must remark the effective variety of disposition in which they are distributed. There is a solitary bull shut in a paddock close by, and we see very distinctly his impatience to join the passing herd. The cows look earnestly around for their calves, and, as a leading point, there is one of the animals standing hesitating, as we continually see them when they arrive at cross roads. It differs from Madlle. Bonheur's cattle pictures as being warmer, and presenting a scene which in itself would pass for a well-studied landscape.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—We have, on more than one occasion, spoken of the ill effects which the pictorial decorations in this edifice sustain from the light of the stained-glass windows. The artists who have been engaged on these works have become so sensible of the injuries accruing to their pictures by the rainbow-coloured tints frequently cast upon them that they have made an urgent appeal to the authorities respecting the matter; and, certainly, something should be done by way of relief. As regards the commissions yet unexecuted, Mr. Dyce and Mr. Herbert are progressing with their pictures, and Mr. E. M. Ward is preparing the studies for his second painting—'The Landing of Charles II.'

COPYRIGHT IN WORKS OF ART.—We had prepared an article on this subject, but the bill is so confused that we prefer postponing the publication of our comments until it has passed both Houses of Parliament, a matter even now involved in considerable doubt. With much to recommend it, there is also much against which reasonable objections may be urged. Probably, however, parliament will sift and separate the grain from the chaff. Next month we shall be in a condition to report upon it fully.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.—The annual meeting to distribute prizes to Art-workmen, has been held at South Kensington, Beresford Hope, Esq., president of the society, in the chair. The

prizes were adjudged as follows:—Carved stone panels—1st prize to Samuel Ruddock, Pimlico; 2nd prize to Edward Wilfred Thornhill, Dublin; extra prize to John Gould, Camden Town. Coloured decoration—Joseph Peploe Wood, London; A. O. R. Harrison, London; and Charles J. Lee, Lutterworth. Carved stone capitals—1st prize, James Allen, Pimlico; 2nd prize, John Daly, Westminster; extra prize, Charles Grassby, Ealing. Wood carving—1st prize, Henry Reynolds, London; 2nd prize, Cornelius John Herley, Taunton; extra prizes, Alfred Angus, London; H. J. Wicks, London; John Seymour, Taunton; and E. Dujardin, Warwick. Designs commended for tile pavements were—a Gothic design, by Mr. E. Sedding, Penzance; and a Classic pavement by Miss M. K. Beecham, of Cirencester. The principal event of the evening was an announcement of the president that arrangements were on foot for amalgamating the society with the Department of Science and Art at South Kensington, an announcement that certainly took the meeting by surprise, and apparently excited much regret if not indignation, notwithstanding the accompanying hint that the society would still know how to take care of its own. It is “a negotiation and a compromise,” but as the fatal step has not yet been taken, we earnestly hope it is not too late to recede; for, of a surety, from the moment it is settled—from that moment may be dated the downfall of a society that has already done immense service and has promised to do much more. Mr. S. C. HALL being called upon by the chairman to address the meeting, protested against the contemplated sacrifice as fatal to the society, at the birth of which, in a cockloft in Westminster, he had been present, and at the death of which it was now likely he should be among the mourners. “What aid,” he asked, “could be by any possibility expected to architecture by placing the society under the fostering care of a gentleman—nominally the secretary, but really the director of the Department of Science and Art—who had not been ashamed to state publicly before an audience at the Society of Arts, that the monstrous abortion in the way of building that was destined to contain the Art products of the world, was a noble and beautiful structure, the work of a heaven-born architect, whose genius had rendered it not only inexpedient, but unnecessary, to obtain the aid of any professional architect in the construction and adornment of the edifice?” “Foreigners,” Mr. Hall contended, “ignorant of the discreditable circumstances under which the job was perpetrated, and naturally supposing it was among the best examples of British architecture—inasmuch as it was erected at enormous cost, with ample time, abundant means, and past experience of requirements—would absolutely shout with unsympathising horror when they beheld the latest and the worst of our national reproaches in the way of Art.”* We believe there was not a single individual in the crowded meeting who did not endorse these opinions. The only other speaker, the Rev. WILLIAM SCOTT, stated that, “although he did not intend to follow Mr. Hall in his eloquent denunciation of the Exhibition building, he would defy any human being to point out to him one single inch in that building, either in construction, decoration, idea, or effect, that exhibited the mind or called out the energies of Art workmen; there was no evidence of the exercise of intelligence, mind, or skill.” Our space will not permit us to deal adequately with the subject this month; we shall endeavour to do so next.

NORTH LONDON SCHOOL OF ART.—A public meeting was held last month at Islington, the object of which was to further a movement for the establishment of a Museum, Gallery, and en-

larged Schools of Art, for the north of London. Earl Granville occupied the chair on this occasion, and advocated the advantages of such an institution; but we do not find in his lordship's speech that any pecuniary grant from government was promised. A similar movement took place last year on the south side of London, in which Earl Granville so far interested himself as to preside at a *conversazione* given at the South Kensington in aid of funds: we remember that his lordship on that evening held out very little hope of government aid. The truth is, so long as efforts are made to monopolise everything in the way of Art by the authorities at Kensington, just as long may other localities, however necessitous, wait for help out of the public purse. The south London scheme has, for the present at least, been given up, and without much chance of its revival.

LORD HENRY LENNOX's motion for inquiry into the expenditure of the public money on the National Art-Galleries came, as we expected it would, to nothing. His lordship entirely ignored the question of the South Kensington Museum, the worst offender of all. It has been intimated to us that there are family reasons which would indispose the noble member for Chichester to canvass the subject.

THE QUEEN has recently performed a melancholy but most painful duty. On the 15th ult. Her Majesty laid, at Frogmore, the foundation-stone of the mausoleum intended to hold the remains of the late Prince Consort. A full-length statue of his Royal Highness, by Baron Marochetti, is to form a portion of the work.

LAMBETH SCHOOL OF ART.—At the last distribution of prizes to the students in this school, twenty-eight bronze medals were awarded in the various classes, and nine pupils received “honourable mention.” The full number of medals allowed by the Department was awarded in the class of design, and an extra medal in that of drawing from machinery according to actual measurement. This school, which is under the direction of Mr. Sparkes, has distanced all others of the metropolitan districts in the number of medals it has won.

THE LATE MR. R. BRANDARD.—The sale of the pictures, sketches, and proof engravings in the possession of Mr. Brandard at the time of his death, will be sold by Messrs. Southgate and Barrett, at their room in Fleet Street, early in the present month.

MRS. E. M. WARD's NEW PICTURE.—A touching incident in the hapless fate of Henrietta Maria, the wife of the unfortunate Charles I., has furnished Mrs. E. M. Ward with a worthy theme for the exercise of her pencil. It is that in which the self-styled “Reine malheureuse” learns the fatal news of the decapitation of her royal husband. The principal figure is a vivid and finely-wrought embodiment of the quotation from Shakspeare—

“The grief that cannot speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.”

The Père Gamache is offering consolations, which pass unheard or unheeded, whilst the group of ladies in waiting bend their mournful and sympathising looks on her unmovable countenance. Felicitous in the selection of subject, and equally so in its execution, this work will largely enhance the already high reputation of the artist.

THE PROJECT OF A SUPPLEMENTARY EXHIBITION, intended to have been erected from the designs of Sir Joseph Paxton, is, we believe, abandoned; a circumstance we very greatly regret, as it might have aided to open the eyes of foreigners as to our ability to produce something good. We are compensated for this disappointment, however, by the announcement of an “INTERNATIONAL BAZAAR,” in course of erection, on ground belonging to the principal proprietor of the land about the Exhibition. It is to stand on a space nearly opposite the principal entrance to the Exhibition, and is to be 600 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 60 feet in height, with aisles and capacious galleries. The external decorations have been entrusted to Messrs. Eugene Delessert and Co., of Paris, decorators to the emperor. It is designed to afford exhibitors and others (including those who have been shut out by applying too late) opportunities of selling articles of manufacture, sales not being permitted in the

“big” Exhibition. There are thousands who are interested in this issue; they will do well and wisely to apply for space with the least possible delay. Applications must be made to the offices at the building. We earnestly hope, and with much confidence, that the structure itself will be a contrast to the “great shed;” next month we shall find occasion to describe, and, possibly, to illustrate it.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION is proceeding satisfactorily, its manager, Mr. T. Battam, having procured several new works, chiefly in ceramic Art, for distribution to subscribers.

THE ETCHING OF THE ‘DERBY DAY’ has been completed by M. François: it is a work of rare and marvellous promise. For this work we shall be indebted to Mr. Gambart.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS closed on the 29th of last month, after a season with which its managers have good reason to be satisfied.

THE PICTURE, by E. M. Ward, R.A., of ‘Louis XVI. and his Family in the Temple,’ is in the hands of Mr. S. Cousins, who is proceeding with his engraving. From the character of the composition, and well-known skill of the engraver, we anticipate a fine print.

JOHN CROSS, THE HISTORICAL PAINTER.—Numerous friends of the late Mr. John Cross are exerting themselves to get one of his orphan children into the Asylum for Idiots, at the next election in the present month. The child is his eldest son, aged six years; he is imbecile, but medical men testify to his state of mind as capable of much improvement under judicious and skilful management. The family of Mr. Cross—of whose life and works we are preparing an illustrated notice for our next number—was left in very narrow circumstances, so that, independent of the benefit the candidate for admission may derive by being placed in the asylum, his mother will be, for a time at least, relieved from the burden of supporting it. A number of gentlemen, with Sir Charles L. Eastlake at their head, are exerting themselves on his behalf, and we sincerely hope that we may be enabled, by means of these remarks, to induce others to lend their aid. Proxies will be gratefully received by E. B. Stephens, Esq., the well-known sculptor, 27, Upper Belgrave Place, Pimlico.

THE Observer expresses an “uncharitable wish” that the late gale, which demolished some hundreds of panes in the two domes of the Exhibition Building, had “levelled them both with the ground.”

MACLISE'S PICTURE of ‘The Meeting of Wellington and Blücher at Waterloo,’ of which we gave a lengthened account in our January Number, will, it is presumed, be finally fixed in its place in the House of Parliament by the time this part of the *Art-Journal* is in the hands of the public. The process by which it is executed has so satisfied the artist that, we understand, he has determined to adopt it in his companion picture, ‘The Death of Nelson at Trafalgar.’

COST OF A MONOLITH.—The *Times* informs us that the cost of a monolith will be, “perhaps, from first to last, half as much as the cost of an iron-plated frigate,” and coolly proposes that, in order to make up the huge sum to pay for a big stone, all the country subscriptions for local testimonials to the late Prince should merge into that of London, in order to place the thing in Hyde Park. This may be a pleasant joke: it can be nothing else. The only result contemplated by the leading journal is that England may show she can do, “in the nineteenth century, what the ancient Egyptians, and even the painted Britons, were able to accomplish in the Sphinx and Stonehenge.”

THE FOUR ROYAL COMMISSIONERS (the Earl of Derby, Earl of Clarendon, the Lord Mayor, and Sir Charles Eastlake), nominated by Her Majesty for managing the great Memorial Fund, have met to consider the means by which may be obtained a huge granite block for the obelisk, or monolith. As yet, however, no decision has been arrived at, beyond the probable weight of the stone, which is estimated at a thousand tons, and is now reposing calmly either at Mull, Aberdeen, or Cornwall; it is uncertain which.

* We extract the following letter from the *Times* of March the 18th. It is headed “Not far from the truth.”—“Sir,—I am told to understand that you go to ask our Emperor to open your exhibition. I hope in charity you will bring him into the building blindfolded, and so he shall save the miserable indignation we have suffered from looking at your horrid building. Hi! hi! we mock ourselves at you when we see from the park the big dome built on boards and half hid by the big shed. Oh the ugly brick and the frightful shed to call at Europe to see! Why you boast so much? If you only say we build the shed then no one laugh. Even the little boy the guide he say ‘dam ugly.’ I have, &c.,
JULES PIRER.

REVIEWS.

THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.
Published at 24, Old Bond Street, London.

Whatever doubts we may have formed as to the practical æsthetic utility of publishing some of the preceding works issued by the Arundel Society, we have none in the case of the plates due to the subscribers of last year, which have just made their appearance. The subjects, executed in chromolithography, are the first of a series copied from the frescoes of the Brancacci Chapel, in the Church of S. Maria del Carmine, at Florence. This chapel was dedicated to St. Peter, in whose honour its walls were decorated, in the fifteenth century, with frescoes, all of which excepting two are taken from incidents, real or apocryphal, in the life of the apostle. These paintings were commenced by Masolino da Panicale, about the year 1430, continued after his death by Masaccio, and completed towards the close of the century by Filippino Lippi, all Florentine artists: but the interpretation of the subjects is, there is every reason to presume, in parts obscure, while, in one or two cases, the artists who executed them have never been authoritatively ascertained. Water-colour copies of the whole series, on a reduced scale, were made for the Arundel Society in 1859-60, by Signor Mariannesi, and thirteen heads, selected from different parts, were copied on the scale, and, as nearly as possible in facsimile, of the originals. The next step was to have these drawings reproduced, and Messrs. Storch and Kramer, the eminent lithographers of Berlin, were commissioned to copy in chromolithography, under the superintendence of Professor Gruner, all the reduced figure-subjects, with the most interesting of the full-sized heads, which the society intends to publish by annual instalments, in the order of their arrangement in the chapel, for the use of members, and also for any others who may wish to purchase them.

The plates now published include the two subjects not having reference to the life of St. Peter; they represent the Fall of Man, and are painted on the pilasters flanking the entrance to the chapel. The one by Filippino Lippi shows Adam and Eve partaking of the forbidden fruit; the other, by Masaccio, our first parents driven out of Eden, the avenging angel, with a drawn sword, hovering over their heads. Both are beautiful compositions, but the latter, in its grand simplicity, is positively sublime. On the next sheet are two subjects taken from the frescoes which occupy the higher tier on the north side of the interior; one represents St. Peter Preaching, the other St. Peter Baptizing, both by Masolino. Though there are points of excellence in each of these, there is also great disparity between them, the former being incomparably superior to the latter in composition and expression—the heads in this picture are wonderful in their individuality, especially those of St. Peter, of a stout figure in monkish costume standing in front of the apostle, and of a kneeling woman habited as a nun; but all are earnest, devotional types of humanity, each one forming a complete study in itself.

‘The Tribute Money,’ by Masaccio, is another of the series, and a most beautiful picture it is—in the centre of a group of disciples and others stands Christ, his right arm stretched out, and addressing the bystanders with reference to the tribute; the head of the Saviour is unlike any other we can call to mind—sweet, yet dignified and manly in expression. In this, as in the ‘St. Peter Preaching,’ all the heads constitute studies of the highest value to painters of sacred history. The fourth plate shows two life-sized heads out of this group, one being that of an old man with a white beard, the other that of a middle-aged man.

We only wish our artists who belong to the Pre-Raffaellite school would closely examine these works, and endeavour to follow the examples which Masaccio and some other of the old Florentines have left for their guidance. These men did not consider it necessary to draw distorted figures, or faces that repel by their very ugliness. Pre-Raffaellism, as manifested by them, is an art to win admiration by its beauty; and yet not a fanciful unearthly beauty, but one typical of humanity, one which we can recognise as embodying our nature, for how low soever it may have fallen from its primitive high estate, there is still to be often seen in it an emanation of the Divinity that called man into existence. If the Arundel Society effects by its operations no other good, it is conferring an immense benefit to Art by placing such pictures as these within reach of our painters, if they have the good sense and judgment to use them, instead of following their own crude, strange, and unnatural fancies, which too often tend to lower Art rather than elevate it.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING. Engraved by P. GIRARDET, from the Picture by L. KNAUS. Published by GOUPEL and Co., London and Paris.

There are two bridal ceremonies popularly celebrated in many parts of France, and almost universally in Germany: one is called ‘The Silver Wedding,’ which takes place when the married couple have reached twenty-five years of their wedded life; the other, which is of rare occurrence, is called ‘The Golden Wedding;’ it is celebrated when the matrimonial tie has lasted unbroken for half a century: this jubilee anniversary is kept with much solemnity, followed by feasting and merry-making. The old folks who have been united so many years are treated as if it was the first day of their marriage; they are taken to church by their relatives and friends, and are generally accompanied by a train of children and grand-children, and the religious part of the ceremony being concluded, the remainder of the day is devoted to festivity. A kind of rustic throne is erected for them under the finest tree on the village green, where all assemble, games are carried on, and dancing, to the music of all the instrumentalists that can be mustered for the occasion: the principal feature of the latter amusement is what is called ‘The Grandfather Dance,’ and great is the triumph when the old couple are able, and can be prevailed upon, to perform it.

It is this incident in the festivity of which the German artist Knaus has painted a picture that has obtained a celebrity in his own country equal to that accorded to Wilkie’s ‘Village Festival’—to which the subject bears some resemblance—in our own. A large group of villagers of all ages appear on the scene, a few of them are engaged in discussing the good things provided for their entertainment, but the majority watch with no small interest the grey-haired man and his comely wife, who are dancing soberly, if not merrily, in the midst of them; the schoolmaster of the village acting as master of the ceremonies with more zeal than dignity, as it seems to us. The ancient pair form the point of the composition, but the attendant figures are full of interest: there is a young mother seated, with an infant in her arms, an older child standing by her side, and one sitting at her feet, holding his grandfather’s three-cornered hat; a pretty group this is, scions, it may be presumed, of the old couple. There are young men and maidens looking on, wondering, doubtless, if it will ever be their good fortune to perform ‘The Grandfather Dance.’ There, too, are noisy, but not rude little boys, accompanying the music of the instruments with mimic strains: and on the ‘throne’ under the tree are a few veterans whom, in all probability, it has not been permitted to have a ‘Golden Wedding.’ They are grave, but not sad, amid all the mirth and innocent pleasure—pleasure without rioting and excess.

The subject has evidently been well and carefully studied, in almost every face there is character and individual expression: the figures are grouped in a masterly manner, and the light and shade is effectively arranged. The engraving throughout is harmonious in tone, but it is rather weak, for a large print, and would have borne more colour generally: this deficiency may, perhaps, be accounted for by the tone of the picture; the German school of painting is not, as a rule, distinguished for its brilliancy of colouring, whatever other excellent qualities it possesses.

RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF MOSSES: and RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF FERNS. By MARGARET PLUES. Published by HOULSTON & WRIGHT, London.

These are two tiny volumes, the merit of which is to be estimated in a ratio exactly the converse of their size. Humble in pretension as the mosses themselves, while she promises but little, Miss Plues accomplishes very much; for she writes tenderly and truthfully, and in the fulness of her own deep feeling, and her pleasant words convey valuable and varied teaching. Miss Plues has illustrated her pages simply yet effectively, and the *ensemble* of her little book wins that good opinion which she so well understands how both to strengthen and to secure. And then her subjects enjoy almost unbounded sympathy. Ferns are universal favourites, and mosses may be content with their own share of popular regard. To all lovers of these fairies of the vegetable world we have the utmost pleasure in introducing Miss Plues, confident that they will find her a trustworthy guide, and a companion in whose society they will not be content to take only a single ramble. Miss Plues promises to invite us to accompany her in her search after *Lichens*, *Sea-weeds*, and *Fungi*: we hope that her preparations may speedily be complete, since we are quite in readiness to respond to her bidding.

MEDALS OF THE BRITISH ARMY, AND HOW THEY WERE WON. By THOMAS CARTER, author of the ‘Curiosities of War,’ &c. Published by GROOMBRIDGE & SONS, London.

We have before us a work upon the medals which have from time to time been awarded to the British army. Conjointly with the scars they have received, they are the only tangible facts whereby the soldier remembers the noble enemy he has fought. Medals are but baubles, of little intrinsic value in themselves, yet how true the question and answer of Sir Bulwer Lytton—

“What is a ribbon worth to a soldier?
Everything! Glory is priceless.”

We have no definite record of medals or decorations being given as rewards for naval or military services before the time of the Commonwealth. We believe the first medal was struck and distributed by order of the House of Commons, for the victory gained over the Dutch fleet off the Texel, in 1653. The one which fell to the lot of Blake was purchased some thirty years since by William IV. for 150 guineas, and is now in the possession of Her Majesty.

But the volumes before us only profess to treat of military medals: it was perhaps at first deemed the better plan to give those whose wearers we meet every day, mementoes of the glory gained by the British officer and soldier in the Crimean campaign; it is to this subject that the first volume is devoted. We must here state that an interesting and officially accurate description of each battle, &c., as well as a description of the medal, is given in each case; and the pages of the work are adorned by beautifully-executed chromo-lithographs of the medals, clasps, ribbons, &c. The fact of Mr. Carter’s position in the military executive branch of the war department, and the sanctioned dedications of the several divisions of the work to the late Duke of Richmond, General Lord Clyde, and the Adjutant-General, must greatly add to its value as a book of reference, and as authority upon the subject treated. The second volume is devoted to Egypt, the Peninsula, and South Africa, and in it, among others, are described the actions of Alexandria, Maida, Vimiera, Corunna, Talavera, Badajos, Vittoria, Nivelle, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo. The author does not tell us who designed and struck the Waterloo medal; he proves, however, beyond dispute, from the exact resemblance, that the reverse—a fine figure of Victory seated on a pedestal, and holding the palm in the right hand, and the olive branch in the left—is copied from an ancient Greek coin of about 450 B.C., a specimen of which is preserved in the British Museum. The third volume is devoted to the rewards for services in India and China. It is, perhaps—owing to the Sepoy revolt, and the recent operations in China—to the student of British military history, the most interesting of the three. It brings the subject down to the 6th March, 1861, when the Queen was pleased to command that a medal should be bestowed upon all the officers and soldiers of Her Majesty’s army and the Indian forces, employed in the second Chinese war. The medal has three clasps, inscribed “Canton, 1857;” “Taku Forts, 1860;” and “Pekin, 1860.”

May it be long ere the sound of war is again heard in our land; but be sure, when it is, the bravery and victories of the British army will certainly earn another war-medal.

DRINKING-CUPS, VASES, EWERS, AND ORNAMENTS; Designed for the Use of Gold and Silver-smiths. Twenty-one Fac-similes of extremely rare Etchings by VIRGIL SOLIS. Published by J. RIMELL, London.

The works of this old German engraver, who lived at Nuremberg in the beginning of the sixteenth century, are much sought after by collectors, but they are very rare. Solis painted and illuminated prints engraved with the burin, and etched with aquafortis; he made designs, and traced them on wood for the engraver, but whether he engraved the blocks himself is a disputed point with his biographers. His designs for Art-manufactures, however, show considerable ingenuity and fancy, united with elegance of form. The German Gothic style of ornamentation is seen here in all its various adaptations and peculiarities, often in a redundancy of decoration, and sometimes with a large admixture of grotesque. The fac-similes engraved in this volume are scarcely suited to the taste of the present day, and are, certainly, not such as we admire; but the manufacturer may borrow many valuable hints from the study of them, quaint as they are. The French designs of the Renaissance period, and of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, have so much influenced the character of our Art-works, that designers and manufacturers would do well to look to some other sources for suggestions.

THE ART-JOURNAL.

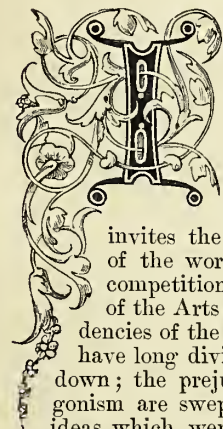


LONDON, MAY 1, 1862.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,
1862.

PICTURES AND STATUES, BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

INTRODUCTION.



IN this, and succeeding papers, we propose to treat of the International Exhibition of pictures and statues, now held at South Kensington, England, following the example set by France in 1855, invites the painters and sculptors of the world to free and friendly competition. In this great congress of the Arts she conforms to the tendencies of the age. The barriers which have long divided nations are thrown down; the prejudices which bred antagonism are swept away; the exclusive ideas which were cherished as the sole heritage of a favoured people, are now cast into the open mart of nations, and made the common property of mankind. This current which for some years has borne the world onwards, the stream which in its flood has carried industries and manufactures to the utmost level of advanced nationalities, now at length enters the retired retreat sacred to the Arts. Thus, in the Exhibition of 1862, we find Painting and Sculpture brought into the vortex of conflicting yet converging civilisations. The important topics, the instructive lessons, and the many other and abiding benefits herein involved, we shall proceed to treat in detail.

First, then, we will speak of the universal and cosmopolitan character of the Exhibition. Prior collections have mostly been limited to one country, to a specific epoch, or to a special school. But the International Exhibition, unlike most of its predecessors, is universal. It embraces nations cognate and dissimilar; admits people dwelling in a frozen zone, or basking in a torrid clime; countries conterminous to an eastern sky, or bounded by a western prairie. This is its geographical sphere, this its sweep over the territories of space. Its range across the fields of time, though less extended, is nevertheless significant. The nations each bring some record of a prior history; the career which each has trod in the march of onward national Art is tracked back to a start point. Living painters and sculptors thus register their pedigree on the roll of genius, and hence the Exhibition is made at once, as we have seen, international, chronologic, yet contemporaneous. Furthermore, other collections, as we have said, have often been circumscribed in subject or in school; but the present Exhibition transcends all these ex-

clusive limits. It combines works religious and secular, Protestant and Catholic, national, municipal, and domestic; schools naturalistic and spiritual, realistic and ideal. Thus is it in the full sense international, cosmopolitan, and universal; and, as such, will invite to novel and important considerations.

Secondly. The historic basis of the Exhibition claims further attention. Each school is permitted to trace back its antecedents: England has chosen Hogarth as a start point, embracing just one hundred years. Other nations have determined the period of outset according to the exigencies of their several schools. The chronologic treatment and arrangement thus adopted, we need scarcely say, has already obtained the sanction of leading authorities in Europe. The Berlin Museum, under the direction of Dr. Waagen, the grand gallery of the Louvre, and our own National Gallery, as classified by Sir Charles Eastlake and Mr. Wornum, have alike adopted a chronologic order, and thus thrown pictures, which otherwise must be scattered and disconnected, into consecutive historic series. The comparatively recent date of the modern and extant schools of Europe will permit to this discriminative system but partial application; still the advantages to be derived, and the lessons to be drawn, by thus giving to the works of the present epoch their true historic basis and origin, are at once manifest. No artist is so original and self-sustained as to be able to stand in the world by his own unaided strength, independent of tutors and predecessors. It is indeed now universally acknowledged that the Arts can be studied rightly and thoroughly only through their histories. A painter must be judged somewhat by his epoch, and the times by which he is surrounded have been fashioned by the years that have gone before. A chain of causation is thus established, and the pictorial effects which may be admired, or the results which must be deplored, no longer the offspring of accident or chance, are at once resolved into the precise operation of determined laws. Therefore an exhibition of pictures rightly classified, like the present, becomes as a museum in which nature is set forth with system and sequence, as a laboratory wherein problems find solutions, and theories are submitted to the test of fact and experiment. Galleries thus disposed cease to be mere pleasing promenades; they are schools constituted for study and absolute work: and the present Exhibition will fail in its destined instruction to the multitude, its lasting profit to the Arts of this country, unless visitors, both general and professional, give themselves to careful examination of the facts put on record, and note in detail the national and historic phenomena evolved.

Art, as we have said, has its history; but Art, moreover, is itself a history. The number of pictures contemporaneous with the incidents they record is unfortunately not large. In the middle ages the imagination was dominant, and artists, for the most part, went to fancy for their facts. The triumph of the Emperor Maximilian, however, in the Rathhaus of Nuremberg, ascribed to Albert Durer, is, probably, one of the most important exceptions on the side of coeval pictorial chronicles. In the present age, however, Art has become more directly realistic, and painters, no longer ignoring secular events, have set themselves to register the annals of their day and generation. This is specially true of that important class in the school of France whereof Horace Vernet is chief, and wherein Yvon for the last few years has taken prominent lead. The grand picture, sixty feet long, by Horace

Vernet, 'The Taking of Smala,' and the capture of the harem of Abd-el-Kader, exhibited in the Paris *Exposition Universelle* of 1855, is a good example of the thrilling life and detailed incident for which a historic school, devoted to the record of current events, is likely to become pre-eminent. Dramatic works, taken from the campaigns in the Crimea and Northern Italy, by other well-known French painters, have also caught the spirit and action of heroic deeds ere the fervour dies into cooler memory.

The historic range taken by the Exhibition over time, has led us incidentally to speak of history as a pictorial subject. Historic works, as we have said, sometimes treat of contemporaneous events; more frequently, however, they turn a retrospective eye to past annals. History of extant times relies on observation, demands discrimination of actual character, requires literal detail, accuracy in costume, and truth to precise locality. Its value lies in its fidelity; its bodily frame is vigorous and robust; even the hand which paints should, did the occasion arise, be able and ready in action. Like Xenophon, who led and fought with the ten thousand, and then wrote of their prowess, so the painter who essays to record the noble deeds of the times in which he lives, is all the more capable when he himself has borne some of the peril, and won a portion of the glory. The artist, on the other hand, who seeks to reanimate an event of bygone days, or distant countries, must call to his aid other powers. He should, in some degree, be the student given to reflection; he must cultivate an imagination fertile to conceive forms and events which have died away from the bodily ken; he must be able to cast over the past a certain halo; he must know how to crown the imperishable deeds which live for all time with fitting and enduring dignity. Precisely how this shall best be done has become matter of controversy. Schools idealistic are opposed to schools realistic. Of both these classes and methods the Exhibition contains such numerous and signal examples that the public can judge of the merits and deficiencies of each. Raphael, in his great works in Rome, adopted the more ideal treatment, and thus incurred the condemnation of modern realists. His figures are the perfection of what prophets, apostles, madonnas, and saints should be, and therefore, probably, best realise what these divine personages actually were. The modern German school of Christian painting has followed in the steps of Raphael and the great Italian artists. The English religious school, so far as it exists, has generally likewise adopted the received ideal mode. The works of the pre-Raphaelite brethren, however, as seen signally in Mr. Holman Hunt's great picture, 'Christ and the Doctors,' are allied for the most part to the opposite party. In France, too, as in England, subsists a like division in theory and practice, which it will be needful in the present Exhibition studiously to mark. Ingres, Delaroche, and Ary Scheffer, adopt what may be termed the "high art" treatment of history. They even violate actual costume, and accuracy in local detail, for the sake of higher and more generic truths. Delacroix, Horace Vernet, and others, again, are zealous adherents of the contrary system. They pledge themselves, at all sacrifice, to precise historic accuracy, and do not scruple to clothe apostles in the garb of Bedouins. Our purpose is not to decide between these conflicting claims. An analysis of existing schools, as they exist, is the simple duty which here devolves upon us.

We must not omit to mention the relation in which a people's history necessarily stands to national Art. A dynasty often transfers its rule from land to painted canvas, and engraves

its deeds upon enduring marble. In like manner, a revolution or even a stirring campaign is also speedily recorded by artists fired with patriotism, or thirsting for fame. Thus the great revolution of last century, the Napoleon rule which ensued, and the wars of the consulate and empire, each stamped its specific character upon French national Art. In an Exhibition, then, which is expressly national and international, it becomes imperative that we should study the various modes in which the Arts have comported themselves towards a people's history. We must mark how far, and to what perfection, painting has been, as it were, a mirror set up to reflect a nation's triumphs. How far the feigned image has proved faithful, and to what degree flattered. How far the artist has been the bought hireling of princes, or whether, catching the popular enthusiasm of times and events, his works, like the songs and ballads of a people, embody thoughts, passions, and aspirations, which press for utterance. Thus, in fine, as we have shown, in many ways must the history of nations declare itself in the picture and sculpture galleries of an International Exhibition.

Thirdly, we will now treat of what may be termed the geographic aspects of the Exhibition. A collection which embraces multitudinous nationalities will consequently range over diverse races, and comprise the variety of distant latitudes and climes. Some peoples, for example, both in past ages and present times, have proved themselves eminently artistic; others, again, are primarily utilitarian. We shall not attempt to classify even an International Exhibition upon any positive ethnologic basis: we do not presume, in the present intermingling of races in modern Europe, any longer precisely to discriminate between arts Teutonic, Celtic, or Slavonic. Still it cannot be doubted, notwithstanding this confluence among peoples, that the original idiosyncrasy of kingdoms yet remains, in a great degree, intact, and that thus the distinctive genius of nations continues to find corresponding diversity of expression through Literature and Art. It will, then, be instructive to mark in the pictures and sculptures contributed by England, France, Russia, Germany, Italy, and Spain, the reflex of national characteristics. It will be interesting to know whether the fire of genius which burned so resplendently in Italy of the middle ages is dying out, or whether, on the other hand, the expiring embers again rekindle at the touch of renovating liberty. It will, further, be important, in the coming history of the world, to learn how nations, hitherto coping with stern necessity, how races not yet illustrious in Art achievement, may, with growing wealth and advancing civilisation, attain equal rank with countries of ancient renown. Russia, for example, lying on the confines of the European commonalty, will claim, in the congress of Art, the position due to a power of the first magnitude. It will be the duty, indeed, of great nations to assert independent nationality. Italy will probably show herself imaginative, Germany contemplative, France ambitious, and England common sense. Yet, though races, and peoples, and climes thus preserve, in some degree, their several and distinctive features, perhaps the paramount truth to be proclaimed in the sphere of Art, as in the realm of creation, is, that God hath made of one flesh all the dwellers upon earth. It will be our duty, however, to distinguish, and even emphasise, all subsisting diversities. Yet there cannot be a question that, in Art, as in commerce, literature, and science, the barriers are, in great degree, thrown down which once divided the nations in sunder.

Under the present division—the geographic range of the International Exhibition—we must say a few words on the relation subsisting between the physical features of the earth and the Arts of its inhabitants. The Paris *Exposition Universelle* of 1855 comprised some memorable examples of pictures, the transcripts of natural phenomena. We recollect especially a poetic landscape, glowing in a flood of light and fire of sun, a wide track of hill, and dale, and lake, taken from the North Cape, Norway, at summer midnight, bright as day. In other pictures, again, the face of the earth was clad in the garb of winter—ice, and snow, and biting frost; but, to the honour of our English school, we must record that no transcript of arctic regions waste and wild was so grand and desolate as the picture subsequently painted by Mr. Cooke, and exhibited in our Royal Academy, 1860—'Her Majesty's ship *Terror* in the ice of Frozen Strait.' Fearful, and yet lovely, are the scenes which many of the artists upon the continent of Europe have thus essayed to paint—pine forests frowning over fields of snow; fiords round which dark mountains keep gloomy sentinel; cataracts madly plunging from the mountain top. Wondrous indeed are the ways of nature, manifold the workings of that Providence, who weighs the hills in a balance, makes a path for the thunder, yet clothes even the lily in the field with a Father's care. And now that the remote regions of the earth are open to enterprise, now that commerce gathers wealth from distant zones, and science with scrutinising eye records each fact, and proclaims each law, it is fitting that the hand of Art should lengthen in its reach, and that painters should take possession of territories which travellers, traders, and philosophers have already made their own. We cannot but think that one of the uses of these International Exhibitions will be found in the wider range given to the world's Art, in the added resources of lands yet imperfectly explored. The earth is vast enough, our artists are often in want of new ideas, and thus genius will, in fresh zones, discover broad fields to disport herself, regions wherein enterprise may find ample reward. The discursive mind of Humboldt seems, as by the vision of prophecy, to have seized vividly on this idea. In "Kosmos," Humboldt thus writes: "He who is endowed with a susceptibility for the natural beauties of mountains, streams, and forest scenery, who has wandered through the countries of the torrid zone, and has seen the luxuriant variety of the vegetation, not only upon the cultivated shores, but in the vicinity of the snow-capped Andes, the Himalaya Mountains, and the Neilgherry Hills of Mysore, or in the wild forests of the country between the Orinoco and the Amazon—that man can alone understand what an immeasurable field for landscape-painting is open between the tropics of both continents, or in the islands of Sumatra, Borneo, and the Philippines, and how the most splendid and spirited works which man's genius has hitherto accomplished, cannot be compared with the vastness of the treasures of Nature, of which Art may, at a future time, avail itself." Again, the same illustrious writer continues:—"In South America there are populous cities nearly 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. From thence downwards all the various climatic gradations in the forms of plants meet the eye. How much may we not expect from the picturesque study of Nature, if, after the termination of civil strife, and the restoration of freedom in their constitution, a taste for Art and Science is at last awakened in those high lands!"

Fourthly, we will consider the relation which necessarily subsists between the Arts

and the religion of a country. Among the various forms of ancient belief, which have left their impress upon the world's sculpture and painting, the mythologies of ancient Greece and Rome alone are likely to obtain expression in a modern International Exhibition. The poetic fables of Grecian gods seem to be endowed with immortality of life. The sceptre of political dominion has crumbled into dust, but the genius of Grecian and Roman Art is ever rekindling into fire. We do not wish to become identified with exclusively classic dogmas, as opposed to schools mediæval or modern, spiritual or naturalistic: but in treating of the manifold works in an International Exhibition, we must give to pagan gods and classic modes the position which is justly due. In the history of Art there have been periods of classic revival, as under the Medici in Florence, and with the school of David during the French revolution. At the present moment, too, it is well known that Apollo and Bacchus, especially among sculptors, still retain zealous adherents. The statues of our countryman Mr. Gibson, in the present Exhibition,—the Venus, the Cupid, and the Pandora,—will sufficiently support the statement already made, that the manner of the ancients, the great ideas which ruled in classic times, pertain, and are adapted, to all ages. Apollo and Bacchus, indeed, we no longer believe in as persons, but they still live as principles. Venus has ceased to be a goddess, but she yet rules the world as a power. Thus it is that painters, and especially sculptors, find it convenient to abide by names, associations, and deep and enduring sentiments, which time has hallowed, and the experience of mankind has sanctioned. Hence are we prepared, as we have said, to give to the classic honourable position, provided only that it fulfil the conditions upon which, in the present day, it is permitted to exist. We require, for example, that works which are avowedly removed from the sphere of actual life, shall soar into realms of the ideal; we demand that the defects which mar each individual of a species, shall be eliminated in generic perfection, that beauty and noble character and expression shall reign paramount in that feigned world where the gods still rule by courtesy.

Among the various extant religions of more recent days, Christianity alone will make itself felt in the International Exhibition of paintings and sculptures. With the birth of Christianity, a new element arose in the history of the Arts. Perfection, absolute and exalted, it is true, had been the aspiration of the Greeks: but a perfection more expressly spiritual, an aspiration more directly the motion of the soul, now sought in Christian Art form and expression. It would ill accord with the limits of this introductory disquisition, to give even a sketch of the rise and ultimate maturity of sculpture and painting during the middle ages. Suffice it to say, that Christian Art in its highest development was no unworthy exponent of Christian life and faith; and that thus Italian painting in the middle ages became the simple yet earnest and eloquent utterance of thoughts which claim kindred with the skies, and emotions wherewith even the angel world was presumed to mingle. Now this wondrous manifestation in mediæval times concerns our present purpose, inasmuch as the Christian Arts of the nineteenth century are founded on the style of Angelico, Perugino, Francia, Leonardo, and Raphael, of the fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries. Christian Art, like Christian doctrine, has grown traditional, and thus painters, as theologians, are content to hand down the truth and the beauty which in prior ages had been revealed. Hence Christian Art in modern Europe is a sphere

to which, for the most part, originality is denied: hence, further, the usual want of nature and vitality.

The so-called "Christian schools" flourish chiefly in the Catholic countries of Europe. Italy, Germany, Belgium, and France, are of religious painting the present strongholds. Madonnas, Nativities, Holy Families, Assumptions, are still found in the modern Exhibitions of the continent, and will not be wanting in the present conference. Of these works we shall speak more in detail in subsequent articles. At the present moment we can only dwell upon such points as meet the eye in a general survey. Primarily, then, it will be found, as we have said, that modern phases of religious Art are derived from mediæval Italy; that modern painters take Fra Angelico, Perugino, Pinturicchio, and Raphael for their masters and progenitors. Still we shall see, notwithstanding this prevailing similarity, that the diversity of races, the contrasts subsisting in political and social institutions, will stamp their individual character upon the sacred Art of each separate nation. The painters of modern Italy, wedded to old traditions, following at far interval in the steps of their illustrious predecessors, yet love to paint the accepted routine subjects taken from the Bible and the legends of the Church. But the cruel destiny which doomed Italy for ages to servitude, which granted precarious political existence as a pittance doled out by foreign toleration,—these influences, as chains bound round the neck of the people, sank pictorial genius into slavish copyism, weighed down the free spirit, no longer able to soar, and thus even that Art which inhabits the heavens partook of the bondage, and suffered with the calamity, which had fallen upon a nation's earthly home. Again, the religious school of France responds to the destiny and life of her people. Ingres, it is true, has founded his style upon Raphael and Michael Angelo; Delaroche, likewise, upon the foremost Italian painters; Ary Scheffer upon earlier spiritualists; but these great men, with others constituting the French school of high Art, have, notwithstanding, maintained their individual and national independence. They belong to the present, not merely to the past. The grandeur of a powerful people speaks through their works, as if they had a country to serve, a truth to advance, a personal and a national life to live out with honour and manliness. Finally, the German school of sacred Art, as centred in Dusseldorf and Munich, with Overbeck, Veit, Cornelius, Hess, and others, as its apostles, is signal in pictorial phases which stand as the types of German genius. Avowedly, this German school is a revival of the early Italian, yet the modern reproduction rises in some sort into new birth. In it we find the reflex of German mystic meditation,—of German self-conscious metaphysics,—with corresponding inaptness to action, and oblivion to actual realities of life.

In treating of the subsisting relations between religion and the Arts, one more topic remains for notice. We have said that the so-called Christian school of painting is centred, for the most part, in the Catholic countries of Europe. Herein thus arises an important and interesting question,—the respective manifestations of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism in the Arts of modern Europe. We know that the early days of the Reformation were not destitute of painters. Lucas Cranach embraced the doctrines of Luther. Holbein painted the portraits of Erasmus, his patron. Yet it cannot be denied that, as in the first years of the Church Christians eschewed rather than cultivated, arts allied to paganism—so Protestants, in like manner, held themselves aloof from

those devices which had long been interwoven with a faith then held to be corrupt. It is not fitting that we should here speak as the partisans of either Church, Protestant or Catholic. We desire to give to all churches and parties impartial hearing. It is, perhaps, fortunate for Art that there are diversities of gifts and differences of administration, and that upon earth, as in heaven, are found many mansions. These gifts and these ministrations, so far as they seek outgoing through the Arts, are now put upon their trial. Protestant nations enter with Catholic into the contest of civilisations. We believe the result of this conflict will establish between the combatants rather a difference in the direction of genius than any deficiency in amount. It will be seen that among all highly cultured peoples the Art faculty demands adequate sphere for gratification. The Catholic form of faith probably gives to imagination freest range, and thus the Art of the Catholic Church, by the law of inherent correspondence, is predominant in fancy. Protestantism is the offspring of private judgment, and is presumed to confide in the intellect and the conscience. The imaginative flights, therefore, in which the expressly "Christian schools of Art" have gloried, are somewhat foreign to the mental condition to which the faith of the Reformation has shown itself addicted. But, as we have said, Protestantism probably finds in other directions compensation. Her Arts are more practical and utilitarian, and she seeks out in life and in nature for a poetry which, by its simplicity and truth, is not beset with perils. This, we think, is an explanation, and, indeed, affords some justification of the undoubted fact that Protestant faith has, in the sphere of Art, upon the most sacred of topics kept silence. Still some memorable exceptions might be adduced. The Städelsches Institut, in Frankfurt, which contains Overbeck's 'Triumph of Religion in the Arts,' also boasts of the noble picture by Lessing, 'Huss before the Council of Constance,'—sufficient proof, assuredly, were proof wanting, that Protestants have yet, in the sphere of highest Art, a noble calling. In our own country, indeed, we have but recently awakened to the conviction that the arts of Painting and Sculpture are fitted and destined to holy service in the Church. That noble picture, 'Christ Weeping over Jerusalem,' by Sir Charles Eastlake, had long told us, however, that some, at least, among our English painters are still imbued with the spirit which sanctified the ancient master-works. Dyce, in more recent pictures, 'The Man of Sorrows,' and 'St. John leading home his Adopted Mother,' has followed in the same exalted path. In churches, also, of the metropolis, the frescoes executed by Dyce, Watts, and Armitage, promise to our English school a new and high career. We cannot but express the hope that one service rendered by the present Exhibition will be the proof afforded that religion has been, and still is, the noblest inspiration to the Arts.

Fifthly. We enter on a further division of our subject: Art as the exponent of a nation's political existence. Art, like poetry, is a language; and thus painting and sculpture have spoken out freely, and sometimes boldly, proclaiming the liberty of a people, asserting the majesty of the laws, recording the rise or the downfall of constitutions. These topics we have already somewhat anticipated, yet more may be added with advantage. Now, if ever, is the opportunity when a comprehensive philosophy of the Arts may be matured and illustrated; and, accordingly, in the present introduction we desire to sketch the more pronounced outlines of some systematic plan. Writers on the science of

government differ widely among themselves as to the best form for political constitutions. English jurists—Blackstone, Delolme, and others—have insisted on a favourite idea, favourable most surely to the three estates into which our own political framework has been thrown,—a theory not wholly without the sanction of history,—that in monarchy is centred power, in aristocracy is found wisdom, and to democracy is entrusted honesty. This part of the subject we cannot, of course, pursue further. Suffice it to say, that the political philosophy of government has been amply wrought out and illustrated. One department, however—the relation in which national institutions stand to national and popular Arts—yet requires elucidation. Now, then, we say, is the golden opportunity. Let us look round the Exhibition, and, with pointed finger, trace the decisive lines by which the various political governments of the world are bounded. Here hangs the imperial Art of empires; these are the pictures of a limited and constitutional monarchy; here are the works which the patronage of an old, wealthy, and wise aristocracy have fostered; and around on every side extend the wide and scattered territories occupied by the advancing democracies of modern civilisation. The great Art epochs which history records, and the master-works which time has spared, are found to have been co-existent with like political diversities. The democracies of Greece were the cradles of Phidias, Praxiteles, and Apelles. The empire of Rome was the throne to which, as it were, arches, amphitheatres, and temples paid homage. The free cities of Italy were the arenas where genius vied for mastery and won renown. Within the more prescribed historic limits of the present Exhibition, comparisons and contrasts so emphatic cannot be expected. Yet France alone might afford to our argument abundant illustration. Almost within the memory of man, in the compass of the hundred years which we assign as the start-post to our English school, France has endured the throes of successive revolutions, has experienced the rule of diverse dynasties, and tried the comparative advantages of conflicting forms of government. The Arts, as was likely, have by turn suffered and prospered with the nation's calamity or weal. They were sometimes the pander to passion; it may be, even the slave to tyranny; or again, they became the handmaid of liberty. Painting in France gazetted, as it were, the nation's deeds. In recent days it stood upon the barricade, when the archbishop fell; in anterior years it followed Napoleon in his conquests; and then again, the ally of Orleans princes and marshals, it was the chronicler of French glory in the colonies. With this stirring political action might be contrasted the more tranquil life which in these times has been granted to small German states. Not having a political existence to record, the Art of Germany has naturally given itself to calm thought, lighted at times by the fire of spiritual ecstasy. For the special Art-phase which may pertain to modern democracies, we naturally turn to America. The 'Greek Slave' by Mr. Hiram Powers, the 'Beethoven' and other works of the late Crawford, the 'Cleopatra' by Story, and the 'Zenobia' of Miss Hosmer, sufficiently attest the genius of the American people. Still it may well be doubted whether the political life of the great Western Continent has yet, in Art, been cast into an express national form. But a great future yet awaits upon America, though storm-clouds now darken the sky; and poetry, and painting, and sculpture will not fail, in a new world, to assert a new and independent life. In concluding this section of our subject we will express

a hope the present Exhibition may prove to statesmen, politicians, and political economists, that the Arts cannot be excluded from the respective domains of their science, philosophy, or rule. A recent writer on the history of civilisation scarcely deigns to embrace the Arts within the vast circuit of his encyclopedic project. But the voice of the nations is now raised, and a great picture or a memorable group of sculpture will be found to live as the monument of a people's political exploits, even when individual actors are forgotten.

Sixthly. The relation between social aspects and Art phases must now claim our consideration. The works which, in modern times, have reflected with point and brilliancy the scenes and incidents of social life are usually designated *tableaux de société*, or *genre* pictures. This style is comparatively of modern growth. The Greeks and the Romans were devoted to their gods; the middle age painters to Madonnas and saints. But when the Arts became secularised, artists at once appealed to social and popular sympathies. The French, as we have seen, can paint a battle-field, as testified by the stirring works of Horace Vernet; can commemorate the horrors of revolution, as witnessed by the grand tragic picture in the Luxembourg, Müller's 'Summons of the Victims during the Reign of Terror'; can throw the imagination back to classic times, as, for example, in Couture's 'Decline of the Romans'; can take inspiration from the Christian faith, as proved by the noble works of Ingres, Delaroche, and Ary Scheffer. But after, and in addition to, these varied styles, pertaining more properly to the school of high Art, must be mentioned last, though scarcely least, the pleasing, pretty, and eminently popular pictures *de société*, which fall under the present division of our subject. The paintings of Edouard Frère, simple and sympathetic; the small boudoir works by Plassan, Duval, and Dubasty, addicted to the *deshabille* of the toilette; the small, chess-playing gems by Meissonier, brilliant and *piquante*, with many others, all belong to the somewhat indefinite class or kind which, for want of a better word, has been termed *genre*.

In this school of domestic Art English painters have long been pre-eminent. And here, again, we must mark once more the constant correspondence ever maintained between the life and manners of a people and its pictorial Arts. The English nation is notoriously domestic. If pictorial imagination do not kindle at the church altar, the home affections, at any rate, glow warmly round the domestic hearth. Comfort—that word sacred to every Englishman—makes itself cosy even in the cottage. And thus there has grown up among us an Art dedicated to the simple annals of the poor. Hence, also our poets have sung rustic lays: Crabbe in 'The Borough,' 'The Village,' and 'The Parish Register'; Wordsworth in 'The Pastor,' 'The Churchyard among the Mountains,' and 'The Parsonage'; Allan Ramsay in the 'Gentle Shepherd,' and Burns in 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.' Hence this country of our birth, and this simple, yet happy and contented life of each passing day of toil and duty, our painters, no less than our writers, have proved eminently poetic and picturesque. The subjects of Sir David Wilkie, 'The Rent Day,' 'The Village Festival,' and 'Blind Man's Buff,' the scenes loved by Webster, 'The Playground,' and 'The School,' the compositions of Mulready, as 'Choosing the Wedding Gown,' are as essentially English as our hedgerows, country churches, and village schools. Thus the national Art of England has become the counterpart, as we have said, of the people's life.

And yet again, in the English school, there are other works falling under our present category which hold somewhat closer relation to the French pictures *de société*. It has been the custom of all painters to weep and to laugh by turns over the mistakes and misfortunes of mankind. The playful wit of Addison, brightening with the smile of satire, yet kindling into sympathy, has ever and anon entered the studio of the artist. Sheridan's *Rivals*, and *School for Scandal*, have long been stage properties to our painters; and the household of the "Vicar of Wakefield" has for half a century found a second abode within the walls of the Royal Academy. Thus the classics of the English tongue have become text-books for the English pencil, and the writers who portrayed the manners, and inscribed the thoughts of the people, inspired, as it were, the painters with coloured palettes to complete a perfect picture from the first and slighter sketch. Other nations, as we have seen, with ambition strive to soar beyond the actual present; but the English school, as a contrast, from Hogarth downwards, has shot folly as it flies; has piped and sported when the people have danced; has mourned, too, with those that mourn, and wept with those who weep. Manifestly the genius of large-hearted, many-sided, naturalistic Shakspeare lives on in the pictorial Art of Britain.

It will be our especial duty to show the commercial and manufacturing uses of pictures and statues. The alliance between Arts and manufactures is happily at length recognised by England in common with all nations of the continent.

We have thus, under several distinct divisions, enlarged upon the many important topics which the Exhibition should suggest to all the lovers and students of the Arts: one obvious moral remains to be drawn. From the Exhibition of 1851, our manufacturers received warning. They were told by the juries of assembled Europe that Art discipline was needed: it was found, in fact, that other nations had given to artisans advantages denied to the British workmen. And so in the present assemblage of statues and pictures, England holding honourable position, will yet have to learn that British artists, like British artisans, left to struggle for themselves, owe to unaided genius the position they have won. Foreign governments have liberally bestowed upon academies and students education, patronage, and even pensions. But the noble Villa de Medici in Rome, endowed by the French government, has found no imitators among English ministries or in English parliaments. One good result then of the world's congress of artists and Arts must certainly be secured—the entire revision and reconstruction of the Art-education in this country. We must begin even from the summit in the social scale, and so descend downwards, till all classes shall receive due culture in first principles; be imbued with the beauty and the poetry found in form and colour; be made sensitive to the æsthetic in life and nature, and thus become Art-loving, and hence Art-patronising and Art-producing. Professors must lecture in our universities, and masters teach in our parish schools. In the competition of nations, it is not to be endured that England should be placed to disadvantage. All things in this country—its unexampled wealth and commerce, and the growing intelligence of our people—point to the approach of a great Art epoch. We have done wisely to invite to our shores the Arts of the whole civilised world, and we will now prove ourselves willing and able to profit by the lessons which International Exhibitions are designed to teach.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAMES FALLOWS, ESQ.,
SUNNYBANK, MANCHESTER.

THE FIRST SUNBEAM.

T. Faed, A.R.A., Painter. L. Stocks, A.R.A., Engraver.

ABOUT eight years ago there came to London, from Edinburgh, an artist desirous, like his countryman Wilkie before him, to put in a claim for the good opinion and favours of the southern connoisseurs. Previously to his arrival here, Mr. Faed, for it is he to whom reference is made, had exhibited, on two or three occasions, pictures at the Royal Academy, and had met with sufficient encouragement to warrant the step he was induced to take: and his subsequent success shows that he neither overrated his own powers nor formed a wrong estimate of the judgment others would pronounce on his works, which now rank among the highest attractions in the exhibitions of the Academy, while the artist himself has recently been elected into that institution.

A painter, emulous of general popularity, must necessarily depend much on the popularity of his subject. They who have studied Art look for qualities which the unlearned neither comprehend nor care for; the latter are interested in the subject rather than in the peculiar excellencies that may elevate it to the position of a great work of Art; they are critics easily satisfied if the theme do but please, and it is carried out with a certain amount of truth of character and beauty of colour: and hence painters of *genre* find a surer pathway to general favour than they who practise the higher department of historical Art, or even landscape, however well executed.

But Faed must not be placed in the ordinary muster-roll of *genre*-painters, nor is he one who relies for applause on the mere attractiveness of subject. He knows full well the value of this, yet he is also perfectly aware that the reputation alone worth having, and which also can be alone permanent, must be built upon other and surer foundations. Hence a close examination of his works proves that he aims, and successfully too, to imbue them with the qualities which every sound and true critic expects to find in a really good picture.

'The First Sunbeam' is one of his later productions, and was exhibited at the Academy in 1858. The scene lies in the interior of the cottage, in which are assembled three individuals, the representatives of three generations, an aged woman, her daughter, most probably, and the young child of the latter, who is just learning the use of her feet, and, attracted by the flickering sunlight on the wall, stretches out its hands to catch the golden-coloured rays. The incident has given the picture its title. The eye naturally fixes itself on the young peasant-mother, as the most attractive figure in the composition—beautiful without affectation, easy and natural in its assumed attitude, while there is grace in the apparent negligence, but not slovenliness, of her garments. The old woman, who has put aside her spinning-wheel for a time, and is employed in knitting, is not, however, thinking of her work; she gazes intently on her grandchild with an earnest and somewhat anxious look, as if the action of the child recalled to her mind the chequered scenes of a protracted life, sometimes sunshine, and sometimes clouds of darkness; that its joys "come like shadows, so depart," and that the attempt to grasp the glittering but unsubstantial must always, as it ever has done, terminate in disappointment. Whether or not the artist meant, by his treatment of the subject, to teach a lesson on the vanity of earthly pleasures and pursuits, and the folly of striving after "very vanities," it is quite evident such a lesson may be learned from it. He may, however, have intended that the pictured story should present another meaning, by showing that the sunbeam is no respecter of persons, it irradiates the humble dwelling of the poor, as well as the mansion of the wealthy, giving light, and life, and gladness, to all alike.

The picture is one of the purest gems in the valuable and extensive collection of James Fallows, Esq., of Sunnybank, Manchester.



T. FAED. A.R.A. PINX.

LUMB STOCKS. A.R.A. SCULPT.

THE FIRST SUNBEAM.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAMES FALLOWS, ESQ.

BRITISH ARTISTS : THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

NO. LX.—JOHN CROSS.

OR the principal facts recorded in the following biographical sketch, we are chiefly indebted to a paper published, soon after the artist's decease, in the *Critic*, and which was, in its main points, borrowed from one that appeared some short time previously in a French journal entitled *La Glaneur de St. Quentin*.

John Cross was born, in May, 1819, at Tiverton, in Devonshire, where his father was engaged as manager of an extensive manufactory for lace, belonging to Mr. Heathcote, who, while the future painter was yet a child, appointed his father to the superintendence of a similar establishment at St. Quentin, in the north of France, which Mr. Heathcote had opened there. The elder Cross went, taking his family with him, and finally settled in the town. The boy's predilection for Art showed itself

early, but met with no encouragement from the father, who desired to have him brought up to the business of the factory, and was even unwilling to allow him ordinary school instruction; but the entreaties of the mother prevailed, and the child was allowed to attend an elementary school in the town, which he left when of an age to enter the factory; "but there his taste for the Fine Arts showed itself daily stronger, and his health suffered. At the age of fifteen, in October, 1834, he was, though a foreigner, admitted as a paying pupil to the public free School of Design at St. Quentin, founded by Delatour. His fellow-scholars of that era still remember how

the fine fellow who always went among them by the *sobriquet* of '*L'Anglais*,' quickly won the love of all his comrades. His conscientious and persevering application to the cultivation of his natural gifts secured him speedy and distinguished success. As the authorities at first fancied they could not admit a foreigner to compete for prizes, his fellow-pupils, at the end of the last year but one of his study in the schools, presented him with an honorary medal, which Cross always continued to regard with affection. In the following year he was allowed to compete for the school medals, having previously been admitted on the foundation—a grace never before accorded to an alien," and carried away with him from the school five medals. After passing nearly five years in the institution at St. Quentin, he was sent to Paris, and entered the studio of Picot, a painter of considerable distinction, though he had adopted a style scarcely suited to a young artist of Cross' peculiar powers. "His fellow-students expressed their sense of his slow, untiring, undaunted mode of work, by classing him, in their rough-and-ready way, among the *ruminating* artists."

His attendance in Picot's *atelier* terminated at the end of four years. During the greater part of this period he occupied a humble lodging in the street called *Les Trois Frères*, but the room was so small he could scarcely find a place in it for his easel. Here, however, his first pictures were produced,—a '*Holy Family*,' and '*The Departure of Coriolanus*,'—aiming from the outset of his career at the highest point of historical painting; but what these works proved to be is unknown to us, as they were never exhibited in England.

The invitation issued, in 1843, by the Royal Commissioners appointed to direct the rebuilding of the New Houses of Parliament, reached Cross in his quiet abode in Paris, and although an utter stranger in the land of his birth, and therefore without any hope derived from previous trials of strength with his fellow-countrymen of success in the struggle, he determined to enter the lists with them in competing for the prizes offered for the best cartoons, with a portion of the subject executed in fresco as a specimen. He exhibited the '*Death of à-Becket*,' but it attracted little attention at the time; less, perhaps, because it was unworthy of notice, than because the artist's name was quite unfamiliar here, for everyone knows that



Engraved by]

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION FORGIVING BERTRAND DE JOURDON.

[Butterworth and Heath.

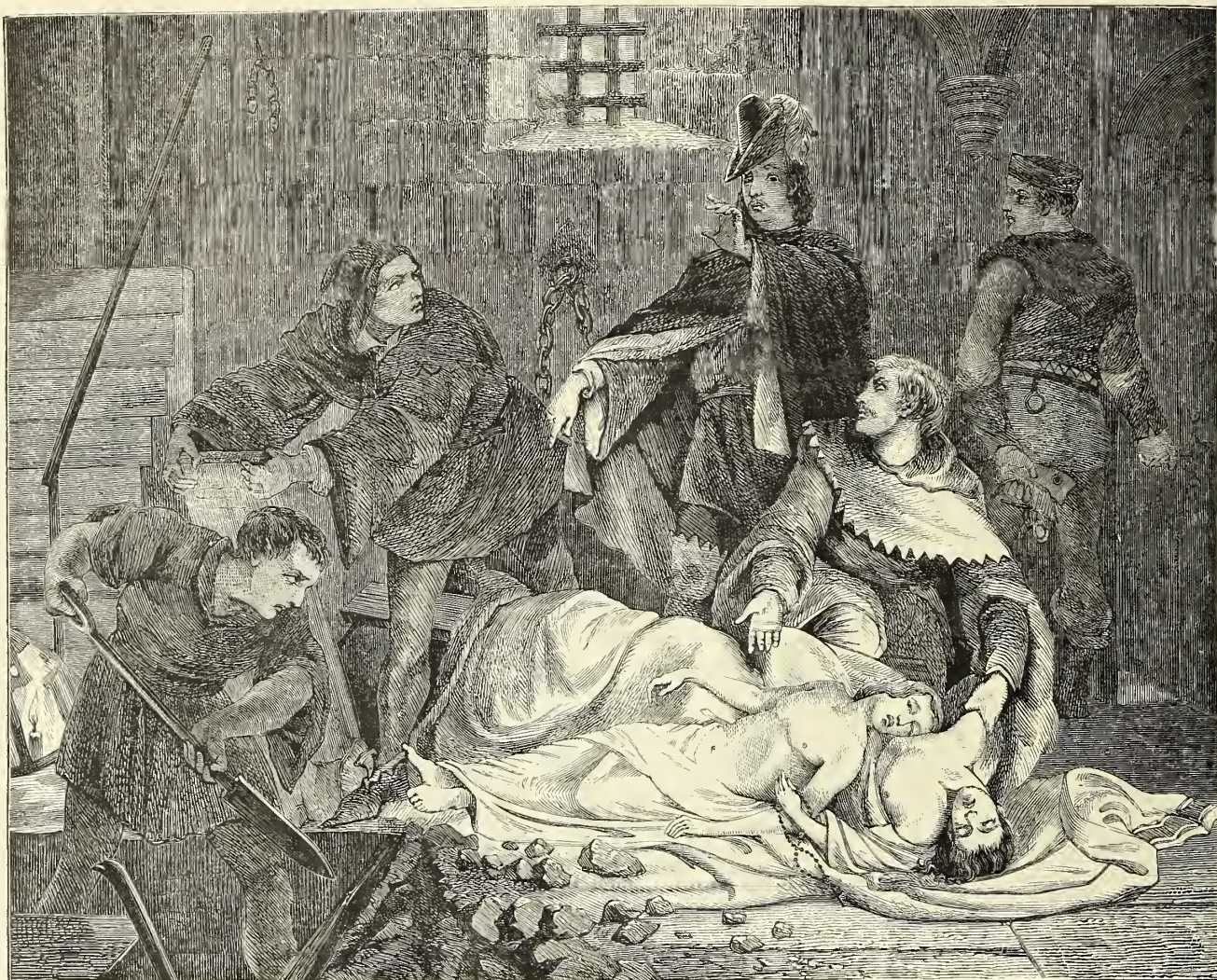
a certain *prestige* attaches itself to a name that is recognised in Art circles, even if it carries but little weight with it. In the summer of the same year another opportunity for a trial of skill was offered by the Royal Commissioners, who proposed to give three premiums of £500, £300, and £200,—nine prizes in all,—to the same number of artists, for the most meritorious oil-pictures. Cross again accepts the challenge, and is this time better prepared for the contest, and still more resolute to win. The result was the picture engraved on this page, '*RICHARD CŒUR DE LION FORGIVING BERTRAND DE JOURDON*,' the archer who had fatally wounded the King. In the

execution of his project, we are told, "he meditated much over his design, worked hard, sketched and re-sketched it, consulted his friends, listened to their advice, and adopted it when reasonable. At last he hired a studio at Montmartre, and set to work on a canvas twelve feet by fifteen, his first of that size, almost his first picture in oils. He had not only to contend with the difficulties of Art, but of an empty exchequer—difficulties not quite as insuperable for an artist in Paris as in London. He manufactured with his own hands—turning his early mechanical training to account—the chain armour to paint from; he was too poor to buy or hire. . . .

Without hurry or hesitation, he set to work like an old hand; and, devoting some two years to the task, the result surpassed his own hopes, as well as those of his old master and friend, Picot." The labour and anxiety attendant on his work almost cost the artist his life. The picture was scarcely completed when he was struck down by typhus fever. His fellow-students in Paris, with a kindness and sympathy most honourable to them, and which evinced their estimate of his sterling worth, watched day and night by his bedside, till his father and sister, who had been summoned from St. Quentin, reached his home, and partially relieved them from their self-imposed Christian duties. Happily, he recovered before the time for the reception of the competitive works in Westminster Hall had arrived. This was in 1847. Cross brought his picture to England, and, having taken lodgings in Fetter Lane—very humble rooms they were, too, for his finances were still very low—he awaited the award of the judges, with what solicitude may readily be conceived. The decision was announced, and the poor, friendless painter saw his name occupy the first place in the second list—among those entitled to a prize of £300. "But the artists and the public," said the *Critic*, "awarded it one in the highest rank. It excited universal astonishment and enthusiasm. 'A man has risen to cut us all out,' was the exclamation of historical artists, the highest in repute and favour. Noblemen and Royal Academicians sought him out,

even in Fetter Lane, and vied in caressing him. The Commissioners repaired the injustice the jury had done the 'new man,' in withholding the £500 prize, by purchasing the picture for the New Houses, giving for it as much as £500, while for F. R. Pickersgill's 'Burial of Harold,' which was a £500 prize, they only added £400; a sufficiently significant fact." The picture was hung in one of the committee rooms of the House of Parliament, where it may still be seen,—a memorial of the artist's genius, and at the same time a pointed rebuke of the neglect he subsequently experienced.

The success of Cross in this his first venture naturally excited strong hopes of ultimate renown and prosperity, but never were bright expectations doomed to severer disappointment. Detractors were not wanting, who alleged that Picot had a much larger share in the work of the prize-picture than the English artist. He gave no heed to the scandal; and, to show how unwarrantable were the reports, married a countrywoman of his own, and settled in London, anticipating, as he had a right to do, a good, if not a brilliant, career in the future. When the Royal Commissioners announced their intention of selecting a number of artists to decorate the walls of the Parliament House with paintings, the public naturally supposed that Cross would be included among them. He was asked by the Commissioners to select his own subject from the scheme laid down by them, and his own process—oils or fresco. He chose Speaker Lenthall



Engraved by]

BURIAL OF THE SONS OF EDWARD IV.

[Butterworth and Heath.

asserting the Privileges of the Commons; a noble subject, well suited to his genius. He was then required to substitute one of the melo-dramatic incidents of the reign of Charles II. He sent in a sketch, and expressed his willingness to paint it in fresco, after making a few experiments, as he was ignorant of the process. From that period to the date of his death, the Commissioners vouchsafed no further notice of Cross. Worse even than this neglect, perhaps, those who had been so eager to recognise his talent, and to offer encouragement, after his successful *début*, now drew back and deserted him. But, undiscouraged, he bravely persevered, and in 1850 sent to the Academy his large picture of 'THE BURIAL OF THE MURDERED SONS OF EDWARD IV.' in the Tower, engraved on this page. The work is one of very considerable merit in composition and character, but it undoubtedly will not bear comparison with the 'Cœur de Lion,' either in vigour of manipulation or in colour. Disappointment seemed already to have begun its deteriorating effects both on mind and hand. The picture, fitted by its size only for a large gallery or room, found no purchaser. Sir S. Morton Peto, who has in his possession several valuable modern works painted expressly for him, with a most laudable intention of serving Cross, gave him a commission to paint two pictures for his gallery. The subjects selected were, 'Edward Bequeathing his Crown

to Harold,' and 'Harold's Oath to William of Normandy.' Both were exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1851, contrary, it has been alleged, to the express wish of the artist, who did not consider them sufficiently advanced to undergo such a public ordeal, but was overruled by his patron. The result might almost have been anticipated. Critics spoke disparagingly of them, his brother-artists said little in their favour, and the public, taking their tone from the reports they read, and having no knowledge to guide them to a right understanding, echoed back the voices of others. From this time forth Cross' doom was fixed as a painter of history.

Still he went on, and in 1853 exhibited at the Academy his 'Death of à-Becket,' another large historical picture, showing throughout powers almost as vigorous as were manifested in the work which first brought him into notice. But it went back to the painter's easel, dealers and patrons alike ignoring it.

It would be too much to expect further perseverance in a course productive of such results; to continue it would have been to starve himself and his family, so for the next three years the unfortunate artist was compelled to undertake portraits and to give lessons in painting for a livelihood. In 1856 he exhibited a small canvas, for which he had received a commission, the subject 'Lucy Preston petitioning Queen Mary for the

Life of her Father; it is a work most attractive from the earnest and expressive character thrown into the figures. Two years afterwards appeared the last publicly exhibited picture by this painter, 'THE CORONATION OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR,' at the moment when the ceremony was interrupted by an alarm of fire, which the king and his Normans mistook for an outbreak of the Saxons. Cross made great personal sacrifices to enable him to carry out this really fine picture, and anticipated from it a change of fortune: but it met with the same fate as the others, and was returned on his hands. One more disappointment we have to record, and then the

curtain drops over the events of Cross' life: in 1860 he sent to the Academy 'The Storm Scene on the Cliffs, from the "Antiquary."' We never saw it, but the *Critic* calls it "a remarkable picture, intended, as the artist hoped it would do, to meet the public taste in its own favourite line of subject." *The Academy rejected it.*

These repeated failures to obtain patronage proved too much for Cross' faith in his own Art-powers, and still more for his bodily frame: there is little doubt that they laid the foundation of the malady which resulted in his death. For the last three or four years of his life he had been



Engraved by]

CORONATION OF WILLIAM I.

[Butterworth and Heath.

afflicted with a painful disease, which ultimately released him "from his sufferings, his sorrows, and his ambition," in the month of February, 1861, at the comparatively early age of forty-one. His is a sad history, one, too, which, like that of Haydon, contains a moral, though Cross so far differed from the other that he never raised up a host of enemies by his presumptive, querulous disposition, and dictatorial habits. The moral to be learned from Cross' fate is, that artists, to be successful practitioners, must paint to please the public, instead of following their own notions of what Art really is; they must bow at the shrine of fashion, the capricious deity who too often dispenses her favours where they are the least merited.

It is only too true that "the destinies of Art are entrusted to strange guardians in England."

In the summer of last year an exhibition of the works of Cross, under the auspices of a number of gentlemen, many of whom were artists, was opened in the rooms of the Society of Arts for the purpose of raising a fund to purchase some of his unsold pictures, "as a tribute to his memory as an artist, and as a means of rendering assistance to his widow and children, otherwise totally unprovided for." We have never ascertained the actual result, but believe the exhibition proved almost, if not quite, a failure.

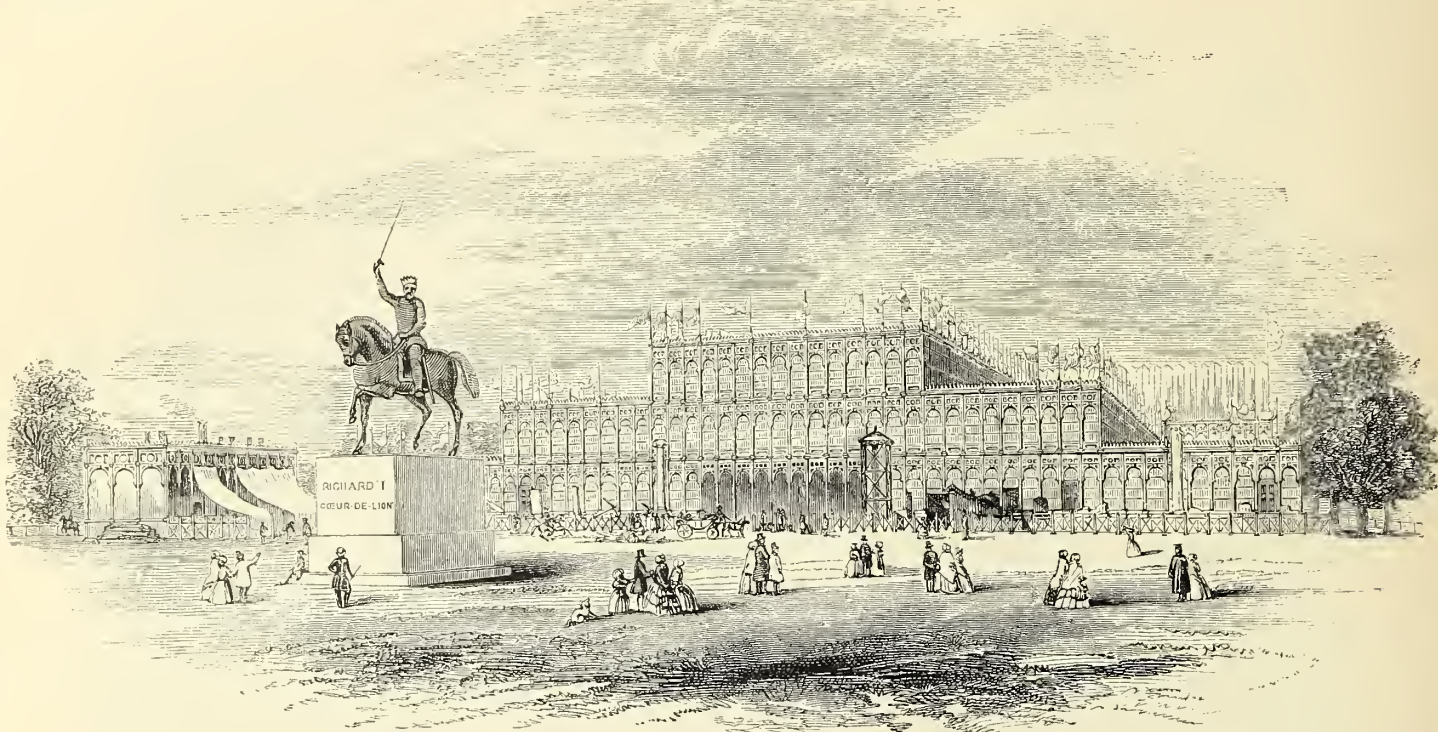
JAMES DAFFORNE.

THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS— 1851 AND 1862.

On this, the first day of May, 1862, when the International Exhibition is open to the world—containing the Art contributions of nearly every

people of the globe—we should naturally present to our readers engravings of the building which is now the object of attraction to hundreds of thousands. There are, however, we believe, few persons who will either expect or desire us to do

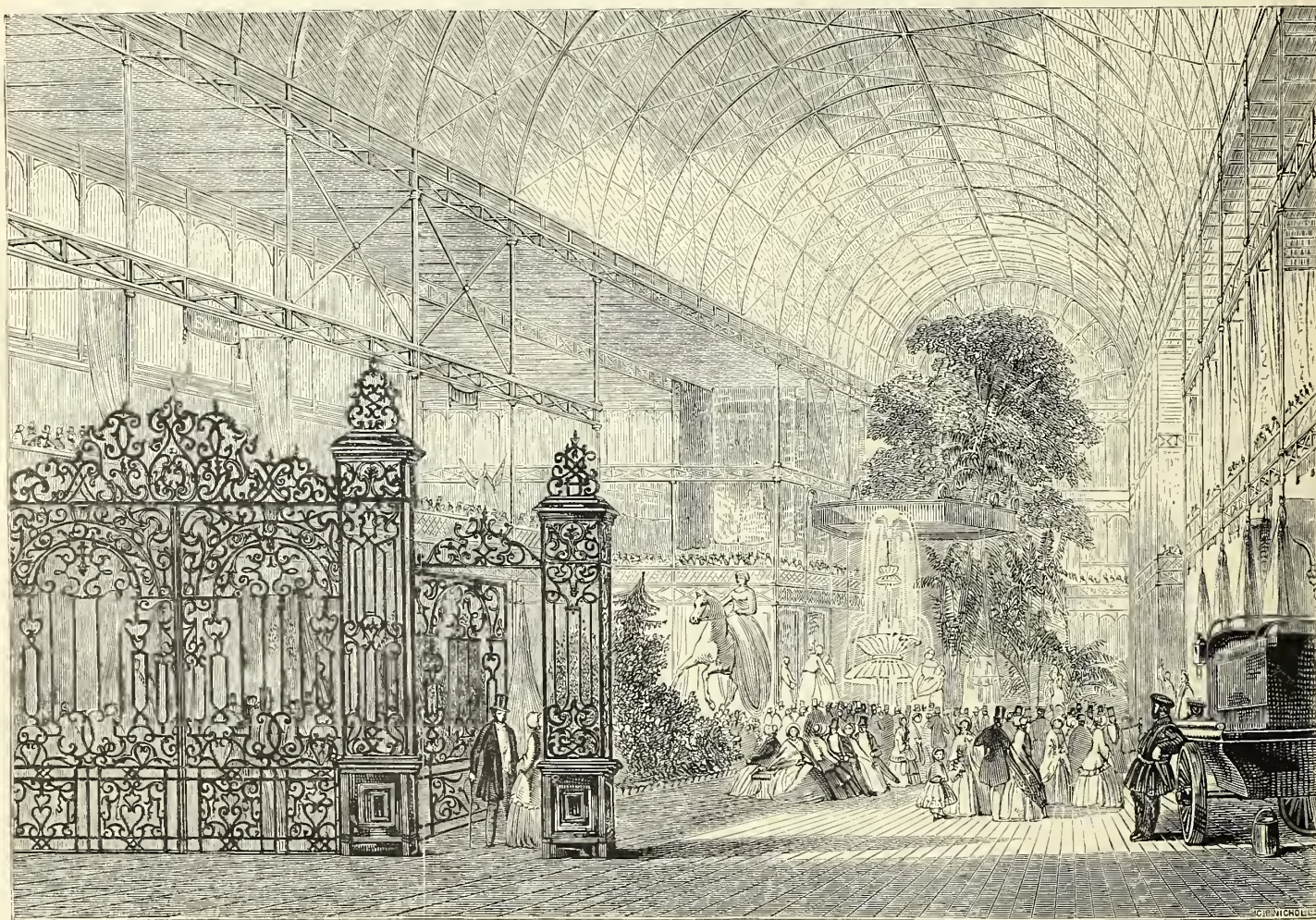
anything of the kind. It is so absolutely ugly, that it can only be regarded as a “shed” where the works of all countries may be protected from wind and weather (if that advantage is secured, of which there is some doubt), and to give pictures of it would be but to increase the wonder and abhorrence with which it cannot fail to be



regarded by all who see it, and by all to whom it is described. We prefer, therefore, to reprint

two of the engravings that accompanied the *Art-Journal Illustrated Catalogue* of 1851, as evidence

of what might have been done, from what *was* done in that memorable year. We give these



engravings without note or comment. All who see them will thus be reminded of our proud

and honourable past. The only consolation is that the obnoxious edifice of 1862 will be re-

moved before the guarantors will consent to pay a shilling of the several amounts guaranteed.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE peculiar demands upon our space this month compel us to deal briefly with the current exhibition of this Society. It was to be expected that, in default of the opening of the Portland Gallery this season, there would be an unusual influx of contributions to the rooms of the Society of British Artists; and such is the fact. It is at once seen that the pictures are much more closely fitted on the walls than has been usual here; the result is an augmentation of nearly a hundred in the number of works exhibited; albeit the line presents much the same aspect we have been accustomed to see. More than five hundred works have been rejected for want of space; these, it cannot be doubted, were the least acceptable of the fifteen hundred works sent in; and to return them to their authors is really more equitable than to hang them so high that the subjects could scarcely be made out. The number of works exhibited is 975, whereof a proportion consists of drawings, hung as usual in the first room, which is always set apart for water-colour works. Of sculptural productions there are but eight.

It is not evidenced by this exhibition only, but by every other, that artists have gradually ceased to draw upon our standard literature for their incident and situation. The causes of this have been so frequently discussed in the pages of this Journal, that we shall not now revert to them. In Mr. SALTER'S picture, 'King Charles II. presenting to his queen, Katherine of Braganza, a list of the ladies he proposes to wait on her,' the story turns on the obliteration of the name of Lady Castlemaine by the queen. There are but three persons present—the queen, Charles, and a lady in waiting; and when we see the name blotted out, and shown to Charles by the queen, with a resolute and defiant expression, it may be argued that the painter has made the most of such a subject; having treated it thus only demonstratively, without any attempt at what might be conceived to be the essence of the story. In such works as (104) 'The Queen of the Spanish Gipsies, of the Cuesta of the Alhambra,' Mr. HURLSTONE is true to himself, for he has always been happier in his versions of nature *quasi* untamed, than of civilised refinement; he bows the knee to Murillo. With a little more finish in his flesh surfaces, he would approach the Spanish painter more nearly, without being immediately suggestive of him. Besides this picture, Mr. Hurlstone exhibits some portraits. In (157), J. HAYLLAR, 'A Stitch in Time,' there is the head of an incorrigibly dissipated-looking old man, remarkable for valuable texture and good colour. 'The Return of the Lost Sailor' (92), T. ROBERTS, is a full and touching narrative of the return to his home of a seaman supposed to have been lost. This composition is not frittered by useless detail; the whole centres in the two figures, aided by an announcement on the door, that the poor woman was a widow, and took in needlework. Mr. BAXTER exhibits three pictures, (54) 'Olivia,' (357) 'The Colleen Bawn,' and (500) 'A Portrait of a Little Boy,' all of which show how he sustains that tender brilliancy of colour, on which his reputation is based. 'Oughts and Crosses' (34), W. BROMLEY, is a village school, in which two idlers are detected at play by the master; and (17) 'The Cabin Door,' J. J. HILL, is clearly characterised as an Irish subject, without the caricature that is too frequently considered indispensable in painting Irish rustic life. 'A Welsh School' (193), E. J. COBBETT, is one of the best pictures that have of late appeared under this name; it is an agreeable diversion from the road-side figures that have all but exclusively occupied this painter, whose contributions to the exhibition number fourteen. 'Elaine' (156), by L. W. DESANGES, is a small life-sized head and bust. It is the shield subject, with very little in the picture yet alluding to very much out of it—an elegant conception. 'The Ladies' Ford,' A. J. WOOLMER (182), is the title given to a picture of a shallow shaded pool, with two or three figures; it instances very strongly

Mr. Woolmer's manner of painting; he has sent six other works. 'The Five Senses' (119), W. BROMLEY, are pictured by five small figure scenes in one frame; one or two are sentimental, the rest are rather humorous. 'The Picture' (317), J. T. PEELE, a group of two cottage children looking at what seems to be a coloured print, has about it a lightsome cheerfulness, that catches and arrests the eye. Nos. 358 and 354, two miniature studies by T. ROBERTS, called a 'Quiet State of Things,' and 'A Little Innocent Vanity,' exemplify a class of picture that has of late won much on the public esteem, as being bright and carefully finished. 'The Fair Students' (91), F. UNDERHILL, consists of two girls seated sketching, the delicacy of whose heads is rather heightened than otherwise by the extraordinary spottiness of the composition, equalised by the desperate resource of breaking up the drapery as much as possible. By W. UNDERHILL, painted with similar feeling, there is 'The Ballad' (103), composed of two figures also, but of a lower class of life. 'Conflicting Interests,' C. ROSSITER (173), is a small firmly-drawn and painted picture, in which a kitten and a dog are candidates for a basin of milk. 'The Little Helpmate' (76), W. HEMSLEY, shows an old woman and her granddaughter, the latter bringing the old woman her stick; but more characteristic of the Young England school are (624) 'Caught Napping,' and (639) 'Chicks,' both by Mr. HEMSLEY, and bright and firmly painted pictures. 'Mother's Hope and Mother's Fear' (482), G. POPE, a group of a young mother watching her sleeping child. The head of the principal figure is so successful that it would tell well as a study of the size of life. In 'The Trooper's Last Stake' (497), R. S. JAMES, the point is by no means clear. 'The Day Dream' (529), J. HILL, presents a country-girl leaning on her water-pot in a thoughtful attitude. In the head there is some beautiful and well-balanced colour. 'A Group of Pups' (488), R. PHYSICK, reminds us of similar groups by the same hand. They are so sleek that we may fancy we can feel the extreme softness natural to animals so young. 'The Death of the Rose' (701), J. A. FITZGERALD, is one of those marvellously finished flower and fairy pictures in the production of which this artist stands alone. With a couple of lines from Moore's *Melodies* for a title, there is (417), by W. M. HAY, a study of a girl, very successfully painted.

Notwithstanding the increased number of pictures hung here this year, the Young England painters are not so fully represented as we have seen them. This section of our school has left nothing undone in opposition to the good old rules of our old painters. Although they can draw, they paint such subjects as nothing would have induced our more aged artists to entertain. They make pictures out of anything or nothing; they do the greater portion of their work in one painting, with vehicles and compounds which older men, who have accustomed themselves during their long lives to one nostrum, cannot deal with in anywise; in short, they seem to teach that they themselves are going luxuriously down the stream, but that all before them have spent their lives in toiling up the current. They make no figure, we say, in the research shown as to subject-matter, but are in a quiet way a most successful class of artists. We see a sprinkling of them here both in figure and landscape.

Mr. PYNE has more pictures here this season than he has had for many years past. He exhibits both in oil and water-colour. The examples of his latter practice are far beyond anything he has ever before done in this way. He is professedly a painter of light,—the only one who has broadly followed Turner, and yet remains himself. 'Naples from the Bay' (43) is his principal picture; marvellously bright, if you shut your eyes, and accept as sunshine all the white spots on the heaving water. It has the rare merit of being so unlike the place as to give us something to think about. It is a dreamy picture,—all holiday,—and there at least is a volume of Neapolitan history. Some of his other works are,—(318) 'Autumn on Lowes Water,' English Lake district; (465) 'Confluence of the Avon and Severn,' (638) 'Settling a Raft on the Giudecca, Venice,' &c. From these most of the other landscapes differ in spirit, as almost with-

out exception concurring in simple and unparaphrased local description,—pictures in which trees and grass are painted green, and in which sunlight and atmosphere do not play such a part as to overrule the assertion so importunately insisted upon, that a tree is a tree, and a stone is a stone. 'The Brook' (97), by VICAR COLE, accompanied by the well-known lines of Tennyson, is evidently an elaborate and successful study of a rugged piece of nature. The advancing and retiring tufts of leaves could have been painted only from the living trees. 'At Stanlake Bridge' (97), W. W. GOSLING, is the title of a large picture of a brook, all but dry with overhanging trees. There are three other pictures by the same hand. Mr. CLINT'S 'Sea Mist Clearing Off—the Gouffre, Guernsey' (152), is an admirable piece of local painting. Mr. CLINT is tender of mist, and very fond of severe realities. In many valuable points this is, perhaps, the most satisfactory of all his larger works. Besides this, he exhibits ten other pictures. Mr. TENNANT'S most important work is (172) 'The Past and the Present, from Scenery on the Banks of the Dove, Matlock, Derbyshire.' The past is pictured by the ruins of an ancient castle; the present by the picturesque scenery by which it is surrounded. This is accompanied by six or seven other contributions—all substantially realistic. 'The Vale of Dolgelly' (199), H. BODDINGTON, is one of those Welsh lake and mountain views of which this artist has painted many. The mountains are partially veiled by the downward streaming rays,—an effect that Mr. Boddington paints with much success. In 'Mount Orgueil Castle, Jersey' (218), J. J. WILSON, the water is more skilfully painted than we have ever seen it in any antecedent work; but we submit that Mr. Wilson's best essays are his road-side cottages with trees, such as (207) 'Cottages at Staplehurst, Kent.' In 'A Way-side Gossip—a Scene in Surrey' (285), F. W. HULME, there is little whereof to make a picture, but that little is treated with masterly elegance. We instance this picture as an example of fastidious neatness of manipulation. All the objects are reduced into form by a rule which rejects everything that would disturb the formal harmony of the adjustment. In 'The Vale of Ffestiniog, North Wales' S. R. PERCY, the sky is draped with a black and heavy storm-cloud, in comparison with which all else is light, the trees and the foreground showing that the whole of the sky behind us is clear. It is often difficult to determine whether these thunder-clouds are intended to be read as advancing or passing off. The phenomena here seem to indicate a storm coming on. 'Winter' (277), G. A. WILLIAMS, is a snow scene, with a large amount of pencilling in the minute ramifications of the trees. There are also (65) 'In Leigh Woods,' J. SYER; 'Llyn Dinas' (82), VICAR COLE; 'Shiere Church, Surrey,' E. BODDINGTON; (309) 'Lane near Capel Curig,' H. J. BODDINGTON; 'A Mountain Road' (311), J. HENZELL; a picture (334), J. DANEY, having for a title a quotation from Rogers's *Italy*, gives a version of a gorgeous, yet subdued, sunset. The scenery is not Italian, but rather an Irish or Welsh lake and mountain view.

There are some examples of animal painting of much merit, notably, (654) 'The Dog in the Manger,' G. COLE, in which appears the head of an ox,—very successful as a semblance of animal vitality; 'Spring-time' (129), G. HORLOR, is a picture of calves: the animals are really beautifully drawn and skilfully painted. It is a curious taste, but this artist paints especially calves, and nobody else approaches him in his line of subject. 'Geese and Poultry,' G. HICKIN, is rendered with much knowledge of good effect. There are also dogs and puppies most perfectly imitated.

In the water-colour room are some meritorious works, which we regret that we cannot find space to notice.

The sculptural contributions are by R. PHYSICK (three), E. G. PHYSICK (two), G. HALSE (one), G. FONTANA, and E. F. KRÜNTZE, each one; and of the entire Exhibition it may be said that, without having many remarkable pictures, it is more equal than we have previously seen it, and is certainly above the average in Suffolk Street. As the members are improving, we trust they are also prospering.

ART IN PARLIAMENT.

LORD HENRY LENNOX's motion in the House of Commons on the 18th of March, the result of which there was only just time to announce in our last number, would, if it had been agreed to, have met some of the difficulties surrounding the management of our public Art-institutions. No one is responsible for the moneys expended on them, no one for their efficient working, none seem to care whether success or disappointment attends them. Mr. Disraeli accounted for this evil, in the course of the debate, by asserting that "the English people have no taste for Art; it is idle to deny it." We feel no disposition to do so, for, abstractedly, the remark is true; but the English people, as a rule, are shrewd enough about money matters, whether public or private, and try always to get full value for what they expend. It is strange, therefore, that when the estimates for almost every branch of the public service are brought forward, the various items are often contended for, inch by inch; and yet, when votes are demanded for Art purposes, they are passed almost without comment, certainly without a struggle.

It would be ludicrous, were it not lamentable, to see with how little wisdom the Art-world is governed by parliament. Lord H. Lennox showed indisputably that the sums voted by parliament for the British Museum, the National Gallery, and other establishments, had rapidly increased within the last two years, but that the house had no reliable information as to the way in which the money went, and as to those persons who were responsible for its expenditure. "Committees," his lordship said, "had sat, commissions had reported, inquiry was exhausted, and any attempt to obtain further information would only lead to increased confusion. The house had been bamboozled over and over again in this way." But the noble member for Chichester limited his strictures, chiefly, to the British Museum, the National and the Portrait Galleries. He was silent altogether on the Kensington Museum, which gets rid somehow or other of more than £60,000, whereas the last year's estimates for the British Museum and the National Gallery did not together reach double that sum.

Mr. Gregory, who seconded the motion, certainly did not ignore the Kensington institution, but he showed how little he knew of its management, when he said that "there was thorough vigour, efficiency, and responsibility." We do not wonder that the observation was followed by "a laugh," for there are many of the honourable gentleman's colleagues in the Commons who are fully convinced that the true state of the case is just the opposite. And we should like to ask Mr. Gregory upon whom the responsibility rests. Is it Mr. Cole, or Captain Fowke, or the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, or Earl Granville? will either of these gentlemen acknowledge the responsibility, or is it to be shared among them? But Mr. Gregory must have intended a joke, or if he meant to be serious, he entirely negatived his own proposition by saying almost immediately afterwards, as the *Times* reports his speech, that "*the management and arrangement of all the public buildings and public works of Art in the metropolis were perfectly melancholy*," and talked facetiously about the "pepper-boxes" of the National Gallery, and the "soda-water bottles" of the fountains beneath, and introducing the Emperor of the French "blindfolded" into the International Exhibition, in order that his Majesty might "escape the shock which the hideous appearance of the building would certainly cause." Could not the honourable

member see how completely he overthrew his own theories? And this is the manner in which Art subjects are discussed by the Legislature, as if they were matters for absurd talk and meaningless jokes.

Mr. Coningham made a short but sensible speech; he could not concur in the eulogium pronounced by Mr. Gregory on the Kensington Museum, and told the house that inasmuch as that "monstrous architectural abortion, the Great Exhibition at Brompton was the result of the Art school at Kensington, the fact did not say much for the taste or knowledge of the department so highly lauded by the honourable member." Mr. Blake said that the Waterford School of Art, and most of the Irish schools, had become mere schools for teaching the better classes, and that not a single mechanic attended the Waterford institution. "This," he observed, "was owing to the pernicious principles in operation at head-quarters."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer admitted the importance of the question brought forward by Lord Henry Lennox, and stated that it was the desire of the government, as he believed it also to be that of Parliament, to apply "themselves with force and energy to produce a great development and improvement in Art matters." We do not impugn this statement, but, unfortunately, the object is too often defeated by the incompetency of those to whom is entrusted the task of carrying it out. Hence, as a daily cotemporary observed, in its comments on the debate, "our public buildings are frightful; the internal arrangements and management are, if possible, worse; and the English government problem—*how the most money may be spent to the least advantage*—is the only one that can be said to have received a satisfactory solution."

Mr. Disraeli took, as we have intimated, a very desponding view of our countrymen's knowledge and right appreciation of Art; he "despaired of Art ever attaining that position in this country which a few refined minds may recognise, but which the multifarious pursuits of this active and creative people—creative in other respects—will ever prevent it from achieving." But why this wailing? why should we despair of Art assuming its rightful position among us—loved for its own sake, understood and valued for the benefits it confers? Why should the keenest pursuit of commercial prosperity and greatness be incompatible with the patronage and advancement of true and good Art in its highest manifestations? The great commercial republics of Italy, the merchant princes of Venice and Genoa, understood and appreciated it; and the burgomasters of the Low Countries, the citizens of Antwerp, Bruges, the Hague, and other places, felt its power and acknowledged its influences, and upheld its interests just as much as the traders of southern Europe; while the noblest sculptures and edifices in ancient Greece and Rome were created during periods of great national warlike undertakings. To argue that commercial activity, or any other apparently opposing cause, is a barrier to Art progress, is to reason against facts which history demonstrates. Mr. Disraeli spoke with more truth when he said, "it is in the *management* of our collections, rather than in any alteration of the governing body, that the improvements demanded by the country may be introduced." Nay, British Art receives its amplest patronage in our most busy cities and towns.

Lord Henry Lennox withdrew his motion on the understanding that ministers would ere long consider the matter. We only hope it will be done in a manner that will meet the entire exigencies of the case, and not by any half-measures, which will only tend to make the evil greater.

LIFE AT A RAILWAY STATION.

BY W. P. FRITH, R.A.

MR. FLATOU has announced his intention to devote his entire time and energies to forward the interests of this great work; and with that view he has either relinquished, or materially contracted, his business as a picture dealer, in which he has so long occupied a foremost place. 'Life at a Railway Station' is now a public exhibition at the Gallery in the Haymarket, next door to the theatre. It will, in due course, make the circuit of the provinces; it is therefore destined to be examined, in process of time, by hundreds of thousands of persons, in all parts of Great Britain.

It is almost impossible to bring to the examination of a work that has aroused so large a share of public curiosity, and been heralded by so many interesting preliminary announcements as the subject under review, that abstract consideration and cool, unprejudiced judgment such a task ordinarily requires, but which, when in reference to a production by so eminent an artist, and one so important in its character, is especially desirable. The frequent paragraphs that have appeared, hinting at the exact *locale* of the picture, and the leading incidents which embodied its story, had so stimulated the inventive faculty of their readers and hearers, that the majority of spectators will come before the canvas with a pre-conceived notion of the arrangement and treatment of the subject, disposed according to their own fancy. This is a disadvantage to an artist, and fraught with the risk of disappointment.

The first report of the immense price—eight thousand guineas—at which it had been commissioned by Mr. Flatou, at once excited feelings of surprise and doubt; whilst in those who knew its truth, a presentiment of anxiety was awakened as to the result that would attend an investment unparalleled in the history of ancient or modern Art. Again, it was a dealer's commission, and large as was the sum offered, it was felt that if the artist were successful in the production of a *popular* work, the exhibition of which would be generally attractive, the speculation might be largely remunerative. But the very fact that such elements of *popularity* were essential to its financial success somewhat perilled its character in an artistic sense.

It is but just, as a preliminary to our notice of this important work, to refer to conditions which not only seriously augmented the difficulties of its execution, but also the attainment of a just and honest criticism upon its merits—difficulties which, if examined less cursorily, might prove of more weight than we have claimed for them. We may venture to affirm there is no living artist to whom such a commission could have been so safely entrusted as to Mr. Frith, and he has passed triumphantly through the ordeal. The 'Railway Station' is a work of immense power, not only in the variety and interest of its incident—in its fidelity of individual character—in its admirable grouping and colour—but in its conscientious elaboration of finish. The pictorial difficulty of the *locale* has been overcome as successfully as Art could possibly achieve. The particular station chosen is that of the Great Western, at Paddington, certainly the best suited to the purpose, as being in many of its details less unpicturesque than are those of our railway termini generally. Upon the choice of subject being first announced, exclamations arose as to what could be done with it, so unpromising did it seem; but the painter of the 'Derby Day' has answered this query most conclusively, and so fertile of material does the theme appear that the picture, large and comprehensive as it is, leaves the subject far from being exhausted. The various episodes the artist has introduced are such as, whilst combining the highest amount of interest, are just those strictly applicable to the scene, and though realised with vivid, and in some instances painful force, are yet free from all exaggeration. As one of the most promising and pleasing of these we first select the wedding group. The bride and bridegroom are at the instant of departure,

he giving directions to a servant as to the safe custody of a jewel-case, she taking a temporary farewell of two of her bridesmaids. The conflicting feelings of joy and sorrow by which they are agitated are tenderly and delicately expressed.

The group of recruits is remarkably powerful: the foremost figure, whose countenance brands him as a hardened reprobate, is assuming an air of callous independence and bravado; whilst his widowed mother weeps in bitter, silent anguish on his arm. Despite this assumption there are, however, in his expression evidences of an inward awakening of some natural feeling at the separation, finely conceived and felicitously wrought.

Another important feature is the arrest of a fraudulent bankrupt or forger, who, whilst in the act of stepping into a carriage, is captured by two officers. This is told with great dramatic force: the prisoner has evidently resorted to means to conceal identity. Well shrouded in shawls and wrappers, closely shaven, he has just apparently passed the ordeal where detection threatened, and at the instant of fancied security finds himself grasped in the strong clutches of the law. The hapless, hopeless gaze which contracts his pallid face, speaks the intense suffering of the moment. Immediately within the carriage, in an attitude of painful excitement and alarm, his wife stoops despairingly mute at this frustration of their hope of escape. Her face is sadly expressive of long, long anxieties, culminating in the present trial. In strange and telling contrast to the impassioned figure, her fellow passengers sit at comfortable ease, absorbed in reading, and utterly unconscious of the event.

There is considerable humour in the group of figures, hastening with eager rapidity to the train under the impression of being "too late." Also in that where a porter, having detected a pet dog beneath the shawl of a passenger, is commenting on the *irregularity* of the proceeding, and suggesting the price at which the necessary "dog-ticket" may be obtained. The child accompanying the passenger, who is evidently strongly attached to the canine favourite, betrays an absorbing interest in the consequence of this unexpected claim.

Another group exhibits a bewildered foreigner, upon whose ear an English "cabby" is inflicting *elegant extracts* from his choicest vocabulary, in return, probably, for having been insulted by the offer of his legal fare. This group, however admirably painted, is too prominent, occupying, as it does, the centre of the picture.

"Blowing off the steam" is so judiciously introduced as a substitute for atmosphere, that it lends important aid in breaking the monotony of colour, which must otherwise have been evident.

We have but enumerated a selection from the most important pages of this painted volume. It would be impossible within even the lengthened criticism to which our comments have extended, to enter into all the details of such a subject so treated; but this is the less necessary, as no lover of Art will lose the opportunity of the gratification its careful inspection will amply afford. An artist receiving such a commission, conscious of the interest at stake, and anxious that the expectations based upon its completion shall be realised, must feel a degree of responsibility which, to one of nervous temperament, might have been fatal to the work. But Mr. Frith does not appear to be of that nature; he has grappled confidently with the difficulties, and successfully mastered them. The result sought has been realised; the picture is one of the highest class in Art. It is essentially of a popular character, and there can be no doubt that Mr. Frith has made, though a costly, yet a remunerative investment. It is no disparagement to him to state that, in this matter he can claim but the credit of having originated and carried out a bold and spirited speculation—that he has invested the large sum referred to in the expectation of realising a fair return for the capital sunk, and that the talent he has selected as his medium of operation not only justifies his claim to public patronage and appreciation, but likewise goes far to secure it. His purpose is to exhibit the picture, and also to have it engraved upon a large scale, and in the best possible manner. We sincerely wish him every success, and doubt not that his spirit and enterprise will meet with the cordial recognition they so justly merit.

PICTURE SALES.

THE gallery of paintings collected by Mr. Flatou, the eminent dealer, was disposed of at the sale-rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, on Saturday the 29th of March. Their late owner, as we announced some months back, determined to part with them to enable him to devote his time to the exhibition of the large picture of the 'Railway Station,' for which he gave a commission, a year or two since, to W. P. Frith, Esq., R.A. The collection formed by Mr. Flatou had been chosen with much care and judgment, as well as liberality; its sale, therefore, created a corresponding interest, the room being well filled with buyers, who purchased freely. Many of the works realised high prices, considering that the large majority were of cabinet size only; and the results of the sale were, we understand, such as entirely to satisfy the late proprietor of so many choice and beautiful pictures by British artists.

The number of lots was one hundred and eighty-three; of these it is only necessary we should specify—'Landscape,' P. Nasmyth, 100 gs. (Rippe); 'An Interior,' by the French artist E. Frère, 106 gs. (Rhodes); another 'Interior,' by the same, 110 gs. (Leggatt); 'The Disarming of Cupid,' W. E. Frost, A.R.A., a picture somewhat similar to that in the Queen's collection, an engraving from which has appeared in the *Art-Journal*, 340 gs. (Clifford); 'The Poppy,' F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., 145 gs. (Rhodes); 'Evangeline,' and its companion, 'Highland Mary,' both expressly painted for Mr. Flatou and engraved, T. Faed, A.R.A., 202 gs. (Rought); 'The Grape-Seller,' J. Phillip, R.A., 190 gs. (Scott); 'The Children in the Wood,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 111 gs. (Payne); 'Winter,' and 'The Windmill,' a pair, by W. Müller, 465 gs. (Cooper); 'Interior of the Prison at Marseilles,' a scene from *Little Dorrit*, never previously exhibited, W. P. Frith, R.A., 130 gs. (Scott); 'Jerusalem,' painted by D. Roberts, R.A., for the late owner, 200 gs. (Morbey); 'George Stephenson at Darlington,' A. Rankley, 142 gs. (Wallack); 'The Seven Ages of Man,' the series of gems, by G. Smith, exhibited last year at the Royal Academy, 350 gs.; 'The Bend of the River,' J. W. Oakes, 100 gs. (Morbey); 'The Meeting of Old Friends—Drovers and Deerstalkers,' J. F. Herring, and H. Bright, 160 gs. (Shayer); 'Going to the Spring,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 120 gs. (Aikin); 'View across the Common,' a noble landscape by J. Linnell, Sen., painted in 1849, 390 gs. (Cooper); 'La Signora,' J. Phillip, R.A., 185 gs. (Wilson); 'A Rough Road,' T. Creswick, R.A., the figures by F. Goodall, A.R.A., exhibited at the Academy last year, 155 gs. (Northcote); 'An Old Mill at Bettys-y-Coed,' T. Creswick, R.A., 112 gs. (Wallack); 'The Watchman,' a favourite bull-dog belonging to the artist, Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 140 gs. (Fletcher); the principal incident in 'The Derby Day,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 200 gs. (Morbey); 'The Boar Hunt,' J. Linnell, Sen., 141 gs. (Wells); 'Shetland Ponies,' Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur, 260 gs. (Martin).

The proceeds of the entire sale were £9,100. Though not legitimately coming under the head of 'picture sales,' we cannot pass over the dispersion, by Messrs. Christie, of the drawings and remaining works of Flaxman, which were sold on the 10th and 11th of last month. There was little among the collection demanding especial notice; a large number of early pen and ink sketches made in Italy; sketches in Indian ink and bistre of allegorical and mythological subjects, &c.; illustrations of Sophocles, Homer, Dante, and the "Pilgrim's Progress;" designs for monuments, and drawings of sacred subjects, in Indian ink and in lustre, with a great variety of a miscellaneous description. A few small cabinet pictures by Stothard attracted some attention, as did a number of medallions and other works in Wedgwood ware. Many of the best drawings were, it was understood, purchased for the purpose of being added to the Flaxman collection in University College. We trust a sufficient sum was realised to enable the committee to make very valuable additions to the gallery at the university.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mr. Mückley, head master of the school of Art here, having resigned his post to fill a similar one at Manchester, has been presented with two testimonials, "in recognition of the ability he has manifested, and the zeal and liberality he has shown since his connection with the school" he has just vacated. The testimonials were respectively from the council of the institution and from the pupils, and consisted of appropriate addresses inscribed on vellum, ornamented and framed.

CARLISLE.—Mr. Wheatley, a silversmith in this city, recently offered two prizes for the best designs in brooches and bracelets, to be competed for by the students of the Carlisle School of Art. The first prize was awarded to Mr. R. Little, and the second to Mr. R. Nelson. This is the right way for manufacturers to show their interest in schools of Art, and to test the practical utility of such institutions.

LEICESTER.—Mr. J. A. Hammersley, F.S.A., late head master of the Manchester School of Art, has taken up his residence in this town, where he has opened an academy for instruction in drawing and painting, and generally to prosecute his profession as an artist. Mr. Hammersley recently delivered a lecture in Leicester, the especial object of which was to promote the formation of a school of design there.

LIVERPOOL.—At the last annual meeting of the Liverpool Society of Fine Arts, Mr. Boulton, the honorary secretary, stated that since its establishment in 1858, the sales of works of Art had realised the sum of £16,570, or an average of about £4,142. In the first year the sales reached only £2,256, but in 1861 they advanced to £5,390, the highest point yet attained. The chairman, Mr. T. W. Rathbone, in the remarks that concluded the evening's business, adverted to the unfortunate disunion still existing between the society and the Liverpool Academy, expressing his regret that hitherto all attempts at amalgamation had failed, and how pleased the institution with which he was connected would be to accept any reasonable overtures made by the rival body.

BRISTOL.—The Academy of Arts in this city opened its seventeenth annual exhibition, at the end of March, with a display of about four hundred and thirty pictures, &c. On the first evening the Bristol Graphic Society had a *conversazione*, on the basement floor of the building, where a considerable number of water-colour drawings and sketches, chiefly by local artists, were exhibited.

TAUNTON.—It is proposed to place in the public Hall of this town, where John Locke was born, a bust of the distinguished philosopher. Mr. E. G. Papworth, the sculptor, has prepared a model of the intended work, founded on the bust by Roubiliac.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The Emperor has founded, in the Chateau of St. Germain, a museum of Celtic and Gallic Roman antiquities, which will develop a new archaeological study.—A commission has been named, by decree of the Minister of State, in the *Moniteur* of the 22nd March, the object of which is to give advice on the government orders for painting, sculpture, and other works of Art; on the purchases to be made; on alterations or reforms in the Art-establishment, such as the Academy schools, the school at Rome, drawing schools of Paris and the provinces; on the nomination of teachers and professors, &c. The commission will make all reports to the Minister of State, who is president. The members are—MM. Ingres, H. Vernet, Flandrin, Leon Cogniet, painters; Duban, architect; Jouffroy, sculptor; Gatteaux, engraver of medals; H. Dupont, engraver (members of the Institute); H. Delaborde, Cabanel, Cornu, Gendron, historical painters; Bellcl, Dauzats, landscape; Bida, draughtsman; Cavelier, Guillaume, sculptors; Arago, inspector of Fine Arts; Dufaur, architect; and Arsene Houssaye, inspector of the departmental museums. The decree is not very popular with the artists, especially among those who have hitherto been employed by government: it is considered that the Arts of France will be at the mercy of a *coterie*.*

* It is possible there may be good ground for the apprehension of favouritism which seems to affect the minds of the artists of France; but we cannot avoid expressing an opinion that they will receive greater justice at the hands of those who know what good Art is, than from those who are ignorant of it, as is too frequently the case in England. Something of the same kind of supervision here would be productive of immense benefit to the Arts of our country.—*Ed. A.-J.*

THE TURNER GALLERY.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE IN THE VALE OF TEMPE.
Engraved by E. Brandard.

THIS is one of the few pictures which Turner painted on panel, and, considering its size (about 3½ feet by 6½), is of unusually large dimensions for a painting on wood; at least, for an easel picture by an English artist. It was exhibited at the Academy in 1837, under the title of 'Story of Apollo and Daphne (*Ovid's Metamorphoses*),' with the following quotation from the poet's writings appended:—

"Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
But, ah! more deadly his who pierced my heart.

As when the impatient greyhound, slipt from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe to course the fearful hare,
She in her speed does all her safety lay,
And he with double speed pursues the prey."

Turner, as was his frequent custom, has merely employed the mythological story as a kind of introduction to a very beautiful ideal representation of Grecian scenery. The Vale of Tempe was considered by the old Greeks as the most lovely spot in their country; and it has always borne this character, so much so as to cause travellers and writers to designate other beautiful localities by this title. The valley is a narrow defile in Thessaly, extending a length of about five miles, between Mount Olympus on the north, and Mount Ossa on the south. Through it flows the river Pénēus. The ground is rocky, and the gorge is so contracted in some places that there is only room for the stream and a caravan to travel side by side. Dr. Wordsworth, in his admirable descriptive account of Greece, says:—"The prominent features of Tempe have a stern and severe aspect. The rocks which wall in the valley on either side are lofty in size, abrupt in form, in colour grey and sombre. The amenity of this celebrated glen does not consist, if we may so say, in the walls of this natural corridor, but in its pavement. Let us pursue this comparison. It cannot boast of possessing any mural arabesques or frescoes, but it is inlaid with flowers, and adorned, as it were, with a tessellated floor. In this mosaic—more beautiful than that which may be seen, representing the Nile and its living and inanimate scenery, in the Temple of Fortune at Præneste—the river Pénēus runs in a gentle stream, stimulated here and there by eager springs, bubbling from the earth by its side. . . . Growing in the river, and spreading their broad branches and thick foliage over its waters, are shady plane-trees, around whose boughs twine clusters of ivy, and tendrils of the wild vine."

This description accords but little with Turner's imaginative view. On each side we certainly see lofty mountains rising, which may pass for those of Ossa and Olympus, but there is in them, and, indeed, in the entire range, nothing of a severe and stern aspect. Their sides are very generally clothed with rich foliage; the Pénēus winds its way in graceful curves through the valley, but the ground is flat for a considerable distance on each side, and is, here and there, studded with temples and other edifices. To the right, two mountain torrents sweep down from the heights, widening towards the base into broad falls, which, when they reach the ground, divide themselves into two minor streams, one finding its way into the river behind the high bank and clump of trees, the other gleaming like a silver thread between the trees and rocks.

Apollo and Daphne are the two figures walking together in the foreground of the picture. In front of them is the greyhound giving chase to the hare. Seated on the grass, or walking about, are other figures; all aiding to give animation to a composition rich and serene in aspect. The story of Apollo and his companion is, that the former, elated with his victory over the huge dragon, the Python, ridiculed the pigmy bow and arrows of the boy Cupid, who thereupon shot a golden arrow of love into the heart of Apollo, and a leaden one of aversion into that of Daphne, with whom he was enamoured. As a consequence, the maiden resisted his importunities, and, fleeing from them, was turned into a laurel by her mother Terra, just as Apollo had overtaken her. This symbolised by the hound and hare.

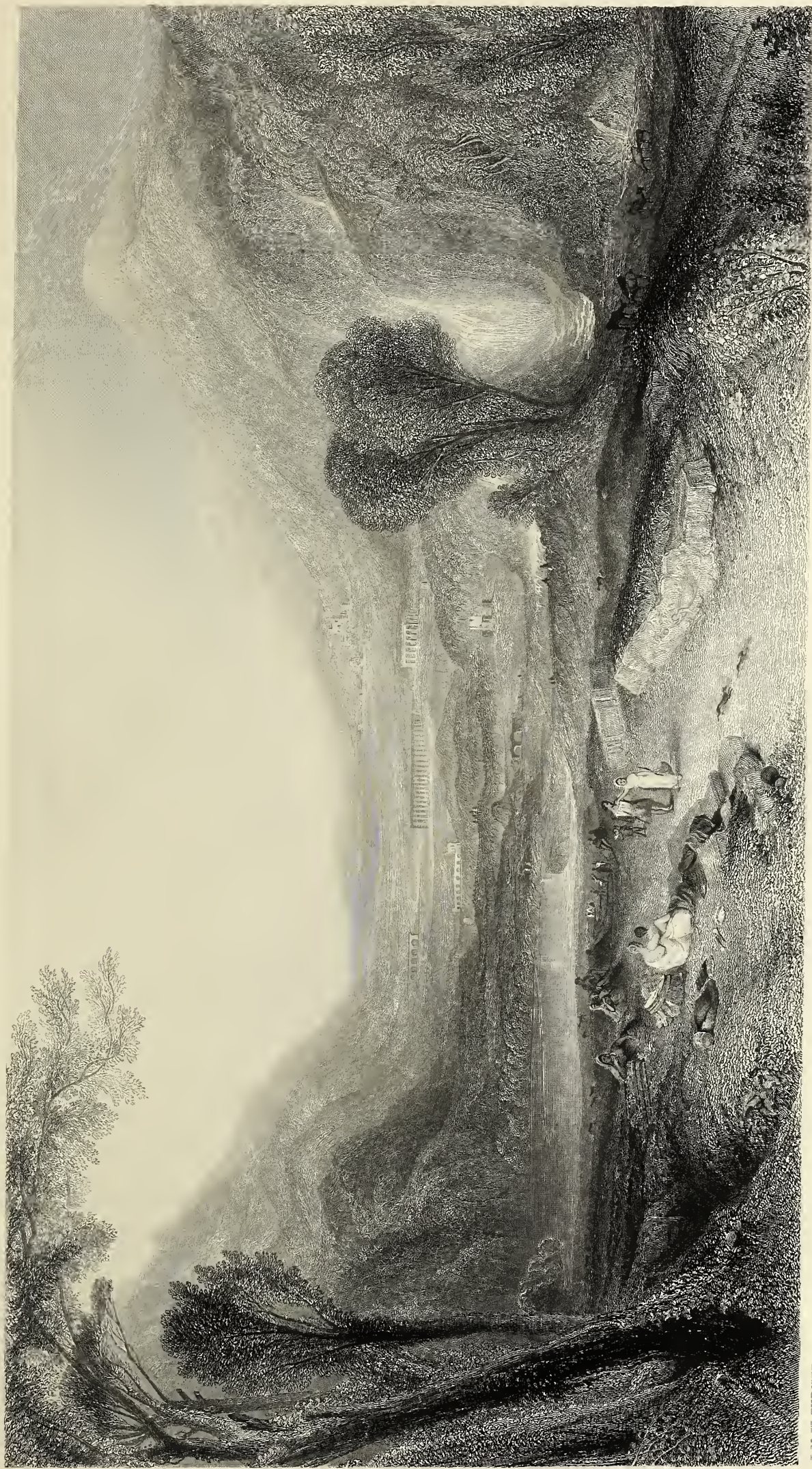
The picture is in the National Gallery.

THE DECORATION OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION BUILDING.

LIKE all the other departments of this structure, the decorations just executed by Mr. Crace have been the theme of keen and widespread controversy. Some have denounced them in terms scarcely less measured and severe than those generally applied to the building itself, while others have been equally profuse in their laudations; and this strife of tongues and pens has given a party tinge to what should have been far above all party or sectional strife. Mr. Crace evidently felt so keenly the style in which his work was treated, that he secured an evening at the Society of Arts for the purpose of reading a paper in defence of his own decorations, as the best or only way of answering his detractors. Accordingly the paper was read to a densely-crowded audience, who applauded Mr. Crace vociferously, and the paper was followed by various speakers, all most complimentary to the lecturer and his high achievement in the decoration of the International Exhibition Building. Whether Mr. Crace adopted the best plan for silencing opponents, may be at least a question; our opinion is that he adopted the very worst that could have been selected, one indeed which these opponents do not hesitate to ascribe to self-consciousness of failure. Without endorsing such extreme opinions, Mr. Crace is not ignorant—unhappily few men in London interested in such matters, are ignorant of the daily growing conviction—that the Society of Arts has been compelled to occupy anything rather than a dignified position in much that has lately transpired in connection with this subject; and that the revolt against the council of that society the other day, headed by some of the best names in London, was but the first indication of resistance to a course that will ultimately prove as impolitic as it has recently been undignified. Through the influence of certain parties, the members of the Society of Arts have been compelled to become mere jackals to the lions who feed on Kensington developments, and the meetings of the society have been prostrated to the puffing and endorsing all that is done, however ridiculous or unworthy. With such impressions strong upon the public mind, Mr. Crace could scarcely have been in earnest when he said that one of these meetings was the best place for securing a full and free discussion on his work, whatever its merits or demerits; for besides the general tendency so conspicuous in the council proceedings, there were special reasons why such a meeting and such an audience were especially disqualified for judging on the questions in dispute. So few of the members of the Society of Arts, as a portion of the public, have had means of seeing the decorations on the value of which they were asked to pronounce; and if those present had seen them, which many had, it could only have been by the introduction of interested and influential friends—in fact of those in authority, and were therefore not likely to form an independent judgment. If, moreover, all who had been so introduced were specially invited by circular to come nominally to hear a paper read, but practically to support their friends, and these filled the room to overflowing, it takes no small amount of credulity either to believe or address such a company as an independent audience. To say, as some assert, that it was all arranged, would be perhaps equally unfounded, but certainly the whole proceedings, as performed and reported, savour as much of arrangement as of

an independent decision between the outside supporters and opponents of Mr. Crace's decorations.

Nor did that gentleman require to place his defence on any such questionable foundation, because neither his friends nor opposers have ever attempted to grapple with the work by bringing it to the test of principles; and even his friendly critics at the Society of Arts, as well as his more friendly censors, confined themselves within the misty region of "likes" or "dislikes," of hopes, or doubts, or fears, of most convenient vagueness, and the public, as such, will be found equally suspended between doubt and approbation. They will probably pronounce these decorations very good, but not quite satisfactory, and if so, they will not judge much amiss, although more ought to have resulted from the combined "authorities" who handled the subject at the Society of Arts. It might have been expected that they would have given the why and the wherefore for what they commended or objected to. It might have been expected that Mr. Graham would have said why he thought it would have been better had there not been the *alternate* introduction of the red and blue; and it was surely to be expected from other gentlemen who so emphatically gave their opinions, that they would have favoured the public, if not the audience which they addressed, with some reasons for conclusions so dogmatically uttered. But in truth there is nothing so convenient, or so easily set forth, as opinions unconnected with reasons given; and it would certainly not have been very difficult for Mr. Crace to have most satisfactorily disposed of all such objections as those taken to the alternation of the red and blue. If these colours were to be used at all, he had no choice but alternating them, unless he had converted the roof into what is known in gardening as the ribbon border theory, which would only have been adding the disfigurement of colour to what, even at the Society of Arts—where the building was so lately praised as the greatest modern architectural achievement—was most unsparingly condemned as most unfortunate in construction. But although none present seemed inclined or competent to enter on the true nature of these decorations, Mr. Crace cannot but know that there are serious objections to his decorations of this structure, even although the effect may not be absolutely displeasing, and these shall be stated in few words. One of two courses was open to him,—to decorate on the principle of developing construction, or on the principle of suppressing it, and he tells us he adopted the former, and that he has carried out that in the ceiling is most evident, and, all things considered, with commendable success. But it was a grand æsthetic and decorative blunder to adopt the principle of development for the roof and suppression for the other portions of the building; because it so entirely separates the one from the other as to make each appear isolated and inharmonious, no matter how perfect each may be, or what the other recommendations it presents. If unity be violated, the cardinal truth of all architectural as well as decorative art is destroyed; and the grand defect of these decorations is, that the roof has no connection with the construction which supports it. The domes are treated on a sounder principle. There the development of construction is carried out, and the effect is much more satisfactory. There will be reasons offered for this violation of unity, and, indeed, these were more than hinted at, both by Mr. Crace, in his paper, and by some of his friendly critics who followed at the Society of Arts; but their reasons are in themselves a confession of weakness, and, whatever their worth other-



J.M.W. TURNER. R.A. PINX.

E. BRANDARD. SCULPT.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE IN THE VALE OF TEMPE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

wise, instead of palliating, they intensify the original blunder. The chief of these reasons is that the decorations should not be allowed to interfere with the effect of the goods displayed, and this was evidently highly esteemed by those who listened and applauded. But a constructive treatment does not necessarily interfere with anything, although it would, if adopted throughout, have compelled a very different arrangement of colour in the roof. But neither would that have been a necessary evil, if it would not have been a positive advantage, because the colour in ratio is at present as defective as the whole is deficient in unity. It is like a pyramid set on its apex, instead of on its base, a neutral tertiary being made to support the bold and heavy primary colours on the roof—a principle we believe to be utterly unsound in itself, and ignored in all the most important styles of decoration. In the octagon room at the Louvre, for example, where some of the best pictures are hung, the object is, of course, not to allow the decorations to interfere with the works exhibited, and that object has been attained; so that whatever may be thought of the *key* on which the decorations there are cast, it would be difficult successfully to dispute the truth of the principle adopted, of making the colour rise from a solid base, and, by decreasing strength, carrying the eye to the ceiling—a principle which gives at once stability and size. Mr. Crace has, as nearly as possible, reversed that principle, by placing intense reds, blues, and blacks above, and a lighter neutral green at the base below, and if the principle at the Louvre be successful in not interfering with the works of Titian and Raffaele, the reason for this violation of principle in decoration at Kensington will hardly be accepted as satisfactory when pleaded for the display of industrial productions.

There is another point upon which these decorations are open to comment, and that is, the introduction of gold. Every one acquainted with the subject—and no one better than Mr. Crace—knows that the introduction of gold into such decorations is itself a confession of weakness. Any one could get up a pleasing effect with vermilion, ultramarine, and plenty of gold; and this is what Mr. Crace has accomplished on the roof of the Exhibition building; but it is the keeping to colour alone that tests the decorator's power, and had this been carried out, although it would not have been so attractive to the crowd, it would have evinced a higher display of decorative resources, and have more fully avoided that which was aimed at in the lower portion of the building—non-interference with the objects exhibited. There are some other matters which might have been touched, such as the slovenly way in which the badly-drawn yellow lines disfigure the green pillars, and the spoiling the ship for a ha'porth of tar principle, so evident in these pillars, where the lines are only drawn on the front; but these are only indications of careless attention to details, and not touching any principle; they are not worth dwelling upon. That Mr. Crace deserves credit for the rapidity with which the work has been accomplished there can be no doubt, but that the principles on which the work has been accomplished will add to his already high reputation as a decorator is by no means probable, and his friends should not attempt to extract what these decorations will never yield.

Mr. Crace said that to any who objected, respecting the colours used, he would ask what they would have substituted. The answer once given by Sir Robert Peel to his political rivals was that he declined to prescribe till he was called in.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

ON the day of our publication (1st of May), the inauguration of the International Exhibition of 1862 will take place. Writing under the disadvantage of the early date at which our large circulation compels us to go to press, our comments are necessarily restricted to the advancement presented some days since, and that which may be reasonably inferred from subsequent progress. Judging from these premises, and making due allowance for the results which unflagging exertion may realise, we can but feel that, although the Exhibition may and will present many important and interesting features, still it will be very far from complete, and heralded with less evidence of cordial sympathy on the part of the public than was anticipated. There has been much to cause doubt and estrangement on the part of those who might have been found zealous workers in its aid. Distrustful of the policy of many of the official decisions, we raised a warning voice as to their prospective influence, and this at a time when they were generally received without question or consideration. Desire for the success of the undertaking forced us to make this protest, when warning, if wisely heeded, might have been of good service: and we stood alone. In many respects our fears have been realised; there is now one loud and general complaint against the gross errors of its management; but it comes too late.

We have previously referred to the impolicy of repudiating the assistance of those whose reputations gave them office in 1851, and who materially added to their previous experience and administrative capacity by connection with that scheme, the success of which was very mainly attributable to their co-operation.* The result of this folly and injustice, lamentably evident as it has been through all the preliminary stages of the present plan, is now so palpable in its advanced stage, as to have aroused general animadversion. There seems to exist no presiding head, with competent judgment to guide, and energy to urge on the operations of others. If anything could reconcile us to the offences of omission and commission which this unfortunate building presents, it is the extraordinary licence which seems to be allowed as to the manner of its occupancy.

Objection has been made to the proceedings of the foreign exhibitors, in enclosing their portion of the exhibition space within high partitions, thus isolating it from the aggregate area. But this took place when such subdivision as regards the general effect of the building was of no moment whatever; and as it materially aided the effective disposition of the exhibits, it was a judicious act. Here, when official judgment should have admitted the advantages resulting from what might have been an infringement of its previous regulations (if any such had been determined), it only saw cause of remonstrance. Objections against the proceeding were repeatedly urged, and it was only by the firmness of the Commission, acting on the part of the foreign exhibitors, that the partitions were allowed to remain.

But the manner in which the nave is being filled by a mass of incongruous, and in many respects unsightly, objects, is a matter that might reasonably have been expected to arouse instant remonstrance and prohibition.

The only portion of the building that could by any possibility have given a notion of its vast extent, and, through that quality, have made some claim to grandeur, was the nave. This, seen through its extent from one dome to the other, was, from its size, chiefly, if not altogether, the only redeeming feature of the gigantic blunder. This space has been allowed to be filled up with objects so dissimilar in character and proportion, deposited here and there apparently at the caprice of the exhibitor, that a scene of confusion and bewilderment presents itself which has been without a parallel in exhibitive annals.

* We believe there is no member of the staff of the Department of Science and Art at South Kensington who is not, in some way or other, profitably (for himself) employed at the International Exhibition. Of course their duties, meanwhile, at the department are suspended; but the public is a liberal and "soft" paymaster.

It seems as though, disgusted with the building to which their works are doomed, the exhibitors have combined to hide it as effectually as possible. Let those who saw the effect of the nave of the Exhibition of 1851 recall it to memory, or compare this with that of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Fortunate is it for our credit with foreigners that the latter building is accessible. Let them witness here what England has done, and could have done again, and then marvel at the perverseness which could exchange the success of 1851 for the mortifying failure of 1862.

We have to express disappointment at the general effect of the arrangements in the exhibitive space, which seems to have been awarded without such restriction as would have secured some uniformity of action amongst the exhibitors, and by which all would have benefited. Each appears to have been influenced by his own judgment or caprice, and the result is sadly unsatisfactory. Cases of all sizes, heights, forms, and colours, are jostled together in most disorderly confusion. Without attempting any arbitrary enactments, we think that some general recommendation as to uniformity in the fittings of the various classes might have been urged which would have been generally accepted by the exhibitors; and we fear the want of such direction will eventually be a source of much regret to them.

Singularly enough, after the statements which had been so industriously and prominently circulated as to the dilatoriness of the British exhibitors, and the great disadvantage they would suffer by comparison with the more advanced progress of their continental rivals, it is now evident that the completion of the Exhibition by the opening day is doubtful, from the backward state of the foreign exhibitors. We were quite prepared for this position. We did not share the fears as to the alleged indifference of our countrymen. We knew in many cases the delay was not their fault, but their misfortune, as changes had been made in their allotments which put them to much inconvenience.

We also had some experience of the tactics of our gallant neighbours, as illustrated in previous exhibitions of their own, and this did not lead us to infer that they would feel under any urgent necessity to have their arrangements completed by the opening day. We were not mistaken. The question with them appears to be not so much as to when the Exhibition opens as when it will close; and the interim is held available for the perfect adjustment of their final preparations.

Up to the present time no provision has been made for the issue of season tickets for children, or for their daily admission at reduced prices. We have already urged attention to this requirement. The want of such a regulation is a serious hindrance to the sale of the season tickets. The price of these is already too high for adults, but the attempt to secure the same sum for the entrance of children will deter many from the purchase of either. This will in a measure account for the moderate number already disposed of.

In illustration of the estimation in which the building is held, we may mention that the advertisements which have for months appeared on behalf of the Royal Commissioners, for tenders for the privilege of photographing it, have been fruitless. No offer has been made. Its unpicturesque and unsightly appearance is fatal to any hopes of remuneration through that art.*

At all events this day—the 1st of May, 1862—will be memorable in the Art-history of England; for, with all its short-comings—they are many and grievous—the International Exhibition will be a great event.

* We copy the following passage from the *Times*:—"In the form of tender issued there is no date put as to the time before which the offer is to be sent in, and, above all, the photographers most justly complain that they are required, when stating the sum which they are willing to pay for the right, to state also how many copies of every photograph 'which may be taken in the building they are willing to place at the disposal of the Commissioners for distribution, but not for sale.' If, in the tenders for refreshments, the contractor was called upon to specify how many free dinner tickets each day would be placed at the disposal of the Commissioners for distribution, but not for sale, the public, we think, would express their opinion very freely upon the nature of such an agreement, and we confess we are at a loss to see the difference in principle between such an arrangement and that which the Commissioners expect to make with the photographers."

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

THIS exhibition is again open for the ninth season, with a catalogue of pictures to which attach names now as familiar to us as are those of our own artists—Rosa Bonheur, Juliette Bonheur, Meissonnier, Frère (Charles and Edouard), Ruiperez, Gerome, Lambinet, Troyon, Ten Kate, &c. Edouard Frère has hitherto been a painter of but a few figures in each picture, but now he, for the first time, exhibits 65) 'Juvenile Field Day,' and 66) 'Good Friday at Notre Dame, Paris,' two compositions, each with numerous figures. He has besides these four others, not so much removed from his once known line of subject. Meissonnier too has painted a 'Corps de Garde' (119), containing a numerous company of soldiers of the middle of the seventeenth century, all interested in a game of cards; but his 'Flute Player' (121), is the best of the three he sends this year. In these single figures he stands alone, and the 'Flute Player' is equal to his very best productions. A grand feature in Meissonnier's pictures is that nothing looks new in them. The player is an earnest, middle-aged man, and everything about him looks old and veritably household. Besides the two we mention he exhibits 'Punch' (120), very brilliant in colour. The single picture by Rosa Bonheur is a 'Meadow Scene' (13), in which a red bull figures as the master of the situation; by other members of this accomplished family there are (11) 'Dog and Puppies,' and (12) 'Cat and Kittens,' Madame Juliette Peyrol (*née* Bonheur); and by Henrietta Browne (the *nom de pinceau* of another distinguished lady artist), there is (19) 'The Interior of the Harem,' widely differing from the 'Sœurs de Charité' she has recently painted. M. Gerome's picture is called 'Aspasia's House at Athens,' a small picture, but throughout so charmingly classical that it is a picture to think about. The figures appear to represent Pericles subdued and enslaved by the charms of Aspasia, and urged apparently by Socrates to rouse himself and break the enchantment: the picture shows a great amount of research and study. 'Michael Angelo in his Studio' (21), is the subject of a work by Cabanel, who paints the great artist amid his grandest works; and 'Bernard Palissy's Final Experiments,' is that of a picture (186) by J. H. Vetter. Of the small and highly finished works of Ruiperez we have on former occasions spoken favourably, but in the two pictures he now exhibits—'Soldiers at Leisure' (141), and 'The Music Lesson' (142)—he excels all he has before done. He is a Spaniard, a pupil of Meissonnier, sent to study in Paris by the Spanish government. Troyon's cattle compositions are small, and more agreeable than those he sent last year. There are also two cattle pictures by Verboeckhoven, (182) 'Scotch Sheep,' and (183) 'Landscape with Sheep.' Achenbach has sent one picture, which, although small, has been maturely studied—it is (1) 'A Sea Piece,' and Chavet (30) 'The Toilet,' and (31) 'The Morning News.' 'The Roman Mother' (76), by Gallait, is a life-sized study of a woman of the Roman Campagna, holding her sleeping infant; substantial and life-like, without any of the prettiness that many artists think indispensable to Contadine. M. Isabey exhibits (82) 'Ascending the Pass,' and (83) 'Port of St. Malo,' and by Leys there are, (114) 'Paul Potter in his Studio,' and (115) 'Synagogue at Prague.' Plassan, who is worthy to rank with the most distinguished of the contributors to this exhibition, must not be forgotten; his pictures are three, 'The Bath' (134), 'The Chocolate' (135), and 'The New Novel' (136). Nor can Troyer be omitted among the notables. By Dansaerd, 'The Café Procope,' containing numerous figures, is very accurate in the costume of the middle of the eighteenth century; and by Decamps, 'Truffle Hunting' (38); and by Edouard Dubufe, 'Vandyke and Lady' (47), and 'Portrait of a Lady' (48).

We regret much that want of space forbids a longer notice of this, the best collection of French pictures that has yet been seen on these walls. It has always been a most attractive feature of the London season. This year, however, MR. GAMBART has evidently foreseen the harvest he is to reap.

OBITUARY.

FREDERICK WILLIAM SCHADOW.

THE Prussian papers announce the death, in Berlin, of this distinguished painter, a member of the academy of that city, formerly director of the Düsseldorf Academy, and corresponding member of the Institute of France. Son of the famous sculptor Godefroid Schadow, and educated in the studio of Cornelius, the deceased was among those whose influence was exercised in directing the artistic reaction which agitated Germany in the earlier part of the present century. The ranks of his disciples include Hübner, Sohn, Hildebrandt, Lessing, Rethel, Mücke, Meyer, and Steinbrück.

The pictures of Schadow evidence more taste than genius; more of idea than of the power to express it. In facility of design, in purity of style, in the choice and execution of details, there is little left to be desired; but they are deficient in grandeur of conception, and in a living reality. Among the most remarkable of his pictures we may point out,—'Christ eating with his Disciples at Emmaus,' 'Christ on the Mount of Olives,' 'The Deposition from the Cross,' 'Holy Family,' 'Charity,' 'The Adoration of the Shepherds,' &c. Schadow was a native of Berlin. He was born in 1789.

MR. JOHN GODDEN.

Mr. Godden, whose death took place on the 20th of March, was well known, especially among engravers, for his skilful exercise during many years of the art of etching. Though his name has not been before the public, his assistance on the backgrounds and other parts of many of the line and mixed style engravings, produced during the last forty years, has been, if subordinate, of a very useful and valuable nature, as many of the plates published in our Journal testify. He was born in London in 1801, and in 1817 was placed as pupil with Mr. W. R. Smith, the landscape engraver, under whom he acquired that freedom in the exercise of his art which characterised him. He died after a brief illness at his residence in the Hampstead Road; his remains are deposited in the cemetery at Highgate.

MR. JOHN THOMAS.

We have heard with exceeding regret of the almost sudden death of this sculptor on the 9th of last month, at his house at Kensington. The event was hastened, or caused, as we have been informed, by some disappointment arising out of the International Exhibition. To Mr. Thomas was entrusted the task of executing the principal decorative sculpture of the Houses of Parliament. We hope, however, to say more about him and his works next month.

HENRY SCHEFFER.

Three men of talent bore the noted name of Scheffer; Ary, Arnold, and Henry. Arnold, one of the founders of the *National* newspaper, died first, Ary died in June, 1858, and Henry on the 15th of March, 1862. The last was born at the Hague, on the 27th of September, 1798. The union of Holland with France induced him to settle in Paris, about the year 1814; where he entered the studio of Guerin, as did also, for some time, his brother Ary. In 1824, H. Scheffer made his first appearance at the *Salon*, the subjects treated were 'Christ on the knees of the Virgin,' 'The Day after the Burial,' 'Young Girl tending her Sick Mother,' 'Parents lamenting the Death of their Child.' In 1831 he exhibited 'Charlotte Corday seized at Marat's House,' now in the Luxembourg; this is considered his best picture; indeed, he never since produced any work approaching the excellence of this. His subjects in general were interesting, and most frequently represented incidents connected with Protestant history, reflecting, as it were, his own personal character; they were quiet and unassuming, but, latterly, feeble in execution. His portraits, many of which are of distinguished personages, are good.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.—We earnestly hope her Majesty will not be induced to believe that the contemplated testimonial to commemorate the many useful virtues of the good Prince Albert "lags" from any apathy on the part of her subjects. There is hardly a man or woman of any rank in the realm who is indifferent to the issue; but the plain truth is this—there prevails a general conviction that £50,000 is amply sufficient to raise a monolith, with abundant sculptures, in Hyde Park; and that a larger amount would have the effect of procuring for the country only a larger stone. We apprehend, therefore, that so long as the monument is to be what it is expected to be, a much greater sum than that already obtained will not be gathered by subscriptions, and that the undignified suggestions for increasing it by canvassing the people will end only in humiliating disappointment. The Queen requires no evidence of the devoted attachment of her subjects; she has obtained ample proof that the memory of the Prince is hallowed throughout the length and breadth of the land; there has been fervent and universal mourning for his loss—not alone for what he has done, but for what he might have done, and would have done, had it pleased God to extend his life into age, or even into mid-manhood. But, we repeat, there is a general belief that for such a monument as the one proposed £50,000 is amply sufficient. When certain discussions took place in reference to the memorial of the Great Exhibition, the committee were "unduly" given to understand that the Prince preferred a monolith, or obelisk; and no doubt, if such desire of his Royal Highness had been made known to the committee *before*, and *not after* the group of Mr. Durham had been selected, a monolith or obelisk would have been erected, in which case there would have been no competition: Mr. John Bell, would have had the work to do, and the project of the magnates at South Kensington would have been carried out. The prize award having been made, and Mr. Durham having, as a matter of right, obtained the commission, it was found impossible to meet the wish of the Prince, and Mr. Bell did not obtain the expected "order." His plans and estimates were, however, prepared: the cost of a stone from Cornwall had been ascertained, and the committee was proffered an obelisk, with its echebras of bronze or marble, for a sum the minimum of which was £8,000, the maximum £24,000. We have, however, reason to believe that before his deeply lamented and most untimely death, the views of the Prince had undergone a material change; he had learned to appreciate the genius of the sculptor Durham; his sound judgment, as well as his righteous equity, had led him to reject the opinions of persons adverse to Mr. Durham—he *had seen and judged for himself*. Mr. Durham had gained the confidence of the Prince, and sure we are that, if his Royal Highness had lived, he would have preferred the group of Mr. Durham to the obelisk of Mr. Bell, and have been gratified that the projects of South Kensington had been defeated. It is well known that the design thus ignored is that which the Society of Arts—acting under the guidance of South Kensington—intends to adopt, in the event of the obelisk or monolith being ultimately chosen—with this difference, however, that in lieu of £24,000, a sum of £240,000 will be nearer the sum to be expended—South Kensington having the privilege to spend the money, and the public to supply it. We repeat our conviction that the Prince, if he was now advising as to the best means of spending the sum it is expected—or hoped—to raise, would not counsel a monolith or obelisk as the work most beneficial to Art, and most honourable to the country.

THE ART-JOURNAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.—We trust the second part will be found to keep pace with the interest created by the first part, and that ultimately it will form a volume full of suggestions to every class and order of manufacturers. We have now more applications for admissions into this work than we can by any possibility meet. Art-manufacturers and producers are satisfied that we shall do our utmost to render our engravings of merit commensurate

with that of the objects selected; forty thousand of each page will be printed, and the publication will, no doubt, find its way into every quarter of the globe, where its lessons cannot fail to be productive of excellence.

THE HANGERS at the Royal Academy this year are Messrs. Pickersgill, sen., Poole, and Hook.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Lord Elcho has given notice that on the House of Commons going into committee of supply, he shall move—"That an humble address be presented to her Majesty, praying her Majesty to be graciously pleased to issue a Royal Commission to inquire into the present position of the Royal Academy in relation to the Fine Arts, and into the circumstances and conditions under which it occupies a portion of the National Gallery, and to suggest such measures as may be required to render it more useful in promoting Art, and in improving and developing public taste."

THE INTERNATIONAL "THREE GUINEAS."—So loud and universal has been the voice of indignation against the "Royal" Commissioners in reference to demanding payment from invited guests—with or without official robes—that we imagine the tax will not be levied; the attempt, and not the deed, may have been in the power of the Commissioners. Thus writes on this topic the editor of the *Telegraph*, who has dealt with the Exhibition from the beginning in a friendly and encouraging spirit, yet with a stern resolve to guide the Commissioners when they have gone wrong, and to represent the sound and upright sense of the English people:—

"If the International Exhibition Commissioners ever really contemplated doing this meanest and shabbiest of things, we trust shortly to be informed that they have abandoned their inhospitable plot; but if they persist in it, it will become our painful duty to inform them that they are conducting a great national enterprise in the spirit of hucksters and chandler-shop keepers."

It is necessary we should remind our readers that the Royal Commissioners are—1st, the Duke of Buckingham; 2nd, the Earl Granville; 3rd, the Right Hon. Thomas Baring; 4th, Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, Bart.; 5th, Thomas Fairbairn, Esq., of Manchester. There is no one of the five who represents the Arts, the Arts-industrial, or Science. We may justly ask, are we to blame the whole five, or two, or one of them, for degrading this country in its own estimation, and in the eyes of foreigners, by an extent of shabbiness in all arrangements such as would be discreditable to a huckster who desired to stand well with his neighbours in some lane or alley of the metropolis? Is this mean spirit only an importation from Manchester, or is the reproach to be shared by three members of the aristocracy, and by one who has just been admitted into its ranks? Certainly it is said that in the great capital of cotton, honour and dignity are as feathers in the scale against the circulating medium there called "tin;" it may have been so once, it is not so now. Whatever be the element—no matter where it comes from—that degrades the International Exhibition into a mere speculation to give the least possible amount of value for the largest gain and good—"buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market"—it is deeply to be deplored, as depriving a great national work of its grandest attribute of glory. If we contrast this miserable effort at extortion with the liberality and courtesy extended to us at Paris, in 1855, we cannot but blush for our country, and once more quote the hackneyed passage,—they do indeed

"Manage these things better in France."

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM AND THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The main purpose of forming a museum at South Kensington was to supply a means of teaching the British manufacturer and artisan; to collect together Art-models that might increase his knowledge and improve his taste. This object has been in a degree answered; if he is willing to instruct himself, he cannot fail to do so here. But it is certain that many of the works gathered together, at large cost, are utterly useless for any practical purpose; however rare, curious, and interesting, they teach nothing. In the British Museum they would be more in place; while in that storehouse of treasures there is much from which the modern producer may learn valuable lessons, from objects

which are there comparatively lost. Let the two museums make an exchange; let South Kensington send away all works that in no way aid the manufacturer and artisan, and the British Museum give to South Kensington all such productions as supply models or afford suggestions to both.

THE ART-COPYRIGHT BILL has not yet passed the House of Lords: no doubt it will be there subjected to some essential improvements. We therefore postpone our remarks until it has become the law of the land.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY was the subject of much discussion during the recent debate in the House of Commons on our public Art-galleries. By a return, recently issued, to an order of the house, we find that, when the gallery was first opened in 1859, and admission was obtained only by tickets, the number of visitors was 5,305. In the year following no cards were required, and 6,392 persons were admitted: last year the number rose to 10,907. It seems clear, from the comparatively small attendance, that the gallery attracts but little public attention; this, however, may probably arise from the out-of-the-way locality where the pictures hang: and it must not, moreover, be forgotten that the rooms are open only two days in the week.

PUBLIC MONUMENTS.—Mr. Cowper, Chief Commissioner of Works, said, a short time since in the House of Commons, in answer to a question put by Admiral Wallcott, that Sir Edwin Landseer—to whom was given, in 1858, the commission for the execution of the lions for the Nelson monument—was "now very accurately studying," we quote the report of the *Times*, "the habits of lions, and was to be seen in the Zoological Gardens making himself thoroughly acquainted with their attitudes." We had, in our innocence, always thought the work had been entrusted to Sir Edwin, because he was so profoundly versed in *lionology*; but it appears that after studying, as may be presumed, the science for four years, he yet does not feel himself in a position to undertake the task. Mr. Cowper stated on another evening, in reply to Lord Lovaine, respecting the Wellington monument for St. Paul's Cathedral, that the "artist to whom the commission had been given to prepare the model, had received his instructions on the subject in November, 1858. Three years and a half had, therefore, elapsed since the order had been given. The model, however, was not yet completed. He was sorry that so long a delay should have occurred in the matter, but he presumed the time had not been wasted, and that the artist was preparing himself by preliminary study for the better execution of his design. He was not able to inform the house when the model would be ready." The artist in question is universally assumed to be Baron Marochetti, who, like the great animal painter, is, we suppose, qualifying himself in some school, somewhere, for his undertaking. Three years at Oxford or Cambridge entitles a man to his degree, if he is not *plucked* at examination. Landseer and the Baron, at the end of three years, have not yet sent in their papers. We can only hope that when produced they will not realise the fable of the *mons parturientis*. To adopt Lord H. Lennox's not very elegant term, though he used it in the house, how the British public are "bamboozled" in the senate on subjects pertaining to Art!

MR. REDGRAVE, R.A., and his brother, Mr. S. Redgrave, honorary secretary of the Etching Club, are, it is said, engaged on a History of the British School of Painting. A good work on this subject has long been desired.

CAMPDEN HOUSE, the property of Mr. W. F. Woolley, has been destroyed by fire. This ancient mansion, which was situated at Kensington, is presumed to have been erected in the time of Elizabeth, and had latterly acquired peculiar celebrity from the amateur theatrical performances, by artists and literary men, given there for charitable purposes. The interior of the mansion was most elegantly fitted up, the furniture of the richest description, and the walls were hung with pictures of considerable value. Very little, if any, of the contents escaped destruction. Adjoining is the Elms, occupied by Mr. A. L. Egg, A.R.A., who was at the time, and probably still is, abroad, on account of his health: this house took fire, and it was at one time thought that a

like fate would be the result. The exertions of the firemen happily averted it. Mr. Egg possesses some pictures which we should regret to know had been lost; among them Holman Hunt's 'Claudio and Isabella,' which we saw at Leeds a week or two ago, and Wallis's 'Death of Chatterton.'

STATUE OF LORD HARDINGE.—Among the great works of Art which visitors may expect to see at the International Exhibition is, we hear, Mr. Foley's model of this fine statue. Our readers are doubtless aware that endeavours are being made, by public subscription, to procure a replica of the statue for erection in this country; the statue itself is in Calcutta. The matter has been left in abeyance by its promoters for some little time, but it will now be taken up energetically, and, it can scarcely be doubted, with success, during the forthcoming season, when the appearance of the model will attract the notice of thousands, many of whom would be glad to aid the movement. The late secretary at war, the lamented Lord Herbert, gave the project his high sanction, accompanying it with a handsome subscription.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—On Saturday, the 30th of March, at the Freemasons' Hall, was celebrated by a dinner, the twenty-seventh anniversary of this beneficial institution. Mr. Charles Dickens occupied the chair, and delivered an interesting and rigorously appropriate speech; he claimed the sympathy of the public, on the ground that artists are not more unmethodical, as has often been alleged, in their habits of business, or more improvident than other classes of men, and are subject to the same misfortunes; he extolled the institution, for the admirable and economical manner in which it distributes its funds; and asked for subscriptions on grounds so influential as to have collected, there and then, the sum of nearly £650. The attendance was unusually large. Amongst the Royal Academicians present were Sir C. Eastlake, P.R.A., Sir Edwin Landseer, Mr. W. P. Frith, and Baron Marochetti.

MR. MORBY'S GALLERY OF BRITISH PAINTINGS IN CORNHILL.—We desire to direct the attention of picture collectors to the gallery of this dealer: it consists chiefly of cabinet pictures, generally small in size, and, consequently, not very costly. The authenticity of every work is guaranteed. Mr. Morby has long sustained high and honourable repute, and confidence may be placed in his judgment as well as in his integrity. Our space this month permits us only to state that among the works he exhibits just now are examples of many of the best British masters—Ward, Webster, Hook, Creswick, Dobson, Stanfield, Linnell, Goodall, Frost, Cooke, Faed, D. Roberts, Frith, Pickersgill, Poole, Topham, and others of minor, though of good fame. There will soon be many persons in London who desire to complete drawing-room collections, for which these works are especially calculated.

THE ROYAL COMMISSIONERS have invited the mayors of the chief towns in Great Britain and the delegates of foreign countries and of British colonies, to furnish (at their own proper cost) flags emblazoned with designs, to be hung in the nave and transepts of the Exhibition building.

THE PICTURES IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—The series of articles on the paintings and sculpture of several nations in the Exhibition will be written by Mr. J. Bevington Atkinson, a gentleman whose long and matured study of the subject, at home and abroad, eminently qualifies him for the discharge of the duty we have assigned to him.

THE MEDIEVAL COLLECTION which is forming at the South Kensington Museum promises to uphold the high character of the private collections of *virtu* in England. The chief collectors have very liberally sent on loan many of their finest antiques, and the aggregate will give to the general public a fair idea of the great treasures hid away in private houses in England. The wealth of the country in this way is as remarkable as in any other, and cannot fail to excite interest. It must, however, be borne in mind that this collection by no means fully displays the rich nature of this unworked mine, as many collectors fear the injury and risk which accompany the loans; while others, who have lent here-

tofore, having the fatal experience of injury done to their treasures, very naturally refuse to part with them again. The wind up of the Exhibition at Manchester was accompanied by the most slovenly and careless return of precious articles lent. Some enamels came home with nail-holes through them. Rare porcelain was sent to wrong owners, and owing to the untrustworthiness of one of the officials, a portion of the Duke of Portland's contribution was absolutely sold. It is but justice to say that the loans made to Kensington have been always carefully guarded, and returned with scrupulous attention to package. The new rooms are exceedingly well adapted to their display.

THE Secretary of the Commissioners and the Secretary of the Jurors, are at issue, and have each favoured the *Times* with a letter. Mr. Iselin, Secretary of the Jurors, is a new broom, and has received a check thus early from his masters: but sustained as he is by the great "power" of South Kensington, he need care little for Royal Commissioners and their *employés*. The correspondence, however, enlightens us thus far—the fortunate youth is doubly fortunate. He slips suddenly and smoothly into an Inspectorship of Science and Art, being duly qualified for the post by knowing nothing of Art and next to nothing of science; but he is also, it appears, made Secretary of Juries, with, of course, another income attached to the "duties." Surely, when the parliamentary grant to South Kensington comes before the house, some one will ask how it happens that Mr. Iselin was appointed about two months ago to the office of Inspector of Science to the Department, and almost immediately afterwards he contrives to slip into the situation of Secretary of Juries at the International Exhibition. We congratulate the gentleman on his singular "trick."

SCHOOLS OF ART.—Earl Granville, at a recent meeting to promote the forming of a school of Art in the north of London, is reported to have said that the average cost of the pupils in these institutions was now about *three pence* annually, whereas a few years back it was *one shilling*. But his lordship seems to have lost sight of the fact that within the last two or three years there have been placed under the masters of the provincial schools the children attending the parochial and other national places of public instruction, to the amount of some hundreds in populous towns, all of whom are taught the rudiments of drawing. Thus, for example, though the number of pupils actually studying in the school of design may not exceed a hundred or two on the average, upwards of a thousand would be included in the master's report, as coming more or less under his teaching. It will therefore be seen that Earl Granville's congratulatory remark, based on such an estimate as this, is no matter of boasting after all.

DECORATIVE SCULPTURE.—Every effort made by the skilful Art-workman to elevate his position deserves whatever aid we can give him. We feel, therefore, much gratification in directing attention to some statues, of small life-size, designed and sculptured by Thomas Nicholls, whom we may call an artisan-sculptor. They have been executed under the directions of Mr. Alfred Smith, the architect,—in conjunction with Mr. Parnell,—of the Army and Navy Club-house, Pall Mall, and are intended to form a portion of a series to be placed in the corridor of a Gothic mansion in Sydney, the residence of Mr. Thomas Mort, for which Mr. Smith has furnished the decorations. The subjects of the statues already completed are 'Whittington,' 'Cinderella,' 'Little Red Riding-Hood,' and a juvenile 'Guy Fawkes,' a boy holding a mask before his face. They are very carefully carved in Caen stone; and in design, character, and execution, are far above ordinary works of a similar kind. The object of the sculptor has been to substitute figures having a domestic interest for the gods and goddesses of mythology.

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.—Mr. J. P. Hennessy, member for King's County, Ireland, purposes to call the attention of parliament to the destruction of ancient works of Art and objects of national interest in Ireland; and to move an address to the crown praying that a department of the Board of Works may be specially entrusted with the conservation of public monuments.

REVIEWS.

ILLUSTRATED SONGS OF ROBERT BURNS. Published by the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, Edinburgh.

We certainly do like the plan now frequently adopted by this Art-Union Society, of giving to their subscribers a book of prints instead of a large single engraving; the latter necessarily entails a considerable extra expense for framing if it is meant to be seen, while in the former no such outlay is incurred, and, moreover, the subscriber has the benefit of greater variety of subject. Among the prizes allotted last year were five pictures, for which commissions were given to as many artists, selected from the most popular Scottish painters, to illustrate the Songs of Burns; the engravings from these pictures constitute the volume now before us, which has been distributed to the members of the Association for that year. The first is 'Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes,' by George Harvey, engraved by L. Stocks, an exceedingly pretty pastoral, with a young girl barefooted and bareheaded, accompanied by a collier, driving home the yowes at eventide. The next is 'My heart's in the Highlands,' by H. McCulloch, engraved by W. Forrest, a richly-composed landscape, in which moor, mountain, and lake are combined, with a fine expanse of stormy cloud-land. The third engraving is by R. C. Bell, from E. Nicol's 'Last May a Braw Wooer.' The scene represents a Scotch fair in the Highlands, but the picture is not an agreeable one to our taste. J. Archer's 'Lea Rig,' engraved by C. W. Sharpe, is far more so, though there is little in it beyond a lassie driving some kine before her. The drawing of the animals is not so correct as it might be, but a pleasant poetical feeling pervades the whole composition. The last plate, 'Logan Braes,' engraved by L. Stocks after A. H. Burr's picture, is too sad a subject to be agreeable, but the sentiment of the poet's lines is very powerfully expressed; for earnest thought, this work must claim precedence over the others.

DE QUINCEY'S WORKS. Vol. I. CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM EATER. Published by A. and C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

The writings of De Quincey have long held a conspicuous place among the best literary works of the present century, not alone for their imaginative originality, but also for the powerful, fervid language in which the author's ideas and thoughts are conveyed: a writer in the *Quarterly Review* well characterises them as "one of the marvels of English literature." That they have not been popular, in the ordinary sense of the word, may be accounted for by the fact that there is in them a peculiarity of feeling which, united with what may be called a Germanic metaphysical tendency, is not suited to the taste of the age: but his critical acumen, his power of expression, his clear and logical style, have not been exceeded by any writer of the period, and are only equalled by Carlyle. His "Confessions of an Opium Eater" is, perhaps, better known than any other of his works; it was that which first brought him into prominent notice; but his translation of the German authors, Lessing and Richter, are held in high esteem by those who are interested in that especial kind of literature.

Three or four years ago the productions of "this great master of English composition," as he has not inaptly been termed, were collected from the various periodicals in which they primarily appeared, and published in serial volumes, after being carefully revised, and considerably enlarged, by the author. A re-issue of the series, at a reduced price, has now been undertaken by the publishers, of which the volume before us is the first instalment; the writings of De Quincey will, by means of this edition, be brought within the reach of a numerous class of readers.

MANUAL OF WOOD CARVING. With Practical Instructions for Learners of the Art, and Original and Selected Designs. By WILLIAM BEMROSE, Junr. With an Introduction by LLEWELLYN JEWITT, F.S.A., &c. &c. Published by J. H. PARKER & SONS, London and Oxford: BEMROSE AND SONS, Derby.

Almost every man has some favourite amusement or occupation which, to use a familiar phrase, he "makes his hobby;" and, strange as it may appear to those whose inclinations lead them in an entirely opposite direction, this "hobbyism" sometimes induces its possessor to turn mechanic; that which, perhaps, he would scorn to do for gain, he chooses to do for pleasure. We have known persons spend weeks and months in producing some object which

they could purchase, and of a better order too, for a comparatively small sum. Well! the work fills up time—which, however, might possibly be more profitably employed for others—and proves, moreover, a safeguard against idleness, if not something worse. Wood carving is one of the mechanical arts practised in the present day by amateurs of both sexes, and it is, chiefly, to assist these that Mr. Bemrose's manual is intended: its plan is brief but comprehensive.

The first plate exhibits the different kinds of tools necessary to the operation, and their uses are explained in the letter-press. This plate is followed by several others, consisting of mouldings, panels, tablets, pilasters, picture-frames, furniture, both domestic and ecclesiastical, each plate being accompanied by text describing the processes of carving the objects. A short introductory chapter on the art of wood carving, by Mr. L. Jewitt, and two of general instructions for the learner, precede the others.

This book, though published at a very inconsiderable cost, is most carefully got up; the examples are well selected, and engraved with much accuracy and delicacy. They appear to have been copied from existing specimens of the best order, and are not merely the fancies of the designer.

THE YEAR-BOOK OF FACTS IN SCIENCE AND ART. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. Published by LOCKWOOD & Co., London.

This is another of Mr. Timbs's useful publications, a record, gleaned from every available source, of the most important discoveries and improvements of the past year in mechanics and the useful Arts, natural philosophy, electricity, chemistry, zoology and botany, geology and mineralogy, meteorology and astronomy, and all other scientific matters "ending in y," as the grammars of our school-days informed us. There is an enormous amount of information here compressed into a comparatively narrow compass. On the title-page is a woodcut of the International Exhibition—certainly no ornament to the book, as it is anything but an ornament to the architecture of the metropolis. In the view taken by the artist, one of the huge, unsightly domes—for one only is seen—completely crushes down the body of the edifice, setting upon it like a hideous incubus. A portrait of the late W. Fairbairn, C.E., is placed as a fitting frontispiece to the book, to which a memoir of this distinguished man of science furnishes an introduction. The first notice refers to the monster building perpetrated at Kensington. In speaking of it, Mr. Timbs says:—"The design by Captain Fowke, of the Royal Engineers, was declared" (by the commissioners) "to be accepted," a phrase leading to the inference that the matter had been open to competition; the fact being, as a correspondent said a month or two past in our columns, that it was "*done to order, without architecture*." The work was given into the hands of Captain Fowke to "*do*."

MEN OF THE TIME: A Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Living Characters (including Women). A New Edition, thoroughly revised and brought down to the Present Time. By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A., late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford. Published by ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, and ROUTLEDGE, London and New York.

The compilation of a book of this description is a task not easy to perform satisfactorily, even for the author. His great difficulty is to know where to draw the line of demarcation between people deserving of being enrolled among the "eminent," and those who have no title to such distinction: of course the compiler must use his own judgment on these matters, and must submit to the charges that will inevitably follow of sins both of omission and commission. Mr. Walford must be pronounced guilty on both counts, his more heinous offences being of the latter kind. Out of the large number of more than two thousand names included in this dictionary, how many are unknown out of their own immediate circle of friends and acquaintances; how few will be heard of when the grave has closed over them; while fewer still will ever appear on the page of the world's history: men and women really "eminent" are rarities.

Still, allowing for manifold shortcomings, this biographical dictionary is one that shows remarkable industry and research into the lives of contemporaneous individuals scattered over every part of the civilised world. The record of their doings, whatever these may be, is written at sufficient length to enable the reader to become acquainted with the principal events of their histories, and is stated impartially. "Men of the Time" ought to find a place in every library, and is almost a necessity in every household in these days, when.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JUNE 1, 1862.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

EXHIBITION, 1862.



GLANCE at the walls of the Academy shows that the year 1862 has been looked forward to by painters with less expectant emotion than was the year 1851. It is remembered that, to those who anticipated amended circumstances from its advent and passage, 1851 did not bring healing on its wings; hence, clearly, there has been no extraordinary preparation to make it an era of Art. On the contrary, some of those for whose works we habitually look are defaulters, while others are untrue to themselves.

In judging many we set up too commonly a standard based upon the utmost excellence to which they have ever attained. This, in respect of Art, is unjust, since it happens, in ordinary cases, that artists do not during their lives attain three times to the highest point which they may have reached on some memorable occasion. But below this there is a mediate degree which may always be reached; and this is far above the vulgar infirmities into which all men fall in Art when they would spare the mind thought and the hand exercise. By this standard it is more just to estimate them than by the higher scale which they reach by a combination of circumstances that may occur but once in a lifetime. In judging the works of young painters, we refer only to the works of others, but when artists have made a reputation, they are subjected to a more severe ordeal,—they are first tried according to themselves, and then judged by the works of others. Before a full and perfect judgment of a work of Art can be pronounced, it is indispensable to know what reference the picture bears to antecedent productions by the same hand; and in thus looking at those around us in the Academy, we find many men working below the middle standard which they themselves may be said to have established. This coincidence is, perhaps, on the present occasion more striking than in any recent exhibition.

There are wanting in the catalogue of exhibitors the names of certain men of note whose pictures are always centres of attraction. The President does not exhibit anything; nor does Sir Edwin Landseer. It is probable that the latter has been occupied with the lions in Trafalgar Square; be that as it may, he has besides finished a group of portraits—a work not in the direct line of his practice—of which the principal is that of the late Mr. F. B. Sheridan. Mr. Maclise has been so entirely occupied with his great work in the Royal Gallery

in the Houses of Parliament, as not to be able to prepare anything, and perhaps the same may be said of Mr. Dyce. Herbert exhibits one picture, but it is not a subject adapted to draw forth his power. Mulready has one work, but it is not culled from that field where he has won so many triumphs. Ward has sent only a water-colour drawing—ever Marie Antoinette. Frith, Egg, and several other members, do not appear at all in the catalogue.

We believe that if any picture in what, sixty years ago, used to be called the “grand style,” were now exhibited in the Academy, if it were not passed by without notice, it would be extinguished by the *aurora borealis* of flickering light and colour around it. But we are not alone in our predilection for small pictures of small subjects; the French have given a greater importance to their small pictures than we have to ours. Although almost miniatures in numerous cases, we find these small compositions treated with a consideration equal to that which would be given to a large one.

We see in the Academy, in a remarkable manner, the effect of exhibitions; and those half cognisant of the distance, in certain qualities, between the art of our time and that of the old painters, have only to fancy a Poussin or a Salvator surrounded by Stanfields and Linnells and their imitators, and they will at once understand what exhibitions have done and undone. There are not many figure compositions in the collection that may not be referred to two absorbing classes—the domestic and the sentimental. Religious Art plays a very subordinate part, and “pure history” is an exploded taste. What our neighbours call *genre* pictures (wherefore we could never understand) are the legitimate field for all the legerdemain of painting, and all this is seen and relished by the Art-patrons of our day. Our Young England painters excel in all those *chiques* of the art which the men of the last century never heard of, and to which contemporary seniors do not condescend. To these artists space and prominence is very profusely given. There is nothing too eccentric for them; their *quart* and *tierce* has a flashing effect—the despair of elder men, for whom to essay the same thing would be like the Lord Chancellor attempting some exotic dance on the floor of the House of Lords. Long ago did we foretell the complexion to which “Pre-Raffaellism” would at last come. If there be any such works on the walls, they are very few and not prominent. We cannot now refer the works of Mr. Millais and his circle to that kind of Art which was announced years ago as the profession of the so-called “Pre-Raffaellite Brethren”—in the affectation of thready textures and sharp edges. Mr. Millais's works are now less offensive than those of others who seek to establish the right of Pre-Raffaellism to themselves. But of works of this class we shall presently have more to say. Many, we repeat, of our eminent men are this year painting downwards rather than upwards from their settled standard.

In (231) ‘*Laborare est erare*,’ J. R. HERBERT, R.A., exhibits what is essentially a landscape, the substantive reality of which is “The monks of St. Bernard’s Abbey, Leicestershire, gathering the harvest of 1861. The boys in the adjoining field are from the Reformatory, under the care of these religious.” This note is preceded by the verses from St. Luke—“And some fell upon a rock; and as soon as it was sprung up, it withered away, because it lacked moisture. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up with it, and choked it,” &c. The scene is a broad daylight landscape, the nearer breadths

of which are covered with an expanse of ripe wheat, which a number of monks are busily engaged in reaping. The landscape is peculiar, as presenting two rocks rising conspicuously in the middle distance, but this would not by any means be sufficient to suggest any reference to the parable, for the pith of the picture is the “*laborare*,” without any point beyond. As a landscape then, and a harvest subject, it is painted with a tenderness very suggestive, but more than this is necessary to raise the picture into the atmosphere of sacred Art. The picture is a surprise, inasmuch as we believe that Mr. Herbert has never, during his brilliant career, exhibited a landscape. To congratulate him on the success with which he brings such a work forward, would not be complimentary. The painter of the ‘Disinheritance of Cordelia’ and the ‘Boy Daniel,’ may dispense with eulogistic notice of a landscape, which can be regarded but as a diversion.

The picture numbered 129, by A. HUGHES, is strongly suggestive of Correggio’s ‘*Magdalen*,’ and this is much against it. It contains one principal figure, that of a love-lorn girl, lying by a pool, and, of course, meditating suicide. The picture is a translation from Tennyson:—

“It is the little rift within the lute
That by-and-by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all,” &c.

Nothing can be more circumstantial than this story of a broken heart; its merit is its simplicity.

‘The Return of a Crusader’ (179), by F. R. PICKERSGILL, is the most pointed and probable narrative that Mr. Pickersgill has ever exhibited. There are two figures, the returned crusader and a nun. He has been absent in the holy wars for years, and no tidings of him have ever reached his betrothed. She, persuaded of his death, becomes a nun, and in the garden of the convent, where she has been sitting in meditation, he presents himself before her. His hair has become grey, and she does not recognise him; he presents to her, however, her last gift to him—a ring—and she is slowly convinced of his identity. The only incomplete passage in the picture is the expression of the nun, her features do not bespeak that agonising emotion which under such circumstances must smite a woman’s heart. We should not have recognised this as the work of the paladin and troubadour painter, F. R. Pickersgill. The figures and their accompaniments are admirably fitted together; everything is perfectly at its ease, but all this is a result of great experience and masterly power.

In 195 we come to ‘The Ransom,’ the most important of the works of Mr. MILLAIS; whence we learn that there is a question of the ransom of two children—two girls—of a noble family, who, we must imagine, have been in some way abducted from the paternal roof. The persons introduced are, we may suppose, the father, a gentleman in armour, and with him it may be an elder brother of the two children, who are clinging to their father in dread of the man who yet grasps their hands as unwilling to part with them for the sum offered, which seems to be all that the gentlemen have about them, for they are offering in addition a pearl necklace, with some valuable jewels. But the narrative is nevertheless obscure; the man who yet seems to withhold the children does not look ruffian enough to have seized and held them for a ransom. Moreover the rich tapestry that forms the background of the picture, would indicate that the children are either at home or in some luxurious abode, where such outrages are not perpetrated. The balance of power is also in favour of the noble family; it is therefore difficult to understand the extreme solicitude of the

father and brother, who are both offering all the money and valuables they possess for the rescue of the children, to which there seems to be a demur on the part of the kidnapper, if such he be. The story is by no means perspicuous; there must be much that the painter has failed to express. If the children are now under the paternal roof, the anxiety of the father and brother cannot be accounted for, nor can the pertinacity of the man who still holds the children. The picture to which this directly points is 'The Order for Release,' but it falls far short of the finish and clearness of that picture, while it is much superior to others that Mr. Millais has exhibited. The drawing of all the conspicuous parts is perfect—as the hand of the father that rests upon the girl—but the lower limbs have not received that attention which the artist has been accustomed to carry into his best works. This is evidenced by the faulty and feeble drawing of the lower limbs of the figures. Like most of Mr. Millais's subjects, it is imaginative, and hence, not being limited by conditions, the story should have been more distinctly told.

It cannot be denied that Pre-Raffaellism has exercised a marked influence on our rising schools; but we see nowhere the transports of enthusiasm with which it was at first hailed by young painters who had formed no settled principle of Art. Some adopted it, because they found it "so much easier" than the old method of working; others followed it, because they were told that Pre-Raffaellism must supersede all else. The time is not long gone by when the two profiles in 'Trust me' (269) would have been pronounced singularly feeble and wanting in substance and roundness, and anything in the way of a drier texture would have been acceptable in the place of the wet and streaky surface of the coat of the gentleman. The story, by the way, is how a young lady has received a letter, which her father desires to see. Nothing can surpass the clearness of the narrative; this, indeed, is what Mr. Millais always strives for, and wherein he most frequently succeeds. In (216) 'How Bianca Capello sought to poison her brother-in-law, the Cardinal de' Medici,' V. C. PRINSEP, is another example of the following of the old masters more strictly in their errors than in their excellence. The story is of the entertainment of the Cardinal de' Medici, who refused the poisoned tarts prepared for him; but the duke ate of them, and, to save appearances, Bianca Capello did likewise, and they both died. But this work is wanting in the first necessity of a picture—that is, the story; we see the feast, but we learn nothing of the poisoning, which is the pith of the narrative. The portraits are undoubtedly from those in the galleries of the Uffizi; nothing, however, can be more unfeminine than the features of Bianca, nor worse than the flesh colour of the Duke Francis and the cardinal. The composition is too closely knit together; the figures are squeezed in, and cannot move. In 'Parable of the Woman seeking for a piece of Money' (309), J. E. MILLAIS, we have a direct contravention of all that Mr. Millais professed at the early period of his career. The title, in its application to this picture, is simply absurd, the figure being a modern maid-servant, with a broom in one hand, and a brass candlestick in the other, looking for something on the ground. The effect is, of course, that of candle-light, and, as a sketch, it might be attributed to Velasquez. We are bound, however, to accept it as a picture, and, as a picture, its athletic dash reverses every maxim that has been enunciated as a precept of Pre-Raffaellism.

'The Star of Bethlehem' (217), F. LEIGH-

TON, presents an idea fresh and original. "One of the Magi, from the terrace of his house, stands looking at the star in the East; the lower part of the picture indicates a revel, which he may be supposed just to have left." This revel spoils the picture: the figure of the Magus is grand, and the circumstances indicate at once the Star of Bethlehem; the lower part, in which the festival is seen, contrasts meanly with the exalted sentiment of the upper part of the composition. This figure might have been painted of the size of life; as we look at it even now, it increases into grand proportions. The incident is one of those felicitous conceptions which result from thinking in the right direction. It may have happened, and though there is no authority that it did, yet it is in the spirit of the poetry of the gospel.

The 'Sir Galahael' (141) of G. F. WATTS shows a great modification of the severity of line that prevails in many of even the latter works of this artist. In certain parts it would vie successfully with the liberal manner of the most free of our bygone professors. The knight wears a suit of plate armour of the sixteenth century, and at his side stands his horse; the scene is a forest. This example is entirely free from all affectation, and the figure far exceeds every other similar one that Mr. Watts has painted. The Red Cross Knight, in the Houses of Parliament, has no pretension to comparison with this; but it must yet be observed of the equipment of Sir Galahael, so tight and closely fitting are the plates—take, for instance, the jambes and sollerets—that a man could not endure, even for an hour, such a suit of armour.

We look in vain round the walls for a pendant to Frost's 'Panope' (303), but he stands alone as a painter of the nude—one of the many signs of the direction that the patronage of Art is taking. Nude figures are not those that are elected into the quiet and modest circles, into which the taste for Art has descended. Mr. Frost's subject is from Milton's Lycidas—

"The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters, played."

Though a follower of Etty, Frost was never an imitator of him; for whereas Etty's manipulation was rapid and broad, Mr. Frost's practice is minute and most careful; hence a certain mealy opacity in his flesh surfaces. In his forms he maintains that elegance of line and quantity that Etty did to the last; and in his nymphs we recognise a strong leaning to the antique. In the nude forms of the French school there is a fleshy individuality, arising from a too brief term of study of the antique. Etty had no follower more successful than Frost, and yet the latter painted very unlike him; but that has always been the case with the best pupils of eminent painters.

In H. O'NEIL's 'Mary Stuart's Farewell to France' (337), there is a parade of state that could not be sustained in a passage up Channel as it was made in the days of the unfortunate queen, who is here seen reclining under a canopy on a quarter-deck, surrounded by a bevy of ladies, who sympathise with her in her farewell—

"Adieu, pleasant pays de France!
O ma patrie,
La plus chérie,
Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance!
Adieu, France! Adieu, nos beaux jours!"

If the poetry have any merit, it is that of being fatally prophetic. It is not necessary to appeal to the *Bibliothèque Royal* to determine that Mary did not sail from France with such a senseless display as we see here. A more profound effect would have been produced had the painter relied upon the pathos of the subject, rather than on a pageantry which

could not possibly be made. It is true that six princes of Lorraine attended her to Calais, and Catherine, rejoicing at her departure, caused her to be attended as became a queen; but, on the other hand, there was reason to apprehend that she would be intercepted by the English fleet. Under such circumstances, it was probable that all unnecessary show would be dispensed with. The queen was at this time only eighteen years of age; here she looks a woman of thirty. In a picture by J. B. BEDFORD (476), entitled 'Enid hears of Geraint's Love,' from the "Idylls of the King," there is a large measure of that quality which is deficient in the work just noted—

"She found,
Half disarrayed as to her rest, the girl,
Whom first she kissed on either cheek, and then
On either shining shoulder laid a hand,
And kept her off, and gazed upon her face,
And told her all their converse in the hall,
Proving her heart."

The girl is painted as one under the dominion of love; there is made to her an announcement which quickens the action of her heart, and subdues her by a strong emotion, and the relation of the persons leaves no room for doubt as to the subject of this communion. The picture is not debilitated by any prettinesses, but the old woman is not a successful study; there is neither character nor expression in her features. The artist has exerted himself to make his figures speak from within, and this is a more worthy purpose than that proposed to be served by superficial expletives. By the same hand there is another picture which cannot be passed without notice; it is (497) 'Elijah and the Widow of Zarephath.' The subject occurs in 1 Kings, chap. xvii, ver. 23,—"And Elijah took the child, and brought him down out of the chamber into the house, and delivered him unto his mother; and Elijah said, See, thy son liveth." We find Elijah in the act of delivering the child to his mother, and that which is most commendable in the situations and appointments is their rigid simplicity. There is in the face of Elijah, as there should be, a benevolent seeming; but the face, although thin and marked, is that rather of a jolly companion than of the man who challenged Ahab in the vineyard of Naboth. In every respect differing from this is (502) 'A Painter's First Work,' by M. STONE. The painter is a little boy, who has been surprised by, perhaps, his father, with a friend, while chalking figures on the panels of a room which seems to have done duty as a library. The error in the expression of the picture is the absence of any declaration as to whether the father approves or disapproves of his son's essays. The boy stands, looking very grave, and the men give no signs of pleasure. Moreover, the chalk outlines are too clear and masterly for a child's "first work." There is in the neat execution an inclination towards the French manner. The composition is extremely ingenious.

'The Return of Francis Drake to Plymouth with his Prisoners and Prize, after the Naval Expedition to Cadiz in 1587' (523), J. E. HODGSON, is one of those productions the professed merit of which is a concourse of people without any essential point. The painter has laboured for chronological propriety, and has attained his end, but beyond this there is no interest in the picture. The following lines accompany the title, than which nothing can be more absurdly inappropriate:—

"Old heroes here in barks so frail,
None now might hoist such venturous sail;
Who loved to breast the stormy wave,
The joy, the glory of the brave," &c.

'Unaccredited Heroes' (537), F. B. BARWELL, is a large and full composition, de-

scribing the scene at the Hartley Pit mouth, pending the exertions that were made to save those that were, perhaps, already past all help below. Among the crowd are grave and sorrowing men, heartbroken wives, and weeping mothers. There is no dramatic display attempted, but the sad scene must, at some time or other during the long and racking interval of suspense, have been much like what we see it here. The time is sunset, and the mass of the broadcast aggroupment is in shade, with here and there a figure touched upon by the red light of the sun. It is a powerful picture, in which all propriety is duly sustained.

'Defoe in the Pillory' (457), E. CROWE, would, as a simple statement of a fact, without any aid from a detail of probabilities, be difficult and uncertain of treatment; but we are told that—"During his exhibition he was protected by the same friends from the missiles of his enemies; and the mob, instead of pelting him, resorted to the unmannerly act of drinking his health. Tradition reports that the machine which was graced with one of the keenest wits of the day, was adorned with garlands." The cause of his condemnation to this punishment was the publication of his pamphlet, "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters." Thus there are circumstances which make this an eligible subject for painting, and those circumstances are pointedly dwelt upon. There is present a guard of soldiers to preserve order, and to assist in carrying out the sentence. The success of any pictorial narrative depends upon the truth, point, and persistency with which the theme is dwelt upon. This success, in a great degree, characterises the work; there are no mere expletive figures in the composition: each person is interested either sympathetically on the side of Defoe or on that of the authorities, which are principally military, acting in restraining the crowd in the good offices they proffer to the condemned. The painting and drawing are unexceptionable; the former is creditably earnest, without any affectation of eccentric manner.

The difficulties against which an artist has to contend in the treatment of such a subject as (483) 'How King Arthur, by means of Merlin, gave his sword of Excalibur to the Lady of the Lake' (J. ARCHER), must be keenly felt during progress, but more sensibly experienced when he has exhausted his efforts on it. Mr. Dyce, in the Houses of Parliament, has been occupied with the history of King Arthur for now, we may say, many years; but inasmuch as nothing is heard of the progress of the story, it is but fair to conclude that it is too much even for him. It is scarcely enough that we see the king in a boat with Merlin, about to row off to the centre of the lake to seize the sword which appears held above the water by the hand of an unseen figure. The reading and independent thought that have suggested the subject are precisely the means by which originality is attained: but there are many considerations that should assist in the selection of material.

Inquiry and reading are well exemplified in the picture (485) 'Prince Arthur tending his Keeper,' W. J. GRANT; but in the adoption of the subject there is a judgment that does not appear in the preceding case. This incident is from *King John*. "When your head did but ache I knit my handkerchief about your brows. . . . Many a poor man's son would have lain still, and ne'er have spoken a loving word to you; but you at your sick service had a prince." The translation of the material has many merits, but the artist has not seen the valuable points of the incident; the shades of his picture are where

they should not be, or his powers have not been equal to working out effectively the cast of light and shade on which he has determined. The subject is interesting, original, and would be popular; it is only one of those that yet lie untouched in the inexhaustible resources of Shakspeare's plays, and there are yet entire catalogues of such which default of reading and thought have never been brought forward.

'Jairus' Daughter,' by E. LONG (529), is an example in some sort of propriety in dealing with such a passage. The girl lies a corpse upon a couch, and near her stands her mother weeping. In both forms there is an absence of grace; but the incident is properly felt by an appeal to the sympathies rather than by a parade of colour and characters. We see through the window the approach of the Saviour. There is a strong tincture of French manner in it, and so much of good that it might have been better.

'The Flight into Egypt' (573), R. S. STANHOPE, takes us back to the swart and dry painters of the Florentine school; the highest lights are what are really middle tint, and the general field of the composition is dull, dark, and opaque. One purpose in the cast of the chiar-oscuro seems to have been to eschew as much as possible relief and definition; the ass, for instance, on which the Virgin is mounted is of a tone as low as the dark palings beyond. It appears that the author of this work has been entirely borne away by his solicitude for the imitation of a manner in which is sunk every shade and degree of beauty, character, and expression. The 'Flight into Egypt' is an essay that places a painter in contrast with the most eminent professors of the art, the fresh impressions of whose works are not favourable to such a conception as this. We see in it nothing more than the affectation of a manner, a most perilous fallacy yet much prevalent. It is remarkable that the advocates of this kind of painting uniformly prefer ugliness to beauty, maintaining that the former is character and expression.

As offering some contrast to this, we proceed to another dark composition, which presents, however, points of description and relief of which the preceding work is deficient. The subject is very different—(593) 'Bed Time,' A. HUGHES, being the fireside of an honest yeoman at the twilight hour, when his children are in another room, being put to bed by their mother, preparatory to which they are all kneeling in prayer. There is also in this work much heavy, dark, and opaque painting, but the outlines are generally clear: there are not less than three effects, firelight, candlelight, and twilight. In this treatment of a domestic scene there is a dull solemnity unbecoming to the subject; the piety is perhaps genuine, but it is cheerless: one cannot believe that the entire exclusion of the beautiful is a necessary condition of good Art, and yet we see the principle held in works that are intended to be considered as powerful.

From these we turn to (88) 'The Sub-Prior and Edward Glendinning,' J. PETTIE, wherein light has been the care and study of the painter, inasmuch that he has overlooked what is rigidly due to his figures. The incident is from "The Monastery"—"Father," said the youth, kneeling down to him, "my sin and my shame shall be told to thee. I heard of his death,—his bloody, his violent death,—and I rejoiced: I heard of his unexpected restoration, and I sorrowed." The penitent alludes, of course, to the death and restoration of the euphuist Sir Piercie Shafton. Of the material, in an ordinary way, there is not much to be made, but it is painted with great solidity, and the figures are brought

out by the light falling from above. The sub-prior sits drawn up in the full dignity of authority, and on his features is written the severe and chastening rebuke; but we must look for some time before it can be determined that it is a human being cowering at his knee. With his back turned outwards, he kneels, a shapeless mass, in a buff leather covering; and, for the group, the canvas is much too small. Many other positions for Glendinning might have been objectionable, but none could have been worse than this.

There is in Mr. ELMORE's picture (135) 'The Invention of the Combing Machine,' the same utilitarian spirit that prompted the celebration, some time back, of William Lee's invention of the stocking-frame. This ingenious machine, we are told, now in general use in every silk, cotton, and woollen manufactory in Europe—which, to quote the words of Mr. Hawkshaw, President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, "acts with almost the delicacy of touch of human fingers"—cost its inventor (Joshua Heilman, of Alsace) a considerable fortune in fruitless efforts to bring it to perfection. Disheartened, and nearly destitute, he returned to his native place to visit his family, and, whilst sitting by the fire, happening to turn round, perceived one of his daughters combing her hair, when an idea struck him: he had found that which he wanted, and to this simple incident was indebted for the perfecting of his invention. There is not recognisable in this picture the clear finish and definite markings of former works. The drawing in some of Mr. Elmore's former subjects was sharp and peremptory, but this differs so widely from others that have gone before it, that it is difficult to recognise even the touch of the artist. The story of the picture must always be told independently of the canvas, for we do not read thereon any revelation of importance equal to the great discovery alluded to. With much regard to domestic propriety, Miss Heilman is combing her hair in what seems to be another apartment, but still in view of her father. This divides the composition into two parts, of which the most interesting is that in which the girl is dressing her hair; and this section alone would form an interesting and intelligible picture.

The works of JOHN PHILLIP, R.A., tell forcibly and substantially in the great room, in which three are hung,—'A Spanish Volunteer' (24), 'Water-Drinkers' (207), and 'Doubtful Fortune' (191). During the earlier years of his career, Mr. Phillip painted subjects that had been familiar to him in Scotland; but, in order entirely to change his scene, and that he might no longer be identified with Scottish incident, he determined to break new ground, and proceeded to Spain, whence he returned the most demonstrative of our painters, since John Lewis and Wilkie visited that country. Truth of national character, and accuracy of costume, seem to be the great end of Mr. Phillip's studies, and in these he is most successful. Yet, after all, this is a subordinate aim, and much below the precious teaching of the best precepts that painting can be made to assert and maintain. There were anciently but few really great masters of expression: it is not, therefore, wonderful there should be but few now. It has happened that those men to whom expression has been a gift and a deep feeling, have not painted many pictures. The picturesque and the effective are readily intelligible, and the mere student of the picturesque and his admirers are on a par, with the sole advantage of mechanism on the side of the former. Mr. Phillip's 'Water-Drinkers' is a picture so powerful that it attracts the eye from everything else near it. It contains

three figures,—two Spanish women, in holiday equipage, receive water from one of the peripatetic aquadors of, perhaps, Seville, for there is in the picture a glimpse of something like that city. The women are of the dark national type, with fiery black eyes,—those of whom Byron has sung so rapturously, absurdly challenging the reader to “match” him such women from all the nations that have ever boasted female beauty. The water-seller is admirably characteristic; and nothing, we believe, can be more accurate than all the conditions of the composition. The firmness, decision, substance, and palpability of the group, will win the warmest plaudits of students who would tread the same path; but it must not be forgotten that when a painter has done this once, such being the limit of his aspiration, there is nothing left for him but to do it again. The ‘Water-Drinkers’ is essentially a repetition of what Mr. Phillip has already done many times. In (24) ‘A Spanish Volunteer’ there is a story of how the volunteer left his home, his wife clinging to him, and his mother holding his gun while he embraced the former for, perhaps, the last time. Such a subject would occur to any painter living in Spain in troublous times. Wilkie, among his Spanish sketches, gave two subjects from this source,—‘The Departure’ and the ‘Return of the Guerilla.’ In ‘Doubtful Fortune’ (191), another picture by Phillip, is a story, and a very familiar one, being the old subject of the fortune-teller.

There is another Spanish subject (676), ‘Ballad Singing in Andalusia,’ D. W. DEANE, which seems to be based on actual observation of the people. It affords, however, but an assemblage of people of the lower class, for whose meeting there the music they hear is by no means a sufficient attraction. The manner of the painting is well suited to describe the rags that cover the company, which has an aspect more villanous than any like quantity of Italian populace.

‘A Toy-Seller’ (73), W. MULREADY, R.A., calls for some careful examination, as the production of one who has now for fifty years enjoyed no small share of public estimation. Unlike Mr. Mulready’s best compositions, this is a large picture. The figures it contains are three—a mother holding her child, and a black man offering a toy for sale. The child turns its head away with aversion from the poor negro, showing that the latter has not been very happy in the choice of his calling, for probably other children would turn away in like manner. Mulready has made his reputation by small pictures, and these tenderly-finished works have confirmed his execution in, because only suited to, such productions. For a work like this, minute and dainty manipulation is entirely out of place. Mr. Mulready must try himself—he must sit upon himself—the single representative of twelve honest men and true. When we consider this picture, we can but marvel at the delicacy of hand with which it has been wrought, and the fastidiousness of eye that has so jealously directed that working. The same textures and finish that are beautiful in ‘The Last In,’ or ‘Bob Cherry,’ are imbecility in the ‘Toy-Seller;’ yet, if we set aside all that Mr. Mulready has hitherto done, and compare this with other studies of its class, it must be pronounced brilliant, yet, perhaps, too timidly painted. When Wilkie became ambitious of producing large pictures, it was impossible to recognise in them the painter of the ‘Blind Fiddler,’ and the ‘Village Fair;’ and so it is of Mulready, after a contemplation of his small pictures. Mulready was one of the earliest advocates of refined execution; and when his subjects in the Vernon and Sheepshanks collections

were exhibited, they were regarded as of wonderful manipulative delicacy. The same extreme minuteness he carries into those life studies that he makes at Kensington, and we know of no man in Europe who, at his age—upwards of seventy—could approach him in drawing in chalk from the life. But it is not this curious refinement that will give substance and force to such a picture as the ‘Toy-Seller.’

By P. F. POOLE, R.A., there is but one picture (17), ‘The Trial of a Sorceress—the Ordeal by Water.’ In Poole’s productions we always look for something out of the beaten track in which artists so surely follow each other. In the material that Mr. Poole has recently painted, there are more poetry and sentiment than in this ‘Trial of a Sorceress.’ The scene is laid on a hill-side, where a number of rustics are assembled round a pond, into which the woman is to be cast. She is blindfolded, and one of her persecutors is binding her hands; and there is approaching the spot, borne on men’s shoulders, a sick woman—she, undoubtedly, who is supposed to be bewitched. The time of the event is the reign of Elizabeth; but, with proper feeling, there is no display of costume, for the poor in those days were less observant than now of the vacillations of fashion. In many of Mr. Poole’s late productions he has made us feel that even his colour was contributive to the sentiment of his narrative; but here colour is but little available in anywise.

‘The Return of a Pilgrim from Mecca—his Purse-bearer distributing Alms to the Poor of Cairo’ (372), F. GOODALL, A., holds the same place in Art that a well-written book, descriptive of a nation and its customs, holds in literature. There is but one rich Turk, wearing a green turban, and riding on a camel, but there is an impressive state about him and his almoner, that gives us the idea of a procession. The architecture of Cairo can never be mistaken; the camel and his rider all but fill the narrow street, and before them moves with dignity a richly-dressed Nubian servant, who is in the act of giving money to a boy, the leader of a blind man. The figures are not numerous, but they are strictly national: the Egyptian contour at this day is precisely the same as the outline we see in the hieroglyphics. Every impersonation appears to be a study made in the open streets of Cairo. Mr. Goodall we believe to be the most successful sketcher that ever sat down in the streets of an Eastern city; flies and dust he must have been obliged to tolerate, but the human offscourings of the streets could be kept off by one of the Pacha’s armed police. The point of the work would perhaps come more directly home to a Turk or an Egyptian than to a Frank. The Egyptians are very charitable; in proportion to their *largesse* to the poor do they hope for happiness in heaven. Mr. Goodall presumes this pilgrim to have arrived before the caravan, and, as passing along, to be exclaiming, “Blessing on the Prophet!” to which every Mooslim who hears him rejoins, “God favour him!” A stately figure is the Nubian, and fully sensible of the dignity and importance of his office. The picture is large, and it is worked throughout with the most earnest desire for truthful description; all tricks of effect and parade of execution can be dispensed with in a work like this, where there is excellence more solid to court admiration.

‘After the Battle’ (243), P. H. CALDERON, is very effectively composed, and originally conceived with intent to show how a party of British guards, after having beaten their enemy, in passing a house shattered by cannon-shot, found a lone child, a boy, sitting on an overturned cradle, before whom

one of the soldiers places himself jocularly, as if examining a rare curiosity. The text of the painter is, “Men ne’er spend their fury on a child;” and it is fully borne out. The uniform of the men is finished upwards by that three-cocked hat, called in its time the Egham, Staines, and Windsor; and if there be any battle alluded to, it is perhaps that of Dettingen, for we learn, by a wooden shoe on the floor, that the scene is not laid in England. The originality of thought, and the other merits of the work, are worthy of much eulogy, but the incident is not of importance sufficient for such anxious elaboration. There are hundreds of other large pictures created out of matter equally unprofitable, but the inferiority of their treatment does not justify ability misapplied. On the other hand, there is, by the same painter, another subject, which is painted small, but might well have been amplified; it is (371) ‘Katherine of Arragon and her women at work.’

QUEEN KATHERINE.—Take the lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

The arrangement is similar to what we see in works of the French school more frequently than in those of our own—namely, much space, with small figures. The adjustment even here presented—that is, with a diminution of void space—would have been more worthy of enlargement than ‘After the Battle.’

‘Nightly Care’ (380), R. CARRICK, will not attract the admiration of the mass of the visitors to the Academy, by some of whom we have heard it called a dirty picture, because the draperies are principally light, and have been toned down with some dark, transparent colour. It shows a mother giving her child drink from a cup she holds to his lips; but the fall of the draperies, and the arrangement and correlation of the figures, are so elegant as to suggest that the subject has been prompted by some masterly piece of sculpture. The artist has been much afraid that his picture would be only pretty, and he has, in working it out, rushed into an opposite extreme; it might, however, have been less sketchy, without any loss of substance.

The point of ‘The Jester’s Text,’ H. S. MARKS, especially its rich training surface of copal, shows it a production of the Young England class. It is rather large, and its author seems to be saturated with Shaksperian characters and situations, and yet he is much above a mere painter of costume. He has placed his jester at a sun-dial, on which is read with difficulty,—“Horas non numero nisi senenas,” the text of the jester and the fool. The scene is the ancient garden of an ancient house, and the jester’s audience consists of the family and guests of a gentleman of the sixteenth century. The preacher lays his hand on the dial, and his discourse is full of such appropriate argument as commands the attention of those around him.

No. 465, without a title, is by R. THORBURN, R.A. It cannot well be understood why the usual title, the Annunciation, should have been omitted, as that suits the circumstances better than any other, and much better than none at all—“And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women,” &c. In the entertainment of this passage there are certain conditions which cannot be dispensed with. We cannot by any means get rid of the fact that ancient painters have exhausted the proprieties of religious Art. There is no method of dealing with any sacred subject

at all worthy of it that can escape certain points of comparison with ancient Art. Artists calling themselves Pre-Raffaellites have felt so deeply the appropriate gravity and intensity of the Italian schools of the fifteenth, and early part of the sixteenth, century, as to resolve that they would improve upon them by doing what they felt that the men of those times ought to have done. These knew nothing, and never could have dreamt, of the domestic subjects that appear on our walls. Had any tendency in this direction been shown in their day, we can only think that this would have rendered those whose paintings survive to us more severe in their conceptions and in their realisation of them. Without the quotation in the catalogue from the Gospel of St. Luke, it would not be by any means clear that Mr. Thorburn's picture was intended for an Annunciation. Simplicity is the proposed spirit of the work, but the simplicity is entirely without dignity, and falls, as we see the impersonation of the Virgin, into a very vulgar domesticity. Mary, independently of all else, should declare herself, but there is no accessory even to help identity. The angel, moreover, is rather some spirit of secular poetry than one of God's messengers, whose presence we all but feel when reading of them in the sacred text. Mr. Thorburn was eminent as a miniature painter, but he adds one more example to the list of men who fail by changing their practice, especially from small to large compositions.

By A. SOLOMON there is a story called 'The Lost Found' (471), whereby we learn that a youth has been mourned by his family as dead; but his sudden return brings restoration to his mother, reduced to death's door by affliction at his supposed death. The circumstances are very clearly set forth, with every care that the family shall be considered highly respectable; but the event is not worth so important a celebration.

'Border Outlaws' (525), W. D. KENNEDY, is entirely deficient of the very plain reading of the preceding picture; the title is followed by these lines—

"What want these outlaws? conquerors should have
But history's purchased page to call them great,
A wider space, an ornamented grave;
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as
brave."

The place is a castle, and there are two or three armed men, wearing perhaps the dress of some period of the seventeenth century, with a lady dressed apparently in the full dress of the present day, and the floor is strewn with plate: beyond this the canvas says nothing. There is, however, a manner in the painting that refers us to a large picture by the same hand which was exhibited at Westminster Hall perhaps fourteen years ago, and that is, we believe, now at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

'The Widow Hogarth selling her Husband's Engravings' (543), M. J. LAWLESS, is an excellent subject, carried out in a vein half French, half Hogarthian. There were, we are told, seventy-two plates, with the copyrights secured to Mrs. Hogarth for twenty years by act of parliament; and the sale of prints from the plates produced for a time a respectable income. But at the expiration of the copyright this source of income was gone, and Mrs. Hogarth lived by letting lodgings. It was not until three years later that, on the recommendation of the king, the council of the Royal Academy voted her an annuity of £40. A principal figure is a *dilettante* in a red coat which looks like a spot, from being altogether unsupported; but the incidents have been selected with a perfect apprehension of what is well suited for painting, in which re-

spect it is far beyond the two mentioned before it.

Mr. FAED is one of those who decline celebrating the year 1862 by any extraordinary effort. In comparison with what he has done, his present essays are all small, being (45) 'Kate Nickleby,' (64) 'New Wars to an Old Soldier,' and (283) 'A Flower from Paddy's Land.' The first and last are single figures, the second shows two persons, an old man wearing a Waterloo medal dozing in a chair, while his daughter, or granddaughter, reads to him the account of the New Wars: there is also a little boy at the old man's knee. The 'Flower from Paddy's Land' is an Irish girl—a flower-seller—holding in her hand a bunch of violets; and 'Kate Nickleby' holds a bonnet-box before her, and looks all the destitution she feels. The background to the two latter come up too intimately to the persons, but they are so ingeniously put together as very far to excel most similar pieces of composition: the colour and the tone, moreover, are the essence of good Art. Mr. Faed adheres as yet to the scenes of humble life, whereby he has won such distinction; but whether he will, like others, forsake the path in which he has so well succeeded, remains to be seen. He may become ambitious of subject-matter more refined, but we are justified by precedent in saying that he will do so at the risk of becoming pretty and feeble.

'An Alchemist' (38), S. A. HART, is a study of a man of large life-size; his hand is shading his eyes as he watches, it may be supposed, a crucible. Much solicitude has been devoted to the arrangement, and the character is dignified and thoughtful.

'Roast Pig' (142), a title whimsical enough, is by T. WEBSTER, R.A., who exhibits a second (397), 'Old Eyes and Young Eyes.' The former he seems to have culled from Charles Lamb, who thus commends the dish: "Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis* I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps ebsonium*." But it is not served up here as Charles Lamb sat down to it; and, to be minutely descriptive, it is, after all, only *baked* pig, for the baker's boy is approaching the door with his tray on his head, whence we see the pig's head peeping from beneath the cover. It is on its way to the table of a comfortable yeoman, round which is assembled a numerous family, buoyant with expectation of the dainty meal. It will be observed that in both of these pictures the scene is larger than is required for the aggroupments, according to their dispositions and the size of the figures; one third of the canvas might be well spared, and the concentration would improve and enliven the scene. In 'Old Eyes and Young Eyes' there is a little girl threading her grandmother's needle, and this picture, more than the other, reminds us of the brilliancy and transparency of Webster's younger works; but here a great space in the room is untenanted, as in the other, whereby the effect is weakened. The depths in this are also less heavy and opaque than those of the other, but both are unmistakably qualified as Webster's pictures.

No. 155, a number without a title (in the place of which are the following lines), is by C. J. LEWIS:—

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O sea!
And I would that every tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

The aspiration is uttered by a fisherman's wife seated at the window of her cottage, looking out on the fading light on the sea and beach. We mark the picture because of its success as a head in shade, but the lines

and sentiment are much too refined for the wife of a fisherman.

'The Lullaby' (7), J. N. PATON, a mother seated with her child lying on her knee, and playing him to sleep on an organ, is a composition of much elegance. The mother, child, and the relation established between them, were sufficiently interesting without any accessory; but the artist has not felt this, for the picture is somewhat surcharged.

The two small pictures that follow might well have been painted larger; the first is 'God's Messenger' (146), W. GALE, and it represents a prisoner in his cell, welcoming a robin that has ventured to perch on the grating of his window. The woe-begone man is offering the little bird some bread; but it is not easy to see in what sense the robin is God's messenger, as we read of nothing beyond the fact of the bird's presence. The other picture is (147), 'Pope Leo X. examines the Portrait of Luther, when about to sign the Bull of Excommunication against him.' The pope is looking intently at the portrait, curious to see the manner of man with whom he had to deal. It is by a foreign artist, E. AGNENI.

Another sketch of the same class, and one which might be amplified with good results, is (229) 'Alexander VI. signing the Death Warrant of Savonarola,' P. LEVIN. The pope is seated in council, and in the act of writing, according to the description in the title. The courtly state looks well enough in the sketch, and perhaps but few changes would be necessary in an enlargement.

In 'A Rainy Day' (188), G. POPE, is seen a street acrobat in his garet, sitting over his miserable fire, dressed in tinsel, and surrounded by the swords, balls, and cups, with which he performs his tricks and feats. In the same room are his two children, in their wretched finery. The circumstances are true enough, and recur on every wet day. The head of the man is much too large.

'Sisters' (237), F. LEIGHTON, is a group of a tall girl stooping over and caressing her little sister. Beyond this, there is nothing but the grace of the group, and the beauty of the accompaniments. The incident has been painted hundreds of times, and hence it becomes the more difficult to invest it with valuable quality. The 'Odalisque' (120) is another interesting picture by the same artist; it represents an Eastern woman leaning on the parapet of a marble basin, looking at a swan that has approached. As well as being the result of thought and study, it is a bright picture, and stands out from all round it. In 'Michael Angelo Nursing his Dying Servant' (292), Mr. Leighton is not so fortunate. It is impossible to recognise in this large work the painter of the 'Odalisque.' The subject may be determined, although the careful nurse is not at all like Michael Angelo, and the general management and painting are commonplace and ineffective. Mr. Leighton has never been so successful as in the smaller pictures now exhibited, since he painted his first large Florentine procession. It would seem that this painter is familiar with the best continental collections, and in those works by him of which the originality strikes us, if he have not availed himself of suggestions from the thoughts of celebrated men, it could be shown that similar ideas do exist in long known works. If Mr. Leighton eliminates from old pictures, he gives an example which, if more extensively followed, would introduce something elevated beyond the weary domestic; but it is not every mind that can appropriate and convert without actual plagiarism. Mr. Leighton distinguishes himself by a partiality for long figures and long pictures; the Magus, in 'The Star of Bethlehem' (217), is a tall man, pedestalled on his house top, and

on an upright canvas; the elder of the 'Sisters' is a tall girl, placed between two columns, on an upright canvas; and the 'Odalisque' is also a tall woman, in a tall picture.

In (20) 'The First Sense of Sorrow,' J. SANT, A., we have, from the *Tatler*, a story told by Steele:—"The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years old, but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed of a real understanding why nobody would play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling papa; for—I know not how—I had some idea that he was locked up there," &c. The little boy stands awed before the coffin; his mother, on her knees, and bending forward, clasps him to her. The story is affectingly told, but it would have been better as a smaller picture; and there is a display of the mother's neck scarcely consistent with a tale of a house of mourning. This is the only storied canvas Mr. Sant exhibits; his other works are portraits.

Another painter of children is W. C. T. DOBSON, by whom are three compositions—(355) 'Mamma's Birthday,' (381) 'The Picture Book,' and (510) 'A Fancy Portrait.' In the first are two little girls gathering flowers for the birthday, and in the other a little girl is showing her smaller brother the picture book. Both of these are worked out in a manner that raises them far above the ordinary treatment of such conceptions. The faces of the children, like those of cherubim, have a significance beyond the material. There is also in the accompaniments a character that almost elevates these compositions within the pale of sacred Art.

We find upon the line (403) 'Brought before his Betters,' E. OPIE, but cannot recognise any claim to such distinction, and the more especially as there are works much superior both above and below the line. It tells of a boy brought before a country magistrate for stealing apples. The theme is treated with coarseness.

'The Letter-Writer' (32), H. O'NEIL, A., carries us to a portion of one of the quays looking up the Grand Canal at Venice, where a public scribe has established himself, and is in the act of writing from the dictation of a girl who stands by him. But the appearance of the woman contrasts singularly with all around her, as in dress and personal character she differs in nothing from an English maid-servant. This strikes the observer the more forcibly, as the rule is always to force the costume even where there is none.

'Love's Messenger—the Carrier Pigeon' (60), R. HERDMAN, shows a carefully studied effect; but the lady who receives the pigeon and the letter is much over-dressed.

'A Breeze' (62), J. STIRLING, is a slang title, that sorts but ill with the lines from Dryden—

"Alas! I discover too much of my love,
And she too well knows her own power.
She makes me each day a new martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour."

Hence we learn that this "breeze" is a lovers' quarrel. It would have been better had the artist painted up to the sentiment of his quotation, and introduced two persons more interesting.

'Notice to Quit' (79), E. NICOL, is a scene laid in Ireland, and painted in allusion to the evictions which are continually taking place when Irish property changes hands. The circumstances here detailed are undoubtedly based on sad truth. The cabin into which we are introduced is the most wretched shelter that any human being could put his head under; yet we find a family consisting

of a husband, wife, and aged mother, and, standing at the door, there is the bailiff's follower, a person of such points as is nowhere out of Ireland to be met with. The wife clings to her husband in despair, and the latter mingles his ban with the anathema of the old woman who holds up the cross to arrest the step of the process-server. The truth of the scene is unquestionable.

Under the common title 'Mothers,' there are, by C. W. COPE, R.A., two pictures displaying two characters very opposite. It will not be necessary to go at any length into description, after giving the quotations that accompany the title:—"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed." The above refers to the mother who is ever watchful over the physical and moral welfare of her children. But to the other lady, who is addicted to French novels, and whose household is confusion, is applied the quotation, also from Proverbs,—"Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain." These compositions are intended to contrast; if, therefore, they are separated, they lose half their value. Both are mirrors of real life.

Mrs. E. M. WARD has painted (583) a 'Scene at the Louvre in 1649—the Despair of Henrietta Maria at the Death of her Husband, Charles I.' according to the letter of Miss Strickland:—"At last, awed by her appalling grief, we ceased talking, and stood around her in perturbed silence; some sighing, some weeping—all with mournful and sympathising looks bent on her immovable countenance." Mrs. Ward has made the most of her text; she has realised from it an important work.

'Checkmate—Next Move' (126) is one of those domestic, yet withal somewhat dramatic, scenes with which Mr. J. C. HORSLEY, A., has identified himself, inasmuch that they at once proclaim their author. The scene here is the spacious dining-room of a worthy old English gentleman of the days of the Stuarts. He is engaged in a game of chess with an elderly lady—both so deeply interested in their game that they do not see the two young people making the most of their opportunity in the farther bay-window. The persons are well set forth—indeed, it is altogether the best of Mr. Horsley's now somewhat lengthy series.

By J. C. HOOK, R.A., there are three seaside and boating essays, which show that he is, as yet, constant to what may still be called the new direction he has adopted. They are called (81) 'The Acre by the Sea,' (357) 'The Trawlers,' and (378) 'Sea Air,' of which the second is the largest; it places us within a fishing-boat, and shows the result of the haul, or, most probably, of several hauls. Mr. Hook stands alone as a painter of a section of a boat. Were he not so happy in this, he could not set so immediately before us his men and fish. The boat is still, perhaps, drawing the trawl; she heels to the wind, and scatters the heap of fish, which consists of almost every variety that is taken by that mode of fishing. Mr. Hook never sees the ocean otherwise than blue, and never sees a distance with an atmosphere; whence he could express distant objects only as diminutive. In the 'Acre by the Sea,' the coast line and small forms are such as we see in distances of this kind; but the colour is as local as that of the nearer sections. Here we only become aware of the distance from the cliff to high-water mark by the minute human figure on the shore. All the great landscape painters are agreed on the subject of atmosphere—if Mr. Hook be right, they

are wrong. It is now, perhaps, some years since this painter exhibited a figure composition—one of those whereby he made his reputation—a department much more dignified than that he now practises, notwithstanding the virtues of his sea-side exertations.

By the beauty of the head of the single figure, 'Spring' (148), A. JOHNSTON, and the purity of the colour of the skin surfaces, much interest is communicated to the study; and the substance and firmness of this picture are also repeated in (133) 'John Anderson my Jo.'

The 'Quaker and the Tax-Gatherer' (293), G. B. O'NEILL, is one more example among many we have noted of giving undue prominence to an ungrateful subject. The incident is simply the application of the tax-gatherer for church-rate, which the Quaker refuses to pay. He is a mercer. The collector is peremptory, but the Quaker continues measuring his silk, and there ends the story. The composition is complicated, and consequently a large amount of labour is wasted. The entertainment of such bootless circumstance evinces poverty of resource.

There is observable in (348) 'Who shall Decide when Doctors Disagree?' J. PAYTON, a strong tendency to the feeling of the French school. The title is literally borne out by a consultation of three physicians in the case of a patient who lies in the room adjoining.

'An English Artist Collecting Costume in Brittany' (561), E. HUGHES, is a circumstance of as frequent occurrence as the visits of painters to that part of France, for none can quit Brittany without bringing home a store of picturesque rags. But few, however, have the chance of collecting in such state as we see our friend here—in a crowded market place, giving new clothes for old ones.

There are distributed through the rooms, but more particularly near the floor, a number of small pictures, which, by the beauty of their finish, force themselves into notice. Time was when such small deer were nothing but sketches for larger pictures, but the demand that has of late years arisen for such works has made it worth the while of the painter to expend upon them the utmost amount of labour they were capable of receiving. Examples of this kind are not, however, either so numerous or so brilliant as we have seen them in these rooms; and we must observe that they are generally produced by the junior members of our school.

'Autumn' (259), W. GALE, shows an old reaper seated, after his day's work, by a pile of corn sheaves. There is appended to the title a quotation from the Book of Job, but there can be no sacred allusion given to the idea, which is simply as we describe it; but the minute execution of the art never surpassed what has been achieved here. There is also by Gale (274) 'The Sick Wife'—not less careful, but the labour here is not so apparent.

'Retained for the Defence' (51), J. MORGAN; 'A Terrible Secret' (71), J. CATTERTON, should not be overlooked; and beyond these is notable 'The Sweep' (108), F. D. HARDY, wherein we see, in the early morning, two children who have risen from their beds, and are surveying with awe and wonder the operations of the sweep, who is in the chimney, just within the cloth that he has spread before the fireplace. A most natural incident, very happily told.

'The Jews' Harp' (127), 'Immortelles' (158), F. WYBURD; 'Juliet' (180), F. SMALLFIELD, have each peculiar merits.

In the piece called 'Peace versus War—a Troublesome Neighbour' (196), W. H. KNIGHT, we read of nothing but a furious scolding woman; a contrast is offered to this

in another work by the same hand—'Rivals to Blondin' (203)—a light and agreeable representation of some country boys trying Blondin's feat on a paling.

'The Forge—Dinner Time' (197), A. PROVIS, is a larger picture than is usually exhibited under this name; and in proportion as his productions are enlarged, they are diminished in that kind of interest which, on a small scale, they derive from concentration. The miniatures, we may call them, of this painter can be imitated by nobody else; but 'The Forge' with all its minute detail, might be the work of any precise painter.

'A Present for Mamma' (238), J. A. HOUSTON; 'The Pet Rabbit' (249), J. HARDY, Jun., are worthy of note. 'The Lady of Shalott' (359), W. CRANE, is among the smallest, though more worthy to have been painted large than many around them. 'The Forbidden Interview,' W. A. ATKINSON (347); 'An Interior,' F. D. HARDY (390); 'Wild Flowers' (463), G. HARDY; 'The Child Jeremiah' (487), S. SOLOMON; 'The Spinning Wheel' (488), J. T. LUCAS; and 'A Winter's Tale' (548), are well painted, but the story in the last is extremely obscure: a child seems to have perished in the snow—even this is not certain, and all else is mystery. 'The Rivals' (660), C. GREEN; 'Vocal and Instrumental' (562), C. HUNT; 'The Cottage Door' (563), C. DUKES; 'A Welsh Interior' (575), H. DARRALL; 'The Departure' (627), J. PAYTON; 'Harvest Time' (649), A. PROVIS; 'A Bird of God' (661), the late Mrs. H. T. WELLS, &c., belong to a class that frequently excite observation from being hung necessarily low.

The space to which this notice of the exhibition of the Academy is limited, does not admit of a consideration of other works in their separate classes, therefore the landscape, marine, architectural, and other subjects that follow, are taken up without strict reference to the department to which they belong. The most conspicuous landscape in the selection is (431) 'The Gleaner's Return,' W. LINNELL. The return of the gleaner, or gleaners, for there are many, has little to do with the description to which the painter has addressed himself, only in so far as it is necessary to give life to the scene, which is a passage of rugged mountainous district, presented under an effect of twilight deepening into night. A great point is made of an intensely red sky, which is cut by the bold outline of the high lands. It has been attempted by other artists, even in a light as low as this, to persuade us of a strong reflection on the outlines of the figures; but there is no such fallacy here. We feel that the proposition is successfully carried out, but it would have given additional solemnity to the hour had there been but one figure wending through the gloom. With Mr. Linnell the literal is not the poetic; he escapes here from the alphabet of mere imitation. Mr. LEE, R.A., on the contrary, paints very exactly what he sees, as, for example, 'The Pont du Gard, built by the Romans to supply the town of Nîmes with water' (250), a broad daylight picture, in which the structure is rendered with perfect truth, and apparently each feature of the landscape has received the like attention. In other instances Mr. Lee returns to his home river scenery, as 'A Devonshire Valley' (202), &c.

To 'Midsummer' (542), H. MOORE, would never perhaps be accorded the title which the artist has given to it, as we commonly associate with midsummer a bright sky and landscape; but the tone of the picture is heavy: he relies for the support of his proposition on the luxuriant vegetation

of the site described, which, by the way, would not be chosen by many for its picturesque quality. It is, however, a masterly example of the Young England class.

'Evening' (530), T. DANBY, is a twilight scene, presenting a lake shut in by mountains, both of which derive from the fading light an impressive character which midday would fail to impart.

Mr. CRESWICK, R.A., exhibits several pictures, the most interesting of which are based on such river scenery as he painted in his younger time. As his leading picture he proposes 'The Halfway House' (321), a large composition, jointly worked by himself and J. W. BOTTOMLEY, whose share of the labour has been the magnificent team of horses that draw the brewer's dray whence casks of beer are being delivered at 'The Halfway House.' Mr. Creswick's leading picture is always some scene inferior in interest to his close river-side pieces. It is frequently the case that artists are the worst judges of their own powers. Mr. Creswick's close river views are still unequalled, but his turnpike and wayside compositions have not a like interest. He has an eye for tree and river composition, and he paints it rather with tact than sentiment. The subjects of this class that he contributes are—'The Deserted Ferry' (58), 'The River Tees at Rokeby' (195), and 'A Road by the Brook's Side' (322), in all of which we have, more than in his recent works generally, reminiscences of an earlier and, we may say, of a better time. When this artist began to paint close river views like those of the Greta, his productions seemed to waken many to a new sense of beauty in close and rocky streams, and trout pools and kingfishers' haunts came forth in profusion; even yet, as his present works witness, he is pre-eminent in this kind of subject. It is an incontrovertible fact that there is not in the Royal Academy a professed painter of English landscape. Creswick's speciality is river scenery, so is that of Lee; and others who paint landscape paint with it everything else: this is a matter on which we have much to say, but hasten we onward. Locality painting has grown up to an inconceivable extent—that is, the production of pictures merely local in everything: it is the simplest form of Art, and errors in the colour and resemblance of places are not so readily discernible as in those of persons.

For pictorial quality the best of Mr. ROBERTS' (R.A.) works is (63) 'The South elevation of the New Palace of Westminster, from the Old House Ferry, being No. 7 of a series of Views in London on the River Thames.' This "elevation" has been painted before, but always in the sharp and stiff character of an architectural drawing. In this arrangement, the Houses of Parliament rise over a breadth of houses, barges, &c., but they are not exaggerated, and the whole forms a combination as beautiful as could be obtained in any city of Europe. But Mr. Roberts' leading picture is (489) 'A Relic of the Past—Embarkation of the Lord Mayor of London at Blackfriars (now abolished) on Lord Mayor's Day, November 9, forming No. 1 of a series of Views on the River Thames, from Chelsea to Greenwich.' We are here placed on the river, and St. Paul's, much exaggerated, seems to crush Blackfriars Bridge. It is amusing to see the introduction of Canaletti-like figures on the Thames midstream, "polling" their boats along, as if in the shallows round Venice. No. 6 of this series (370), 'View from Waterloo Bridge, embracing St. Paul's, Somerset House, and the Temple,' is not so large, but more effective. Somerset House is on the left, and we look down the line of buildings to

St. Paul's. Besides these Thames views, Mr. Roberts has painted also 'A Chapel in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Bruges' (343), and (162) 'The Chancel of the Collegiate Church of St. Paul, at Antwerp.' But these river scenes are beyond anything that this painter has for a long time exhibited.

By STANFIELD there are five marine pieces, of which No. 82 is 'Nieuwe Diep and the Helder light, from Texel Island—Disabled Ships going to Dock at Nieuwe Diep.' This is a reminiscence of old; the disabled men-of-war we may suppose to have escaped from Duncan, in the North Sea; it is a grey picture, broad, and somewhat cold, with a sea painted less in masses than we have been accustomed to observe in Stanfield's. Nos. 5 and 21, respectively 'The Stack Rock, Coast of Antrim,' and 'The Race of Ramsay, near St. David's Head, South Wales,' are two small sketches, probably painted at once. No. 354, 'On the Coast of Normandy,' and (398) 'On the Coast of Brittany, near Dol,' are two coast views, also small, but of a character more cheerful than the others.

'Hoorn on the Zuyder Zee—a Fishing-sneeb leaving the Port' (408), E. W. COOKE, A., is intended by the artist as his leading composition, but it is not the kind of material in which he excels. There are too many buildings, and they are made too important in the scene, being painted with sharp cutting lines, and enfeebled by an undue minuteness of pencilling, and clearly, in the chopping surface of a harbour pool, Mr. Cooke is not at home here; his best North Sea pictures are representations of a flat shore, with fishing-boats high and dry, either just come in, or waiting for the tide. In No. 589 we accompany him to Tangier,—'The Bay of Tangier, Morocco, the Mountains of Spain and Gibraltar in the Distance,' where we find a fishing zebec dry on the shingle, and another just come in, whence the fishermen are landing their fish and nets. The town, rising as an amphitheatre from the shore, forms a background. It is very carefully painted, but not so painfully hard as the buildings of the town of Hoorn. We are now transported to Venice, to witness (653) 'The Dogana and Church of the Salute—Sunset,' and a second sunset (659) in the 'Bay of Cartagena, East Coast of Spain, the Island of Escombrera in the distance.' But these sunsets are not among the happiest of Mr. Cooke's efforts; the latter is the least fortunate work to which we have ever seen his name attached.

The Linnells, father and sons—we may call them a school—show here and there some powerful painting, very material, yet rich in higher relations. 'Carrying Wheat' (617), J. LINNELL, Sen., is an ordinary subject, but it is marvellously realised. There are cart-horses and busy figures in a harvest-field, and beyond these we look over a low-lying English landscape. By J. T. LINNELL there is (577) 'Haymakers,' and by W. LINNELL two works, of which one has been noticed. There is a strong family resemblance between these landscapes, but it is not difficult to determine the hands of the master, by the perfection of the work. In realising such themes as these, the near objects are given with a presence all but real by these artists, yet they are not realistic painters; that is, they do not describe localities leaf for leaf, but invest their productions with some intellectual interest.

As a direct contrast to the Art-feeling of the Linnells may be instanced (424) 'A Winter's Evening,' C. E. JOHNSON—an example of the solitude lake and mountain painting. It is rather a large picture, having in the centre an expanse of tranquil water, the opposite shores of which rise by gradations to a lofty mass of snow-covered mountain, which

is illumined by the rays of the setting sun. As is usual with the quietest professors of this kind of landscape, there is no help, by means of atmosphere, to ascertain distances; consequently, we have but a very imperfect expression of space, and see and feel the view as small—as representing a space much less than is intended.

By G. C. STANFIELD there are (61) 'Limburg—Evening,' and 'Runkel on the Lahn' (437), in a style of Art perfectly substantive, yet with a masterly discretion in the disposition of distance and gradation. In the latter view especially, every object is most conscientiously represented, and all jealously maintain their places.

Another scene, very different in character, but also very precisely followed out, is (642) 'Umbrella-Pines, in the Bay of Cannes, South of France,' J. M. CARRICK. The trees run into the composition from left to right, and looking directly to the distance, the eye is met by a chain of mountains that run along the coast. There is a breadth and simplicity in the way in which the material is dealt with, that gives it a nature beyond everything that has hitherto appeared under this name.

'The Approach to Lyn-Idwal' (143), R. R. DRABBLE, a study of a rough bottom, covered with rocks and boulders.

'The Way through the Woods,' R. REDGRAVE, R.A. (187), is a favourable example of this artist's feeling for tree painting, as representing a dense patch of plantation, worked, doubtless, "on the spot;" but this was not the kind of Art to which Mr. Redgrave first devoted himself; it is, perhaps, already forgotten by many, that he draws and paints figures with almost microscopic finish.

'Up on the Mountains in Cumberland' (211), is a group of sheep, by T. S. COOPER, A., who has also painted (464) 'A Sunny Afternoon in Winter,' a very Dutch-looking composition.

'Excelsior' (136) is the title given by Mr. ANSDALL to a large picture, which literally follows the verses by which it is presumed to have been suggested—

"At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air—"Excelsior!"

This is enough to explain the title, which otherwise, given to a picture of this kind, were not very intelligible. It is the most important of the three contributed by Mr. Ansdall, and contains a party of monks exercising their Samaritan office, accompanied by the noble dogs that attend them on these occasions. The animals are painted with a perfect knowledge of their characteristic points, and the picture is quite good enough to bear a plain name in the place of a mystic title, that is only embarrassing to the observer. From the Alps Mr. Ansdall takes us to the West Highlands: 'Dunstaffnage Castle in the distance,' this reads like the description of a landscape, but the life of the thing is a drove of sheep and horned cattle. The view embraces a breadth of wild scenery, painted, it must be said, somewhat heavily; and, generally, there is less neatness of manner than usual.

'An Autumn Afternoon, Worcestershire' (369), B. W. LEADER, is a landscape of much merit, but by no means so pleasing as (484) 'Summer Time,' by the same painter. The former site may have been chosen as possessing some attraction, but the division of the view into one light and one dark does not yield an agreeable result.

'The King's Mills, Castle Donnington, Leicestershire' (377), H. DAWSON, shows this painter's partiality for a piece of water in the centre of his subject. His selections

are never essentially picturesque, hence the greater difficulty to render them interesting; yet he generally succeeds in doing this, as is here exemplified, and with a sweetness and harmony of colour not often equalled.

Turning to a scene of very different spirit, we have to record that an artist is at length found of sufficient hardihood to paint 'Rotten Row;' the picture is numbered 409, and the name of the artist is G. H. THOMAS. Hundreds of the *habitués* of this world-famous ride have examined this version of it, and wondered why they were not individually prominent in the throng. Mr. Thomas has set himself many difficult tasks, but none more so than this. He has hit the spirit and life of the place, and a century hence, when the dress of the present day shall be considered as telling well in pictures, this record of our time will be consulted as an authority.

Our exhibitions differ materially from those of our neighbours over the water, in one remarkable particular. Year after year, even in peaceable times, their *salons* teem with battle pieces; with us such celebrations are comparatively rare. There is, however, one in the Academy this year—(433) 'The Battle of Inkerman,' L. W. DESANGES, which we believe to have been painted from the best authorities. The time chosen is about eleven o'clock, when the French came up and turned the left flank of the Russians. It cannot be doubted that the dispositions are perfectly accurate; but, after all, the picture affords no adequate idea of the ground on which the battle was fought. We may read various accounts of the conflict, and yet have but a dim and vague idea of the difficulties overcome by the Russians in making the attack, and the noble resistance made by something over eight thousand men against, at the lowest computation, thirty-five thousand, but more probably fifty thousand. Had Mr. Desanges described the whole position, the desperate nature of the attack and the resistance would have been better understood.

To revert to matter more peaceable, we may mention (244) 'A Shady Place—Fin Gleu Campsie, Scotland,' E. S. RAWLEY, though the trees are in colour too metallic and inharmonious. 'Night' (248), A. GILBERT; 'Monte Fiascone' (271), W. D. KENNEDY, a bright and sunny effect, agreeable in a small scene like this, but wanting in earnestness for anything larger; 'Barnmouth Valley, Noon' (576), A. GILBERT; 'The Fountain and Church of St. Maclou at Rouen,' T. ALLOM, could not in form be mistaken for any other building, but St. Maclou is always in colour, even in sunshine, much less joyous than here.

In (284) 'Evening,' J. W. OAKES, we find a dereliction of that feeling that brought this artist into notice. 'The Common' (677), seen by daylight is more congenial with the real feeling of this painter. It is

"Overgrown with fern and rough
With prickly gorse, that, shapeless and deformed
And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold."

This is a study of a wilderness of weeds, but very agreeable in colour, and more generous in the way wherein it is worked out than some preceding moor and heath scenes that have gone before.

'Debatable Ground' (684), A. W. HUNT, is at least a remarkable production. It is an extensive coast view, on which it is presumed that there is shown a contention between the sea and the land for dominion. The colour throughout is too foxy, but all praise is due to the painter for the constancy with which he has followed out his subject; yet notwithstanding, it will never suggest debatable land.

Another very elaborate piece of painting is called 'Fern Gathering,' G. SANT, in which the figures have been painted by J. SANT, A. It describes a section of an ancient forest, like a clump of Burnham Beeches, very late in autumn, when all the sprays are bare. The truth of the representation cannot be questioned, nor can the exemplary patience wherewith the extremities of the branches have been pencilled, be too highly complimented.

In (596) 'The Rainbow,' H. C. WHAITE, is another example of assiduity, but in this case the whole, a large piece of mountainous Cumberland scenery, seems to be made out in stipple—a fearful waste of time and labour, since the same end could have been arrived at by means less tedious. It is profitable to consider the various modes whereby artists seek distinction; this toilsome surface painting is at present much resorted to: secondary to this the work has a distinction, but the mechanism is proposed as the feature of the work.

'The Skirts of a Mountain Farm' (451), J. S. RAVEN, and 'Storm and Sunshine' (452), J. MOGFORD, are noteworthy; and from them we pass to 'A Gleam of Sunshine,' G. LANCE (517), not a title suggestive of a heap of ripe fruit, yet nevertheless an aggroupment of white and black grapes, peaches, and other fruits, lying on the ground, in a piece of landscape composition—quite a novel arrangement for a fruit picture, and without any affectation of the cornucopia style that prevails among Dutch and other foreign painters.

'Mussel Gatherers, Coast of Boulogne,' J. HAYLLAR, tells principally of a piece of coast scenery with figures, made out with high colour and a bright daylight effect.

'The Zuela Gate, Cairo,' F. GOODALL, A. (101), is a street scene, thronged with examples of the native population most perfectly characterised.

'Rotterdam' (115) is a small picture by Mr. JONES, R.A., an exception to his general practice, which has lately been limited to battles and mythological and classic drawings. Another veteran member of the Academy, Mr. COOPER, exhibits 'The Battle of Naseby' (86), in which the horses are creditably painted, but the troopers are questionable.

'Smalldale, Yorkshire' (475), J. PREL, is remarkably sweet in colour; and a 'Mill on the Allyn, Denbighshire' (625), J. E. NEWTON, has a merit of execution that makes it look as if painted from a photograph.

'Portsmouth Harbour' (613), J. DANBY, is an evening view of the place, looking inwards. The objects that meet the eye are of course men-of-war, old and new; but the effect of the evening mist is most successful, hence we see a succession of vessels that, as they are withdrawn from the sight, look like phantom ships.

'Lady Margaret Beaumont and Daughter' (124), G. F. WATTS, is a portrait group treated as a picture. The head of the lady is seen in profile, and the child is partially hidden by her dress. There is more relief in the figure than is generally got into portraits; when this is attempted it is frequently at the expense of likeness. The head of the lady is something in character like some of Reynolds' heads. There is here a much more agreeable feeling than has prevailed in other of Mr. Watts' portraits, wherein is professed a following of ancient pictures.

'Mrs. Murray Stewart' (65), F. GRANT, R.A., is an aspiration of another character; there is not the thought and originality that we find in the preceding work. The leading objects recognisable in the work are to make the figure brilliant, and like a gentlewoman. Mr. Grant succeeds in both. If we turn to

his men's portraits, we find them in nowise comparable with those of the women he has painted. For instance—"The Earl of Eldon and Kincardine," &c. &c., 'Lieut.-General Sir Hope Grant,' &c. &c. (208), 'William Beckett, Esq.' (353), are in all points inferior to his portraits of ladies.

In Sir WATSON GORDON we come to an artist who is essentially a painter of men, but we do not find in his works this year the marvellous reality which gives to his portraits the qualities of a Dutch picture. 'H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' (199), it would not have been desirable to see thus painted. This portrait, very like the prince, is for the University of Oxford, and he appears, of course, in his gown. Neither 'The Earl of Southesk' (77), nor 'Edmund Ayshford Sanford, Esq.' (302), has any of the quality of some of those elderly gentlemen whom Sir Watson Gordon has transferred so substantially to canvas.

Another painter of men is Mr. KNIGHT, R.A. Nos. 67 and 68 respectively, 'William Collins, Esq.,' and 'J. N. Boughton Leigh, Esq.,' are instances of painting that could not, with advantage, be exercised in portraits of ladies, as the facile brush-work in which Mr. Knight delights does not help the softness of female features, but gives a speaking presence to his male heads, as in a 'Portrait of a Gentleman' (331). There is much the same quality in a 'Portrait of Alexander Russell, Esq., Editor of the *Scotsman*' (324), N. MACBETH; it is strikingly life-like.

In (342) 'Octavius Wigram, Esq.,' G. RICHMOND, A., is an excellent piece of accessory composition; but the painting of the head is weak and thin, which may be accounted for by Mr. Richmond's long practice in water-colours. Other works by him are 'Lord Cranworth' (242) in his robes as chancellor, 'Lord Clinton' (436), &c.

The result of long practice in water-colour is also apparent in Mr. BOXALL'S, A., works. His faces look finished with a hatching, and there is an entire absence of warm transparent colour. 'R. C. Bevan, Esq.' (482), is an example of what we mean. Colour and transparency may be vulgar, but they are preferable to a bad substitute.

'A Fancy Portrait,' W. C. T. DOBSON, A., is a study of a head, with an arrangement of drapery painted in the brightest and firmest manner of the artist.

'His Grace the Duke of Atholl, K.T.,' J. M. BARCLAY, is a portrait in the Highland dress; every care has been taken to secure the roundness and relief of the figure.

'The late Lady Matilda Butler' (629), J. R. SWINTON, is much too tall; this disproportion is supposed by some artists to give personal grace, but it has in reality the effect of depriving the person of substance and vitality. Another portrait by Mr. Swinton is 'The Duchess of Hamilton' (668), a state portrait of which the artist might have given a better version.

Mr. SANDYS' portrait of 'Mrs. Claburn' (350) is a vigorous example of pencilling—firm, with much life-like expression. The arrangement of the drapery is peculiar, but effective.

The miniatures now occupy but a small portion of the wall of what used to be called the "miniature room." They are not placed in the most advantageous light, of which the architectural drawings have the benefit; that is, the south side, which, ten years ago, and even less, used to be hung with the most valuable works of Sir William Ross, Thorburn, and others, before the art was all but superseded by photography. There are yet some miniatures to show that it still survives, as 'Portrait of a Lady' (707), Sir W. J. NEWTON; 'Miniature Portrait' (711), Miss A. H. LAIRD; 'Portrait of a Lady,' W. EGGLEY;

'Mrs. Leigh, of Lyne' (714), Miss A. DIXON; 'Viscount Lumley,' E. TAYLER; 'Marquis of Douglas and Clydesdale' (730), A. HAHN-SCH; 'Lewis Vivian, son of W. Jones Lloyd, Esq.' (731), Miss A. DIXON; 'Major-General W. Wylde' (734), T. CARRICK; 'Assistant-Judge Bodkin' (733), T. CARRICK; 'Lena' (743), Miss C. FARRIER; 'Eva, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Byron' (761), E. TAYLER; 'The Right Hon. Lady Lisburne' (764), E. MOIRA; 'The Hon. Mrs. Hanbury Lennox' (768), Mrs. H. MOSELEY; 'Madame de Casal Ribeiro' (769), E. MOIRA; 'Her Grace the Duchess of Manchester' (770), Miss A. DIXON; 'The Marchioness of Fayal' (771), E. MOIRA; 'Lady Florence Leveson Gower' (773), Miss A. DIXON, &c. There are also well-drawn portraits in chalk and crayon, as 'Daughter of Mrs. Humphrey St. John Mildmay' (721), E. M. EDDIS; 'Jaques Blumenthal' (722), F. TALFOURD; 'Felice Orsini' (725), by the same; 'Lady Crewe' (782), R. THORBURN, A.; 'Frederick Armstrong, Esq., Bengal Army' (791), H. T. WELLS—a drawing of much excellence; 'The Marchioness of Bath' (793), R. THORBURN, A.; 'The Children of Sir John Crewe, Bart.' (810), by the same; 'Mrs. Doulton' (789), F. SANDYS; and there is, by the same artist, a very remarkable pen-and-ink drawing, 'Autumn' (805), containing three figures—a soldier resting on a grassy bank with his wife and child, in a scene composed of water, trees, a bridge, houses, and distance, worked out with a surprising constancy and oneness of purpose, through months of labour.

Many excellent drawings have their places in this room, and they are undoubtedly discovered in their respective niches by lovers of water-colour Art, as 'The Village Green' (736), H. JUTSUM—a piece of fresh summer verdure of a character that we see nowhere but in England; but wherefore does this artist send water-colour to the Royal Academy? 'Marie Antoinette's Final Adieu to the Dauphin in the Prison of the Temple' (798), E. M. WARD, R.A., is the only contribution of this artist; it is a richly coloured drawing. Mr. Ward has, we think, painted the subject in oil.

J. F. LEWIS, A., finds a refuge in this room, having sent no oil picture. 'A Roman Girl' (796) is a study of long ago. 'A Street in Cairo' (797) is a comparatively recent drawing, of singularly minute execution. 'Chiboukjee' (804); 'Egyptian Servant' (812), and 'Bazaar, Cairo' (815), have all a peculiarity which it is probable they would not acquire under the hand of another artist.

Mr. JONES, R.A., adheres bravely to his sepia and indian-ink sketches, but, curiously enough, although he is a painter, most of these sketches would tell better in bas-relief than in painting. 'Night and Dreams' (795), from *Tibullus*, has something in it, as here presented to us, but it is impossible to say how it would come out in execution. He exhibits also a subject from *Lycidas* (803), and another far off in *Pausanias*, 'The Phocians Defeating the Thessalians by a Stratagem' (811). The Young England school contemplates these drawings with wonder.

Instances of laborious minuteness are found in 'Study of Boats at Luccombe Chine, Isle of Wight,' A. G. ADAMS (755); 'Lost' (735), A. J. FLOOD; 'The Road through the Wood' (766), R. TUCKER; and 'Autumn Evening' (767), W. P. BURTON.

It certainly seems, this year, that there has been some difficulty in filling creditably the increased space now given to the sculpture. The observations which have been made in reference to the pictures—namely, that all the painters appear, by one tacit agreement, to have worked down to their second or third de-

gree below their best—extend to the sculptors. There are some fine busts, but very few marble or even plaster compositions of striking merit. Years ago, cabinet sculpture was a thing almost unknown in our exhibition, but now there are a few examples of some taste, attention having been directed to small figures by the offer of premiums for porcelain ornaments, prize cups, and similar works. Ornamentation long ago gave an impulse in France to cabinet sculpture, but it has not taken the same direction as with us; where it is mythological and poetic it is always expressive of human passion, whereas with ourselves our best statuettes have a purity, both without and within, that bespeaks tranquillity of heart and hope beyond the material.

'His late Royal Highness the Prince Consort' (992), *by command*, W. THEED, is a plain marble bust, unmistakable in its representation of the lineaments of the late prince. We observe here one remarkable example of foreign Art; it is (1077) 'Dante and Virgil,' by the Baron H. DE TRIQUETI, a French sculptor of great eminence. It is a bronze group, both figures being life-size, but taken only a little lower than the bust. The head of Dante is the same that we always see, but he is older than the time of life he mentions as that at which he visited the Inferno. On the other hand, Virgil is younger than Dante, and a comparison of the heads would indicate Dante as the *maestro*, and Virgil as the pupil. The face of the latter is very handsome; he wears a crown of laurel, and a drapery falls from the head, assimilating the composition somewhat with that of Dante. But it is the intense expression of the faces that rivets the attention of the beholder: they see with anguish the tormented souls floating past them, or they may be contemplating the burning tombs. It is a work of the highest order.

In 'The Young Briton' (996), W. C. MARSHALL, R.A., it is proposed to show a British mother investing her son with his father's torque, and relating to him his valiant deeds. The mother seems to hold the boy at arm's length, and he, frowning and excited, suggests the idea of being under reproof, rather than fired by the relation of his father's deeds. This distance between the figures destroys the unity that should subsist in such a group. There is much beauty in the head, and also in the person, of the mother.

By J. S. WESTMACOTT there are two statuettes in marble, 'Il Penseroso' and 'L'Allegro.' The former is translated very closely from the lines—

"Come pensive num. devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure," &c.

She is seated in deep thought. The figure embodying L'Allegro is also seated, with her right arm resting on a staff, festooned with flowers. The face is older than it should be, but perhaps this is intended to represent the course of dissipation in which the lady indulges. Both figures are, as we have said, seated, but in the quotations that accompany the titles, one is invited to come and the other to haste. Mr. Westmacott's versions are therefore original.

A marble statuette (1002), W. J. O'DONERTY, called 'Alethe,' strikes the beholder at once as too long, being certainly ten heads high. It is graceful, but the personal length is most objectionable.

'The Infant Christ' (994), P. VANLINDEN, a small statue in marble, is accompanied by attributes of the crucifixion—the cross, and the crown of thorns: the head has not been worked out from a good model, the forehead being unduly protuberant.

In (1014) 'Sabrina Fair,' P. HOLLINS, there is realised, as nearly as can be effected

in sculpture, the letter and the spirit of the lines:—

"Listen where thou art sitting," &c.

Sabrina is of the size of life, and is part of a public fountain intended to be presented to the town of Shrewsbury by Lord Newport.

'The model of a statue representing Europe' (998), J. DURHAM, is one of a series of four typifying the quarters of the world, which are to be seated at the angles of the memorial intended to commemorate the Great Exhibition of 1851. This statue is of course colossal; in her right hand she holds a sword, entwined with laurel, her left rests upon a rudder, and on her head is placed a mural crown; beyond this other attributes are wisely withheld, and when it is seen how the other three are treated, the argument of this statue will be more felt.

'Ariel' (1033), J. G. LOUGH, "On the bat's back I do fly," is a plaster model, wherein it has been attempted to realise the action of the line quoted. There is, accordingly, a figure of a youth standing upright on the back of a bat. The subject is one of such difficulty in sculpture, that, between the sublime and the absurd, there is scarcely even the proverbial step. In his hand Ariel bears a small sheaf of thunderbolts, from which he is in the act of drawing one out. The expression of movement is preternaturally rapid in the figure; but the features are wanting in appropriate expression.

'The late Josiah Wedgwood' (1045), G. FONTANA, a statuette coloured to resemble bronze, has some good points, but the face wants relief. By his side is a vase, between which and a man in the angular dress of the last century there is very little relation. The head is from Reynolds's portrait.

'St. John and the Virgin at the Crucifixion' (1082), J. R. KIRK, is a small marble group, in which the beloved disciple is supporting Mary, who is stricken down by affliction; the style of the figures is of the kind peculiar to our religious Art. St. John is too tall, and his personal dispositions are too neat for the person and the subject. With respect to excess of stature, that is not a quality whence could be construed any attribute consonant with the character of St. John.

Among the busts we recognise the heads of two eminent artists, (1007) 'John Gibson, Esq., R.A.,' G. E. EWING, and (1011) 'P. Macdowell, Esq., R.A.,' W. F. WOODINGTON. Both are identities; that of Mr. Gibson is rather what he was a few years ago than what he is now, but the likeness is so striking as to point at once to the man. That of Macdowell is not less so; and with respect to other qualities, it could not be otherwise than excellent from the hand of Woodington. A man of another stamp is (1015) 'Marshal Pelissier, Duke of Malakoff,' Baron MAROCHETTI, A.; a marble bust, in which the sculptor has evidently meant to signify qualities rather *soldatesque* than courtly, and has fully succeeded. There is also by the Baron Marochetti (1022) 'The Earl of Cardigan, K.C.B., &c.,' a very characteristic likeness, in hussar uniform. 'Lord Clyde, K.C.B., by G. E. EWING, differs in every point from all those already mentioned. The artist has done what he could for the rugged old soldier in the way of obliterating the mapping of his face. If the hair were only a little more quiet, the head altogether would have more the character of a Roman bust than any modern work we have ever seen. 'Hamlet' (1025), J. HURCHISON, is full of character, but the hair is much too formally straight to consist with the deep expression of the face. The eyes are set too near each other—an error fatal to the intensity which might otherwise have qualified the face. 'Henry White, Esq., F.S.A.,' J. DURHAM, is a bust

distinguished among those around it, as is also 'Sir Richard C. Kirby, C.B., late Accountant-General of the Army,' T. BUTLER. We noted also 'The late Lord James Stuart, M.P.,' J. E. THOMAS; (1009) 'Sir George Grey, K.C.B.,' statue to be erected in marble at Cape Town; (1010) 'The late Captain Robb, R.N.,' posthumous; marble bust, H. WEEKES, A.; 'William Spence, Esq.,' marble, Baron MAROCHETTI, A.; 'Mrs. Thornycroft, of Tittenhall Wood, Wolverhampton,' Mrs. THORNYCROFT; (1020) 'The late W. Butterworth Bayley, Esq.,' G. HULSE; 'Emma Burrows,' marble, J. DURHAM; 'The late Archdeacon of Liverpool,' statuette, E. H. BAILY, R.A.; (1052) 'Excelsior,' study of a head for a statue, F. M. MILLER; 'Penseroso' (1053), and 'Beatrice' (1054) busts in marble, both by J. HANCOCK, the latter entirely without character; 'Miss Lingen,' posthumous, daughter of Charles Lingen, Esq., M.D., Hereford' (1056), T. BUTLER.

By H. H. ARMSTEAD has been undertaken an enterprise of no small difficulty—nothing less than an Indian shield—that is, a shield on which are represented certain remarkable events in the late Indian war. It has been designed for execution in silver by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell for Sir James Outram. There are six compartments, containing subjects in which Sir James Outram has been a principal actor, as—'Sir Henry Havelock Resigning the Command of the British Forces to Sir James Outram upon the Relief of Lucknow,' 'The Charge of the Volunteer Cavalry before Lucknow.'

The case of the sculptors is much the same as that of the painters. There has been an extensive conspiracy to see, for once, how far the Exhibition of the Academy could be impoverished. Of the six Academicians sculptors, Foley, Gibson, and Macdowell contribute nothing, and the works of the other Academicians are below their usual standard. We look also in vain for the accustomed point in the labours of non-Academical artists. The space now provided for the show of sculpture is ample; indeed, it is too large, if it is to be occupied in future by such productions as constitute the majority of those that now fill the three rooms; it were more creditable to open only two for the reception of sculpture.

There are certain circumstances that forbid this to be considered even an average exhibition of the quality of the English school; but of these strangers cannot be cognisant, and will therefore form their estimate from what they see. The first cause of weakness is the default of so many artists whose former efforts are equal to the best essays of any painters of their respective classes. The second defect is that many who do exhibit have not worked up to the average they have taught us to expect from them. During the experience of many years, we do not remember anything so anomalous as the present exhibition. It is unfortunate that coincidences so adverse should have fallen out in the year 1862.

Unquestionably we see in the present exhibition ample evidence to warrant the conclusion that British artists are working rather to content their patrons than to achieve fame. All painters of note sell their pictures either before they are finished, or when they are but sketches: it is not in human nature to toil much for that which is to be had with little labour. The ambition that strives for the attainment of excellence by large sacrifice of self is not common. There is a "fatal facility" in painting as well as in verse; and there is a proneness in all minds, except master-minds, to reason that what *will* do, *may* do. We can point to many works in the rooms that would have been great if they had not been sold before completion.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAMES DUGDALE, ESQ.
WROXALL ABBEY, WARWICKSHIRE.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

T. Webster, R.A., Painter. W. Ridgway, Engraver.

SCHOOLBOYS of the rustic order have a special charm for Mr. Webster—a group of them is to him a mine of wealth, and to those who look at his pictures a fund of mirth. One can readily imagine with what interest he has watched them in school and out of school, and how closely he has studied them in all their various phases and character—the idle boy and the industrious boy, the dull and the intelligent, the mischievous and the careful, the timid and the bold. "The child is father of the man," and a village school is, after all, only a type of what every large community is,—an aggregate collection of good and bad, a mixed assembly of the wise and foolish, to whom the prizes or the blanks of life fall, not always according to the measure of each man's worth and attainments, but generally according to the use he makes of the talent entrusted to him, and the opportunity he has of employing it. To some, such opportunities never come, or if they do, circumstances arise to render them unavailing.

And there is a diversity of character in the group slowly mustering here about the door of the house where the village Dominie daily sits to mete out his modicum of learning. Inside the room is an industrious boy; he is early at school, but is not yet quite "up" in his task, and so, with elbows on the desk, and closing his ears against all intrusive and distracting noises, he is hard at work; sitting by the door-post is another intelligent-looking youngster, who we may presume is quite ready for examination, and who watches the group approaching with an eye of commiseration; he knows what their fate will be, if unprepared with their lessons, at the hands of the austere master. Foremost among this group is one whose half-idiotic countenance testifies to his mental calibre; he is poring over his allotted task, but it is evidently beyond his grasp; equally evident, too, is it that there is at home neither example nor precept of thrift and industry; his father, if he has one, is a frequenter of the "Blue Lion," or the "Squire's Arms;" he is almost shoeless, and his trousers hang in tatters about his legs. Behind him is another, who appears to be repeating his lesson in a sort of undertone, as boys sometimes are accustomed to do, with the book before his mouth. The young clodpole in a round frock is trying to bring back some half-forgotten word or sentence; he will never repeat his lesson "trippingly on the tongue." The little fellow in front is finishing off his breakfast, which the small spaniel would gladly share with him—a heedless child is that, or he would never drag his book-bag on the ground.

Behind these is a group more intent on play than work; they are having a game of "odd or even," with marbles or buttons, or perhaps bits of pencil. How eagerly the boy with clenched hand puts the question to his companion in front! The others are speculating on the issue.

Coming up in the rising ground is a sedate-looking youngster, thinking over his task; further off are two in earnest conversation on some knotty subject, and in the distance other two, one of whom has stopped to fasten his shoe-tie. The tower of the venerable village church, embosomed in a mass of trees almost as venerable, appears behind them.

The picture is another version of the numerous incidents of rustic juvenile life which the pencil of this artist has given to the world, and in which he stands unrivalled for variety and truth of character. It is, we believe, a comparatively early work, but is painted with the utmost care and finish, even to the grain of the massive oaken door. The light is most skilfully thrown on the principal group, but to make it more brilliant by contrast, the background, or, at least, the mass of foliage behind the cottage, is dense and heavy; or if not painted so originally, it has become opaque by time. The landscape has every appearance of being sketched from a veritable scene.



T. WEBSTER, R.A. PINX'T

W. RIDGWAY SCULPT

GOING TO SCHOOL

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAMES DUGDALE, ESQ

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

It was understood that the exhibition of this society would be opened a month earlier than usual; but in consequence, it may be supposed, of the delay in finishing the exhibition room, the doors were not opened until the usual time. The gallery of this society was smaller and less convenient than those of the other Art societies. There are still screens in the room, four as heretofore, but they do not stand now as obstacles to the circulation of visitors. The light is admitted by an aperture that extends the length of the plane roof, that is, terminates at each end, where it is met by the vaulting that springs from the wall. Above the upper line of drawings, none of which are too high to be seen, there rises a festooned maroon drapery, above which appears the wall painted a kind of pea, or it may be a sea green; a reddish warm grey, we submit, had been much better, as it would have helped the upper space. The room is no wider than it was before, and is only sixteen feet longer; but this small elongation makes a great show of addition in a room wherein the works exhibited are nearly all small. In that which has always constituted the strength of this society, that is, landscape, the exhibition is strong; but we have of late years been taught to look for a certain proportion of figure pictures; it would, however, appear that, with one consent, all the figure painters have this year fallen short of their average quota.

The most conspicuous figure subjects are those by Mr. GILBERT. Of these there are four, the most striking of which is (19) 'The Rhine Wine,' a company of persons whom we may consider as of the Burschenschaft of the sixteenth century, singing the student songs of the time. So happy is the local indefiniteness, that the group may be anywhere or nowhere. We are asked only to look at the heads, but we cannot help looking at the indicated proportions of the persons, and find therein a dignified disregard of all ordinary personal dimensions. In (37) 'Don Quixote at Home' there is a more commendable care for personal quantities; but Master Nicholas, the barber-surgeon, and the curate, are both more important in the picture than Don Quixote, which should not be. There is, however, on the side of the last an attribute on which Mr. Gilbert worthily insists—his surroundings are those of a gentleman. In another drawing, 'Rubens,' the figure is not so like the great painter as it ought to be. The person of Rubens is so well known that nothing short of the absolute truth is satisfactory. He is represented as before his easel, but neither Peter Paul Rubens nor John Gilbert could paint in a space so small as is here allowed.

TOPHAM (133) returns to Tipperary in 'A Passing Train,' having *pro hac vice* quitted the fountains of the Spanish cities. There is more care bestowed on this than on his former Irish subjects, and the drawing is all the better for it: he has another drawing called (155) 'Peat Gatherers, North Wales.' 'A Harvest Home' (148), WALTER GOODALL, full of purely English rustic figures, is worked throughout with an anxious regard to transparency; the treatment may be said to be almost too delicate for the subject, yet it is correct throughout—everything proposed is fully sustained. Mr. JENKINS, in his drawing (64) called 'In Harmony,' exhibits a kind of Watteau subject, as last season, a sign of his gradual abandonment of the French coast beauties to whom he has been so long wedded. DUNCAN'S (72) 'Sea Weed Gathering, Guernsey,' is a repetition of a subject which the artist has treated in different ways for two or three years past, though this is a much more complete version of the subject, and singularly beautiful in its expression of air and distance. 'Venice' (67), by E. A. GOODALL, is the view so often painted, as showing the line of the Riva looking towards the entrance of the Grand Canal. It is a large drawing, extremely accurate in its minor as in its major features; and another drawing which appears at the end of the room as a pendant to it, though very different in character, is (75) 'The Old Port, Honfleur,' by GEORGE

ANDREWS, where we look out over the little basin out to the Seine, having on our right the ancient barbican "built by the English."

A large drawing, by ALFRED P. NEWTON, called 'Mountain Glory, scene Ardgour, Argyllshire,' is a very extraordinary production of the intense Young England school. The glory is held to be the pink light of the setting sun on the side of a lofty mountain, with the lower part of the picture in strong opposing shade. The thing has been done a hundred times before, but neither in the same manner nor under the same conditions. It is not every evening that the fickle sun of Argyllshire would thus light up the subject, but whether he did or not, there are months of labour in the picture, much of which must have been worked on the very face of the scene. There is nothing but snow that yields this luminous, rosy hue, but those who have never seen mountain snows under sunset will not understand this, because there is no indication to help them to the fact.

'Rotterdam—an October Morning' (33), JAMES HOLLAND, is the well-known view of the basin, terminating with the Church of St. Gadule: it is a broad, honest, daylight drawing.

The drawings of the president, Mr. FREDERICK TAYLER, are this year by no means equal; and in those which contain canine and bovine, as well as human kind, the preference is frequently given to the two former, as, for instance, in (7) 'Repose,' a Highland lad in charge of game and a leash of setters: the dogs are spirited and faithful, but the boy is slighted, and he looks as if he felt it. In (117) 'The Vale of Gwynant, North Wales—Milking Time,' we find a kind of subject of which Mr. Tayler has a perfect command, that is, a procession of cattle coming home from their mountain pasture; and in No. 125 he presents a pair of keeper's ponies. These are all subjects which Mr. Tayler has made his own, but he is less like himself than usual.

Mr. HARDING intends his *cheval* to be (188) 'The Queen's View, Loch Tummel and Schiathlon in the distance,' but there is less of this artist's manner of quartering his subjects than we find in scenes more congenial to his feeling. Mr. Harding is potent in foregrounds; we do not say that he is weak in distances, but there is not a well-felt relation between the ground we stand on and the remoter landscape. The busy churn, for instance, of (144) 'Montreux, Lake of Geneva, looking towards Villeneuve,' is a theme altogether after Mr. Harding's own heart; its heaving quantities and dashing liberalism of manner are, on one side, the kind of material that this artist always perfects, and, on the other, the manner in which he deals with his favourite passages.

'A Loch' (91), BIRKET FOSTER, is an effect of sunset with a watery-looking sky, by no means so weedy as his works of last year, that is, not so virtuously conscientious in touch. 'A Bedawee of the Hawarah Tribe' (193), CARL HAAG, is a life-sized head of an Arab of condition. Mr. Haag is nothing if not grammatical, hence we learn that Bedawee is the singular of Bedaween; but we cannot believe in the Arab gentleman's eyes, which seem to outrage the most honourable principles of Art: but to pass to (300) 'A Departure from Palmyra,' we find a caravan having quitted its halting-place at sunrise, spreading itself over the sandy waste. This is an interesting drawing, very characteristic, and altogether more instructive than a much larger picture by the same artist, called 'Baalbec.' 'A Contadina' (295) is a small study by Miss GILLIES, very true as a picture of an Italian woman of the rustic class, and the only work contributed by this lady. W. HUNT'S contributions are more wholly fruit and still life than they were formerly; he has (297) 'Grapes and a Peach,' (305) 'Grapes and Plums,' and other like drawings, fully equal in colour and finish to the best of his works. 'Waiting for the Ferry-Boat' (298), and 'The Thames at Mill End' (306), are drawings made in deference to public taste; they are light and firmly wrought pieces, but we are compelled to call them commonplace in comparison with the works Mr. Dodgson has been accustomed to exhibit, which were elegant and graceful compositions, with more soul and poetry in any one theme than Watteau ever felt during his

lifetime. They were not appreciated, but they will be sought hereafter, when Dodgson and the present generation have become dust. Mr. READ'S (210) 'Interior of the Marienkirche, Lubeck,' is a full and florid subject, which we do not remember to have seen before painted. Although there are many figures that combine in a common point, the screen is the picture, for it arrests the eye in preference to every other object. The screen contains in the centre an impersonation of the Virgin Mary, with a row of female saints on each side.

A subject by F. SMALLFIELD (202), 'St. Francis Preaching among the Birds,' from "The Golden Legend," is a drawing remarkable for many reasons, but especially for the hardihood that would venture on a subject, to say the least, eccentric and remote from the trodden paths of popular literature. It is, however, the result of a healthy impulse, and the only one of its particular class in the room. The resolute formality of the composition, and the sharpness of manner, pronounce its author one of the Young England school; he is a recent acquisition of the society, and excels in painting heads in water-colours. He has painted also (43) 'Pieruccio, the Florentine Prophet,' from Varchi's "Storia Fiorentina."

We cannot pass without notice DUNCAN'S 'Gale—the Longship's Lighthouse,' a passage of sea painting so tremendous as to make us shudder while contemplating the course of a helpless ship that flies before the wind, lifted high on a mass of heaving water. It is a small picture, but it is no small praise to say of it that it makes us feel as would a large one.

On turning to the screens in this room we are always certain of finding a number of small drawings, the *divertimenti* of some of the most notable of the members. We find accordingly (245), 'Sunset,' H. BRITTAN WILLIS; (246) 'The Bird's Nest,' BIRKET FOSTER; (252) 'The Gleaner,' WALTER GOODALL; (248) 'On the River Locky, Argyllshire,' T. M. RICHARDSON; (260) 'A Little Welsh Shepherdess,' F. TAYLER; (276) 'A Mother's Hope,' W. COLLINGWOOD; (280) 'The Wife of Hassan Aga,' FREDERICK W. BURTON, a study of a Turkish woman, head and bust, at a easement, palpably round, warm, and life-like. By H. B. WILLIS there is also (311) 'Evening,' (315) 'The Island of Murano, Venice,' EDWARD GOODALL; (326) 'Scarborough Pier,' W. C. SMITH; and by C. BRANWHITE (2) 'The River Dee, North Wales,' a drawing remarkable for its breadth and tranquillity; but, after all, these qualities are attained rather by a common rule of art than observation of nature. This artist made his reputation by his versions of winter scenery, and there are very few who can approach him in the shivering realities of a winter sunset; his predilection—we had almost said his limit—in summertime is dark river pools, bordered with trees. 'Part of the Amphitheatre of Arles, South of France' (60), J. BURGESS, JUN., is a very faithful reminiscence of a site always interesting to the classical antiquary. Mr. Burgess exhibits also (135) 'Port Guillaume and the Cathedral of Chartres,' and (152) 'A Tower and Gateway on the Walls at Nuremberg,' part of the ancient *Schloss* in the upper part of the town. The wooded landscapes by C. DAVIDSON are more harmonious than heretofore, as being less metallic in their greens; by him there are (122) 'At Pandy Mill, North Wales,' (49) 'At Reigate—Early Spring,' and (143) 'Late in the Autumn, Windsor Park,' &c. 'Moonlight in the Ruined Chapel of Netley Abbey' (26) is an effect by H. GASTINEAU, whose profession is properly sunshine, which he paints with much reality of luminous atmosphere. The 'Flowers' (35), 'Roses,' &c. (256), by V. BARTHOLOMEW, though works of no pretension, show those beauties of feeling which may be said to have given that impulse to flower painting in England that has carried it to its present rare excellence. It must not be forgotten that there is in the room an excellent bust of the late David Cox, by PETER HOLLINS, a sculptor of Birmingham. It is "intended to be placed in some public building, in testimony of the love and admiration of many friends." To conclude, the exhibition is wanting in figure-pictures, but in all else it is admirable.

EXHIBITION
OF THE
NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS
IN WATER-COLOURS.

WE have already, in the pages of the *Art-Journal*, adverted to the retention, for better for worse, by this society, of the name by which they elected, now long ago, to be designated—or rather to the distinctive adjective that their fathers and seniors adopted in their style now twenty-eight years ago. The society is now neither new nor young; it has survived all the maladies and casualties to which all young things are liable, having passed its minority, not without trial, and arrived at a discreet maturity, which might have suggested that this year would have been a fitting time for a change of style, if the society intends ever to be anything else than new.

The renewal of their lease has induced the members to partially refit their room—much to the advantage of their exhibition. The walls have been refreshed, and the hanging space is draped with maroon cloth, festooned just above the pictures in a manner similar to the arrangement in the Old Water-Colour Room—the most graceful background that has yet been adopted for drawings. The number of works exhibited is three hundred and thirty-three—the contributions of fifty-six artists. Mr. Corbould, it may not be publicly known, has retired from this society. His works on these walls were at all times remarkable; there was thought in them, and they were profitable subjects of contemplation to the intelligent observer, showing as much what was to be avoided as what was to be followed. Inasmuch, therefore, as Mr. Corbould's drawings were conspicuous in this collection, it were more than affectation to say that they are otherwise than “conspicuous by their absence.” We presume to know nothing of the history of Mr. Corbould's disaffection, as a member, from a body through which his reputation has been made, and by which he seemed to be always well considered; but the fact of his offering himself for election as a member of the Old Water-Colour Society is well known, and canvassed as a step as ungracious to his old friends as damaging to himself, for the people in Pall Mall East did not recognise his pretensions. In this they were quite right, but miserably wanting to themselves in rejecting Leitch, an artist of great power and ability, who presented himself for election to the New Water-Colour Society, and was at once received, and will be a valuable reinforcement to the body.

In the exhibitions of this society the drawings of the Vice-President, Mr. HAGHE, are always among the most attractive. This year he has sent seven, of which the most important is (65) ‘The Card Trick.’ The scenes of the incidents painted by this artist are always veritable interiors of the quaint and picturesque architecture of the Low Countries. Thus we have here a guard-room, with a party of soldiers in the costume of the seventeenth century, one of whom is showing, for the amusement of his comrades, a trick with cards. The general effect and arrangement of the picture are points in which Mr. Haghe cannot fail, but, in comparison with former works, it must be felt that the drawing is wanting in that brilliant and luminous finish which gives so much value to fifty antecedent pictures we could name. By Haghe are also (90) ‘Arnold of Brescia Defending his Opinions in a Consistory at Rome,’ an extremely vigorous drawing, more serious and emphatic than the other; (193) ‘The Salle d'Armes at Bruges,’ very masterly in spirit and arrangement; (207) ‘Porch of the Church of St. Paul, Antwerp;’ (212) ‘The Toilet;’ &c.

Mr. WARREN, the President of the society, exhibits two drawings—(48) ‘The Parting Gift on a First Desert Journey,’ and (249) ‘Old Cottages at Berry Pomeroy.’ The desert incident is brought forward in the morning twilight, and the principal figures are a mother and son, the former fastening on the arm of the latter a precious amulet, as he is about to depart far over the waste. Mr. Warren's twilight subjects are among his best works.

Mr. WERNER's drawing, (113) ‘The Heir to the Title, in Meditation over the Chronicles of his House; interior of the Library of an old Castle in Germany,’ has two parts, the personal and the architectural, and the latter is infinitely the better of the two. This artist paints architecture incomparably better than figures: he delights in inordinately lengthy titles, and leaves his pictures nothing to say for themselves. One more of these only can we give—(82) ‘Garibaldi in Sicily: the first Bivouac of the great Italian and his followers amidst the ruins of a Norman church, on the shore of Sicily, near Marsala; Sicilian peasants offering their horses and supplies.’ There are present Garibaldi, Bixio, Turr, Cosenz, and Colonel Peard, but here also the remnant of architecture plays the leading part. Mr. Werner is a large contributor; his drawings are fifteen in number, of which many are powerful, with much originality.

In (814) ‘The Match—Lago Maggiore,’ Mr. ABSOLON proposes a quip, one point of which being a youth and maiden, peasants in a boat, the other points being the match that the former has struck to light his pipe, whereby is occasioned an illumination, that brings out both figures. ‘The Courtship of Gainsborough’ (39) is also by Absolon, an excellent subject, derived from Allan Cunningham's “Life of Gainsborough,” wherein it is related how the painter met and won his future wife in the woods at Sudbury; but it is otherwise stated that it was in his studio, and while painting her portrait, that the proposal was made. By the same hand is (110) ‘Toute Seule,’ ‘Olivia’ (220), &c.

By ARGUSTUS BOUVIER, ‘The Happy Days of Mary Queen of Scots,’ is a drawing of considerable pretension. The subject is from the writings of Miss Strickland, who names the four Scottish Marys who were in attendance on Mary Stuart, when the wife of Francis II.

‘The Last of the Abencerages’ (231), HENRY TIDEY, is embodied from a passage of Chateaubriand describing the meeting between Abou-Hamet and Dona Bianca in the gardens of the Alhambra. The proposed point is sufficiently well made out, but the source of the material seems to be more than needfully remote.

‘The Path through the Wood’ (264), CHARLES H. WEIGALL, shows two figures passing along a sylvan path, beyond which there is nothing. The group, however, an elder and a younger sister, is carefully drawn.

‘Asking a Blessing’ (23), W. LEE, is a scene in the cottage of a French fisherman, whose family is assembled round the humble board. It is a larger and more complete composition than has yet appeared under this name: the figures are characteristic, and highly wrought.

In ‘Falstaff's first visit at Ford's House,’ E. H. WENNERT essays one of the most difficult scenes in the circle of Shaksperian characters.

There are by Mrs. E. MURRAY (of Teneriffe), three compositions, of which (250) ‘The Belle of the Market, Seville,’ is the most important: they are well intended, but their infirmity of drawing is against them.

The principal contribution of Mr. LEITCH, the new associate, is (72) ‘View of Tower near Capo de Sant Alexio, in Sicily,’ a drawing in which every disposition declares the master. It is a large and full composition, beautiful in its arrangement of quantity and line. Every object is clearly and definitely made out, and on what passage soever the eye rests, it is gratified by a perfect propriety. The two other drawings by this artist are (227) ‘Ben Cruachan, Argyleshire; Gloomy Weather,’ and (317) ‘The Mill in our Village.’ The title of the former of these is extremely modest, but there is a surpassing grandeur in the version of the gloomy weather.

‘The Coast near Hastings’ (27) is not a subject in which W. BENNETT is unique; but we find him more at home in (60) ‘Glen Tilt, Perthshire,’ where the brawling Tilt is heard as usual, hoarsely complaining of its rough bed of rocks and boulders. In (156) ‘Rivaulx Abbey, Yorkshire,’ appear the qualities which are peculiarly those of this artist; these are, his feeling and execution in dealing with foliage. A similar subject is (180) ‘Windsor Castle, from near the end of the Long Walk,’ JAMES FAHEY, a view that presents the castle in the distance, above the dense interval of

oaks and elms. This is too tempting not to have been many times painted, but it has never been brought forward with a more perfect reality than in this drawing. Mr. Fahey's other contributions are (22) ‘Caspar's Cottage and the Lake of Uri;’ (41) ‘Windsor, from Clewer Meadows,’ a bright and broad daylight drawing, showing from above the bridge a little of both Windsor and Eton; (61) ‘Miteside, Cumberland,’ with some others.

‘A Leisure Hour’ (59), J. H. MOLE, is a piece of broad coast scenery, with a dash of sentiment in the form of a pair of lovers, but the merit of the drawing is its breadth and pure transparency. It is almost a coast scene without the sea; the whole interest being centred in the expanse of beach and its brave catalogue of marine stores. ‘Near Coniston, Lancashire,’ is a view of another kind, by the same artist, whose contributions extend to four or five more works.

By EDWIN HAYES there is (148) ‘A Ship on Shore near the Needles Rocks, Howth,’ in which a boat is putting off from the shore to the wreck. There are also by the same, (75) ‘Morning—the Wreck,’ a kindred subject; (100) ‘A Dutch Brig Hove-to for a Pilot;’ (131) ‘Wind on Shore, St. Aubin's Bay, Jersey;’ &c.

J. H. PULP is also a painter of coast scenery, but in a different vein, as we see by the transcendentalism of the descriptive note appended to ‘The Mumbles, South Wales’ (169). Thus it runs:—

“The majesty of day departing, profuse of glowing beauty, lends to timid eve, slowly in her course advancing, a ray so bright she fain would hide her face, so mantling o'er her vapour-veil of gauze she modestly advances.”

Notwithstanding this description, the picture is really a good one, but it was difficult to avoid quoting so fine a specimen of writing. By the same artist there is also (93) ‘Oyster Packing,’ (96) ‘Morning at the Mumbles,’ (114) ‘Oystermouth,’ (198) ‘Annie and Billie waiting for Father;’ &c.

‘Queen Margaret and the Robbers in the Wood’ (83), EDMUND G. WARREN. The allusion is to the wanderings of the queen and son of Henry VI. after the battle of Hexham, but the figures look really like the puppets in a Dutch toy. The subject is the rich growth of ferns and the screen of trees. For Margaret of Anjou and the robber we care nothing, but we dwell upon the low-toned verdure of the trees, of which every leaf has its own particular preferment at the hands of the painter. Mr. E. G. Warren's manner is original, but it would lose much of its attraction without the touches of white that bring the lights in through the trees. By the same hand there are also (43) ‘The Last Load,’ (54) ‘An English Homestead,’ (118) a subject from Tennyson, and (188) a subject from *As You Like It*—‘Under the Greenwood Tree,’ &c.

‘A View from Windsor Lock’ (149) is by H. C. PIGEON, an habitual painter of home scenery, as witness his themes—(165) ‘The Path over the Sluices,’ (201) ‘A Hoop-bender's Shed in the Lake District,’ (214) ‘Among the Rushes,’ &c.

T. L. ROWBOTHAM is one of the most loyal supporters of the exhibition, as far as drawings go; his works number fourteen, and embrace a variety of landscape material, but his most important drawings are made from Italian scenery, as (44) ‘The Lake of Como, from Varenna,’ (52) ‘Bellagio, Lake of Como,’ (186) ‘In the Gulf of Spezzia,’ &c. We find by W. WYLD only one drawing—(2) ‘Fire near Westminster Bridge, April, 1861,’ a sketch of a fire which appears to have taken place somewhere near Whitehall Gardens. This artist resides chiefly in Paris, and his most important works are painted in oil.

‘Lydia’ (7), by ARGUSTUS BOUVIER, is a figure that reminds us much of the antique mural paintings. It is very minutely finished. In (51), ‘Harlech Castle,’ CHARLES VACHER, there is much of the feeling that this painter carries into his Italian drawings.

In this exhibition, as in that of the elder society, the screens are always a profitable field of research. On the two screens in this room are many small works of rare merit, as ‘The Brathay, Westmoreland’ (284), Mrs. OLIVER; ‘In the Campagna of Rome—Evening’ (288), C. VACHER; ‘Pevensey Marsh’ (293), W. BENNETT; ‘Changing the Pasture’ (296), H. MAPLESTONE; (305) ‘The Barley Field,’ E. G. WARREN; &c.

ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

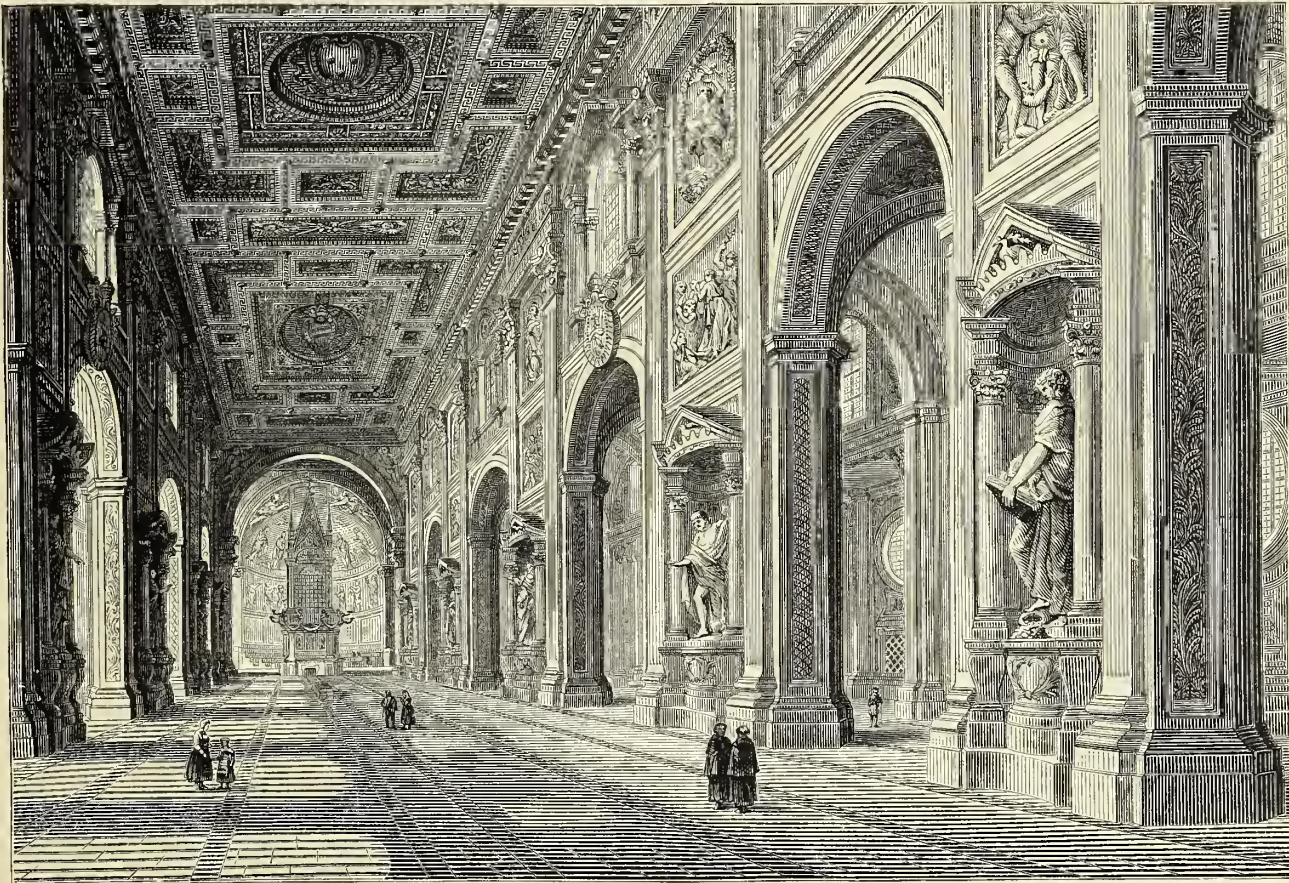
PART XVII.—ECCLESIASTICAL EDIFICES. CHAP. II.



At the time when Christianity was first planted in Rome, the city was at the height of her civic splendour, the metropolis of an empire which had purchased unequalled power at the price of the liberties of the whole civilised world. "Its circumference was about thirteen miles; and beyond the ancient walls which Servius Tullius had placed around it, there was gathered an enormous mass of new structures: temples, baths, and aqueducts, theatres—in short, all that belonged to a polite and effeminate people; whilst still beyond these, the dwellings of the rich stand in the midst of gardens situated between the public roads."* Strabo, who lived in the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius, and who, in his extensive travels, had become acquainted with the finest examples of Greek architecture, speaks of Rome as wonderfully glorious, exceeding expectation, and defying all competition. Foremost among these noble edifices were the temples consecrated to her divinities, those buildings whose external beauty was only surpassed by the gross immoralities practised within them; a religion, if the creed of its priesthood and followers may be dignified with such a name, that deified all the basest passions of the heart, mind, and affections, that sanctified vice, and whose tenets reduced man to the level of the brute beast, was the faith in honour of which altars smoked with unhallowed incense, and the blood of human sacrifices was daily poured out. It is impossible to contemplate the ruins of the old Roman temples, without reflecting to what a degree the observances of the pagan worship contributed to the debasement of him who was made in the image of his Creator.

While these magnificent edifices were thus dedicated to the performance of the most disgusting rituals, the few devoted disciples of the Christian faith met to celebrate theirs wheresoever they could find places of com-

parative safety. When, about the middle of the second century, Justin the Martyr was asked by his pagan judge Rusticus, "Where do the Christians assemble?" he answered, "Where they please and are able;" so unsafe was it for them to render their worship public. It seems very probable that about this time the Christians began to bury their dead in those subterranean portions of old Rome which have since become known as the Catacombs, and that, as the number of the disciples increased, they used these extensive vaults for the services of their church, the intricacies of the passages, forming a complete labyrinth, and the numerous openings for ingress and egress, enabled them to worship there in comparative security. Rio, the French writer, says, in his "Poetry of Christian Art," "Christian painting and sculpture may be traced to the same origin; the gloom of the Catacombs shrouds the infancy of both. It was there, amid the most solemn inspirations the world has ever known, that the first Christian artists traced on the walls of their subterranean chapels, and on the tombs of their brethren in Christ, those rude sketches which, if the connoisseur pass them by with disdain, will always be objects of reverence to him who has remained faithful in heart and mind to that ancient faith, of which these primitive paintings are the expression or the symbol." The use of the term "chapel" here evidently shows that, in the opinion of the writer, these subterranean vaults were used for worship, as well as places of sepulture. But the subject has been so fully and ably discussed in recent pages of the *Art-Journal* by Mr. Heaphy, in the series of articles entitled "An Examination into the Antiquity of the Likeness of Our Blessed Lord," that it is quite unnecessary to say more about it. One remark, however, we may be permitted to make respecting these early Christians—that history affords no parallel instance of faith in principles, fortitude under persecution, and heroic suffering under the most agonising death. For it must be remembered that these men and women had not been educated to their belief, like the Mahomedan and the Hindoo; they were not a nation in themselves, but had separated themselves from their countrymen to follow a creed that was everywhere held in scorn, and spoken against; they voluntarily became, as one of the greatest of them expresses himself, "the offscouring of all nations;" and in an age when the utmost licentiousness of manners prevailed, and the passions were allowed their fullest enjoyment without legal or moral hindrance, these Christians renounced everything for the doctrines of their divine Master,—wealth,



THE BASILICA OF ST. JOHN LATERAN.

power, friendships, liberty, and life,—glorying in the shame and contempt they endured for his sake. No more powerful argument could be brought to bear upon the sceptic and infidel than the history and examples of these early Christians.

The Basilica, as was stated in the preceding paper, were the temples in which the followers of the new faith assembled to worship. Two or three of these edifices have already been referred to. We have now to notice that called St. John Lateran, which ranks as the second in Rome, St. Peter's being the first. It stands on a spot formerly occupied by the house of a Roman senator named Plautius Lateranus, who, having been charged with taking part in the conspiracy of Piso against Nero, was beheaded

without trial. The Basilica erected on the site of his residence was named after him, though no mention is made of his being a Christian. The church owes its origin to Constantine, who, it is said, personally aided in digging the foundations; but alterations, restorations, and additions have worked such changes that very little of its early character remains. St. John Lateran occupies a conspicuous place in the annals of the Romish church, from the several great ecclesiastic councils held in it at various times. It has always ranked as the episcopal cathedral; the chapter of the Lateran having precedence of that of St. Peter's. In it the popes are crowned; and to take possession of the palace attached to the church is one of the first forms observed in the election of a new pope, previously to his coronation.

The façade, with the principal entrance, was erected when the restorations

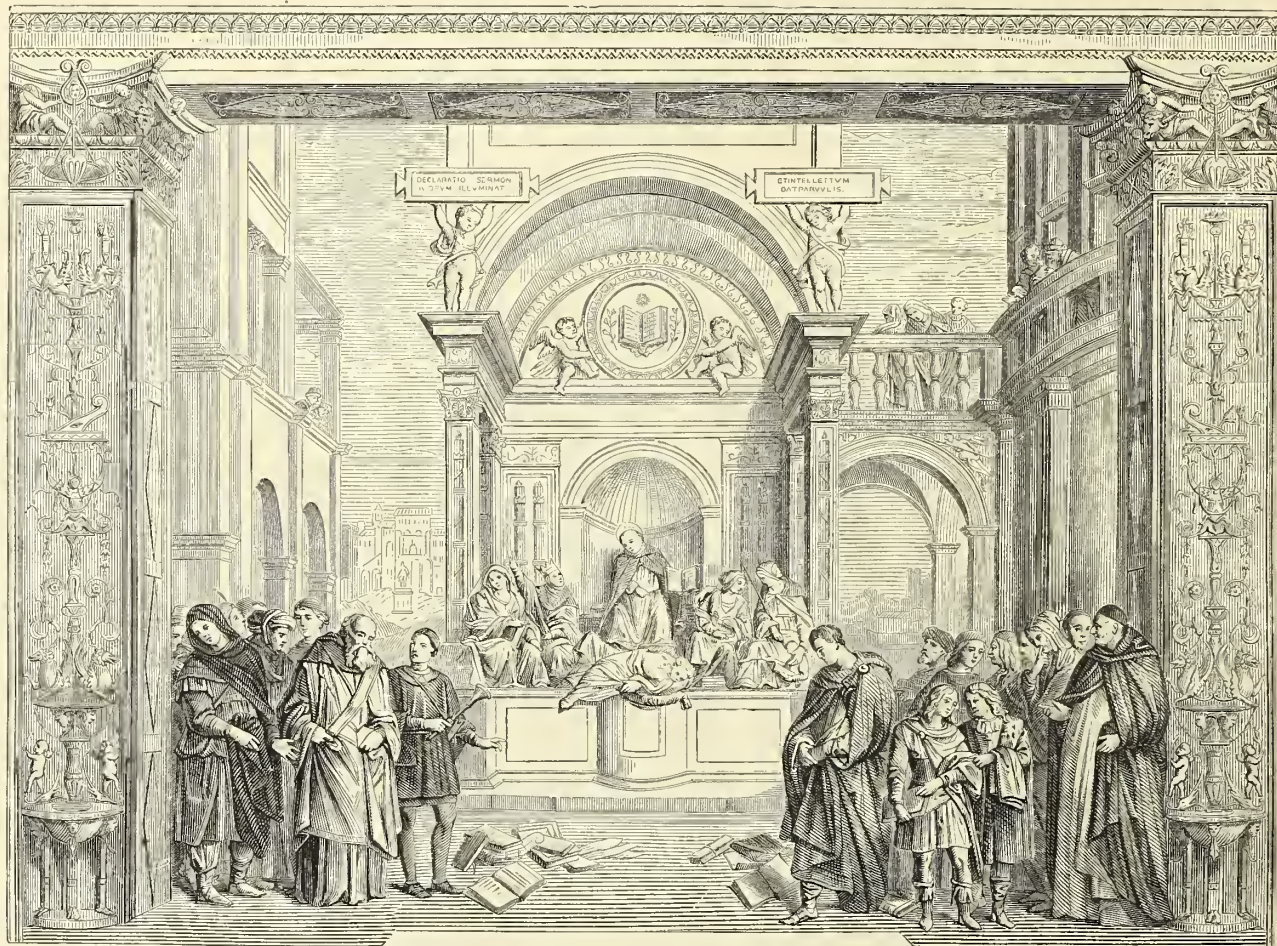
* Miall's "Memorials of Early Christianity."

of the Basilica were completed, towards the middle of the last century, by the architect Alessandro Gallilei, under the auspices of Clement XII. It is built entirely of travertine, having four large columns and six pilasters, of the composite order, supporting a massive entablature and balustrade, on which are placed ten colossal statues of saints, and one of Christ standing in the centre, elevated far above the rest. "There cannot be imagined," says Sir George Head, speaking of this façade, "a more noble and imposing aspect—facing towards the east, whence the sun gilds with his morning rays the summits of a splendid range of mountains, and illuminates the variegated veil of mist that hovers over the broad intervening expanse of the Campagna, dotted with the ruins of aqueducts." Between the columns and pilasters are five projecting balconies. From the centre one, immediately under the statue of our Saviour, the pope, borne on the shoulders of his attendants, pronounces, on each recurring Ascension Day, his benediction on the people. Corresponding with these five balconies, there are, underneath, five entrances to the lower portico; the one on the northernmost side has the privilege to which four only of the seven basilicæ in Rome are entitled,—it is the *Porta Santa*, which is opened but once during twenty-five years, at the expiration of the term; in the interval it is blocked up. In the vestibule of the portico stands a colossal ancient statue of Constantine, found among the ruins of his baths on the Quirinal. As a sculptured work of high Art it has little merit. The figure is full-length, holding under the left arm a sword, with its point reversed and folded in

the drapery; the right hand grasps a spear, which rests on the ground, and surmounting the head is the Christian monogram.

The interior of the Basilica has five naves, divided by four rows of pillars, or rather piers. The innermost rows, as seen in the engraving on the preceding page, are so massive in construction that the arches between appear as if cut out of the solid wall. These piers were erected by the architect Borromini in the middle of the seventeenth century, who enclosed in them the granite columns presumed to have been a portion of the ancient church. In each of the piers is a deep niche, wherein is placed a colossal statue of one of the apostles. The whole range on both sides, seen perspective, has a grand and imposing effect, but, as works of Art, these sculptures are not of a high order. Above the niches are bas-reliefs and mural paintings. The ceiling of this central nave is flat and coffered; the panels are coloured deep blue and scarlet, with richly-wrought gilded mouldings.

Of the numerous chapels attached to this Basilica, the most sumptuous is that called the Corsini Chapel. It was constructed from the designs of Alessandro Gallilei, in 1729, by order of Clement XII., in honour of his ancestor, S. Andrea Corsini. All that wealth could purchase, or architectural skill appropriate, has been lavished upon it. The richest marbles, the most elaborate ornaments and gilding, and even gems, have been employed on the decorations, with a profusion without parallel in any other private Roman chapel, except the Borghese chapel in Sta. Maria Maggiore.



DISPUTE OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

Here, too, are statues, bas-reliefs, mosaics, and paintings; everything, in a word, has been done that Art could devise, to render this edifice both magnificent and beautiful.

The cloisters of St. John Lateran deserve the attention of those who admire the beautiful Gothic of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. They comprise a portion of the ancient structure which, with the tribune of the modern edifice, escaped the conflagration of 1308. Within these cloisters numerous relics of the old Basilica are preserved; some imbedded in the walls, and some planted in the pavement; portions of columns, mouldings and traceries, crockets, finials, fragments of the mullions of rose windows, and Gothic architectural *débris* of every kind. But the most interesting object here is the old episcopal throne, of white marble, constructed in the pure Gothic style as regards form and ornament, and sculptured in arabesque bas-relief over a large portion of their surface.

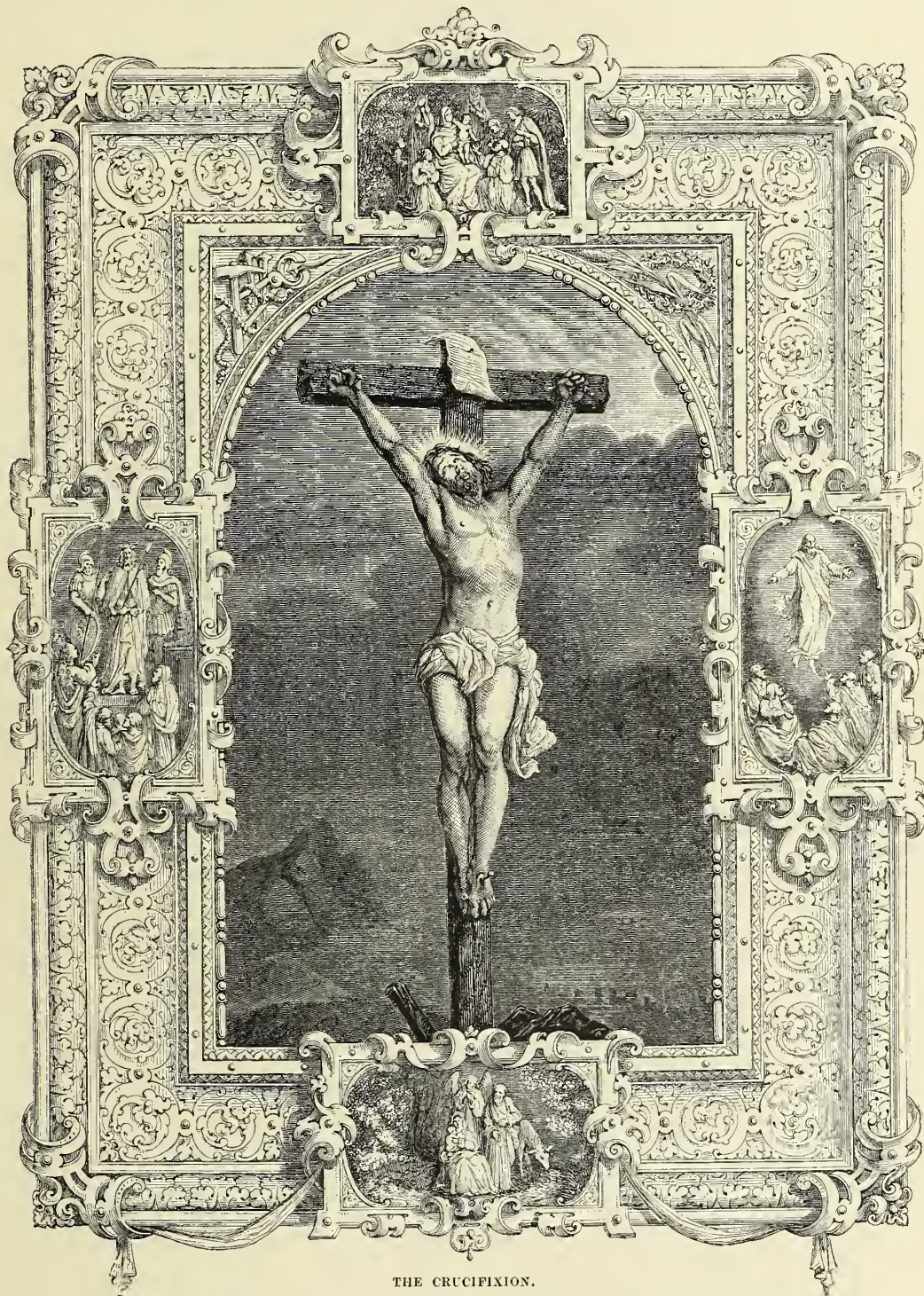
The church contains but few paintings; in one of the naves is a portrait of Boniface VIII., said to be the work of Giotto; the altar-piece is a copy, in mosaics, of Guido's picture of S. Andrea Corsini, now in the Barberini palace, and other mosaic pictures are to be seen in various parts of the edifice. The Baptistery, a small octagonal building of brick, is generally supposed to be of very ancient date; some considering it to be, notwithstanding the restorations which have taken place in it at different subsequent dates, the original structure erected by Constantine himself for the celebration of his own baptism by the hands of Silvester, Bishop of Rome;

the font, or rather a large basin of green basalt, is shown as that in which the ceremony was performed. The principal paintings are eight pictures by Andrea Sacchi, illustrative of the history of John the Baptist, and several frescoes on the walls by Carlo Maratti, Camassei, and Gimignani. Both for beauty of situation, and for the interest inseparable from the building itself, St. John Lateran offers peculiar attractions to the visitor.

The church of S. Maria *supra* Minerva, so called from its being erected on the site of the temple of Minerva built by Pompey, to commemorate his victories, is the only church approaching to the Gothic style of architecture in Rome. The date of this edifice is about the last half of the fourteenth century. Its interior is simple, yet imposing, spacious, and lofty, and constructed in the form of a triple nave. The church itself, and the numerous lateral chapels, are filled with an immense number of splendid monuments, ancient paintings, and many fine statues. Near the high altar is Michel Angelo's celebrated full-length statue of Christ, elevated on a pedestal of alabaster and *verde antico*, with mouldings of *giallo antico*. The figure is entirely nude, with the exception of a scarf of gilded bronze. In the chapel of the Annunciation is an altar-piece illustrating that event, painted by Fra Angelico, who died at Rome in 1455, and lies buried here, where, as Mrs. Jameson says, "his monument may now be seen and contemplated with that reverence due to his exelling powers as an artist, and his most pious and blameless life." The chapel known as that of the Caraffa family, the descendants of Paul IV., is dedicated to St. Thomas

Aquinas, and is decorated on the walls with several most interesting frescoes, by Filippino Lippi (1460-1505), illustrative of events in the history of that distinguished disputant in favour of the monastic life; one of the series is engraved on the opposite page: it is an ideal representation of the famous DISPUTE OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS with a doctor of the Sorbonne,—who had attacked the privileges of the new mendicant orders,—in the presence of Pope Alexander IV., in 1254. This picture is among several which show the artist as one of the greatest historical painters of his century. Lippi was a Florentine, and studied under Sandro Botticelli, whose "impetuous character, and occasionally mannered forms and drapery, were perpetuated in the scholar, but the incomparably higher gifts of the latter enabled him to attain a freedom and ease in which all

resemblance to Sandro is frequently forgotten. The rich ornamental decorations he everywhere introduces in his architecture, and other accessories were the result of his study of the Roman antiquities, which interested the painters of the fifteenth century more on account of their decorative character than on any principle of antique form. . . . Instead of the large symbolical compositions with which the fourteenth century decorated the church of S. Maria Novella at Florence, we see in the frescoes in S. Maria *supra* Minerva a consistently-sustained human interest, after the manner of the new tendency. St. Thomas appears enthroned with the four cardinal virtues, under a rich architecture decorated with cherub forms. His feet rest upon a prostrate heretic; several spectators are looking down from a gallery above. The most remarkable figures, however, are those of the



THE CRUCIFIXION.

teachers of false doctrine, on each side in the foreground, who display the most varied expressions of shame, grief, and mortification. Among them is Sabellius, in a red mantle, the grey-headed Arius, and two richly-clad boys" (*Kugler*). The two groups are most picturesquely arranged, showing that the principles of effective composition were as well understood in that comparatively early period of resuscitated Art as they are at present. The roof of this chapel is ornamented with paintings by Raffaellino del Garbo, the most distinguished scholar of Filippino Lippi.

The engraving on this page is from a picture in a small but well-selected private collection, that of M. Mangin, a French gentleman holding in Rome a responsible official post, connected with the government of his country. Among his Art-acquisitions is this work—THE CRUCIFIXION—a fine example of Van Dyck's pencil. Little appears on the canvas but

the figure of Christ extended on the cross, and relieved against the black sky, in front of which, towards the base, is a portion of a rock. The solitariness of the single figure gives a degree of sublimity to the composition: the anatomy of the body and limbs is vigorously but not exaggeratedly expressed, the drawing is perfect, while the countenance is marked by extreme anguish. The painting is surrounded by a massive frame, exquisitely carved, but strangely out of proportion in comparison with the picture: in the upper part is a sculptured group, representing the Wise Men's Offering, on the lower is the Flight into Egypt, on the left side Christ Mocked, and on the right side is the Ascension; each of these subjects is enclosed, as it were, in another frame. Van Dyck painted this subject more than once; a duplicate is, if we are not mistaken, in the Antwerp Academy of Arts.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.

THE twenty-sixth annual meeting of this society took place on the 29th of April, in the Adelphi Theatre. The Right Hon. Lord Monteagle, president, occupied the chair.

Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., one of the honorary secretaries, stated to the large attendance gathered within the theatre the present position of the society, and what the council was doing for its future benefit. From the report, we learn that there has been during the past year a further falling off in the number of subscribers; the amount of subscriptions reaching only £9,864 15s., against £10,882 of the preceding year. But the deficiency, however much it is to be lamented—and it is to be deeply deplored, if only for what has caused it—is easily accounted for by the American disruption, and the consequent stagnation of business in our large manufacturing districts and elsewhere. The number of subscribers to the Art-union in America was very considerable, but the suicidal contest carried on there has opposed almost an insuperable barrier to the operations of the agents of the society in that quarter of the world, and has also tended to restrict them in our own land. Of the £9,864 collected this year, about £2,841 went to defray current expenses of all kinds, including the sum set apart for the “reserved fund;” £3,757 were absorbed in the plate of ‘Raising the Maypole,’ the print to which each subscriber became entitled; and the balance, amounting to £3,266, was expended in the purchase of prizes of all descriptions. These prizes consisted of one painting valued at £200, two at £100, four at £50, six at £40, six at £35, and eighty-one at various sums ranging from £10 to £25. In addition to the pictures, there were distributed as prizes, four bronzes after Foley’s statue of ‘Caractacus,’ thirty silver medals commemorative of the late Sir Charles Barry, fifteen pairs of bas-reliefs, in fictile ivory, executed respectively from designs by E. W. Wyon and R. Jefferson, the subjects from Milton; sixty tazzas; three hundred sets of etchings by E. Radclyffe, from the works of David Cox—and very beautiful etchings they are; and 200 porcelain busts of Apollo. The tazza, or card-dish, forming one of the prizes, is executed in porcelain by Messrs. Copeland, from a design by Mr. John Leighton.

For the year 1862-3 each subscriber will be entitled to receive a book of engravings from Mr. Priolo’s designs illustrative of Tennyson’s “Idylls of the King,” and a print from Dicksee’s picture called ‘A Labour of Love.’

At the drawing of the prizes, that valued at £200 fell to Mr. J. Summers, of Liverpool, and the two of £100 each became respectively the property of Lady Chantrey and Mr. J. Woodman, of the Old Kent Road.

Before the meeting dispersed, Mr. Hersee, a subscriber, moved, that in consideration of the long and faithful unremunerated services rendered by the Honorary Secretaries (Mr. Godwin and Mr. Lewis Pocock, F.S.A.) to the society, a sum of £150 be voted, to present a testimonial of that value to each of these gentlemen. Mr. Pocock opposed the motion, while acknowledging the kind feeling which prompted it. He said, moreover, the society was chartered, and therefore no portion of the funds could be legitimately diverted from its original object. The matter was ultimately left to a committee of the subscribers to arrange, and we shall certainly hope to see it brought to a satisfactory conclusion. Mr. Godwin and his colleague have deserved well of all interested in the welfare of the Art-Union of London, and especially are the artists of England indebted to them. Some recognition on the part of the latter would only be a just tribute to those who have so long and laboriously worked gratuitously for their benefit. Possibly, some of the older and more successful of the artistic body may ignore the services rendered by these gentlemen, which, both directly and indirectly, have nevertheless been of much advantage to Art, and its professors. It would, therefore, be not only a just, but also a graceful act of the community of Art, to set forward such a mark of approval as was suggested at the meeting in the Adelphi Theatre.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN THOMAS.

WE announced last month, in a few words, the death of this sculptor, and are now able to add to our previous notice some information respecting him and his works.

Mr. Thomas was born, in 1813, at Chalford, in Gloucestershire, and came to London about the time when the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament commenced: having obtained an introduction to the late Sir Charles Barry, he was engaged by him to superintend the sculptured decorations of that edifice. The manner in which these works are executed can only be estimated by those who have had the opportunity of closely examining them: the talent, energy, and industry which the sculptor brought to bear on his extensive and arduous labours have been fully recognised by all competent to give an opinion: and from his success at Westminster arose many other engagements both of a public and a private nature. The *Builder* says:—“It would be difficult to enumerate all his works, but we may mention the colossal lions at the ends of the Britannia Bridge over the Menai Straits; the large bas-reliefs at the Euston Square station; the pediment and figures in front of the Great Western hotel; figures and vases of the new works at the Serpentine; the decorative sculpture on the entrance piers at Buckingham Palace; and the sculpture of numerous buildings throughout the country. From his designs were erected Somerleyton, the seat of Sir S. M. Peto, one of his early patrons; the National Bank of Glasgow; the mausoleum of the Houldsworth family, with the figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity; much of the royal dairy at Windsor; Mr. Brassey’s house at Aylesford, in Kent,* and others. In Edinburgh there are specimens of his handiwork, on the Life Assurance building, the group of figures in the Masonic Hall, and the fountain at Holyrood. . . . In Windsor Castle he was much engaged for his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort, especially in the decoration of an audience-chamber, the last spot where his Royal Highness bestowed his guiding advice.” The wonderful facility of invention displayed by Mr. Thomas, his rapidity of execution, and his great knowledge of every department of ornamental and architectural sculpture, as well as of interior decoration, caused him to be extensively employed by many of the leading architects in the country, and also by many owners of mansions who consulted him about furniture and fittings.

Of works of a higher class in sculpture we may point out his group of ‘Boadicea and her Daughters,’ executed in marble for Sir S. Morton Peto, and engraved in the *Art-Journal* for the year 1857; ‘Musidora,’ ‘Lady Godiva,’ ‘Una and the Lion,’ and a design for a grand national monument to Shakspeare, now in the International Exhibition, where also is the great majolica fountain, executed, in conjunction with Messrs. Minton, from his designs. Of works left unfinished are the statues of the late Mr. Sturge, intended for Birmingham; and of Sir Hugh Myddelton, to be erected in Islington, the gift of Sir S. M. Peto to the inhabitants.

Mr. Thomas’s death was, as we intimated last month, hastened, we believe, by disappointment. The facts, as related to us on good authority, are, that the Royal Commissioners, or their agents, had, after considerable discussion with him, and not of the most conciliatory nature, refused him space for the Shakspeare monument. For two or three weeks previously he had been much indisposed, from over labour and anxiety; he went home after his last interview with the authorities at Kensington, took to his bed, and died within a very few days.

Though Mr. Thomas cannot be placed in the ranks of great sculptors, he was above the level of mediocrity: his talent was versatile, and whatever he undertook to perform was executed with scrupulous care and earnestness. A short time before his decease he was summoned to attend at Windsor Castle to receive the Queen’s commands respecting some works her Majesty desired to have carried out.

* This is an error: the mansion at Aylesford was erected by and for Mr. Betts.—*Ed. A.-J.*

THE TURNER GALLERY.

ANCIENT ROME.

AGRIPPINA LANDING WITH THE ASHES OF GERMANICUS.—THE TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE AND PALACE OF THE CÆSARS RESTORED.

Engraved by A. Willmore.

THERE is something in the sound of the words “ancient Rome” which, to the reader of classic history, recalls a multitude of grand associations. The mind wanders over the recorded annals of the mighty nation which, issuing from the city as its central point of action, overran the whole earth, and placed it under tribute. The eye sees, in imagination, temples, and palaces, and streets, rich with the magnificence of the builder’s art, and adorned with the most noble productions of Greek and native sculptors; while the thoughts revert to the crowd of illustrious men who thronged those edifices, and walked through those streets—the men whose valour overthrew the most powerful empires, whose wisdom gave laws to the universe, and whose philosophy and literature have been the admiration of every succeeding generation. Old Rome recalls all these as generalities, and while we ponder over them, we summon up, as it were, the spirits of the individuals who played leading parts in the great dramas there enacted, and accompany them through the events it was their destiny to accomplish.

Turner must have had frequent visions of the imperial city, for he has represented it in various aspects, but in none more gorgeous and glorious than in this picture, wherein Rome is restored to what may be regarded as its highest point of grandeur. The composition is, of course, entirely imaginary; there is scarcely even an attempt at topographical correctness. The Palace of the Cæsars is placed on the right bank of the Tiber, as the water is running through the arches of the bridge; whereas the Palatine, with its vast palatial ruins, is on the left bank of the river, and the bridge at this part, the present Ponto Rotto, was the Pons Ælianus. The triumphal bridge was at least a mile from the Palace of the Cæsars; it crossed the river diagonally from the north-west, a little above the present bridge of Sant Angelo; the Via Triumphalis coming from Civita Vecchia, passing by the Vatican Hill, and between the Circus and the Mausoleum of Hadrian. There is still a pier of this bridge remaining, which was allowed to fall into ruin through the construction of the Pons Ælius (Ponte de Sant Angelo).

But what a magnificent architectural composition is here presented to us! A bridge, not of lengthened extent, but beautiful in design and in its proportions, with the waters of the “yellow Tiber” rushing through its arches; at each end elusters of graceful temples, and lines of pillared colonnades, and, towering above all, the vast Palace of the Cæsars, meet dwelling for the world’s masters, all flooded with the mingled light of sun and moon, which appear almost to strive for pre-eminence. In the foreground is a small fleet of superb galleys, from one of which Agrippina, the widow of the Roman general and consul Germanicus, has just landed, and is proceeding slowly up the bank. She was daughter of Marcus Agrippa, and grand-daughter of Augustus, having married Germanicus, nephew of Tiberius, and a valiant soldier, who had refused to accept the imperial crown which his army wished to confer on him after the death of Augustus; she accompanied her husband into Syria, Tiberius having nominated him emperor of the East. Here he died, A.D. 19, at Antioch, and, it is said, by poison, administered at the instigation of Tiberius, who had become jealous of his successes and popularity. On the death of Germanicus, Agrippina returned with his body to Italy, and landed with it at Brundisium, whence she proceeded to Rome, accompanied by an escort of the Prætorian Guard, sent by the Emperor to pay her honour. On her arrival in the city she accused Piso, Governor of Syria, of the murder of her husband; and Piso, unable to disprove the charge, destroyed himself. Agrippina died in banishment, and, it is stated, in extreme destitution, A.D. 26.

The picture is now in the National Gallery: it was exhibited at the Academy in 1839.



J. M. W. TURNER. R. A. PINXIT.

ANCIENT ROME

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

A. WILLMORE. SCULPT.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The *Musée Campagna* is now open in the *Champs Elysées*. At the entrance of the gallery are placed numerous Greek and Roman statues, bas-reliefs, &c. The vestibule of the first floor is filled with statues and busts; then follows a series of sixteen or eighteen rooms, in which are displayed all the other works of the collection. These consist of about 600 paintings, 500 bronzes, 500 specimens of glass, 3,000 painted vases, 1,800 terra-cottas, and 1,800 examples of majolica ware, besides a fine collection of gold and silver articles and jewellery. With all collateral expenses, the *Musée Campagna* is estimated to have cost upwards of £200,000—a sum which is considered to be much beyond its real value.—Two valuable collections of ancient engravings have recently been sold in Paris: one, the property of M. Simon, realised nearly £2,800. Among the prints were Berghem's etchings of 'The Three Cows,' second state, which sold for £22, and 'The Bagpiper,' for £14. The other collection was that belonging to Count Archinto, which was disposed of for £2,300. The most prominent engravings were 'The Last Supper,' Morghen, first state, no letters, with the arms and monogram R. M. in the white plate, £336; another proof of the same subject, but without the white plate, &c., £66; 'The Madonna,' of the Dresden Gallery, Müller, £120; 'The Woman taken in Adultery,' by Gerard Audran, after N. Poussin, £73; 'Portrait of Bossuet,' by Peter Drevet, the younger, after Rigaud, £36; 'The Marriage of the Virgin,' by G. Longhi, after Raffaele, £36; 'The Magdalen in the Desert,' Longhi, after Albano, £40; 'The Transfiguration,' by Morghen, after Raffaele; and 'Aurora,' by Morghen, after Guido. 'The Last Supper' was warmly contested by Messrs. Colnaghi and M. Amler of Berlin, but it was finally knocked down to the latter. The 'Madonna' was purchased by Messrs. Colnaghi.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

TAUNTON.—At the last annual examination, in April, by Mr. Wyld, one of the Government Inspectors, of the students attending the School of Art in the town, the works of about two hundred pupils were submitted for inspection. Scarcely more, however, than one-half of this number are attached to the school proper, the remainder being made up of those in the national and in private schools. Local medals, to the number of twenty-three, were awarded to the successful competitors, and nine drawings were selected for the national competition in London.

NOTTINGHAM.—The pupils of the Nottingham School of Art had twenty-eight medals distributed among them at the examination, two or three months since, and numerous other prizes were awarded, while fifteen subjects were selected for the national competition. Two students are appointed by the Department to assist in teaching elementary drawing at public schools, each receiving a yearly allowance of £20; and in order to promote the teaching of drawing in these schools concurrently with writing, teachers and pupil-teachers are admitted to study in the School of Art at reduced fees.

DARLINGTON.—A *conversazione*, in connection with the Darlington Art-School, has been held in the hall of the Mechanics' Institute, in which the works of the pupils of the past sessional year were hung. The annual report was read at the meeting, and the prizes were afforded. The financial condition of the school is satisfactory, and the number of students increases.

GLOUCESTER.—The memorial which is being erected in this city in honour of Bishop Hooper, on the spot where he suffered martyrdom, is nearly completed. The design consists of a pedestal with open canopy, surmounted by pinnacles, and a spire enriched with sculptured ornaments and crockets. The whole will stand about forty feet in height. It is intended to place a statue of the bishop under the canopy.

DURHAM.—The committee of the Durham School of Art has published and circulated the ninth annual report, which refers with satisfaction to the financial condition of the establishment, the income at present being equal to the expenditure. The number of pupils of all grades receiving instruction is about four hundred.

CAMBRIDGE.—The new assembly-room, with which are connected the apartments to be occupied by the school of Art in this town, was opened with considerable ceremony last month.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE ROYAL COMMISSIONERS.

It is rumoured that the five noblemen and gentlemen who compose the Royal Commission have resigned the task of management into the hands of Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., who is for the future to be viceroy over them. We say "it is rumoured," for the affair is involved in mystery. The fact is, however, that "all along" Mr. Cole has occupied that most dangerous of all positions—power without responsibility.

Surely the Queen will hear something of the "confusion worse confounded" into which her "Royal" representatives have drawn this grand undertaking; it cannot but add poignancy to the terrible loss she has endured, to know that so many serious evils, even in this limited case, have arisen from the absence of one whose master-mind would have guided all aright—who has unhappily left no successor. That liberality which is wisdom as well as justice, appears to have influenced no one of the five: they have learned nothing from the past; the administration of 1862 has in no way profited by the experience of 1851. Not only in England, but in every nation of the continent, its "doings" have been condemned by the public press. Hereafter we may publish some of the comments in foreign newspapers; for the present we may be content to select a few passages—first from the conservative *Standard*, and next from the ultra-liberal *Telegraph*, for on this subject all parties are agreed:—

"Are they the directors, as it were, of a great joint-stock speculation for extracting by expedients worthy of a Jew attorney as many coins from the public pocket as meanness and cunning can devise, from the nominal guinea to the threepenny-piece charged for access to their 'lavatories,' under pretence of advancing arts, industry, and science, for the professors of which, nevertheless, they exhibit the profoundest contempt? Everything they have done has borne the bleared and livid marks of paltry meanness and greedy avarice and extortion. From the solidity with which they have misapprehended the intentions of the country with respect to the work confided to them, from their blindness to the true sense and spirit of such undertaking, and from the petty cheese-paring, penny-grasping meanness which they have substituted to the generosity and public spirit of the guarantors, they have produced a building which will mark an era when England touched her lowest point in architecture, and her highest in public policy; they have converted an arena of free and generous competition into a den of extortion on the one hand, and a market-place of blatant advertisers on the other, and they have compromised the future development of a great and fruitful idea by associating the epoch of the International Exhibition of 1862 in the memories of the public and of the exhibitors, both British and foreign, with the deepest disgust and discontent."—*Standard*, May 5.

"It has become a matter of serious moment to know whether her Majesty's Commissioners for the International Exhibition of 1862 are to be permitted to make this country an object of derision to foreign nations. These functionaries seem to be striving their very utmost to make England contemptible by the meanness, the parsimony, and the niggardly nature of their proceedings. They appear to be doing their very best to injure our reputation by a system of churlishness and incivility, of which the social history of the epoch has offered few examples. Our name for hospitality, courtesy, decency, was to be still further outraged by the South Kensington clique. The only rational excuse that can be pleaded for such conduct is the terror of the Commissioners lest their speculation should turn out to be, in the long run, unprofitable, and the guarantors be called upon to pay up their quota of the deficiency. We believe this terror to be as mean as it is unfounded. The wealthy and spirited merchants and manufacturers who figure in the guarantee list, and who are, many of them, exhibitors and contributors to the extent of thousands of pounds to the treasures of the World's Fair, are the very persons who would be foremost in scorning and repudiating the pinch-pence policy of the Commissioners."—*Telegraph*, May 9.

We believe these opinions have been endorsed by every journal in Europe—save one. The editors of all the continental newspapers have expressed the strongest indignation at the manner in which they have been treated; not only have they so written as to deter thousands of their countrymen from visiting England, but they have arraigned the national character, and with apparent justice: contrasting the treatment they have received with that exercised towards Englishmen in Paris, when, in 1855, courtesy and liberality were extended towards every stranger; not alone by the then President at St. Cloud, Prince Napoleon at the Louvre, and the Prefect of the Seine at the Hotel de Ville, but in every public place and private dwelling. We trust that some means may be found to remedy this great evil, to show that the nation is not responsible for the shabbiness of five noblemen and gentlemen, who, how-

ever honourable and estimable in private life, have, in all matters appertaining to this great assemblage of the world's wonders, acted in a spirit that would have degraded the meanest shopkeeper in the metropolis. Although the editors of foreign newspapers, to whom free admissions were refused, have, after an obstinate "fight," forced the Commissioners into granting them, the boon is deprived of all grace, and has been, of course, received without thankfulness. These editors, or correspondents, are gentlemen of standing in society, and most of them bear names famous even among us. The sum of three guineas was not an object; it was but a trifling addition to the cost of their journey to, and residence in, London; it was the *principle* they contended for: the refusal of so small a courtesy was considered an insult—and, in truth, rightly so.

In like manner the foreign exhibitors were treated. It was intimated to them that they must *pay* for admissions. They met, protested, threatened to remove their goods and withdraw in a body—and the Royal Commissioners succumbed! Not so, however, with the British exhibitors: they submitted to the tax, but certainly not without protest, and have paid it!

In a word, although the manufacturers—those of our own country more especially—have done so much, and so well, for the honour and glory of England, the Royal Commissioners have sacrificed its true interests, and degraded, as far as in them lay, its high character throughout the World.

NOTABILIA

OF

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

On the 1st of May, 1862, the second British International Exhibition of Art and Art-industry was opened in a building erected for the purpose at South Kensington. The public have been made so fully acquainted with the ceremonial in the daily newspapers, that any record of it in a monthly journal is unnecessary. It was unquestionably a success. On that occasion the errors that embarrassed and prejudiced the Exhibition as a great National achievement were forgotten: some 30,000 people were there to be gratified; and even those—who reluctantly and under protest submitted to be unjustly taxed—joined the general voice of prayer and thanksgiving. On that day, however, more especially, there was a universal sensation of sorrow for the absence of the Prince to whom the world is so largely indebted for so much of the right and so little of the wrong that is, and will continue to be, associated with the Exhibition. Had the five Royal Commissioners been his aides-de-camp instead of commanding officers, the results would have been very different from what they have been and are. We have expressed the common sentiment of Europe in condemning this administration as discreditable to the country—as incapable of taking any large view of a great undertaking, for the glory of Great Britain, and the teaching of the World—as giving the scheme consideration only with a view to make money any way by any means—as ignoring all thought of the advantage derivable to those manufacturers and producers who have formed it—as, in a word, mis-managing everything, and offending everybody.

As some data from which to form a judgment as to the probable financial success of the scheme, we give the following statistics. Of course the ultimate result will depend upon the popularity of the Exhibition.

In 1851, the number of season tickets sold up to the 8th of July, was 25,076, realising £66,491 5s. In 1862, the number of tickets sold up to the 13th of May, was 21,461, realising £78,838 4s. in the gross, and, after deducting the claim which the Horticultural

Society has upon the five-guinea tickets, leaves a nett balance of £70,819 4s., being nearly £5,000 more than was realised up to the time stated in 1851. Further, the sum derivable from the refreshment contracts will be, at a rate per head, three times as much as in 1851, besides a sum of £1,500 paid for the photographic contract, which was not made a medium of revenue in 1851. Against this, in 1851, upwards of £70,000 was subscribed throughout London and the provinces towards the expenses of the Exhibition, not as a loan, but a gift.

For the present Exhibition no such aid has been sought, but, in lieu thereof, a guarantee fund has been secured, in case of ultimate loss. The greatest pecuniary disadvantage of the present scheme is the immense cost entailed in the erection of the building, which is more than double that of 1851, with not half its beauty or fitness. Upon the close of the Exhibition in October, the Royal Commissioners have the option to pay for the "use and waste" of the building, or they may become its purchasers. The contractors are, in any case, guaranteed the sum of £200,000, and if the total receipts exceed £400,000, Messrs. Kelk and Lucas are to be paid £100,000 additional. This is, however, mere rental. If the contractors are paid £300,000, they are bound to hand over the portion of the building used for the picture galleries to the Society of Arts, whose property it then becomes, and, with this exception, Messrs. Kelk and Lucas may dispose of and remove all the remaining portion, or they may be required to sell entire, for a further sum of £130,000, so that the building, as it now stands, might become the property of the Royal Commissioners, at their option, for the sum of £430,000.

The Exhibition is, then, an accomplished fact; nominally it was opened on the 1st of May, really it will be opened on the 1st of June; for until then many of the objects, English as well as foreign, will not have arrived, the building will not have been completed in all its details, and the blots will not have been removed from the nave. Those, therefore, who have postponed their visits until a payment of one shilling gives a title to admission, will have been wise, and, therefore, fortunate.

We shall frequently have occasion to show that the Art-producers of England—to quote a passage from the brief address of the Duke of Cambridge—"hold their own" at this Exhibition; more than that, all our manufacturers and producers, of every class and order, from the goldsmith's costly plate to the walking-stick, have very greatly advanced since the year 1851. There is, indeed, no branch of Art that has not been essentially aided by taste, knowledge, observation, and experience; while we still maintain our supremacy in value of material and soundness of workmanship.

We design to give, from time to time, under this head, some comments (generally brief) on subjects or objects that will not come regularly under our notice in reviewing the Art-industry of the Exhibition, and do not afford material for engraving, yet which may be pregnant with instruction and become essential aids to the advantages that cannot fail to be derived from the great gathering of the Works of all Nations in 1862.

TOOLS.

England is the great iron country, and some few localities have special facilities for the manufacture of tools. Sheffield is the capital of this class of industry; and we look at the Sheffield court to see what kinds of tools are there to be procured. We find saws that are capable of cutting down a primeval forest, and other tools to form the timber into the most elaborate cabinet-

work, or the most artistic furniture. We find there many of the implements by which the common necessities of life are procured, and the highest demands of taste and luxury are gratified. And of course there are tools for the performance of all the varied requirements of industry between these extremes. Success often leads to imitation; and it is evident that the success of the English tools as made in Sheffield, and to a more limited extent in some other towns, has given rise to competition, if not rivalry, amongst the manufacturers of other countries. The French appear to approach nearest in excellence in the tools for more delicate operations. For instance, in surgical instruments they attain to great delicacy of taste and excellence of finish. But they are high in price. In some cases, we were informed, that the prices for this class of goods are about one-third higher than those of English make. This is attributed to the superior finish of the Parisian makers; but when price is considered, it is probable the English makers could give as good a finish on the same terms. In general cutlery—as table knives, razors, pen-knives, scissors, &c.—the French show some very excellent work, but decidedly not better than the higher class of Sheffield manufactures. They also show, from the provinces, common goods in the same classes; and though some of them are very common and apparently low in price, they are not so low in price as similar goods of British manufacture. Austria and Belgium show cutlery of a rude kind, being bad in taste and workmanship. Prussia makes a more creditable display; but in nearly all kinds of work of this class, the British section shows an incontestable superiority. In edge tools, joiners' tools, and similar goods, the French show only indifferently. Some German makers have good-looking tools, and others of very indifferent style.

In articles where plainness of form is most consistent with utility, the manufacturers wisely adhere to simplicity; and it is in simple excellence and utility that the English manufacturers surpass their rivals. But they may too closely adhere to old types; and this, to some extent, is characteristic of the English. In their axes and tools, suitable for colonial pioneers, they have adhered too long to their old forms. They have been content to make clumsy axes with straight handles, awkward and inefficient. The Canadians and the Americans prefer to carry out their own "notions" in these things, and though they show very sparingly, there is great merit in their tools, the forms both of the heads and handles are studied with a view to strength, lightness, and efficiency. In these branches Sheffield is outdone. Whether their foolish unions impose restrictions on improvement, or whether the evil arises from lack of "cuteness" in the men themselves, we do not stay to inquire; but we can assure them that their axes are only tools, while a Canadian axe is often a tool and a work of Art. It is not in axes only that the colonists are superior to the mother country. We mention the axe merely as the type of a class; and England must awake to a spirit of improvement, if she would retain the superiority she has long enjoyed.

THE OFFICIAL CATALOGUES.

A dozen or so of works published by the Royal Commissioners are sold in the Building, or may be purchased from a score or two of boys, who, at every corner, bring them before the eyes of visitors. Of the Official *Illustrated Catalogue* six of the thirteen promised parts are issued. The contents are formed chiefly of engravings of machinery, agricultural implements, and so forth. We have not thought it necessary to buy the whole; they are of no use to anybody but the owners of the objects pictured; we have, however, acquired the two first parts, and find them to consist of 182 pages, exclusive of advertisements—that is to say, of pages headed advertisements. Part I. contains 119 pages, and 16 pages of advertisements; Part II. of 63 pages, and 8 pages of advertisements; but, in fact, there is little or no difference between the one class and the other. Of the 119 pages in Part I., 37 contain engravings; and of the 16 pages of advertisements, 8 have engravings. Among the 37 "official illustrated" pages, there are 2 engravings of the 1851 medal, one of two housemaids' hands

holding a patent blacklead brush, one of a "gent" and a pilot lighting a pipe and a cigar by a patent "flaming fusee," which, we are told underneath, is "the best cigar-light for open-air use;" one of a lady whose dress is on fire running from a lady who is safe from danger because she wears the "ladies' anti-flammable life-preserver;" one of a large interior of a "Patent Starch Works," which, we are told, supplies the royal laundry, and against fraudulent imitations of which the public are cautioned; four of ears of wheat—which, we are told, are "bred on the same principle that has produced our pure race of animals;" two wedding cakes (models for young brides); two of two bulls' heads, to illustrate—mustard; one of a young woman handing a cup of chocolate to a customer—expected; three of three bottles of sauces—"Imperial," "Garibaldi," and "Volunteer;" one of a manufactory of lozenges, and other "sweets;" one of a cheese store; two of cigar stores; one of a soda-water bottle; one of combs, and one of scrubbing-brushes—a full page. Of the 63 pages of Part II., there are 31 engraved pages of carriages—the carriage senders having been liberal customers to the Royal Commissioners.

Such are the materials that compose the Official *Illustrated Catalogue* of the Great International Exhibition of 1862—"printed for Her Majesty's Commissioners!"

But the merit of this attractive and valuable book to Art-industry is a mere nothing compared with that which under the sanction of the Royal Commissioners, has been issued also for the enlightenment of the nations, and England in particular—"A Handbook to the Art Collection in the International Gallery," by one Francis Turner Palgrave. We find the book and the author so ably handled by a well-known and long-honoured writer in the *Times*, that we prefer his remarks to any we could ourselves pen, and therefore give some of them to our readers:—

"Mr. Palgrave is, evidently, in his own opinion, a thorough master of Arts; he writes as positively and dogmatically on oil painting and water-colours as he does on sculpture, architecture, and engraving. On all these topics he is "cock-sure." There is a novelty and vigour in the slang of Art-criticism in which he indulges which is very remarkable; he does nothing by halves; those whom he praises—and he praises some very obscure people—he praises to the skies; those whom he condemns—and he condemns a large number of very distinguished men—he damns beyond the possibility of any future redemption. I will give a few short specimens of his style. . . .

"If in selecting works of Art for exhibition the Commissioners have made a bad choice, on them let the blame fall; it was in their power, nay, it was their duty, to exclude any works deserving the opprobrious terms which Mr. Palgrave so lavishly and indiscriminately scatters. But it appears to me to be intolerable that the very gentlemen who have earnestly solicited these artists to exhibit their works in the International Exhibition should permit such ignorant and brutal abuse to be written and published under their sanction, and to be sold under their name within their walls."

Our space is so limited that we must abstain from further quotations. We may have reasonable apprehensions that in reference to both these catalogues the hopes of the Royal Commissioners will sink; they will make no money by these speculations. The Handbook has been suppressed,* or, at all events, its sale is no longer permitted in the building.

If faith has been kept, and the pledge redeemed, to print of each part of the Official *Illustrated Catalogue* 10,000 copies, there will be a dead loss here also, for assuredly there will not be 100 sold. Who wants such a collection of nothings? who will buy it? But those who appear in its pages will have paid the stipulated price of five guineas a page, and the cost of the engraving (the charges, that is to say, of the "superintendent," and hereafter we may be curious to inquire what those charges have been); but notwithstanding such security against loss, the copies remaining on hand will be worth nothing, and will probably absorb a larger amount of money than the sum received from the advertisers will have conveyed into the exchequer of the Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition.

* Mr. Palgrave dedicates his book to Lord Granville, and gratefully acknowledges the "encouragement" he has received from the noble lord, from Mr. Fairbairn, and from Mr. Sandford.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.—We rejoice to know that the obelisk is not to be the Memorial: what form it is to assume none can yet tell—it will no doubt depend on the amount raised—but we are thankful that a costly stone is not to record the many useful virtues of the good Prince Albert. The subscription proceeds slowly, notwithstanding; those who advised applications from door to door, incurred a heavy and dangerous responsibility, and may not now calculate on royal favour, for they have lowered and humiliated the cause without any counterbalancing advantage. For this very sad mistake, the Lord Mayor is in no way culpable. The nature of the memorial is yet uncertain, but a consulting committee of leading architects has been called, and it will probably assume the form of an institution in some way or other connected with Art. Our earnest hope and prayer is, that it may escape the fangs of the clique at South Kensington. Her Majesty leaves the committee quite free to act; she is ever good and gracious, using a sound judgment rightly and righteously.

A VERY LARGE proportion of the most beautiful and most valuable articles in the Exhibition have been already "sold"—of course to remain until the period of removal in November. These sales have been effected not only in the English, but in the foreign Courts. If the objects so purchased were taken away, the courts of Hunt and Roskell, Hancock, Phillips, Emanuel, Copeland, Minton, Rose, Kerr and Binns, Dobson and Pearce, Pellatt, Christoffe, Barbedienne, and very many others, together with several, who, being dealers, and not manufacturers, make their best show out of the productions of others, would be shorn of their chief glories. Many of the best of the contributors are now adopting the plan of affixing prices to the articles exposed.

THE INTERNATIONAL BAZAAR.—The scheme to which we adverted some time ago has been fully carried out. The bazaar is established under the management of Mr. John C. Deane, who superintended the exhibition at Manchester, and also that at Dublin. The counters on the ground-floor are all occupied; the principal parts of the galleries are still to be "let," but no doubt will soon find occupiers, and we trust their purpose will be answered by large sales. In the interior of the spacious building the decorations are light, agreeable, and graceful. These are the work of M. Delessert, of Paris, decorator to the Emperor, a gentleman thoroughly practised in affairs of this order, and to whose skill, taste, and experience, every capital in Europe has been, at some time or other, indebted for the main attractions of their public fêtes.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—We have felt much pleasure in learning that Miss Gann, the indefatigable superintendent of this institution, has received notice, through Sir C. B. Phipps, that it is the Queen's intention to grant her patronage to the school. On the 17th of the present month, a meeting will be held at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, the object of which is to report the success and progress of this school during the last two years, and to consider what measures will best subserve the purpose of rendering it a permanent and self-supporting institution. Some interesting statistics, having reference to it, have recently come before us. It appears that during the last ten years of its existence, no fewer than 846 pupils have entered themselves at the school; the number at the present time is 107, of whom 72 are studying with the ultimate view of maintaining themselves. Not a few of these young ladies are daughters of the clergy and other professional men, who have been unexpectedly compelled, by a variety of causes, to seek some employment whereby they may gain their own livelihood, and, in some cases, to support others also. The receipts from fees and subscriptions amount in round numbers to £400, but the expenditure exceeds the income by about £200, the increase arising chiefly on account of the rent of the house, occupied as the school, in Queen Square. An appeal was made to the public, by the committee, for assistance to enable them to purchase the house, and enlarge it for the accommodation of fifty additional pupils,

which would be the means of increasing the income. Upwards of £2,000 have been collected in answer, but about £1,500 are still required to procure all that is needed: the committee, relying on the laudable object to which their attention is directed, again solicit the aid of those who have not yet contributed, that their efforts may be crowned with success. The proposed meeting at the Mansion House will, we hope, do much towards such a result. The school is open to the inspection of visitors on presenting their cards, every Tuesday, between the hours of eleven and three.

PICTURE SALES.—A small collection of English pictures, belonging to the late Mr. R. Williams, the banker, was sold last month, in the rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Co. Among them were a portrait of the Marquis of Hastings, when Earl of Moira, by Opie, a fine full-length portrait, painted with great vigour and firmness, 151 gs. (Herring); another whole-length portrait, that of Captain Orme, by Reynolds: it was painted for the Earl of Inchiquin, in 1777, and is spoken of in the diary of the artist; this picture was considered, and not unjustly, to be worthy of a place in our National Gallery, and it was accordingly purchased by Sir Charles L. Eastlake, for the sum of 200 guineas. A 'Landscape,' by P. Nasmyth, small cabinet size, was sold to Mr. Agnew for £200; 'Shallow Streams,' T. Creswick, R.A., painted in 1846, was also bought by Mr. Agnew, at the price of 280 gs.; 'Reading a Merry Tale,' J. C. Hook, R.A., 105 gs. (Bourne); 'The Keeper's Daughter,' the engraved picture by Frith and Ansdell, £420 (Bell); 'The Grape-Seller,' J. Phillip, R.A., 470 gs. (Burton); 'The Cloister of the Armenian Convent on the Lagoon of Venice,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 100 gs. The sale of the entire collection reached nearly £5,000. The sale of the valuable collection of water-colour pictures belonging to Mr. C. Langton, of Liverpool, took place so late in the month as to oblige us to postpone the notice to our next publication.

THE PARTHENON, a new weekly journal of Literature, Science, and Art, which has arisen out of the smouldering embers of the *Literary Gazette*, has made its appearance under the able management of Mr. C. W. Goodwin. Judging from the two or three numbers we have seen, there can be little doubt in our mind of this periodical occupying a conspicuous place among its fellows. The tone of its criticisms is fair and impartial, and its judgments are given by those who are able to express their opinions in fitting terms; in other words, the various papers are evidently written by able hands. We would, however, suggest that a little more information of what is going on in the literary and artistic world, would be a valuable addition to the "review" columns.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The trustees of this public institution have issued their fifth report, from which we ascertain that since the last statement was published three pictures have been added to the forty-two donations previously reported. The purchases have increased from eighty to ninety-five; including portraits of Queen Anne of Denmark, Byron, Arkwright, Goldsmith, Wesley, and others, with busts of Cromwell, Fox, and Lord Stowell. Her Majesty has communicated to the chairman, through Sir C. Phipps, her intention to present the gallery with a portrait of the Prince Consort. It is quite time, considering the additions which are being made to the collection, that larger and more suitable apartments should be provided than those in Great George Street. The pictures are hung there, certainly, but not seen; how can they be, when suspended in ill-lighted rooms, on landing-places, and staircase walls? A removal to a more commodious and fitter receptacle would, in all probability, result in a large accession of gifts.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE will, we are sure, receive its due share of attention from the thousands visiting London during the summer and autumn. The elegance of the building itself,—standing as it does in glorious contrast with the unsightly edifice at Kensington,—the numerous and varied attractions within, and the beauty of the grounds which partially encircle it, are matters one never wearies of. The picture gallery has received many additions this season: we shall, as soon as

we have completed our task of noticing the London galleries of Art, pay a visit to that at Sydenham. It may not be generally known that the directors have this year reduced the price of season tickets, available till April 30, 1863, from two guineas to one guinea.

THE NEW HALL OF THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM has been recently opened, and filled with the finest antiques of the Soulagés Collection. Another adjoining this will be opened in June, with a gathering of objects of *virtu* from the principal private collections of England. The success which has attended the applications for loans has been quite equal to the hopes originally entertained, and a very fine collection of remarkable works will be the result, upon which we shall report in due time.

THE STATUE OF TURNER, by P. Macdowell, R.A., is now placed on its pedestal, on the south side of St. Paul's Cathedral. It differs from that we engraved three or four years ago, from the life-sized model by E. Baily, R.A. The latter represented the great landscape painter as he appeared towards the end of his life; Macdowell's statue shows him in the vigour of manhood, his figure erect and somewhat commanding, his face animated, and rather handsome, notwithstanding the unusual length and prominence of the nose, which, seen in profile—the point presenting the best view of the statue as a whole—looks unnaturally large, not more so, however, than it really was. Turner stands against, or rather half sits on, a dwarfish piece of rock, apparently by the sea-side; with his palette in one hand, and a pencil in the other, he is contemplating earnestly the view before him. The sculptor had a difficult task, with a subject so unsuitable for his art, but he has triumphed over all obstacles by producing a statue in which truth is combined with grace and power of expression.

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE LIVERPOOL SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS has been issued. It is highly satisfactory. The sales in 1861 amounted to £5,390, a large increase on those of years preceding, but making altogether, during the four years of its existence, about £16,500, by sales of pictures, in all instances the property of artists. In 1861, the income of the society exceeded the expenditure by nearly £300. Artists will do well to consider these briefly-stated facts. If they do so wisely and rightly, the coming exhibition will yield a most productive harvest. It is scarcely too much to say that any really good picture sent to this society in Liverpool, is *sure* to find a purchaser.

THE FRENCH NEWSPAPERS have been very "funny" in reference to the Exhibition building. The *Moniteur Industriel* says, "the name of Palace applied to this heavy and shapeless mass of masonry would be a derision;" and M. Theophile Gautier describes it as "happily uniting the qualities of the terminus, the market, and the greenhouse."

Mr. TOM TAYLOR has written a charming little book, being, however, neither more nor less than a key to Frith's picture of 'The Railway Station.' It is full of feeling and fancy, very accurate as to description, sound in criticism, and abounding in sensible and judicious remark. The exhibition of this great work is certainly one of the leading attractions of the season in London; few visitors to the metropolis fail to see it. The list of subscribers to the print is already very large, and the liberal proprietor of the painting is removed from all danger of loss by one of the boldest speculations even of this speculative age.

'THE DERBY DAY,' another famous picture by Mr. Frith, with the engraving by M. François, nearly finished, is also exhibiting, at the French Gallery, in Pall Mall. Visitors may therefore compare the two great works.

CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.—From the establishment of this society we have felt the greatest interest in its progress and deserved success. Originating for its operations a scheme exclusively its own, and working it out with such creditable zeal, it claimed the sympathy and support of all interested in the dissemination of Art products of a popular character upon the most moderate terms. We confess ourselves frequently at a loss to conceive how works of such merit as are placed at the selection of subscribers can be produced for the amount of the subscription to which they attach, altogether ignoring the value

of the contingent chance in the prize distribution, to which every member is entitled for each guinea subscribed. It is no exaggeration to affirm that in every case the presentation work is of the full commercial value of the subscription, and, in several instances, much more. It is but justice to the council of the society to award them the credit of having given a valuable impulse to Art-industry in those classes which have engaged their attention. They have been instrumental in the publication of a series of Art examples as far above the ordinary commercial products in excellence of design and manufacture as they are below them in cost. The new series of works for the present season will be found to sustain the high character which the previous productions emanating from this source are universally admitted to possess. They include a very admirable bust of Evangeline, by Felix M. Miller; a renaissance vase, with arabesque design in relief, and gold enrichments; a very beautiful tazza, with figure pedestal, also gilt, with two clever Greco-Italian reproductions, a Hydra and an Amphion, faithfully rendered, and a perforated flower vase, with an enamelled design, in colours and gold. Besides these, all at the selection of subscribers of one guinea, the council have—to meet the repeated applications for some of the works produced in previous seasons, the supply of which at the time was unequal to the demand, causing much disappointment—placed a number of the most popular upon the list for the present year only. The whole series of presentation works now available to subscribers of the season are fifty, executed expressly for this society, and all of which are copyright. They include subjects from models by Gibson, R.A.; C. Marshall, R.A.; C. Stanfield, R.A.; David Roberts, R.A.; Raffaele Monti, Joseph Durham; F. M. Miller, &c., produced by Copeland, Minton, Kerr and Binns, Wedgwood, Elkington, &c. These names alone stamp the value of the works—copies of the whole of which are exhibited in Class xxxv. at the International Exhibition, and form there a most attractive feature.

PHOTOGRAPHY AT THE EXHIBITION.—The Royal Commissioners have sold to the London Stereoscopic Company the exclusive right to make photographs in the Exhibition Building.

THE DINNER AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY took place as usual, giving us nothing to say in the way of information.

MR. WARD'S (R.A.) picture of 'Louis XVI. and Family in the Temple,' is being exhibited at the German Gallery, in Bond Street, previous to being engraved by Cousens. It was painted in 1851, exhibited with the Art-treasures at Manchester, and also at the Great Exhibition at Paris, where it drew tears from the eyes of the Legationists. It is the most brilliant picture that Mr. Ward has ever painted, and certainly the most affecting of the many episodes he has embodied from the history of the French Revolution. It has been left for an Englishman to depict scenes of the latter history of France, which, although so full of the dramatic effect that French painters love so well, it has not been expedient that they should entertain.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE BOARD OF WORKS have caused a very handsome drinking-fountain to be placed in the Regent's Park, midway between the entrance to the second park and the Zoological Gardens. It was designed by R. Westmacott, R.A., and executed by Mr. J. S. Westmacott. A flight of two steps leads to a large tazza of black enamelled slate, ornamented with two swans in bronze, and surmounted by a granite column 9 feet high, whereon rests a globe, bearing the bronze figure of a female holding a pitcher in her hand. The bronzes were cast at the foundry of Messrs. Elkington.

THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY opened its annual exhibition last month. No report of the contents of the gallery had reached us before going to press.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN.—A special exhibition of examples of enamel and niello will be formed for the monthly meeting of the institute in June. The exhibition will be open to the members and their friends till June 11. The annual meeting for 1862 will be held at Worcester, and promises to be most successful.

REVIEWS.

BLACK'S GUIDE BOOKS:—INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION GUIDE TO LONDON.—SOUTH OF ENGLAND: DORSET, DEVON, AND CORNWALL. Published by A. and C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

With the swallows and the opening summer comes the usual influx of guide books, tempting Londoners from the vast metropolis which is their local habitation, and pointing out where they may go for health or recreation, or both. But this summer London is a great point of attraction, not only to our own countrymen, but also to foreigners of every nation, and thousands will flock into it, spite of heat, noise, crowded streets, and the thousand other annoyances inseparable from a huge gathering of mankind. A second "World's Fair" is open, and everybody who can will come from the four points of the compass to see it. Messrs. Black, with a shrewd perception of what a multitude of visitors will certainly require, have prepared and issued a guide-book for their use. A similar work was, we remember, brought out at the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851. The plan of both is very much alike, but the latter entered somewhat more into detail with respect to private establishments, and embraced a wider circuit round the metropolis, while the former is more explicit in its descriptions of what is of great public interest. Messrs. Black's guide, which they call the "International Exhibition Guide,"—why, is not very plain, unless expressly intended for those who purpose visiting the building at Brompton,—contains a mass of information which a stranger in London will find most serviceable. There is an old saying, that what one can see at any time he rarely ever sees; every denizen of London who glances over the pages of this volume, will doubtless acknowledge that there is much constantly within his reach of which he knows little or nothing, except from hearsay, perhaps.

Turning our backs—but in imagination only—upon the noise and bustle of our over-crowded streets, we take up Messrs. Black's guide to what we should call the "west" of England—the counties of Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall—which come in the publishers' arrangement under the general term of "southern" counties. The best routes through this picturesque and most interesting part of England are given with sufficient clearness and amplitude; no feature of interest seems omitted, though a little more information about the mining districts might have been introduced with advantage.

ESSAYS, HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL, POLITICAL AND SOCIAL, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC. By HUGH MILLER, Author of "The Old Red Sandstone," &c., &c. Published by HAMILTON, ADAMS & CO., London: A. & C. BLACK.

It has become quite a custom of the present day to collect and republish writings which have already been made public through the channels of newspapers and magazines. In some cases the practice is to be commended as beneficial. Periodicals—whether daily, weekly, or monthly—are often laid aside and forgotten after they have served the purpose of the hour: and yet in them are frequently to be found literary productions of sterling value, worthy of careful preservation for future reference or guidance.

The late Hugh Miller conducted during many years the *Witness*, a Scotch newspaper in good repute among a large circle. It is computed, that throughout his term of editorship he wrote for its columns nearly a thousand "leaders," essays, and reviews, on every subject of prominent interest. "Having surveyed this vast field," says the editor of the book before us, "I retain the impression of a magnificent expenditure of intellectual energy—an expenditure of which the world will never estimate the sum." From this mass of material about fifty papers have been selected by Mrs. Hugh Miller, widow of their author, and are now republished. A perusal of these chapters will evidence to those who only know the writer through the popular works bearing his name, how comprehensive yet varied was his knowledge, and how ably, eloquently, and even fascinatingly he could express his thoughts upon almost every subject.

SIRENIA; or, Recollections of a Past Existence. Published by R. BENTLEY, London.

Every now and then some new story, or the revival of an old one, some book remarkable for its freshness, some incident suggestive, from its creative power, of what could be done in Art or literature, comes in our way; and though not exactly belonging to "us," we feel it is almost a duty, as it certainly is a pleasure, to direct our readers' attention to it. "Sirenica"

is one of the most remarkable books we have read for a considerable time, and without being bound by any one of its theories, we were forced, as by a spell, to proceed from the first page to the last. The author admits "that imagination can so select and arrange her creations as to avoid all that seems incongruous, and to fascinate the taste of those she addresses, while memory can only present the world she has known." Philosophers have certainly urged that a boundless past is not more inconceivable than a boundless future. Poets, and amongst them Wordsworth ("the poet of philosophy"), have loved to dwell upon the thought of pre-existence; but the poet indulges in verse, thoughts that he would hardly maintain in prose, and we are by no means inclined to subscribe to the facts of a "Pythagorean memory," while admiring the structure and beauty of the tales that are intended to carry out the author's theory—though we earnestly express our approbation of the concluding sentence of his graceful introduction: "Let us not reject things merely because they are not fathomable by our finite faculties, lest we resemble those navigators who refuse to believe in the existence of land because they can see none." In the 'gloaming' of a summer evening, or the softness of early morning, beneath the shade of time-honoured trees, or where the ocean murmurs in the distance, we can imagine no pleasanter companion than "Sirenica;" and, moreover, it is largely suggestive of subjects for illustration.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By JOHN BUNYAN. Published by MACMILLAN & CO.

Like the ghosts in *Richard the Third*, editions of Bunyan's notable allegory follow each other in rapid succession, though they have not the same terrible influence on the spectator as the spirits had of the "crook'd back'd" monarch. They are, nevertheless, sufficiently alarming to the critic, who, overwhelmed by the repetition, and knowing not how to escape from their appearance, is tempted to cry, out of sheer despair, "hold, enough!" All that need be said of this new candidate for public support is, that it is well printed, on good paper, is neatly bound, and is altogether a suitable book for a juvenile library.

SCHOOL-DAYS OF EMINENT MEN: or, Early Lives of Celebrated British Artists, Philosophers, Poets, Inventors and Discoverers, Divines, Heroes, Statesmen, and Legislators. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A., author of "Things not generally known," &c. &c. Published by LOCKWOOD & CO.

Mr. Timbs, that most industrious collector of good things hidden from the mass of mankind, has made an excursion into the garden of British history, and, after the manner of a genuine horticulturist, has carefully examined the growth and development of its rarest and finest productions, of which he gives in this little volume a pleasing and instructive account. A more appropriate title, however, for his book than "School-days," would, we think, have been "Early Lives," for it does not tell us much about the former, though we have a history of the great public schools of England in which so many of our eminent men were brought up. The biographical sketches commence with the earliest period of our annals, and terminate with the last great name summoned from among us towards the close of last year, the name of the Prince Consort. There are few schoolboys desirous of rising into reputation in after life, who will not thank Mr. Timbs for supplying them with so many incentives to emulation, as the lives here briefly recorded offer to the reader.

STUDIES IN ENGLISH POETRY. By JOSEPH PAYNE. Published by A. HALL, VIRTUE, & CO. LONDON.

This collection of poems having reached a fourth edition, has, it may be presumed, already passed safely through the ordeal of public opinion. It is intended, the compiler says, as a text book for the higher classes in schools, and as an introduction to the study of English literature. In furtherance of this object, short biographical sketches, and notes, explanatory and critical, are appended. Almost every poet of mark, from Chaucer and Spenser downwards, has been laid under contribution, and their choicest "bits" extracted. The notes are sufficiently brief, and would have borne expansion, advantageously, but, as a whole, Mr. Payne's class-book well deserves the popularity it has gained. We cannot refuse a word of praise to the excellent manner in which it is printed; the lines are uniformly bold and distinct, though the type employed is not large.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JULY 1, 1862.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,
1862.

PICTURES OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL.



HIS truly magnificent gallery, comprising eight hundred representative pictures, by two hundred and fifty leading artists, living and deceased, invites to a critical and historic survey of the British school. The collection is made to embrace a period of one hundred years, in order that we may determine the progress made by English Art; it is placed in immediate juxtaposition with foreign schools, for the purpose of testing the comparative position of our native artists, of proving their strength, or showing their deficiencies, and thus, with the end of conducting, through self-examination and a more extended knowledge, to the further progress and development of our English school. In the true spirit of the International Exhibition, then, we now write.

The series fitly commences with Hogarth, a painter essentially English both by the character of his subjects and in the singular independence of his genius. Hogarth, be it his boast, was all-sufficient for himself; he owed nothing to the classic—he seems to have taken little from Italy; but like an honest, homely Englishman, with shrewd eye, a firm and ready hand, guided by good common sense, he threw himself into the every day life of the country and the town; he went to the election; he sat in the tavern; and then, as a faithful chronicler of what he had seen, and heard, and done, he took to his studio and painted pictures of English life and manners. Hogarth is the Steele, the Addison, and the Swift of his graphic Art; he shoots folly as it flies; he enjoys a laugh, points a moral. For the wicked he paints a tempting picture, and for the wise a homily. He might, we think, with advantage have been more refined; his execution would have been better had it been less slovenly; his compositions more artistic could they have been thrown into less disorder. But vice veiled was not his line. Balanced composition, as found in Ostade; sharp, precise execution, the manner of Teniers, were not his method. He loved the revel of 'The March to Finchley,' the riot of 'The Contested Election'; yet in 'The Marriage à la Mode,' and especially in 'The Visit to the Quack Doctor,' and 'The Countess's Dressing-room,' he attains to the finish, the colour, and the skilled composition of the best Dutch works. His unrivalled power, however, lies in the point of his incident, and in the progress of his

story: never did the current of pictorial narrative run more transparently; never were the scenes of a drama so dexterously composed for the final catastrophe. Thus it cannot be doubted that, taken for all in all, Hogarth is found worthy, in an International Exhibition, of the high position which his own countrymen have so long given him. On the continent of Europe, in his peculiar line, we scarcely know his parallel. In the land of his birth he is the ancestor of the emphatically English school of Wilkie, Bird, Webster, Cruikshank, and others.

With the leading names of Reynolds and Gainsborough we will now approach the portraiture of last century. Reynolds and Gainsborough were rivals during life, and they still after death contend for supremacy on the walls of exhibitions. At Manchester a close conflict was maintained between these two great masters, placed side by side, and the competition is here continued at South Kensington, still with doubtful issue. It will be found, however, that each painter possesses sufficient merits at once to stand apart, and yet to take the highest companionship. The two rivals, indeed, when life's fitful fever was drawing to a close, themselves felt persuaded that in the noble pursuit of the same art there must subsist but a common fellowship. Thus Gainsborough, on his death-bed, sending for Reynolds, exclaimed, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company:" he then expired. And Vandyke truly was of their company even upon earth, as Gainsborough's Mrs. Elliot, and several portraits by Reynolds in the Exhibition, alike testify. Yet of the two painters we incline to think Gainsborough the more simple, more the child of nature,—as seen indeed in his love of landscape,—less indoctrinated with the learning of the schools, and so far less conventional. The story of 'The Blue Boy,' painted to disprove an axiom by Reynolds, that blue is unsuited to a principal figure in a picture, shows that Gainsborough had boldness to defy artificial laws, and, at the same time, knowledge to adapt his practice to untried conditions. 'The Blue Boy,' indeed, may be received as the key-note to the habitual colour of Gainsborough; on the other hand, a masterpiece by Titian would stand for the practice of Reynolds. Hence the difference between these two masters. Gainsborough is cool in his high lights; Reynolds warm. Gainsborough is highly finished and his flesh somewhat waxy; Reynolds is sketchy, and his execution liquid and transparent. In treatment of drapery, too, there is scarcely less contrast. Gainsborough has more of accident, Reynolds more of the cast of the Academy; yet, as we have said, the two are rightly equal in the world of fame, as testified by companion portraits of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. The genius of each of these great painters found an outgoing in a sphere beyond the narrow confines of the portrait Art; Gainsborough in his 'Cottage Door,' Reynolds in 'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse,' 'The Infant Samuel,' 'The Age of Innocence,' 'Heads of Angels,' and 'Cymon and Iphigenia.' Among the portrait painters of last century represented in the International Gallery we must mention Wright, of Derby, somewhat common and coarse; Opie, the Cornish boy, plain, simple, and honest; Jackson, in his heads of Northcote and Flaxman, quiet and thoughtful; together with Hoppner, Romney, and Raeburn. Out of the general throng, however, must be brought into prominence the works of Lawrence. Posterity scarcely ratifies the verdict of contemporaries in favour of this popular face painter. His head of Lord Eldon is, however, unusually unpretending; and

the well-known seated portrait of Pius VII. compares, for graphic and individual character, not altogether unfavourably with illustrious pictures of cardinals and popes painted by Raphael and Titian. The school of Reynolds and Gainsborough finds no unworthy representatives in Gordon, Grant, Pickersgill, Knight, and Boxall, of present times. Chalk-and-water styles of portraiture have still more recently been transmuted into the glowing gold of Venice under Watts and Wells, by whom are painted some noble heads. We conclude with the opinion that our English portraiture is at least equal to the contemporary schools found in continental Europe.

When the Royal Academy was established in 1769, under the immediate patronage of the king, our English painters became at once seized with vaulting ambition. Reynolds delivered his famous discourses in praise of high Art and Michael Angelo; Fuseli, Barry, and even Opie, followed in the same lofty flight. The result of these teachings, the final issue of the grand style, finds melancholy witness upon the walls of the International Exhibition. Raphael indeed was heaven-born; Michael Angelo took descent from heroes and demi-gods; Correggio and others were playmates with Cupid and Psyche. But their followers in the English school had evidently a different descent. Our English aspirants avowedly fed inspiration, not with nectar, but with raw pork and porter; and the characters they introduced upon canvas were accordingly "born in a garret, and in a kitchen bred." The moderation and good taste of Reynolds, however, never permitted that he should mistake extravagance for genius, or coarseness for power. The utmost that can be said against him is, that while his lips were ever talking of Michael Angelo, his works told only of his own gentle, simple self. No touch of pseudo high Art ever taints the innocence of his canvas. With Barry, Fuseli, and Northcote, however, it was otherwise. The scale upon which Barry wrought may be seen in the 'Adam and Eve,' tainted, as are his works in the Adelphi, with common types. Fuseli complained that nature put him out, a saying which receives sufficient elucidation in his grand composition, 'The Expulsion of Satan from Paradise,' a mad spasm, the loudest rant of the lowest drama, and, after all, with little of the genius which was supposed to come as an equivalent for absent truth. Northcote's 'Last Sleep of Argyll' contrasts unfavourably with Mr. E. M. Ward's picture of the same subject, serving to show that at least in some directions the English school has, beyond doubt, secured progression. Northcote's more important work, 'The Death of Wat Tyler,' is black in colour, slovenly in execution, and attains to that worst of all compounds, weakness with violence. We incline to think that Opie's 'David Rizzio' is the best of this set. Among the over-rated artists of the past century we ought to place Benjamin West in the front rank; he was, however, the least bad of a bad time. When we consider the renown he enjoyed during life, we are amazed that his works should now look so ill; yet when we remember the antecedents of the man, his Quaker birth in the infant and rude colony of America, together with his want of early training, we feel persuaded that genius must have been his heritage to have held up against such disadvantages. In the present Exhibition West is represented by two works, the one, 'The Departure of Regulus,' classic in treatment, a contrast to the second, 'The Death of General Wolfe,' true to the costume and circumstances of the time. This

last composition is a turning point in the history of British Art. West here defied the prejudice long pledged to Greek and Roman costume; he discarded the shields, bucklers, and battering-rams of classic warfare, and boldly adopted, without apology or compromise, the boots and the buttons, the laced coats and cocked hats, of modern days. Reynolds, who had condemned the experiment, at last said, "West has conquered; he has treated his subject as it ought to be treated. I retract my objections. I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in Art." The revolution we now find in our day complete. The reaction, indeed, has been pushed even to excess, and thus, as the more recent pictures in the "British division" will testify, the divine faculty of imagination is exorcised by the supreme power of literal truth, till a historic composition becomes little more than well painted stage properties and costumes.

With the achievement of West must be ranked a *chef-d'œuvre* by Copley, his illustrious fellow-countryman, the father of Lord Lyndhurst. Copley and West, each unknown to the other, were in the wilds and villages of America, schooling themselves to high Art, studying naked Apollos of the prairie, and native warriors and nascent patriots, till at length each won for himself world-wide renown, executing works which the present Exhibition proves posterity will not willingly let die. Copley's 'Death of Major Pierson,' the gallant defender of Jersey against the French, vigorous in execution, manly and naturalistic in treatment, belongs, as we have said, to the category of West's 'Death of Wolfe,' history taken as an actual, literal fact, not idealised into romance; costume accepted just as it is, and with its disagreeables of colour, and distortions of form, fearlessly thrust upon canvas, the claims of "high Art" notwithstanding. Painters, however, such as our own Hilton, have, we think, rightly felt that subjects reaching beyond the field of our daily life, stretching, it may be, into regions of a past darkly veiled, or of a future dimly seen, can be most aptly rendered by a pictorial and poetic diction, raised in dignity, purity, and ideal beauty above the common uses of humanity. Hilton, indeed, formed his style expressly upon the manner of the great Italian masters, and though the usual penalties inflicted upon imitators fell upon him also, yet among modern revivals his works hold honourable position. But his grand picture, 'The Crucifixion,' it must be admitted, wants vigour, and is deficient in the marked, individual character attained by naturalistic schools; on the other hand, we find figures in his other great work, 'The Angel delivering St. Peter,' boldly rendered, the difficulties of the composition having probably been overcome by aid of Raphael. With Haydon let us conclude our summary of the grand historic. Haydon, in his life, presented the startling anomaly of religion intermingled with blasphemy, and in his pictures the equally strange compound of grandeur, grotesqueness, and grovelling. His 'Mock Election' is common and coarse. 'The Judgment of Solomon,' by general consent his greatest work, is not without the power which inheres to genius, but the figures are still plebeian, wanting in the dignity and the bearing essential to the grand style. This work, however, on many grounds demands a position in the National Gallery. With Haydon, it may be said, expired in torturing struggles that grand historic style which has proved so fatal to its aspirants. The stage was darkened ere the curtain fell on the final tragedy.

We forsake these sublime heights, around

which the eagles soar, and the clouds cluster; we escape the unfathomable abyss into which genius has too often plunged headlong; and now, taking to the level and unambitious pathway of life, we greet the peasant smiling at the cottage door, we walk the humble streets of the rural village, enter the parson's parish school, or the labourer's dwelling, talk to the children and the mother neatly clad for church on Sunday morn, or join the circle of the cottar's Saturday night round the brightly-burning fire. Such has been the daily walk of many of our English artists, intent upon finding the poetry which lurks in our common humanity, ready to lend a heart to the joys and the sorrows of the sons of honest toil, willing to paint the simple annals of the poor, children of nature, dwellers among the hills, sojourners along the unbeaten solitary paths, around whose life the unsophisticated landscape of rural England prettily groups as a background. 'The Village Festival,' by Wilkie, 'The School-boy,' and 'The Age of Innocence,' by Reynolds, 'Saturday Night,' by Bird, 'A Boy and Kitten,' by Owen, 'The Cottage-Door,' by Gainsborough, 'Gipsies,' by Morland, 'Children Playing at Ball,' and 'The Forge,' by Wright, 'Dancing Children,' by Smirke, 'Rustic Civility,' 'The Shrimpers,' and 'Happy as a King,' by Collins, constitute that truly English school of home sympathies and rustic simplicity, to which the foreign galleries of the International Exhibition afford little or no parallel. It must be admitted that our English artists, partly through the culpable indifference and neglect of our Government, have never received that severe academic training which is essential to success in the highest and most arduous walks of sacred and historic themes. But within the more humble sphere thus chosen by their facile and felicitous pencils, our painters, as we have said, are almost without rivals. The French paint *genre* with more point and play of intellect, the English with greater breadth of sympathy; the French with more vivacity and cleverness, the English with more sobriety and decorum; the French are masters of situation, their pictures are plots, and their canvas is but a contracted stage, whereon the figures act a part; the English take life as they find it, and their characters are guileless of trick or ulterior intent. Gainsborough's 'Feeding Pigs,' and Collins's 'Minnow Catchers,' and the like, might, indeed, be bits cut out from nature herself, and put into frame. Wilkie, however, in 'Blindman's Buff,' 'The Penny Wedding,' and other works, shows himself the consummate master of skilled composition. In such subjects he stands unrivalled: the incident is as pointed as in Hogarth; the execution much more sharp and clear. It is, however, generally admitted, that in attempting to pass beyond this smaller sphere, he mistook his vocation, as in 'The Confessional' and 'Guerilla Council of War,' the fallacious results of foreign travel. Bird, a kindred spirit to Wilkie, furnished, in the closing years of his life, still more melancholy proof that English artists, born to humble sphere, wreck well-won reputation by inordinate craving after the grand style.

This same humble and honourable class, made sacred in the sphere of poetry by the writings of Crabbe and Wordsworth, finds many followers in the ranks of living artists:—Webster, Faed, Hemsley, Smith, Clark, Gale, Lawless, and others, are habituated, for the most part, to small canvases, seek high finish, select pointed character, and simple incidents taken from every-day life. In marking the progress, or otherwise, of our English school, one change in the lapse of a century strikes us for the better. We have now

seldom to complain of intentional coarseness: the open effrontery, indeed, of some of Hogarth's works would, in this day, be intolerable. We are, in like manner, preserved from the *double entendre* in which the French rejoice. Virtue is respected; vice, as in Mr. Egg's triptych, has a moral tagged on to it, and, generally, in short, is found "the awakened conscience" somewhere, which, in the end, sufficiently well reconciles æsthetic effects to ethical laws. Between the leading European schools, the distinction in these and other points comes out in contrast. The French seek a dilemma, a surprise; the Germans glory in an impenetrable mystery; but the English love a sentiment which may be made sympathetic, sometimes even forced to the sensational, as in Mr. Solomon's 'Drowned' of a past season. Nothing, however, can be more healthful, honest, and heartfelt, than many of our English pictures, as executed by Mr. Webster, Mr. J. Faed, and others.

In works of genius, oftentimes thin are the partitions which do their bounds divide. Thus, between the pictures just described, humble in incident, and the class of paintings upon which we are about to enter, somewhat undefined is the line of demarcation. The pictures of which we have been speaking have more of the roughness of nature; those of which we now treat, more of the polish of society. Wilkie, and Teniers, and Ostade, stand the representatives of the one, Leslie, Terburg, Metz, and Mieris the types of the other. Imagine a man, quiet in his life, refined in his pursuits, given to literary society, loving and reading, again and again, certain favourite authors—Cervantes, Molière, and Shakspeare, Sterne, Fielding, Smollett, and Addison. Imagine such a painter, fond of his garden, plucking a honeysuckle or a rose for his painting-room, addicted to friendly social chat, talking, book in hand, of "Sir Roger de Coverley," "Queen Katherine," "Sancho Panza," "The Merry Wives," "Perdita," or the like. Imagine such an artist, never in Italy, caring little for the "grand style," content to dwell within the bosom of his family, and in the society of his friends and his books, and you will picture to yourself not merely an individual, but a class, not only a painter, but a school, and that class and that school eminently English in subject and in treatment; a school home-bred, appealing to the educated taste of our people, calling into life characters long pictured by the fancy, and loved in the affections; a school, moreover, not only within the range of our sympathies, but within the reach of our pockets, cabinet in size, and not too costly in price, and thus, in all points, suited to warm our hearts, and adorn our English homes. Some of the well-known pictures of Leslie we have, in this description, already indicated. 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Scene from the Beggar's Opera,' and 'Yorick and the Grissette,' by his friend Newton, fall into the same category. 'The Madrigal,' by Mr. Horsley, one of his best works (seen at Manchester), the hands delicately formed, and sensitive to the music, the heads and the entire figures expressive in character, and refined in bearing, is a good example of the quiet poetry which often permeates these unpretending works. The pictures of Mr. Mulready also may, under this section, obtain the praise due to highest excellence. 'Burchell and Sophia in the Hay-field,' precise in drawing, subtle in modulated colour, seems to add grace even to the exquisite refinement of Goldsmith's masterpiece, a work long the text-book of our English artists. 'The Bathers,' also by Mr. Mulready, delicate in the undulation of line and form, sensitive to the nicest modu-

lation of light, shade, and colour, refined in the elevation of the individual model, will prove to foreign critics the questioned power of English artists to draw the nude.

Among illustrators of our British classics, Stothard demands foremost mention. 'The Canterbury Pilgrimage,' as a painting, has won a fame scarcely second to Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" as a poem. True to the text, accurate as the translation of one Art into a sister language, it is equally true to the laws of pictorial composition. A comparison, indicative of the distinctive genius of each artist, may be instituted between the 'Pilgrimage,' as conceived by Blake and that executed by Stothard. Neither artist took firm hold on the actual, yet, of the two, Blake shows himself the more shadowy and visionary. The painter, indeed, who maintained spiritual converse with the Virgin Mary, was scarcely likely to do justice to the "Wife of Bath." Among other pictures which derive inspiration from accredited authors, among other artists who set themselves to embody in pictorial guise the literary characters, and to put upon canvas the dramatic situations which have already obtained position on the stage, or claimed a dwelling in the memory of the people, we may enumerate, 'Lucy Ashton,' by Liverseege; 'The Quarrel of Oberon and Titania,' by Mr. Noel Paton; 'Mort d'Arthur,' by Mr. Archer; 'Chastity,' from Milton, and 'Una,' from Spencer, by Mr. Frost; 'King Lear,' by Mr. Maddox Brown; 'Dinah's Prayer,' by Mr. Bostock; 'Lear and Cordelia,' by Mr. Cope; 'The Song of Philomena on the Shore of the Beautiful Lake,' Boccaccio's Decameron, by Mr. Poole; 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' 'Scene from "Kenilworth,"' 'Sir Roger de Coverley and the Spectator,' by Mr. Frith; 'Griselda,' and 'Young Lady Bountiful,' by Mr. Redgrave; 'Burning of the Books—"Don Quixote,"' by Mr. Horsley; 'Valentine rescuing Silvia—"The Two Gentlemen of Verona,"' by Mr. Holman Hunt; 'Olivia and Sophia,' by Mr. Baxter; 'Dogberry's Charge to the Watch,' by Mr. Marks; 'Othello and Iago,' by Mr. Hart; 'Don John deceiving Claudio,' by Mr. M. Stone; 'The Banquet Scene—"Macbeth,"' and the 'Disenchantment of Bottom,' by Mr. Maclise.

It were interesting and instructive, did space permit, to discuss the success or the shortcoming of this varied and widely popular class of pictorial illustration, of which we have here adduced some of the more illustrious examples. Objection has been urged against all such works, because it is said they mar the mental picture already fashioned by the spectator. But the practice of our English artists is sufficiently justified by the intrinsic merit and the essential beauty of these illustrations, which at once adopt the good, and create the new. Painters cultivating this special Art have to put themselves in the attitude both of historian and of poet; they have to throw themselves into popular emotions, and at the same time to enhance and to elevate the themes upon which the people have doated. They have to interpret an author with the accurate scrutiny of a critic, and yet in the glow of a poet's eye, the warmth of a poet's heart, to inflame the imagination of beholders into renewed rapture and delight. As long, then, as our English classics live, we desire that painter-illustrators shall echo the thoughts which, thus oft and again repeated by sister Arts within our homes, grow dear as household words.

Opposed to these bookish pictures is the naturalistic school, in which the subjects are taken direct from nature. Mr. O'Neil's 'Eastward Ho!' in the International Exhibition, and Mr. Faed's 'From Dawn to Sunset,' in the Academy last year, are perfect examples of the

class. A picture taken from even the successful novel of the season must tax a past sensation, possibly somewhat worn out; but a painting fresh from life in its agony or outburst, giving voice, it may be, to some national tragedy still seething in the memory, appeals to the universal heart of the people, and arouses emotions of our common humanity. Works forced up to this pitch of intensity are necessarily exceptional; yet Mr. Solomon's 'Waiting for the Verdict,' and 'Not Guilty,' striking a chord of pity touched by compassion, prove how great is the power which a painter can wield when he thrusts home to a breaking heart. Mr. Martineau's picture, 'The Last Days in the Old Home,' capably painted, is somewhat frittered away by trivial detail; Mr. Millais' 'Vale of Rest' strikes with the force of unmitigated intensity; Miss Osborne's 'Nameless and Friendless,' Mr. Noel Paton's 'Home—the Return from the Crimea,' Mr. Barwell's 'Return of the Missing Crew,' Mr. Phillips' 'Prison Window,' and 'Contrabandista,' Mr. Goodall's 'First-Born,' Mr. E. Hughes's 'Timely Help,' Mr. Ansdell's 'Lost Shepherd,' Mr. Maddox Brown's 'Last of England,' and Mr. Harvey's 'Children blowing Bubbles in a Graveyard,' all merit more than passing encomiums, did space permit. A comparison of the galleries, British and Foreign, will convince the reader that this school of pictorial Art is emphatically English. It lies alike within the power of our painters and the experience of our people. And it is English, moreover, because we in England are daily making to ourselves a contemporary history, because the free life of our fellow-countrymen is ever bursting into the picturesque and the passionate; because, unlike the nations enjoying long-established stagnation, Britain is a land of action and of progress, trade, commerce, growing wealth, steadfast yet ever changeable liberty; a land and a people, therefore, wherein a contemporary Art may grow and live, because in this actual present hour we act heroically, suffer manfully, and do those deeds which, in pictures and by poems, deserve to be recorded.

This school necessarily tends towards naturalism, a direction in which some of our English artists, especially the so-called Pre-Raphaelites, have of late years laboured steadfastly. We must, in passing, glance at the movement. Roman togas had manifestly grown unsuited to modern times; the classic style, borrowed second hand, had become lifeless; from a merely conventional beauty the last gush of soul had long ebbed, and so at length reaction set in, and revolution, destructive and defiant, attempted to sweep down the laws and the established customs of three centuries. It must not be disguised that in the early days, at least, of this outbreak, childish follies were perpetrated, of which even the well-weeded galleries of the present Exhibition are not wholly rid. We shall pass over in silence these individual errors in judgment and outrages upon accepted good taste, and frankly admit that the Pre-Raphaelite movement has not been without benefit, and may yet work for itself a school of the future. At any rate, many of its disciples have submitted to careful training, and gone through laborious study, which must surely serve good purpose, when eccentricity and the devotion to puerile detail shall be thrown aside, and simple nature and earnest genius conspire together for a true and noble Art. Many of the works of Mr. Millais and Mr. Holman Hunt, in the figure, and of Mr. McCallum, Mr. Brett, and others, in landscape, need no ingenious theory or aggressive dogmatism for their defence; they will live wholly independent of the Pre-Raphaelite schism, and in the end have a part

in the universal fellowship of the good and the true, which survives mere sectarian disputations.

We will now take a general survey of that landscape Art in which our English school, for the last century, has been illustrious. Landscape, like the figure, acknowledges two somewhat hostile predilections—the classic and the naturalistic; and thus, with Wilson and Gainsborough, even at the first outset of our British school, the classic landscape—symmetric, ideal, and grand—and the more unpretending landscape of simple nature—a pastoral, homish and English—found alike its champion. Gainsborough's 'Cottage Door,' and 'Landscape, with Cattle,' belong, as it were, to a first elementary Art, which wins by its guileless nature. The landscapes of Morland, too, 'Gipsies,' and others, seize upon the accident of a simple scene, just as found: the dew is on the grass, the breeze is in the sky, broken stone and earth lie scattered across the foreground. Wilson shows more of science, and makes tree, and rock, and river conform to law, and stand and grow according to the principles of the grand style. In his exquisite 'View on the Dee,' he seems, indeed, for a moment to sink as a child into the charms of unsophisticated nature; but again, he remembers the dignity of his vocation, and in the well-known 'Ruins of Mæcenas Villa,' 'The Destruction of Niobe's Children,' and other works, he paints with the mantle of Claude and of Poussin thrown around his shoulders. The 'Landscape,' by De Louthembourg, also belongs to the same large grand manner—broad, deep, and solemn, in shadow and in storm. In the historic descent of our English school, we must not forget Nasmyth, with whom was introduced a third element—not classic, not direct naturalistic, but nature seen through the Dutch style of Hobbema. His capital daguerreotype of rustic cottages, fields, and country lanes, also exhibited in Manchester, is just such a picture as a clever industrious man might paint, who first had learned Ruissdael and Hobbema by heart, and then went to nature. Pursuing the like analysis, we come to Turner—the greatest, the truest, and yet the most false of all landscape painters. Neither our space nor the pictures here exhibited enable us to complete a critical survey of his multifarious styles. At first, he seems, like other men, to have been tentative and experimental, and thus to have fallen under historic and traditional influence—painting in the manner of Claude, Poussin, and the like. Then came a middle period, when he entered on the fulness of enfranchised genius—going to nature, and in the ecstasy of her passion, and the poetry of her beauty, he made her all his own. Lastly, that genius, which at its height had served as light and inspiration, at length blazed into consuming madness. Thus historic tradition, nature, and genius even to delirium, are the three fundamental elements found in Turner's works. 'Italy' belongs to the period of Claude; 'The Guard-ship at the Nore' is still grey; 'The Shaffhausen,' a deluge of water, careful; 'Pope's Villa,' liquid, transparent, and sunny; 'The Seventh Plague,' sober, yet sublime, the plague shadowing the earth, shaking and sweeping the heavens, terrible even as the hailstone chorus in Handel's "Israel." The works of Turner, however, are here but partially seen; to understand the vastness and the glory of his genius, it is needful to examine his bequest to the nation, now exhibited in the great room of the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square. In this same imaginative school, we must rank Danby and Martin. The works of Martin are, for the most part, bold extravaganzas, as represented by 'Belshazzar's Feast,' a kind

of taking heaven by storm, Babel's presumption, invoking overthrow. Danby was a poet who dealt less in direct miracle, and thus kept more within the possible limits of the natural. The 'Wild Sea Shore,' and 'The Passage of the Red Sea,' are good examples of this great painter's love of nature, and of the bold sweep of his imagination.

We must, however, revert to earlier men, Crome and Constable of whom are admirable specimens; painters, perhaps, still more essentially English than any of the preceding, of whom it may be said that when they sketched from nature, they forgot they had ever seen a picture. Of all Constable's works, such as 'The Hay Wain,' breezy, dewy, and green; 'Salisbury Meadows,' dark, solemn, and dramatic, none to our liking has more power or truth than 'The Lock Gates.' This is that real which is worth all the mock ideals of which mere poetaster painters are wont to rave. 'The Baggage Wagon,' by Müller, and 'Hastings,' by J. J. Chalon, are somewhat in the manner of Constable. Other of our artists, Bonington, for example, in 'Venice,' and occasionally Müller, as in 'Rhodes,' migrated towards the southern sun, and so got clear of Constable's "great coat weather," and basked their genius in the glow of eastern colour. Coming down to the living, the Academy of our day is represented by Lee, Witherington, and Creswick, in subject almost exclusively English, and in style strictly conservative. With the silvery grey of Mr. Creswick's 'Passing Cloud' may be contrasted the landscapes of golden fervour by the Messrs. Linnell, 'St. John preaching in the Wilderness,' and 'Collecting the Flocks,' symphonies for which Rubens would seem to have struck the keynotes. Lastly, before we launch from land to sea, we must make individual mention of 'The Temple of the Sun—Baalbec,' in a grand and scenic style, wherein Mr. Roberts neither fears nor finds foreign competitors.

'Shipping on the Thames,' and other pictures by Sir W. Callcott, float us upon the sea. The more stormy ocean of Stanfield, Hook, Cooke, and J. Wilson, proves that our painters, like our British sailors, are sea-born. A nation must possess commerce and a merchant navy, ere artists can paint ropes and yard-arms with detailed accuracy. A painter must take up his abode by the sea-shore, and sketch among the briny haunts of the fisherman, before he can depict, as Mr. Hook, the 'Luff, Boy,' and 'Stand Clear.' Mr. Stanfield, moreover, in the solitude and desolation of 'The Abandoned,' throws drama into the elements, and gives tragedy to the fury of the storm; and in his grand composition, 'French Troops crossing the Tyrol,' the theatre of nature is made animate by the heroism of great action, and the issue of war. No man knows better, by fitting use of figures in a landscape, how to give to dumb nature a voice, and to inanimate hills and valleys a human interest.

In the transcript of fruits and flowers, the pictures of Mr. Lance, Mr. Duffield, and Miss Mutrie, leave little to be desired. In the painting of animals, our English school takes equal rank with the works of Rosa Bonheur, Troyon, Jardin, and Verboeckhoven. The English series commences with Morland's 'Sheep,' one of his most characteristic productions. Next we must mention J. Ward's celebrated 'Alderney Bull,' probably painted as a rival to Paul Potter's 'Bull of the Hague,' and by many authorities deemed its equal. The works of Mr. Cooper, Mr. Ansdell, and Sir Edwin Landseer complete the list. Snyders painted the wild boar, and other artists may have studied the brute creation in untamed habitats, but our Eng-

lish school, for the most part, elevates the savage of the wilderness into a civilised creature, the companion of man. The horses of Troyon and Bonheur are shaggy; the coat of a Landseer steed, on the contrary, is well-kept and glossy; and Landseer dogs are of the drawing-room, patted, petted, and pampered. For parity of reason, while foreign schools make their animals in face look like animals, our English painters endow brutes upon canvas with the expression of men.

We have already pronounced the "high Art" of last century a failure; the less ambitious attempt of recent days may be taken for a comparative success. In one element, at least, we rise supreme, even above foreign schools. The artists of the continent may be more skilful as draftsmen; the English painters are certainly better colourists. Reynolds, the first president of the Academy, inaugurated a school of colour; Briggs, in 'The Conference between the Spaniards and Peruvians,' and other painters of the time, sought after chromatic intensity, till at last the culminating point is reached in the works of Turner and of Etty. Etty, otherwise a plain, simple man, was gifted with a gorgeous eye for colour, as testified by 'Cleopatra,' 'Woman pleading for the Vanquished,' 'Judith,' and 'Venus Descending,' all in the present Exhibition. It must be admitted, that his shadows are often black, as in the 'Hylas,' and the forms far from finished, as will be perceived in 'The World before the Flood.' Mr. Frost, in 'Una' and 'Chastity,' follows in the same line of subject; his drawing has more delicacy, his colour less ardour. Mr. Poole, in 'The Song of Philomena,' from Boccaccio's Decameron, and Mr. Goodall, in 'Felice Ballarin reciting Tasso,' each glories in the subtlest harmony of rich tertiary hues; heat palpitating, light flickering, as in the dreamland of the south.

History, and the grand historic style, may be approached from diverse points. A painter may relate the scandal or gossip of a past century, with the intent of sly satire, as Mr. Egg, in 'The Introduction of Pepys to Nell Gwynne.' Mr. Harvey, with more serious eye, gives us 'Covenanters Preaching.' Mr. Cave Thomas rises to the poetic in 'Laura at Avignon.' Mr. Crowe recites a page from English literary history, 'Pope's Introduction to Dryden.' Mr. Redgrave takes an interesting chapter from the annals of foreign Art, 'Quentin Matsys, the Blacksmith of Antwerp.' Mr. Holiday paints 'The Burgess of Calais,' from Froissart; the late David Scott renders with power 'The Duke of Gloucester at the Water Gate, Calais.' Mr. A. Johnston contributes 'The Arrest of John Brown, a Lollard.' Mr. Goodall 'An Episode in the happier days of Charles I.' Mr. Lucy 'Lord Nelson in the Cabin of the Victory.' Mr. Hart 'Archbishop Langton swearing in the Barons.' Mr. Egg 'The Life and Death of Buckingham.' and Mr. Hurlstone 'Margaret d'Anjou and Edward, Prince of Wales, after the Battle of Hexham.' These several works possess merits which justly command position in the International Exhibition. Upon the same roll of the historic, we must further inscribe a few illustrious names: Poole, Maclise, Elmore, Ward. Mr. E. M. Ward is represented by some of his greatest works: 'Charlotte Corday going to Execution,' 'Marie Antoinette listening to the Act of Accusation,' 'The Fall of Clarendon,' and 'The Ante-chamber at Whitehall during the dying moments of Charles II.,' the leading picture of last Academy. 'Charlotte Corday,' one of the chief historic works in the Manchester "Art Treasures," rivals in power and dramatic intensity the grand pictures of the French school. Among other compositions which tell out by

unwonted strength and originality, must be signalised 'The Tuileries,' by Mr. Elmore, during the terrible days of revolution, the rabble in the palace, the demons of democracy, contrasted with the queen-like dignity of Marie Antoinette grouped in the midst of her innocent children. The two pictures by Mr. Maclise, 'Caxton Exhibiting a Proof Sheet to Edward IV.,' and 'The Banquet Scene—Macbeth,' have, like the preceding works, already acquired established reputation. The 'Banquet Scene' is unapproached in grandeur and in terror: black perhaps to the pitch of melodrama, it yet rises by power of hand and mastery of treatment to that region of the supernatural which it attempts to unveil. Lastly, and in some respects greatest of all, let us emphasise Mr. Poole's 'Solomon Eagle exhorting the People during the Plague,' faces all death-awed: figures as if stricken by the demon of disease: a work which recalls the Maniac Boy of Raphael, and 'The Plague of Athens,' by Poussin.

A few other pictures, and they among the noblest, remain to be noticed. Of our English school it may be affirmed generally that, ensconced securely within its insular position, it permits not of foreign intervention, and owes little to historic traditions from the great masters. Exceptions, however, there are found. Mr. Dobson, for example, in 'The Children in the Market Place,' and other works by which he is favourably known, has evidently had an eye to Italian and German schools. Mr. Leighton, in the picture—the diploma of his fame—'Cimabue's Madonna carried through Florence,' avowedly dates back to the epoch of mediæval Italy. In like manner Mr. Cross's 'Richard Cœur de Lion,' Mr. Watts's 'Alfred encouraging the Saxons to resist the Danish Invaders,' Mr. F. R. Pickersgill's 'Burial of Harold,' and Mr. Gambardella's smoothly polished 'Allegory—Peace,' severally belong to the life-size scale, known as the grand style, for which precedents must be sought beyond the compass of our four seas. In passing, let us mark that, notwithstanding the continued absence of patronage, for lack of which Barry and others starved, the works which we have just enumerated evince a decided progression on the abortions of last century. Among artists who, while expressly forming their manner upon the best examples of the great Italian epochs, have yet known how to adapt their works to the altered requirements of their age and country, the names of Mr. Dyce, Mr. Herbert, and Sir Charles Eastlake, stand out pre-eminent. Mr. Dyce's 'Meeting of Jacob and Rachael,' Mr. Herbert's 'Magdalen,' and 'The Outcast of the People,' and Sir Charles Eastlake's 'Christ Blessing Little Children,' are among the best examples of Christian Art yet surviving in our English school. The other works of these painters, such as 'Greek Fugitives from Scio,' by the president of the Academy, are instinct with that beauty, manifest that æsthetic sense, which study of the great Italian masters can best infuse.

An International Exhibition invites to international comparison; therefore, in conclusion, we may state that the English school, in contrast with the pictures of other nations, will be found less vaulting in ambition, less exorbitant in dimension, less emulous of the grand style of the ancient masters. But as a compensation, on the other hand, the pictures in the "British Division" are truthful to nature, honest in sentiment, simple and heartfelt in subject, thoroughly earnest and independent in treatment, and as such are worthy of our people, thus serving as an index to our character, and therefore rising to the dignity and worth of a national and representative Art.

BLOCK-PRINTING,
ANCIENT AND MODERN.

A TECHNICAL term of universal acceptance, though conveying a clear idea of the thing it designates, may not always take the most complimentary form of nomenclature, and that used for the subject of this essay may be open to such objection; it is, however, so usual to apply it to the art of printing from "blocks" of engraved wood or stereotypes in metal, designed for book illustration, that no more significant term could be well substituted.

"Block-books" is also a generic term adopted by typographical antiquaries to designate the most ancient form of book we possess, in which the entire page, both text and illustration, is cut from one solid block of wood. Books, in modern days, almost always suggest pictures; but in the earliest days of printing, pictures suggested books, and preceded them by several years. It was, in fact, the necessity of explaining these wood-engraved pictures by words that led to the engraving of letters, which increased as the value of the knowledge thus conveyed was felt, and ended in the invention of movable types, after which time pictures became subservient to text.

It is not possible to fix the date of any of these very early specimens of xylography, or wood-engraving, before 1423, but it is equally clear that specimens executed at an earlier period do exist, as they bear traces of the conception and mode of treatment which characterise all the works of the latter half of the fourteenth century. There is a singular fragment in the British Museum, representing Christ brought before Pilate, in which the incident is depicted, after the fashion of painted glass or monumental brasses, in bold broad lines, expressive of outline drawing only, and which may have been traced by the same hand that had often been employed by the glass-maker or the stone-mason. It is clear that the demand for these cheap reproductions of the figures of saints led to the foundation of a new art—that of wood-engraving, which gradually grew into picture-designing, then into picture-book making, and then to the invention of movable wooden type, when the art of printing,—the most valuable of all arts,—was soon perfected.

Like most great inventions, its extreme simplicity is remarkable; but the fact that the world should have existed for so many thousand years before its discovery is still more remarkable, inasmuch as engravings in relief, or *intaglio*, existed from the earliest times, and only wanted a colouring pigment applied to their surfaces to give forth any number of impressions. The stamps used three thousand years ago in ancient Egypt to impress bricks, or the cylinders employed as seals in Babylon, may be printed from, like a modern woodcut. The incised plates of hieroglyphic inscriptions, found sometimes with mummies, have actually been inked and printed in the rolling press, exactly as modern copper-plate engravings are. The mediæval brasses which abound in our churches, and range in date from the thirteenth century to the seventeenth, are absolute "line engravings," though coarse; and have frequently been printed for the use of collectors of such curious works. Thus man has allowed thousands of years to pass over his head, having a most useful art perfected to his hand, without that hand being mentally guided to render it available. The mere contact of ink and damp paper to relieve or incised inscriptions, was all that was wanting, to give the Pharaohs a newspaper before Moses existed.

An equally curious fact presents itself in the custom of affixing a monogram, or official signature, by means of a stamp, to legal documents in the middle ages. Here, then, we absolutely have engraving and printing in operation, yet the extension of the practice beyond these narrow limits seems never to have entered the mind of any person.

The early history of engraving and printing is involved in much obscurity, and it is not likely that this obscurity will be dispelled, inasmuch as both arts seem to have principally supplied the wants of the humbler classes, whose manners and history found no recorders. Thus wood-engraving and block-printing most probably originated

with the manufacturers of playing-cards, of whose establishment at Augsburg, in 1418, we have record. They were cheaply and coarsely executed, and coloured by means of stencilling,—that is, the coloured portion received its tint by placing over it a perforated sheet of metal, wood, or pasteboard, which allowed the colour to be washed, only where wanted, by means of a brush rudely passed over it, requiring neither taste nor knowledge to use. This cheap and showy process added to the fascination of gaming; and the taste for its indulgence increased so as to alarm the clergy. A crusade against the card-painters was commenced by the monk Bernardin, of Siena (who was ultimately sainted for his zeal), and so successful was he, that a fire was made before his pulpit of the "devil's picture-books," as Burns forcibly designates them. He travelled on to Bologna, in 1423—a city as remarkable for its love of play as for the extensive manufacture of cards—and here his exhortations were productive of the same effect, to the decay of the trade, and the great grief of the traders, one of whom piteously appealed to the monk, and asked him how he was to support himself and family, as he knew no other business. Bernardin, with ready wit, at once took his tablet in hand, and drew upon it the sacred monogram I.H.S., in the centre of a radiant sun. "Paint this holy figure," said he, "and a better fortune will attend you." The man did so. The new device, with its brilliant colour, and religious significance, suited the state of the public mind, and the poor card-maker became rich by the constant and earnest demand for the sacred symbol.

These coarse engraved outlines, with their rude stencilled tints, generally in primitive hues,—yellow, blue, red, and green,—supplied to the humbler classes pictures in modest imitation of the missal, or manuscript drawings, which were necessarily restricted to the wealthy. Designed exclusively for the poor, and generally miserable as works of Art, the time of their birth, and the history of their progress, have not been recorded; but that they were abundantly spread is certain, though of the thousands printed very few specimens have descended to us. Pasted against cottage walls, they had but a brief existence; and the few preserved have been found affixed within the covers of books. The collection in the British Museum exhibits an antique book-cover, with an unique print of 'The Ages of Man' pasted within it; and the earliest woodcut with a date was preserved in a similar manner, upon the inner side of the cover of a volume of prayers in manuscript, which once belonged to the monastery of Buxheim, in the diocese of Augsburg. The picture details the legend of St. Christopher, and beneath it are the following lines and date:—

"Christofori faciem die quacunq; tueris,
Ille nempe die morte mala non morieris.—
Millesimo cccc xx. tercio."

We give a reduced copy of the central figure in this important woodcut, omitting the accessories. The original is 11½ inches high, by 8½ inches wide; to the right of the saint is a mill and millers, to the left a monk, who lights him across an arm of the sea, through which he wades, bearing the infant Saviour on his shoulder, and supporting his steps by an uprooted palm-tree. The legend affirms Christopher to have been a giant, miraculously converted to Christianity, by whose intercession all travellers and devout persons, who looked upon his pictured semblance, were preserved from accidental or sudden death on that day. This belief is enforced by the lines in this cut, which may be thus translated—

"Christopher's face when thou seest, that day
By no evil chance shall thy life pass away."

In conformity with this belief, figures of St. Christopher were carried in the caps, or about the persons, of travellers. Chaucer's Yeoman, in the "Canterbury Tales," is described as going his pilgrimage to Becket's renowned shrine in that city, bearing on his breast a figure of St. Christopher in bright silver. The giant-saint, with his holy burthen, was constantly depicted on the walls of churches, and a very fine example still exists at Shorwell, in the Isle of Wight, in Feering Church, Essex, in Croydon Church, Surrey, and many others. It occurs also on a brass in Wyke Church, Hants. Finger-rings had

also figures of this saint upon them. Continental examples abound to this day; for in Catholic countries the saint's power of intercession is still confided in; and on the wall of a house beside



the principal gate of the city of Treves, on the Moselle, a colossal figure of the saint is painted, no doubt in charity to travellers.

This woodcut was probably extensively circulated, yet no other than a single copy has ever been found. Its position, as a dated monument of early Art, is most important; but it was, for the first time, sought to be seriously invalidated in 1844, by the discovery at Malines of a woodcut dated 1418, which passed into the Royal Library at Brussels, and was made known to the world by Baron de Reiffenberg, the conservator there. It is 10 inches wide, by 15 inches high, and is enclosed by a border. The subject is the Virgin and Child, surrounded by female saints. An enclosure like the paling of a field envelopes the design, and upon the upper bar of the gate, in the centre of the enclosure, is the date M.CCCC.XVIII. This date, the Baron adds, is given in a manner "nette, précise, incontestable." This dictum has, however, been disputed by nearly every one of the critics who have since examined the print. The style of its design and execution by no means accords with this early date; and the date itself has been tampered with, until all dependence upon its present condition fails to be felt; partly obliterated in places, and "restored" in others by the crayon, its value as "incontestable" evidence totally ceases. The space after the four letters C, now occupied by a minute o, is much rubbed, and another C is believed to have been there originally, thus making the date 1518. The style of the print would perfectly suit this date; but if the earlier one be adopted, we must suppose a solitary instance of the art of wood-engraving to have been produced, exhibiting the advances made by one hundred years' experience, and which is to be seen in no other engraving of the age this purports to assume.

Text, in connection with these old wood engravings, became common and necessary. Sometimes these broad-sheets exhibited a page almost entirely filled by type, as in the curious example in the British Museum, the "Temptations of Damons," in which three small figures only occur at top. In the same really admirable collection is another remarkable broad-sheet, the "Turris Sapientiæ," one of those quaint imaginings so peculiarly characteristic of the moral thought of the age. This Tower of Wisdom is founded on various virtues, the gate being reached by a flight of stairs, each bearing the name of

moral actions; the valves of the door are Obedience and Patience, and the windows Discretion, Religion, Devotion, and Contemplation; every stone of the building has in the same way a name of some moral and mental quality engraved upon it. The cut must have been a work of much labour; but in this way books now began to be formed. Printed sheets, like this, were placed back to back, secured by paste, and "block-books" were the result.

Of these "block-books," the best known is that termed the "*Biblia Pauperum*," which seems to have had a most extensive sale, and to have been re-engraved several times. It consists of scriptural designs, arranged in architectural compartments, with figures of the prophets above, and brief illustrative inscriptions. The designs are worked out in the simplest mode of strong outline, all shadows expressed by rows of lines at angles with the outline. Our engraving will give an idea of their character, as it is copied the full



size of the original. The coarse simplicity of the central tree belongs to the infancy of the art of wood-engraving. Otherwise the design is not without merit. The subject is the Raising of Lazarus; and the action of the spectator who covers his mouth and nose, is an ingenious thought of the designer to indicate the condition of the grave, which has been repeated by some of the greater masters in Art at a subsequent period, with a meed of applause from critics who little suspected its humble origin.

"Formschneider," or form-cutter, was the term applied to these engravers, from the form or model they thus produced for the printer; and it is not a little curious to remember that the type of a modern book, when arranged in pages, is to this day called a *form* in all our printing-offices. From these ancient forms impressions were taken by friction. The face of the woodcut being covered with a thin ink of a brown tint, the lines were transferred to the paper by placing it over the block, and rubbing the surface with a burnisher; and it is again remarkable that wood-engravers, to this hour, adopt this mode of taking India-paper proofs of their work, merely placing a card over the paper to prevent its tearing, or the burnisher bruising the fine lines of the cut.

These block-books had the great disadvantage of being engraved in solid pages, so that should an accident or error occur, it could only be rectified by cutting out the part, and inserting a new piece of wood to engrave upon. But the greatest of all improvements was in preparation to obviate

this drawback—the invention of movable type—and from that hour the art of printing rapidly attained perfection.

The claim to this important discovery has been made for Laurence Coster, of Haarlem, and John Gutenberg, of Mentz; hence the authors of Holland and Germany have somewhat angrily fought on paper for what they conceive to be an honour to the country of its birth. A national partisanship, which allows of no compromise, has consequently sprung up, and been participated by bibliographers in other countries, who range with each combatant for victory rather than truth. Unfortunately there does not exist conclusive evidence to settle this vexed question. The tale may be thus briefly and impartially told.

Laurence Coster, sacristan of the cathedral at Haarlem, had practised the art of printing for some years, when he thought of the use of movable wooden types. His assistant John (conjectured to be John Faust) left his service secretly and suddenly, taking with him this type, joined Gutenberg at Mentz, and there prosecuted and perfected the art as of their own invention. The detail of this narrative is first given by Junius in a history of Holland, printed in 1588, the "robbery" having taken place on the Christmas Eve of 1442. Junius was born in 1512, and died in 1575, aged sixty-three; but he speaks of this tradition as "an ancient opinion, inscribed in the minds of some as if it had been burnt in by fire." But there is earlier testimony, though not so precise in its details, as to the actual origin of the art in Holland. This is the evidence of the old printer, Ulrie Zell, who thus speaks in the "*Cologne Chronicle*," 1499:—

"This most revered art was first discovered at Mentz, in Germany, and it is a great honour to the German nation that such ingenious men were found in it. This happened in the year of our Lord 1440; and from that time until the year 1450, the art, and what belongs to it, was rendered more perfect. Although the art was invented at Mentz, as aforesaid, in the manner it is now commonly used, the first idea originated in Holland, from the *Donatuses*, which were printed there even before that time; and from out of them has been taken the beginning of the aforesaid art, which has since been perfected more cunningly than it was according to that same method, and is become more and more ingenious."

The late Mr. Leigh Sotheby, in prosecuting his researches among block-books for the compilation of his "*Principia Typographia*," examined closely all editions of the "*Speculum Humanae Salvationis*," and in the third (or second Latin) edition, movable type is used, but the whole is perfected by the recurrence to the old block pages of the earlier edition; "some extraordinary event, therefore," argues Mr. Sotheby, "must have caused the necessity of this admixture. In the absence of other testimony, these block-pages become, as it were, circumstantial evidence of the statement of the historian, and may, we think, be considered as almost corroborative of the robbery related by him." The first Dutch edition of the same work presents similar peculiarities; "I can only suppose," continues Mr. S., "that, at the time of the robbery, the printer had no immediate means of replacing the loss sustained, and that it was considered (in this instance) more economical to have the pages cut in wood than to have a new fount of type cut or cast." Arguments founded on the paper-marks are not of value, as that was freely exported to all countries; but it may be worth noting that the badges of the great Dukes of Burgundy most constantly occur, as well as the initials of their Christian names. Thus the letter P became a national water-mark during the period of one hundred and sixteen years, generally accompanied with the symbol of a single fleur-de-lis for Burgundy. The letter Y, the initial for Isabella, daughter of John, King of Portugal, third wife of Philip, Duke of Burgundy, to whom she was married Jan. 10, 1429, also appears alone and in conjunction with her husband's.

The advocates for Gutenberg, discarding the evidence of Junius as of too modern a character, and of Zell as conveyed too loosely to be conclusive for the claims of Holland, point in their turn to the matter-of-fact evidence given in the

law courts of Strasburg, where a suit was instituted against him in 1438, by the brothers of his deceased partner, Andrew Drytzehn, that they might participate in his invention, or that he should refund monies advanced to him to perfect it. From the evidence it is clear that Gutenberg had been studying to perfect movable types as early as 1436, and that he succeeded in setting up *forms* therewith; that he had used a quantity of lead, and that one Hans Dünne, a goldsmith and engraver, had been employed in connection with his printing: thus it may fairly be conjectured that he cut the types from the metal. The whole process is treated as "a secret art," hence the evidence is guardedly and obscurely given; but it is clear that at Strasburg he made his first experiment, though it was not till his return to his native city of Mentz, and after his partnership there with the goldsmith John Faust, in 1444, who furnished money, that the art became perfected. Faust employed Peter Scheffer as an assistant, who subsequently married his daughter, and, about 1484, perfected the art by the invention of punches and matrices for making and casting letters; thus doing away with the tedious and expensive process of engraving each separately. Faust and Gutenberg dissolved their partnership in 1455, and the latter died in 1468. He appears to have carried on a small business alone, but it is remarkable that no book has been discovered bearing his imprint. Of those that are supposed to have proceeded from his press, the "*Catholicon*" of Johannes de Balbis seems to carry best internal evidence in its own favour. Faust and Scheffer now practised the art at Mentz; the first book with a date being a Psalter in large folio, printed in 1457. No more remarkable work ever issued from the printing-press; it is as if the art sprung, like Minerva, "fully armed" from the head of Jupiter. Whether the perfection of type, brilliancy of ink, or clearness of printing be considered, the Mentz Psalter could not be surpassed at the present day. The volume also contains the earliest specimens of colour-printing in existence. The initial letters are printed from ornamental woodcuts in red and blue inks, and are equally remarkable for beauty of execution, careful register, and clear colour. All the copies of this volume known are printed on vellum, and it is the glory of the ancient German press.

Block-printing now ceases to be a term applied to book pages. Henceforth it is confined to the engravings that illustrate them, and which alone we shall have to consider.

Wood-engraving is to printed books what miniature paintings are to manuscripts. The latter works, necessarily costly in production, were consequently limited in use; but the printing-press soon spread knowledge at a comparatively cheap rate, and the engraver enriched and made clearer their teaching by woodcuts. The art of the illuminator sank into desuetude, and the *scriptorium* vanished before the printing office. Book illustration can scarcely be said to have kept pace with typographic improvements. There was no improvement in the drawing of figure subjects; and though more pictorial treatment was given to them by the management of shadows, they were expressed in unmeaning lines, lacking grace, and totally inexpressive of drawing. The book of fables printed by Pfister, at Bamberg, in 1461, is the earliest typographic work illustrated by woodcuts, and they are infinitely inferior to the earlier block-books, particularly the "*Cantica Canticorum*," many of which are exceedingly graceful. The travels of Breydenbach, printed at Mentz in 1486, and the "*Hortus Sanitatis*," also printed there in 1491, are inartistic and coarse. The "*Nuremberg Chronicle*," a work which issued from the press of Koburger, in that city, A.D. 1493, is a ponderous folio, with more than two thousand woodcuts, devoted to representations of places, as well as personages, real and imaginary, and scenes sacred and profane. They are coarse, but have the advantage of bolder effects of light and shade than usual, with the introduction of "cross-hatching," or shadow lines passing over each other,—a difficulty in wood-engraving at all times, though soon extensively adopted. The views and minor illustrations were executed by William Pleydenwurff; the historical scenes by Michael Wohlgemuth, an artist of great repute in the old imperial city of Nuremberg, and

remembered now chiefly as having been the master of Albert Durer—the greatest name in old German Art.

Durer's woodcuts were universally patronised; they spread over Europe, and Raffaele has been recorded among their admirers; the engraver he employed upon his own designs (Marc Antonio Raimondi) did not scruple to copy them on copper, and profit by the sale of a piracy. It is generally imagined that Durer engraved these woodcuts; but that is not likely to have been the case, inasmuch as the large amount of mechanical labour they require, and the time it must consume, combined with our knowledge of the very many copper engravings, paintings, drawings, carvings, and written works on the arts, upon which he employed himself, render it impossible for his short life to have permitted this. His almost equally celebrated contemporary, Hans Burgmair, who is also considered as a wood-engraver, was, there is little reason to doubt, the draughtsman only, drawing on the surface of the wood every line of the design, which became a mere mechanical labour to cut. The wood blocks of his greatest work, 'The Triumph of the Emperor Maximilian,' are still preserved at Vienna, and upon the backs of these cuts are engraved the names and initials of the persons who executed them—more than twenty-five in all. The Emperor of Germany (Maximilian I.) was a very great patron of the new art of book-illustration, and he devoted a large share of time and money to self-laudation by its means. Under the form of the imaginary "Mirror of Knighthood," Sir Theurdauk, he celebrated his own prowess, and in that of "The Wise King" his early education and accomplishments. The triumphs just alluded to continue the flattering series, left incomplete by his death. Thus hundreds of elaborate woodcuts were produced under the auspices of the Emperor, giving very constant employment to the artists Durer, Burgmair, Cranach, and Schafflein; and a host of wood-engravers patronised by them. Hans Baldung Grün, Hans Springen Klee, Lucas Van Leyden, Urs Graff, and a multitude of draughtsmen, spread examples of the art far and wide over Europe, producing works that have never been surpassed in ability and vigour, but only in refinement of "finish."

At the very commencement of the sixteenth century, block-printing assumed a new phase. Paintings were dissected, their tints distributed upon a series of blocks, each printed over the other, the drawing being expressed by a line engraving covering all; by this means a transcript of a picture, or rather a coloured engraving, like a washed drawing, was produced. The origin of these colour-printed works is by many writers claimed for an Italian artist, Ugo da Carpi, whose works, chiefly after Raffaele, date about 1518; but there are earlier works in the same style by Cranach, and the German wood-engravers, with dates from 1509 downwards. They are all remarkable, but none beautiful. The colour is generally unpleasant, and the imitative handling of the tints inartistic, and occasionally awkward. For *bassi-relievi*, or coins, it was well fitted; and there are some books with illustrations of this kind very successfully rendered.

About the middle of the sixteenth century the taste for large woodcuts printed on sheets, as we now print copper-plates, appears to have declined, and the art was almost exclusively devoted to small book illustrations. The presses of Germany, Switzerland, and France, teemed with volumes abounding in beautiful designs, and originated a class of artists known as "the little masters," who devoted themselves to this employ. Italy also produced its wood engravers, but their works, though remarkable for greater purity of drawing, never rivalled the elaboration or finish of the French or German school. Of these schools Solomon Bernard and Justus Ammon may be considered the best "representative men;" they laboured through a long series of years in the production of very many hundreds of woodcuts, chiefly for the illustrated books which were published by the printers of Lyons and Frankfort, chief among whom was Sigismund Feyerabend, who extensively employed the artist Ammon (he was born at Zurich in 1529, and died at Nuremberg in 1591), whose principal works consisted of a series of engravings illus-

trative of the mechanical arts, of female costume, the principal events of Roman history, &c. &c. Solomon Bernard was equally industrious for the Lyons booksellers; he is sometimes styled "Le Petit Bernard," from the small size to which he restricted his designs. They often do not measure two inches across, yet does he succeed in depicting historic scenes with landscape backgrounds of much clearness and beauty in this confined space. The "Quadriens Historiques de la Bible," written by Claude Paradin, were thus illustrated by him, and first printed at Lyons in 1550, by De Tournes. They are only an inch and a half in width, by two inches in height, but are sometimes crowded with well-drawn figures, and have landscape backgrounds clearly and delicately rendered. "His works," says Dr. Dibdin ("Bibliographical Decameron," vol. i., p. 183), "are executed with a brilliancy and precision which must render all rivalry hopeless." Papillon, himself a wood engraver (who lived in the succeeding century), and a historian of his art, observes of them,—"I advise the connoisseur to well examine them; they well merit it by their delicacy and charming freedom of design." He was particularly happy in the treatment of landscapes and trees, and he had a judicious knowledge of the value of the brilliant effect the art of wood-engraving possesses over all others when the wood is allowed to represent deep shadow by being slightly engraved, or even left alone to tell its own effect. As an example, we copy the scene



of the interview between Venus and Pluto, one of the series of one hundred and seventy-eight engravings he executed for Jean de Tournes, the printer, of Lyons, in 1574, to illustrate the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid. The horses of the car in which the god of Inferno rides, are almost solid wood; the outline and the drawing expressed by a very few lines. The eye of taste, that can look beyond the quaint peculiarities of an old woodcut, will see much to admire in the simple treatment and power of drawing evinced throughout this cut. The clear sea expressed by a few lines; the beating surf, the pebbly shore, the mounds, shadowed islets, and distant rocks, are all truthfully rendered. Nor are the minute figures of Venus and Cupid other than graceful, or Pluto without a certain strength and dignity. This is but one of a thousand that emanated from the brain of this most prolific artist.

The Lyons press gave forth to the world, in the year 1538, the most remarkable of these illus-



trated books; one which has stood all criticism, and is still triumphant. This is the renowned 'Dance of Death,' from the designs of Hans Holbein. No *fac-similes* have hitherto fully

equalled the originals. It has been well said of them that they have no needless display of mere mechanical skill, but are executed in a manner at once simple and efficient. They are not so remarkable for the mere delicacy of the lines, as that these lines properly convey their meaning.

The palmy days of ancient wood-engraving were certainly at this period—an inferior race of artists succeeded to those who had won their laurels at Frankfort and Lyons. Press-work then was never equal to their efforts, and it is impossible to look at many of these beautiful old books, without mentally wishing the block-printing of the present day could be applied to them; beautiful as they are, we must guess only at what they then would be, with the careful printing and brilliant inks of the present time. An inferior race of wood-engravers, and an overstocked market of illustrated books, led to the decay of the art; books were no longer published merely for the sake of the cuts, and such as wanted illustration were furnished with copper-plates. Still the art never entirely died out. Rubens patronised it, and employed Jeghers to cut some of his designs, in rivalry, as it is supposed, of the older artists. The cuts thus executed are very large, and have much vigorous shadow; but, as wood-engravings, are very mechanical.

In France, the family of Le Sueur was long employed, after the fashion of Bernard, by the booksellers; their works range from his era to the middle of the eighteenth century. In our own country we had but miserable specimens of the art, fit only for the heading of street ballads. Chatto, in his history of the art, observes that "between 1650 and 1700, wood-engraving, as a means of multiplying the designs of eminent artists, either as illustrations of books, or as separate cuts, may be considered as having reached its lowest ebb. A few tolerably well-executed cuts of ornaments are occasionally to be found in Italian, French, and Dutch books of this period; but though they sufficiently attest that the race of *workmen* was not wholly extinct, they also afford ample proof that *artists* like those of former times had ceased to furnish designs for the wood-engraver."

The best wood-engraving seems to have been executed in France at this time, but it was much restricted to head and tail-pieces, the mere decorative enrichments to books. Papillon was the best of its professors; his style more nearly approached the modern, inasmuch as he appears to have cut from tinted drawings, expressing tints by shadow lines, and cutting out of the wood effect with his graver, instead of tamely following drawn lines. He also improved the art by some new effects, such as lowering the surface of the wood-blocks in parts, to produce more delicate tints when printed, or burnishing the lines, to give them greater breadth and blackness.

In our own country wood-engraving was very low, and the names of but few of its professors are recorded. The woodcuts, published in Howel's "*Medula Historiæ Anglicanæ*," 1712, are believed to be the work of Edward Kirkall, as well as those in Croxall's edition of "*Æsop's Fables*," 1722. Between the years 1720 and 1740, very many cuts, entirely ornamental, appear in books, with the initials of F. H. attached. This is Francis Hoffman, whose name is engraved in full to a tail-piece representing Cupids grouped round an altar in the first edition of "*Gulliver's Travels*," 1726, vol. ii. p. 47. "W. Pennock, Sculp." occurs on another woodcut of the same date. John Baptist Jackson also worked in the early part of this century on woodcuts for books, as well as for block-printing in *chiar-oscuro*, like those by Ugo da Carpi, already described. Some very good engravings were executed by a J. Lister, of whom nothing is known. T. Hodgson engraved some large cuts for Sir John Hawkins's "*History of Music*," and Smith, in his "*Life of Nollekens*," mentions a Mr. Deacon, who engraved, in 1765, some copies of Italian designs "entirely with a penknife, and they were executed on pear-tree, on the sideways of the grain." It may be here remarked, that the old woodcuts were always cut in this way, while the modern are cut on hardest box-wood, against the grain.

In 1779 appeared, from the press of T. Saint, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, an edition of "Gay's Fables," with cuts by Thomas Bewick, a man whose genius was destined to revive the fallen art of wood-engraving, and point the way to that success which has steadily attended the efforts of its professors ever since, who have "wedded Art to the press" indissolubly throughout the world. Bewick's great success was based on the study of nature, and the power he possessed of expressing with his graving tool what no draughtsman could have helped him to do. He could thus cut out of the wood small figures of animals and birds, which only a naturalist can fully appreciate. On the dark side of a stone he would cut grasses and leaves, so that a botanist should name them. His birds and quadrupeds have never been equalled, and the whim of some of his tail-pieces is worthy of the best humorous artists. More modern wood-engravers have exceeded him in beauty of execution and elaboration of workman-

ship, but none have equalled Bewick in this power of cutting out of a block such expressive drawing. The sort of cut used for books before his time may be best studied in our fac-simile, in the previous page, from "Æsop's Fables, with Additions" (circa 1760), the one selected is the fox being executed in the presence of the beasts he has injured. The naturalist may here be puzzled, as well as amused, by the rude and inaccurate transcripts the engraver has made "from nature."

Bewick's woodcuts soon commanded attention; many could scarcely believe such delicate work and excellent effects could be produced by means of an art, the productions of which generally had been so low. During a long life he sedulously practised his art and its improvement, leaving many pupils to continue the good work. Of these the best were Clennell, Nesbit, and his brother, John Bewick. John Jackson and William Harvey were also among his pupils. Robert



Branstoun was the most remarkable man out of the influence of Bewick, for he studied alone, and perfected his style in London, it had less of nature, but more of refinement, than that of Bewick. To these men we owe the resuscitation of an art that now numbers many hundreds of professors, and contributes thousands of beautiful engravings to decorate the literature of the day. We conclude our series of cuts with one such example, engraved by Greenaway, from a drawing by Harrison Weir: it is taken from a beautiful volume entitled "Rhymes and Roundelays," published by Messrs. Routledge, Warne, and Routledge, to whom we are indebted for permission to introduce it here.

The delicate character of modern wood engraving could not be displayed in all its beauty of effect if we had only the appliances of the old printing offices. The ink they used was of a more simple manufacture, generally made by the printer himself, by a slow and circumscribed

process. The sheets, when printed, were allowed a long time to dry, while, at the present day, the introduction of steam machinery obliges every accessory to keep pace with that rapid and marvellous power; hence the extreme difficulty of producing an ink which shall combine intensity of colour with the necessary quick drying properties demanded at the maker's hands. The ink used for printing this Journal is expressly manufactured by Messrs. Parsons, Fletcher, and Co., and combines the essential qualities of depth of colour and clearness of impression, for which their inks have long been favourably known, abroad as well as at home. Fifty years ago the trade of a printing ink manufacturer was almost unknown; now it is an extensive business, and by concentration of thought to its perfect improvement, has aided the press and the artist in illustrating general literature by "block printing" more beautiful than the best *livres de luxe* produced twenty years ago.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM RENSIAW, ESQ.,
SALFORD.

THE DUET.

J. Sant, A.R.A., Painter. F. Holl, Engraver.

ARTISTS are presumed by most persons to live in an atmosphere peculiar to themselves; even their dwellings are considered to be different, in internal economy, from those of other men, a kind of small museum of objects pertaining to their profession, a repository of the wrecks of past ages mingled with objects of modern date. Some poet has said—

"Beauty should be around the beautiful,
And these fine Arts live in an atmosphere
Of light surrounded by thrice delicate shapes
Of grace and love."

A painter's studio does indeed take its tone, or character, generally, from that of his works, whatever the arrangements of his other apartments may be; and things strange and incongruous are often found in close companionship within the comparatively narrow limits of the room where he works out in solitude the creations of his mind. Miss Landon has sketched a pleasant picture of an Italian artist's studio, fair enough to inspire any painter with thoughts of loveliness. This lady had a true feeling for the beautiful in Art, and some of her sweetest poetry was called forth by scenes, real or imaginary, of a picturesque character, or by the actual productions of the artist.

"The light came dim, but beautiful, through blinds
Of the linked jessamine, which wooed the vine
With its white kisses; and the fragrant air,
Bearing low music from the wind-touched harp,
Came floating through the room. By glimpses seen,
As o'er the lattices the moonlight played
And lighted up its waters, shone the lake,
With its white swans, like spirits, gliding on
Its isles of floating lilies; and its banks,
Where swept the graceful willows, and the turf,
Silvered with dew and starlight, spread beneath,
Dotted with clumps of gloomy cypresses,
Mixed with the fairer blossomed orange-trees,
And far beyond, like shadowy thunder-clouds,
Rose high but distant hills; and over all
A soft and blue Italian sky,—the blue
The lover worships in the maiden's eyes,
Whose beauty is their power and spell. And, like
Sweet incense to sweet shrines, dew-scented flowers
Filled up the casements; roses on whose leaves
The summer had just breathed; the buds of pearl
That are the myrtle's dower; carnation stems,
Rich in their perfumed blushes—all were there
Looking and breathing June. The marble floor
Had not a spot, save two or three rich stains
Cast from the pictured roof, on which was told
The history of Aurora and her love;
The earthly youth she wooed, and wooed in vain.

* * * * *
And round the walls were pictures: some calm scenes
Of earth's green loveliness; and some, whose hues
Were caught from faces in whose smile our life
Is one of Paradise; and statues, whose white grace
Is as a dream of poetry."

This seems just the kind of studio suited to an artist like Mr. Sant, whose pictures breathe a fragrance of all that is tender and beautiful; the bright and graceful maiden, the young and blithesome child, are the "models" that have the readiest access to his painting-room, and find the most cordial welcome. Almost every artist has his speciality of subject; he may represent many well, but there are some which he does better than others, and Mr. Sant's peculiar strength is in his portraits of young females and children; these are distinguished by elegance of composition, sweetness of expression, and a clear, transparent tone of colour—somewhat feeble perhaps occasionally in texture, as was Reynolds's, but still very brilliant when fresh from the easel. This quality of transparency is very noticeable in the flesh-tints of the two figures engraved here; it appears to be aided by a singular but skilful management of reflected lights, that give to the faces what is technically called a "pearly" tone. The heads are prettily grouped, but the half-open mouth and the down-cast eyes of each are opposed to the expression of any definite feeling or sentiment. A young lady who took up the print as it lay before us while writing—and young ladies are presumed to be authorities in such matters—has pointed out that the music is bracketed on the wrong side; certainly the fair critic is correct; the outside page is, in fact, upside down.



THE DUET.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM RENSCHAW ESQ.

MEDIÆVAL ART-WORKMANSHIP.

THE EXHIBITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

MORE than twelve years have elapsed since the Society of Arts, by the formation and exhibition of a collection of antique Art-manufactures, gave the general public an idea not only of the beauty of those works, but of the rich character of the private collections in England. That exhibition was the forerunner of many important movements, each increasing its scope, and it is to this beginning we owe not only the formation of many local museums and private collections, but in it we may trace the germ of our Great Exhibition, and the extended operations of our schools of design. It was therefore an appropriate act on the part of the South Kensington officials to inaugurate some of the new rooms they open this summer by a similar gathering of works of early Art, and thus to give our foreign visitors an idea of the treasures still preserved among us.

We can do little more than indicate the principal articles exhibited: a mere list would fill a space greater than can be awarded; but we may do enough to awaken an interest, and induce a lengthened investigation on the part of our readers which will well reward them. We will therefore briefly consider the collection chronologically. First in antiquity and beauty are the charming specimens of Greek jewellery found at Alexandria, and exhibited by Signor Castellani, of Rome. A very fine collection of Greek and Roman glass is contributed by Mr. Webb, and an extraordinary cup by the Baron Lionel Rothschild, having a bacchanalian subject in relief upon its surface, the figures being, in many parts, entirely undercut; it is a work of the later Roman era, partaking of the features of the Byzantine school. The very large and important collection of works in ivory, formed by Mr. Webb, exhibits specimens ranging from Roman to mediæval times, all being alike remarkable for design and execution. The works in enamel include all schools from Byzantine to late French; they are most remarkable for brilliancy of colour and gorgeous elaboration of enrichment; the rarest and finest, as they are unquestionably the grandest, of these works, are the series of large portraits contributed by Mr. Danby Seymour, M.P. Baron Rothschild has one case entirely filled with the rarest and most beautiful *articles de luxe*, such as ewers, plateaux, saliers, &c., by the first masters of the best days of the Art. A few Saxon antiquities show how well our early goldsmiths worked in the days when St. Dunstan stood at his forge: the brooch from the Ashmolean Museum, and other examples, though less in number and quality than many we know of, represent at least this branch of Art. Irish antiquities are much better displayed in a really remarkable gathering of fine croziers, chalices, brooches, and other objects from the collections of the Royal Irish Academy, Trinity College, Dublin, and private persons, among whom Lord Lonsborough may be named as exhibiting some of the best fibulae, the *finest* being that belonging to Mr. West, of Dublin; the famous Dunreagan cup, the shrine of St. Monaghan, and the reliquary in the form of an arm, sent by Mr. Fountaine, are works that tell a powerful tale of the Art capabilities of the men of old who worked in "the green island."

Eastern pottery, in all its variety, is also seen, and conspicuously the vases belonging to Mr. Falkener, covered with a glaze of so fine and rich a quality as to give them the look of glass. The glass manufacture of the East is admirably displayed in the contributions of Messrs. Slade, Barker, and Martin Smith, whose contributions are unique in rarity and beauty; they are not limited to the East, but comprise the finest examples of Venetian and German glass.

The rarest and most remarkable collection of pottery ever brought together, may delight the eye of the connoisseur in the case devoted to the Henry II. ware, made in France; its history is lost, and its style unapproachable: it is a veritable pipe-clay, decorated with the most delicate monochrome tracery. Not more than fifty-three examples of this exquisite earthenware are known to exist, and of that number twenty-three specimens are in England, the whole being contri-

buted by the various owners to this Exhibition, so that here we have a combination of the gems of all private collections, such as no other nation in the world could show, and that we are never likely to see again. Of the other examples twenty-nine are in France, and one in Russia, and of these, coloured drawings are exhibited.

Her Majesty the Queen, with her usual liberality, exhibits some cases, filled with antique camei and mediæval jewellery. Mr. Waterton sends his remarkable collection of rings, among them "the Darnley ring," with the combined initials of Mary Queen of Scots and her second husband, as well as several very rare examples of "the gimmel" or linked ring. The Prayer Book of Queen Elizabeth, a tiny volume, small enough to hang at her girdle, bound in a chased gold cover, by the famed George Heriot, is lent by its owner, G. Field, Esq., and is a very remarkable historic relic.

The pair of stirrups belonging to W. N. Forman, Esq., are singularly rare and fine examples of mediæval Art, elaborately chased and inlaid with enamels and nielli; they are unique among horse furniture, and admirable in execution.

Decorative arms and armour are contributed by Her Majesty, Lord Lonsborough, Sir A. Hay, H. Magniac, Esq., and others. The Queen's shield, with its inlaid gold and silver work; Lord Lonsborough's beautiful guns and embossed breastplate, helmets, and gauntlets; the shield of Sir A. Hay; and the nobly designed wrought-steel breastplate belonging to Mr. Magniac, especially demand attention; but in addition to these are a host of minor articles also deserving study, evidencing, as they do, the large amount of artistic thought possessed by the old armourers.

Enriched table plate may be seen here in great variety and beauty. The specimens range from the time of Richard II. to the close of the last century, including the famous enamelled cup belonging to the corporation of Lynn, and known as "King John's Cup." The colleges and companies have been most liberal in loans; from Oxford and Cambridge we have the cups presented by their founders, as well as the world-renowned crozier of William of Wykeham. The mace belonging to the corporation of St. Andrews is a very remarkable piece of fourteenth century work, of striking design, and great beauty of execution. The corporations of York, Bristol, Cambridge, Morpeth, and Hedon, send their official swords and maces, and nearly all the city companies of London their remarkable old plate, perhaps the rarest and finest in the country. A noticeable feature is the fact that among it are many unique examples of early English silversmith's work. To these are added various admirable specimens from private collectors, one of the finest being the drinking-jug lent by Mr. Durlacher, an example of English Art-workmanship of the Jacobean era, unrivalled in taste, delicacy, and beauty. Mr. Hope's wonderful enamelled cup, the richly decorated ewer and salver belonging to Captain Leyland, those of Earl Cowper, and the Duke of Rutland, with the Earl of Hamilton's plate, and the rich and varied series of quaint table plate exhibited by Baron Lionel Rothschild, testify to the Art-ability of the ancient metal-workers. Of their more massive and sumptuous, but less artistic labours, we have specimens in the enormous silver wine-coolers and banqueting furniture belonging to the Duke of Rutland and Earls Spencer and Chesterfield.

A case containing crystal cups and vases, some mounted and decorated with enamels, call for especial notice, which they will well repay.

After studying so much as this meagre list of noble works reveals, we must confess to have little inclination to note the porcelain of Sevres, or the enriched buhl and marqueterie of the last century, of which many fine and rare specimens are contributed. Such works are less uncommon to see than those near which they are placed; we can, therefore, do no more than allude to them, and the so-called Raffaello ware.

We need not again enforce the value of this collection on our readers, or the great attraction it possesses, for all who desire to contemplate the Art-productions of past ages thus temporarily gathered from all sources for the instruction and delight of our own. A more faultless group of noble relics we have never seen.

THE
ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

ENAMELS AND NIELLI.

OF a somewhat analogous character to the exhibition just quoted, is that which was opened last month, in the apartments of the Archæological Institute, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, where the members of the Society, in accordance with a good annual custom, gave another special exhibition of antiquities gathered from private collections, illustrative of some particular branch of Art and archæology; this year's gathering being choice works in enamel and nielli. The enamels comprise specimens of all ages, from the Roman era to the close of the last century. The earlier examples are not remarkable, with the exception of a circular stud or ornament found at Caerleon, which is singularly delicate and beautiful. Several ornaments from tumuli, worn about the person in Romanised Saxon time, are curious; the most remarkable work is well indicated in an excellently modelled and coloured *fac-simile* of the richly enamelled vase found in the Bartlow Hills, Cambridgeshire, and which was unfortunately burnt in the fire that consumed Easton House, at Dunmow, Essex, in 1847. An enamelled casket of the time of Edward I., and believed, from the arms upon it, to have been made for Aylmer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, deserves especial attention. Of fourteenth and fifteenth century enamels, the best have been contributed by the Duke of Northumberland, W. Magniac, Esq.; and W. Morland, Esq.; and consist of plaques, triptychs, and church plate of much interest. A very beautiful enamelled casket from the Fould collection is sent by Mr. Whitehead. The mediæval enamels may be classified under two Schools of Art, the Limoges and the German; and of both numerous fine examples were exhibited by Mr. Beresford Hope, Mr. Maguire, Mr. Mayer, of Liverpool, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Rolls, Mr. Waterton, and other distinguished collectors.

A series of curious domestic articles—candlesticks, fire-dogs, &c.—are grouped on one side, and thought to be of early English manufacture, but are more probably Flemish. Some admirable specimens of Chinese *cloisonné*, and Persian translucent enamels, give us the opportunity of study by contrast. Among the European examples are several possessing a peculiar interest from their connection with historic names. Thus, the Duke of Northumberland sends Queen Elizabeth's fork and spoon, and our own most gracious Sovereign the celebrated Darnley Jewel, made for Margaret, Countess of Lennox, in commemoration of her ill-fated son. There is also a remarkable miniature, in an enamelled case, representing the famed Duke of Buckingham (who was stabbed by Felton). It was executed by Balthazar Gerbier, while he was with the Duke and Charles I. in Spain, on the Quixotic expedition to the Infanta. The Duke is represented on horseback. The date 1618 appears upon it. It is now the property of the Duke of Northumberland. A fine series of watches, with enamelled cases, is sent by O. Morgan, Esq., M.P. Snuff-boxes and minor articles abound. Among the modern works are many very curious enamels on copper, produced at Battersea about 1750-75. They are chiefly portraits, printed in black, red, or gold, by a process similar to that adopted on porcelain. There is also a very fine and interesting specimen of the same, or an earlier, date—a large oval picture, painted by W. Craft, a connection of the old Bow china painters, about whom we know so little. It would be well if the Institute would prosecute their researches in any quarter that might eliminate their history.

The nielli exhibited are not many in number, but are generally good. They are among the rarest of antique Art-manufactures, and are, therefore, all the more welcome to the eye of the connoisseur. To the general public, however, this gathering of fine and beautiful examples of by-gone Art is as instructive as pleasing, and cannot fail to do good in every way. It is only to be regretted that the opportunity of visiting the exhibition was so limited.

PICTURE SALES.

THE collection of water-colour pictures formed by Mr. Charles Langton, of Liverpool, the sale of which was referred to last month, was one of the most valuable that has for many years been submitted to public auction. Messrs. Christie and Manson conducted the sale, getting large prices for the majority of the works. The following may be pointed out as the principal:—'Irish Peasants,' F. W. Topham, £102 (Gilmore); 'The Temple of Philo,' D. Roberts, R.A., 90 gs. (Gilmore); 'Fairlight Mill, near Hastings,' G. Duncan, £66 (Fuller); 'The Rivals,' a series of six small drawings by G. Cattermole, £252 (Vokins); 'Boy Holding a Candle,' W. Hunt, 72 gs. (Vokins); 'Canterbury Meadows,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 70 gs. (Gilmore); 'Lake of Como,' T. M. Richardson, 240 gs. (Lawrence); 'Grand Canal, Venice,' S. Prout, 165 gs. (Gilmore); 'The Pilot Boat,' Copley Fielding, 80 gs. (Agnew); 'On the Way Home,' D. Cox, 90 gs. (Wallis); 'Haunt of the Wild Fowl,' E. Duncan, 86 gs. (Agnew); 'Stalls in the Church of St. Gertrude, Louvain—Banditti entering,' L. Haghe, 64 gs. (Agnew); 'Too Hot,' W. Hunt, 300 gs. (Wallis); 'An Old Man,' W. Hunt, from the Bernal collection, 147 gs. (Agnew); 'The Gulf of Spezzia,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 56 gs. (Grundy); 'Porch of a Carmelite Convent at Cordova,' D. Roberts, R.A., 80 gs. (Agnew); 'Bird's Nest and Apple-blossom,' W. Hunt, £104 (Gilmore); 'Girls at a Stream,' P. F. Poole, A.R.A., 89 gs. (Isaacs); 'Snowdon, from Capel Curig,' Copley Fielding, 172 gs. (Isaacs); 'View near Hambledon,' Birket Foster, 105 gs. (Addington); 'The Halt in the Desert,' J. F. Lewis, A.R.A., 265 gs. (Lawrence); 'Haymaking,' D. Cox, 80 gs. (Wallis); 'Salamanca,' D. Roberts, R.A., 90 gs. (Vokins); 'The Highland Drover,' F. Tayler, 105 gs. (Agnew); 'Scarborough,' Copley Fielding, 74 gs. (Jones); 'The Abbey Ground,' G. Cattermole, 90 gs. (Agnew); 'The Moek Duenna—Pereira's Studio,' D. MacIise, R.A., 170 gs. (Agnew); 'A Tyrolese Carrier,' Carl Haag, 95 gs. (Agnew); 'Heidelberg,' D. Roberts, R.A., 185 gs. (Gilmore); 'Fort Rouge, Calais,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 235 gs. (Follett); 'A Welsh Landscape,' Copley Fielding, 175 gs. (Mawson); 'Venice,' S. Prout, 148 gs. (Isaacs); 'The Greeting in the Desert,' J. F. Lewis, A.R.A., 260 gs. (Agnew); 'Deer-Hounds,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 170 gs. (Agnew); 'The Descendants of the Doge Dandolo,' J. R. Herbert, R.A., 120 gs. (Agnew); 'The Posada,' J. F. Lewis, A.R.A., 380 gs. (Agnew); 'A Spanish Bull-Fight,' J. F. Lewis, A.R.A., the companion drawing, 375 gs. (Agnew); 'Miss Flite Introducing the Wards in Jarmycc to the Lord Chancellor,' John Gilbert, 200 gs. (Agnew); 'Lancaster,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A., now in the International Exhibition, 305 gs. (Follett); 'The Forum—Modern Rome,' L. Haghe, also in the International Exhibition, 290 gs. (Agnew). Three very small drawings by Birket Foster, entitled, severally, 'A Road-side Cottage and Pond,' 'Sheep near a Stile,' and 'Swimming the Dog,' sold for 184 gs.

It will be noticed that the collection, which realised upwards of £8,630, was unusually strong in drawings by Mr. J. F. Lewis. The most extensive purchases were made by Messrs. Agnew, of Manchester.

Messrs. Foster and Son sold at their gallery, in Pall Mall, on the 11th of last month, a collection of water-colour drawings, "the property of a gentleman in Lancashire;" it included a series of ten by Turner, made for his "Liber Studiorum;" these ten drawings, even the names of which we have no space for, realised, though measuring only a few inches of surface, the enormous sum of £615. Six early drawings by the same hand were sold for 201 gs.; three fine examples of Prout, 110 gs.; Mr. Hopley's fanciful composition, 'The Birth of a Pyramid,' an oil picture, recently exhibited in Oxford Street, was bought by Mr. Gordon for 150 gs. Among the remainder were some capital drawings by D. Roberts, C. Stanfield, W. Goodall, W. Evans, W. Hunt, and G. Cattermole, which fetched prices showing how eagerly the works of these artists are coveted. The whole were disposed of for £2,500.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE OLD MASTERS.

THIS is always a grateful resort after the compound dazzle and whirl of all the other exhibitions. Yet here there is a great force of colour in a quiet way. On entering from the street the eye falls at once on a picture more remarkable from circumstances than admirable for rare excellence,—this is the Belvedere 'Assumption' by Murillo. It differs from the famous Paris picture: it is not so brilliant, nor are there so many cherubim in it. When the Belvedere pictures were sold at Christie's, it was bought in, if our memory fail us not, for 9,000 gs. Beneath it hangs Mr. Holford's 'View of Dort,' by Cuyp,—a long picture made out of two shorter ones; certainly a mistake, were even the joining in the centre not visible. Before it was thus joined it was the property of a lady named Stewart. There is, we believe, in the Sutherland collection another long Cuyp made out of two smaller ones. There are two large Cuyps—'Landscape and Figures' (No. 34), and 'Landscape and Figures' (No. 38)—of the grandest works of the master but for the incongruity of a Dutch version of Italian scenery. We are really much beholden to that clockmaker, Lang Jan, for the possession of all the best Cuyps. Hobbima's 'Forest Scene, with Figures' is the perfection of this painter's substantive manner. England has produced only one man who has felt and followed Mindert Hobbima, and that is Patrick Nasmyth. To pass from this picture to the Claude, 'Landscape and Figures' (No. 5), is fatal to the latter—an early and unsatisfactory essay. Two works by Both are of great sweetness, especially No. 14. This painter is not sufficiently esteemed; for his light and air are much more tender than those of Cuyp. Vandyke is represented by examples of sterling but not paramount excellence. Among his portraits are those of 'Sir Edmund Verney, standard-bearer to Charles I.,' 'The Marchese Baldi,' 'The Wife of Snyder,' &c.; but the last, if she were to rise from her seat, would stand according to the proportions of the figure, eight or ten feet high. Yet everything by Vandyke has in it something precious that amply compensates defects. Murillo we have already mentioned, but his works are comparatively rare: there are, besides the 'Assumption,' 'St. Francis at Devotion,' 'The Flight into Egypt,' again 'St. Francis,' also the 'Magdalen' and 'The Good Shepherd.' The last, by the way, was in Sir Simon Clarke's collection,—the companion to the 'St. John' now in the National Gallery.

The Middle Room contains a selection of most interesting works by Poussin, Ruysdael, Greuze, Holbein, Neefs, Cuyp, Canaletti, Raffaele, Rubens, &c.; and in the South Room are found, as usual, a variety of English pictures, among which are many portraits by Romney, some of which have been very carefully worked out, while others, according to the notions of the present day, would be pronounced positively unfinished: there are ten portraits by this painter. Stothard is also prominent in illustrations to Telemachus, Burns's Poems, Horace, Moore's Sonnets, Boccaccio, &c.; many of these are eminently distinguished by that sweetness which constituted the charm of his drawings. At the end of the room are two brilliant portraits by Reynolds and Lawrence: a magnificent figure of George IV. when Prince of Wales, by the former; and by the latter, 'Lady Mexborough, and her son, Lord Pollington'—of which it is told that, like many of Lawrence's works, it was a long time in hand. After a lapse of fifteen

years he wrote to Lady Mexborough, begging her to come for a sitting, and bring the child. Her ladyship answered, that she would come with pleasure, but that "the child" was on duty at the Horse Guards. There are many pictures in this room that refresh our acquaintance with the infancy of our school.

—◆—
"PUNCH"
AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL.

THE exhibition, in an enlarged form, at the Egyptian Hall, of Leech's sketches in *Punch*, will not be one of the least remunerative enterprises of the season. How much soever these quaint and racy conceits are relished in the pages to which they so pithily contribute, they are even yet more enjoyable by enlargement—the point of the jokes gains pungency from expansion. The first question of the professional reader will be as to the form and manner in which they are brought forward. They are announced as sketched in oil, but they show the slightest conceivable application of paint; in short, they are sketched on canvas with, perhaps, a reed pen, and very thinly coloured. After the leading cut these minor cuts have always been sought out, before even the most facetious sallies of the letterpress. Their character and unflagging excellence has raised Mr. Leech to an eminence which he is likely to enjoy alone. Caricaturists have claimed for themselves both the great and small foibles of society, and dealt with them according to their own idea of a becoming representation. But Mr. Leech is not a caricaturist, yet he deals with the weaknesses of humanity, although rarely or never offensive to the most refined susceptibility. Leech has been the first to institute a kind of satirical art that may be placed in the hands of families without taint. The hideous exaggerations of essential caricaturists are exceptional, but we find in these sketches incidents that continually occur, and they exact the warmest applause, not only from the very appropriate manner of their setting forth, but from the domestic and every-day character of the circumstances on which they are based. As the literary matter of *Punch* attests that coarseness is not necessary to wit, so the artistic pieces show there is something more wholesome, amusing, and popular, than ribald caricature. Much of late has been said and written in praise of Hogarth, who was a miracle of power, considering the times in which he lived. His social histories were in the spirit of his time, but perhaps something less flagrant, but not less instructive, would have been more acceptable. With a certain section of the public, the merit of Rowlandson was his extravagant coarseness. With Art connoisseurs he was esteemed for his impudent and facile manner. He, too, fell well in with his time, and for him there was patronage, but yet only sectional; for where, even then, was the father that would have recommended the ultra vulgarity of Rowlandson's productions to his children? Sketches of social life dealt only with the worst phases of society, and the artists were held up as moral teachers, while they contented themselves by only rendering vice ridiculous by extravagant representation. The H. B. lithographs by Doyle, immensely popular in their day, are yet remembered. They were far superior to everything that had preceded them, inasmuch as they were painted with a strong political allusion, and the persons represented were not monstrously caricatured. These drawings had an extensive popularity, but principally among men who had read up the politics of their day, and the excellence and high tone of these sketches extinguished all taste for such gross caricatures as had previously been offered to the public. But none of these have met all tastes, as do Mr. Leech's sketches. The hacknied legislator, who professes to have done with trifles, contemplates with grim smile what he sees in the *Punch* of this week, and is impatient for the next number, certain of finding there also something equally fresh and true. There are not less than sixty-seven subjects, all of which, once seen, could never be forgotten.

NEW DOCUMENTS REGARDING
MICHELANGIOLO.*

THE well-known house of Michelangelo in the Via Ghibellina at Florence, has for many a year been one of the most interesting stock-sights of the Tuscan capital, and contains a great number of inestimably precious relics and memories of the mighty master whose ancient ancestral dwelling it was.

The old house passed, as most English readers are aware, some four years back, into the hands of the municipality of Florence by the bequest of the Commendatore Cosmo Buonarroti, one of the last descendants of the great sculptor's grand-nephew and namesake. "Michelangelo the younger," as his countrymen call him, was not in his day by any means unknown to fame, having attained some celebrity by his literary works, among which, a rustic comedy, *La Tancia*, is perhaps the best specimen extant of its kind in Italian literature; while he distinguished himself even among the *literati* of his time and country, by his ardent share in the Academy mania which raged so violently throughout Italy in the sixteenth century, and even established an *accademia* in his own house, where archaeological and artistic questions were discussed, instead of the vapid dialectic futilities, which usually occupied such assemblies.

Most English visitors to Florence are well acquainted with the treasures of the so-called Buonarroti Gallery: its fragmentary sketch of the 'Last Judgment,' its studies for the 'Pietà' in the Duomo, and for the noble 'David' at the Palazzo Vecchio, and the marble bas-relief of a battle, executed when the great artist was a boy of scarce fifteen years old.

The legacy of the Commendatore also included a quantity of most precious manuscripts, forming part of the archives of Casa Buonarroti, and which, during the old gentleman's lifetime, were jealously shut up from public inspection, and disclosed only by rare glimpses to friends of the family. The validity of such a bequest to the government, while some collateral offshoots of the family yet remained, was speedily made a subject of legal dispute, and the question was still at issue when the revolution of '59 made way for a liberal régime in Tuscany. Had the Commendatore's death occurred but one year later than it did, no fragment of the Buonarroti property assuredly would have enriched the city of Florence, for the testator had long rendered himself obnoxious to public opinion in Tuscany by a political retrogradism which shamed his long line of sturdy republican ancestors, and had been his best recommendation to the post of Minister of Public Instruction (!) which he held after the restoration of the grand duke in 1849.

A very few days before the Commendatore's death, he added a codicil to his will, forbidding the publication of any document or drawing contained in the gallery. The will, however, attacked by the heirs of the Buonarroti as illegal, was ultimately set aside, it being proved that the notary public, who by Tuscan law must be present during the execution of the document by the testators, had somehow unaccountably retired for awhile from beside the death-bed of the Commendatore into an adjoining chamber.

The lawsuit over, the municipality bought the Casa Buonarroti and its precious contents from the victorious heirs, and the collection of documents has since been carefully copied, and will, ere long, be printed in its entirety. It includes no less than two hundred and seventy-three letters, under the hand of Michelangelo, almost all of which have remained until now totally unknown. One most interesting letter from his friend Daniel da Volterra, who was with him till his death, to a nephew at Florence, bears his last signature, and another addressed by him from Rome to Francis I. of France, on whom it seems he had fixed his too sanguine hopes as the eventual restorer of old republican liberty in Florence, is full of the simplicity and earnestness

which characterised the great sculptor. The following is a translation of the letter in question:—

"Michel 'Angiolo Buonarroti to Francis I. King of France.

Sacred Majesty,

I know not whether is the greater, my thankfulness or my astonishment at your majesty having deigned to write to one of my sort, and having moreover made enquiry respecting my affairs, which are not worthy the attention of one of your dignity, whatever else they may deserve. But however this may be, your majesty must know that for this long time past I have desired to serve you, but have not been able to do so, owing to the obstacles existing in Italy to the exercise of my art. Now that I am old I will try to carry into effect in the time which remains to me, that which as I said I should have desired longer life in order to execute for your majesty. I mean a work either in marble, or bronze, or a painting, and if death should come and intercept this my intent, and if it be possible to paint or to sculpture in the life to come, I will not fail to do so there, where there is no more growing old.

Rome, XXVth day of April, MDLVI.

Your most Christian Majesty's

Very humble servant,

MICHEL 'ANGELO BUONARROTI."

The documents which formed part of the Commendatore's bequest, and which are now open to public inspection in the ancestral house in the Via Ghibellina, constitute, nevertheless, but a small part of the ancient archives of Casa Buonarroti. These were, in fact, divided into three portions, and these portions again subdivided, so that a considerable number of those which had been severed from the collection, remaining in the family muniment room, was lately purchased by the Italian Government for ten thousand francs, and many more were bought, some two years back, for the British Museum. Another portion of these voluminous archives was purchased by Signor Bustelli, of Rome, and yet another and a very important part has just come into the possession of a distinguished Bibliophile in Florence, and contains papers to the full as valuable as any that the Casa di Michelangelo itself can boast. First on the list comes the original contract passed between Pope Leo X. and Michelangelo for the execution of the front of the church of San Lorenzo, which, as every visitor of Florence too well knows, although nobly adorned within, still turns to the Piazza Madonna a ragged brick façade of barn-like homeliness. This contract is, in fact, the minute written description of a model of the proposed work, to which it makes frequent allusion, and which, from the details here given, must have been very unlike the drawing hitherto supposed authentic, of the same work, which exists in the Galleria Buonarroti.

Nothing can be more explicit than the contract. Every column and statue is therein precisely noted. The date is January 19th, 1518; below that there is, standing all alone on the paper, the "Placet" in the Pope's handwriting; and lower still the words: "*Io Michelagnolo di lodovico Simoni Sopradecto So chotecto aquato Iquesta Scripta Si chotiene e p Fede dicio mi so Soceto Schrieto di mia mano propia I Roma questo di Sopradecto.*" (I, Michelangelo, son of Lodovico Simoni above mentioned, agree to the things contained in this writing, and in witness thereof I have signed it with my own hand, in Rome, on the day above named.)

It was this façade of San Lorenzo upon which, as Ascanis Condivi relates, in his quaint little memoirs of his master and friend Michelangelo, Pope Leo's heart was so earnestly set, that he insisted on sending the great artist to Florence, to commence it without a moment's delay, though he thus obliged him to break off his work on the monument of Julius II., to his own great disappointment, and that of Cardinal Aginense, the nephew of the deceased pontiff. Leo, however, with his usual hot haste and fickleness of character, was peremptory in his commands, and so, says Condivi, "Michelagnolo left the monument with tears, and went his way to Florence, where, when he had arrived and given orders for all things needful for the façade, set out for Carrara to get the marbles, not only for that, but also for the monument, hoping, as the Pope had promised him, to be able to go on with it. Mean-

time, it was made known by letter to Pope Leo, that in the mountains of Pietrasanta, a fort belonging to the Florentines, were marbles as good and beautiful as those of Carrara, and that Michelagnolo had been spoken with on the subject, but that, being a friend of the Marquis Alberigo,* and having come to an understanding with him, Michelagnolo preferred getting his marbles from Carrara, to purchasing the others, which were in the Florentine territory. Thereupon the Pope wrote to Michelagnolo, enjoining him to go to Pietrasanta, and see if things were really as had been written to him from Florence. And he, going there, found the marbles very *intractable*, and ill fitted for his purpose, and though they had been well suited to it, yet had it been a difficult and very costly matter to bring them to the sea-shore, because it was needful to make a road many miles long through the mountains by sheer pickaxe work, and through the plain on piles, seeing that the ground was marshy. Which things Michelagnolo wrote back to the Pope, who rather believed those who had written from Florence than the artist, and ordered him to make the road. Wherefore, putting into execution the Pope's will, he had the road made, and by it brought down to the shore great store of marbles; among which were five columns of good proportion, one of which is yet to be seen" (a few years later, that is, but now probably hidden for long years by the raised level of the soil) "in the Piazza di San Lorenzo, and which he caused to be brought to Florence; the other four columns, by reason of the Pope having changed his mind, and turned his thoughts elsewhere, are yet lying on the sea-shore. But the Marquis of Carrara, supposing that Michelagnolo had formed the plan of quarrying the marbles at Pietrasanta because he was a Florentine citizen, became henceforth his enemy; nor would he afterwards permit him to return to Carrara for certain marbles which he had had quarried there, which was of great injury to Michelagnolo.

"Thus, having returned to Florence, and found, as was said before, the hot eagerness of Pope Leo quite gone out, he remained for a long space sorely grieved, without doing any work, having been forced to throw away much time, now in one way, and now in another, to his very great displeasure."†

So it was, then, that the contract was never carried into effect, and that the front of San Lorenzo is now as bare and unseemly as in the days of Pope Leo.

To proceed with the curious documents accompanying the contract; there is likewise a letter from Clement VII., then only a cardinal, and Vice Cancelliere di Santa Chiesa under Leo X., regarding the works of the façade, and assigning to Michelangelo two rooms in the chapter-house, during his superintendence of the building.

Then we have a letter from Pope Leo, bargaining with the Chapter for a piece of building-ground near San Lorenzo; a very curious memorandum, under Michelangelo's hand, of a receipt given by him to Giovanni Spina for fifty "*ducati d'oro larghi*" (broad golden ducats), being the monthly part of the six hundred allowed him yearly by the Pope. The sum would be no mean salary, even in the present day, for the golden ducat was worth about fourteen *scudi*, or something more than £3. So that, allowing also for the difference in the comparative value of money, the Pope appears to have been a generous patron. This memorandum bears the date of 1525.

Next comes a letter from Lucrezia Borgia to the Cardinal of Corbona, then Legate in Umbria, in reply to one of recommendation from him. This letter, which is dated from Pisa, 1521, is not in the hand-writing of the too famous Borgia, but bears her signature—"Lucretia Estensis"—having been written subsequently to her marriage with the Duke of Este, when she had entered on the last, or devout, phase of her strange life.

Then there are letters on various subjects from Ludovico Buonarroti, the father of Michelangelo, to him and his brother, Giansimone.

There are several autograph memoranda, artistic and other, in the hand-writing of Michelangelo; also a letter from Duke Cosmo II. to the Floren-

* Marchese di Carrara.

† Condivi. Vita di Michelagnolo Buonarroti.

* We retain the author's Italian method of spelling this name, instead of altering it to that by which the great Florentine is best known among us.—[ED. A.-J.]

tine Ambassador at Rome, warmly recommending to him Leonardo Buonarroti, the nephew of Michelangiolo, and father of Michelangiolo the younger; also a letter from Daniel da Volterra, the intimate friend of Michelangiolo, to Leonardo Buonarroti. It bears the date of Rome, 1563, and is of the highest interest, inasmuch as it gives characteristic glimpses of the venerable sculptor's home-life in his latest years, when no persuasion could prevail on him to return to the city of his love, now prostrate under the heel of the Medici. It seems that a coolness had arisen between Leonardo and his uncle, owing to the somewhat testy and irritable old man having accused his nephew of neglecting him, and of being exclusively taken up with his high and mighty friends at Florence. Daniel da Volterra describes how, in his visits to Michelangiolo, he has tried to smooth over the breach, and relates the dialogue between them in the simple old-world idioms, and with the same turns of expression as may be heard even now every day in the *Mercato Vecchio* at Florence. Michelangiolo, who was nearly ninety at the date of this letter, is spoken of in it as hale and strong, save that his legs were failing him a little, and had begun to swell. Daniel da Volterra says that on the occasion of his last visit to him, the old man had declared his intention of not leaving his property to Leonardo, who, however, did ultimately become his heir; and he adds that Michelangiolo had exclaimed, "I am resolved to give what I have in alms, and do some good to some poor man (*a qualche pover'uomo*) with it, trying by that means to gain some favour with God."

A strong interest attaches to a letter from Diomede Leoni to Leonardo, dated Rome, 1564, announcing to him his uncle's death, which had taken place four hours previously, and at which the writer had himself been present. Many of these letters have evidently been cut for the purpose of fumigation, through fear either of plague or other contagious disease.

Besides the above-mentioned documents, there are letters from Tiberio Calcagni to Leonardo Buonarroti, respecting such works of Michelangiolo as were left unfinished at his death, and regarding the arrangements made for his tomb in Santa Croce. There is also a demand from Battista Naldini, painter, dated 1578, for payment due from Leonardo of twenty ducats, on account, for the fresco executed by him on the monument, and from Battista di Domenico Lorenzi, sculptor, dated 1574, asking for payment on account for his share in the same, the entire sum due to him being, as it appears, 450 florins. No other great artist of the wonderful sixteenth century has left behind him a mass of documents so impressed with individual character and life-like interest as has Michelangiolo; and the story of his long and stirring career, backed up by the dark and bright surroundings of the times in which he held the highest place in the world of Art, has yet to be fitly told in Italy. It is said, however, that Professor Paolo Emiliani Giudici, the well-known author of several valuable works on Italian history and Art, is engaged upon a life of the great Florentine sculptor and his times, which will be given to the world after the expected publication of the documents in the Buonarroti Gallery.

From his cradle to his grave, the mighty, resolute, sternly-marked figure of Michelangiolo lends itself marvellously, under every aspect, to the vivid limning of a skilful biographer. His character and story are, like some faces and figures, eminently picturesque; as are also many of the memorials of him still existing in that beautiful city of the Arno, which he had striven so bravely, though in vain, to defend against the Medici in her hour of extremest need. Girolamo Ticeiani, the sculptor, in his brief supplement to the Life by Ascanio Condivi, thus very simply tells the story of his second funeral at Florence:—

"Michelagnolo was buried in the Church of the Holy Apostles at Rome, and to his obsequies flocked all the Florentine nation [*then at Rome*], and all the professors; and the Pope intended to have made a monument for him at St. Peter's."

The grand duke Cosmo, not having been able to get possession of him in life, obtained that his bones at least should rest in Florence; wherefore his body was secretly placed in a bale, as it were,

of merchandise, and so conveyed out of Rome, in order that its removal might not be opposed.

"The Florentine academy of design had elected him, by an unanimous vote, not only one of its members, but had declared him the head and master of all the others; and having had notice of his body being sent to Florence, they passed a decree that all his subordinates should accompany it to the grave, on pain of being for six months excluded from the said academy. The body, then, having arrived at Florence on the 11th day of March, 1563, the coffin was placed in the care of the confraternity of the Assunta, behind the church of San Pietro Maggiore. The day after that, the professors having assembled at about half an hour of night [*i.e.*, half an hour after sundown] in the chapel of the said confraternity, with a great number of torches, it was carried by the same to the church of Santa Croce; and although it had been the intention of the academy that this ceremony should be performed with the greatest possible secrecy, not only to avoid the tumult of the people [be it remembered that Michelangiolo had been the stoutest of republicans, and the fiercest opponent of the Medici, now triumphant in Florence], but also to make the pomp the greater at the solemn obsequies which they intended to give him; nevertheless, the news of this funeral having got abroad through the city, so great was the concourse of people, that scarcely could they bear him to the church, and, in the church itself, perform the usual sacred rites over him; which ended, the body was placed in the sacristy, where was the vice-president of the academy to receive it, who, to satisfy the professors, had the coffin opened, that they who had not seen him living, might at least have the comfort of beholding him dead; and he was found, to the wonder of all, to be uncorrupted and fresh, although twenty-five days had already passed since his death; and he was afterwards placed in a vault in the church, close by the altar of the Cavaleanti, to which, in the following days, were constantly affixed many literary compositions by the choicest geniuses of the city."

Such are a few specimens of the mass of new documents illustrative of one of the most interesting and important lives of the great period of the Renaissance; important, not only in an artistic, but also in a social and literary, point of view. We may probably have the pleasure of placing before the readers of the *Art-Journal* some further gleanings from the treasures into which we have been permitted to dip.

TH. T.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.

The following pictures have been selected, up to the time of our going to press, by the prize-holders of the current year.

From the Royal Academy.—Bed-time, A. Hughes, 200*l.*; Rotterdam, G. Jones, R.A., 100*l.*; First of October, W. Field, 26*l.* 5*s.*; Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad, J. Curnock, 20*l.*; Antwerp Cathedral, E. S. Cole, 15*l.*; Morning on the Thames, near Goring, W. Carter, 15*l.*; Lyn Dee, near Bethelart, F. Walton, 10*l.*; Dasbrod-holen, A. Erwood, 10*l.*; Crummock Water, E. A. Pettitt, 10*l.*

From the Society of British Artists.—Carting Timber in the New Forest, W. Shayer, 60*l.*; View from the Furdog Mountains, South Wales, J. Tennant, 40*l.*; The Picture, J. T. Peele, 35*l.*; Rest by the Way, C. Rossiter, 31*l.* 10*s.*; Bridge on the Camlan, North Wales, A. Barland, 25*l.*; Moving Timber—Winter, G. A. Williams, 25*l.*; Lieder Bridge, J. Syer, 22*l.*; Weston Village, in the Vale of Honiton, Miss Blunden, 20*l.*; Pike-Fishing, A. F. Rolfe, 20*l.*; The Young Hamblers, R. Benedict, 20*l.*; Cottagers, W. Shayer, 20*l.*; Cattle in the Marshes, A. Corbould, 20*l.*; The Shady Path—bright Summer-time, J. W. Bunney, 10*l.*; The Pen tre de Stearn, E. A. Pettitt, 10*l.*

From the British Institution.—Morning on the Usk, H. J. Boddington, 50*l.*; The Protracted Return, A. F. Patten, 40*l.*; Leafy Shade, H. Jutsum, 35*l.*; Fruit painted from Nature, Miss E. H. Stannard, 25*l.*; In the Meadows, G. Cole, 25*l.*; Domestic Ducks, J. F. Herring, 25*l.*; Reconnoitring on the Libyan Desert, W. Luker, 15*l.*; Spring-time, E. Holmes, 15*l.*; Near Inglewood Common, W. W. Gosling, 15*l.*; The First-catch, M. Dessure, 12*l.*; Trout-stream, Capel Curig, W. Field, 10*l.*; A Bit by the Waterside, W. W. Gosling, 10*l.*

From the New Water Colour Society.—Salvator Rosa in the Abruzzi, C. Vaehner, 100*l.*; Cetara, Gulf of Salerno, C. Vaehner, 40*l.*; The Road to Mines, H. C. Pidgeon, 31*l.* 10*s.*; The Church Pool, Bettws-y-Coed, J. C. Reed, 25*l.*; Xarifa, H. Tidey, 21*l.*; An Old Border Tower, C. Vaehner, 15*l.*; The Way across the Brook, D. H. McKewan, 14*l.* 14*s.*; Hornington Church, Wilts, W. Bennett, 11*l.* 11*s.*; On the Beach, Bonechurch, T. L. Rowbotham, 11*l.*

From the Royal Scottish Academy.—The Cottage Home, J. B. Millar, 25*l.*

THE TURNER GALLERY.

DUTCH BOATS IN A GALE.

Engraved by J. C. Armytage.

MANY of the best pictures painted by Turner in the earlier portion of his life were produced to rival the great works of the old, or rather older, masters: he entered the lists with Claude in landscape, and with Van de Velde in marine subjects, coming out most triumphantly from both competitions. With a genius so versatile as his, one might almost be led to conclude that, if his mind had been directed in youth to historical painting, he would have emulated Titian or Rubens in the power and brilliancy of their works.

In the collection of the Earl of Ellesmere, at Bridgewater House, is a magnificent sea view by Van de Velde, entitled 'The Rising of a Storm'; it was in rivalry of this that Turner executed, in 1801, the picture here engraved, a composition similar in character, but of rather larger dimensions. Comparisons have been made of the two works, but they differ so much in the manner of treatment, that each should be judged of irrespective of the other, inasmuch as each contains excellences which are not found in its rival. The Dutchman's picture is "handled," to adopt a technicality, in a neat and carefully finished style; Turner's in one vigorous and daring; the former is suggestive of the artist's studio, the latter has the true flavour of sea-water, fresh, turbulent and briny: there is abundance of motion in both, but Turner's is more life-like, more real. It was a bold undertaking on the part of the English artist to place himself in direct competition with the greatest marine painter of past ages; but he knew his own strength, and, moreover, could discern the weak points of his predecessor, so as to be able to avoid them on his own canvas. These are principally seen in the numerous objects scattered over Van de Velde's picture, whereby the general effect is much lessened; its colouring, too, is unnaturally black, and there is an absence of transparency, though these defects may possibly be occasioned by age. It should always be remembered, in examining the colour of pictures by the old masters, how much time and unfavourable atmospheres, with other deteriorating influences, have been the means of lowering tints once brilliant, and, sometimes, of almost destroying them altogether. We know of pictures by our own artists, painted within the last forty or fifty years, which have so faded as to lose half their original charms—some of Turner's might be adduced as examples; and if this be the case with modern works, what may not be attributed to those two or three centuries old?

While speaking of the want of transparency in 'The Rising of a Storm,' it must not be inferred that the 'Dutch Boats' possesses the opposite quality in a remarkable degree, for it certainly does not: it is painted in cool, grey tints, which of themselves show less opacity than the darker colours employed by Van de Velde, as well as by Baekhuysen, in so many of his marine pictures.

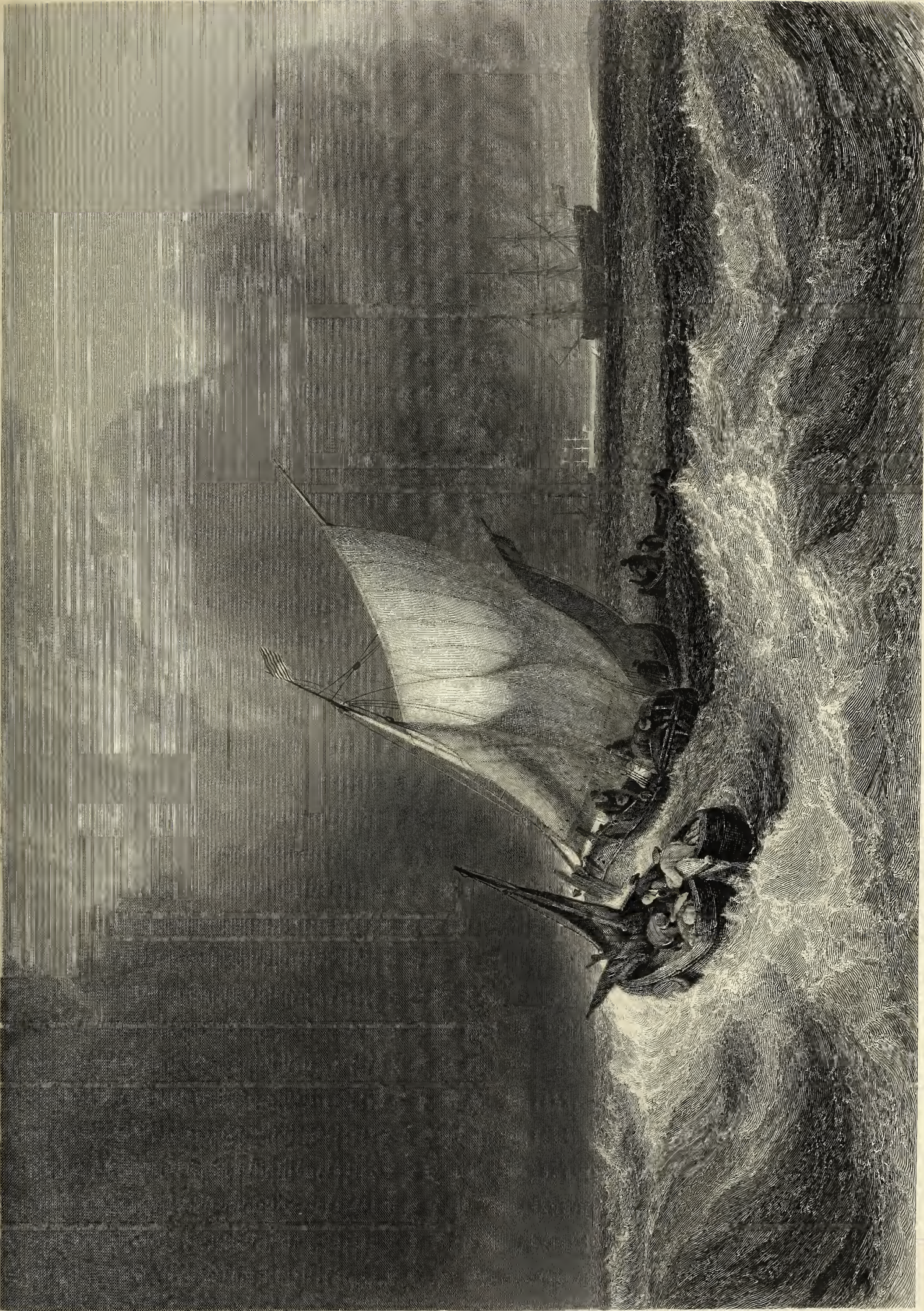
The treatment of the subject is one that ever has been adopted by painters of such scenes: the principal vessel, or rather its principal sail, is of comparatively light colour, and stands out in relief against a dark sky; the sunshine falls upon it from the left, and on the mass of waters foaming and chafing all around. There is no indication of a storm, though the force of a brisk gale is seen in the position of the boats and the short sweep of the near waves: between these and the ships riding in the distance at anchor the sea is but little agitated; a small row boat astern of the foreground group makes way steadily enough. The contrast between the turbulence of the sea on the left of the picture and its comparative calmness on the right, may be in some measure accounted for by the latter being so much nearer the shore, a line of which is visible in the extreme distance. The light is thrown with marvellous effect on the near vessels, and the mass of curling waters shooting up spray over their bows. The picture is in the Ellesmere gallery.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. PINXIT

J. C. ARMYTAGE, SCULPTOR

DUTCH BOATS IN A GALE.
FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF THE EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH

EDWARD TAYLOR, DEL.



NOTABILIA
OF
THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

WE rejoice to know that while in a financial view the Exhibition is in a satisfactory, or, at all events, a promising state, as an assemblage of Art-works and works of Art-industry it is an unquestioned success. It must now be considered as a great teacher, with far loftier aims than to gratify, to interest, or to amuse; not only every manufacturer in Great Britain, but every artisan and workman, should there study—should, in a word, there GO TO SCHOOL: he may learn much, no matter what his vocation may be. The lessons he will acquire are such as must not only increase his skill, mature his judgment, and improve his taste; they will enhance his prosperity, and bring substantial as well as enduring rewards. For more than twenty years in this Journal we have been striving to impress on the producer and the public, a conviction of the COMMERCIAL VALUE OF THE FINE ARTS; it is now very generally understood and appreciated, and those whose memories can go back so far with us, will be at no loss to comprehend how much of actual monetary profit has been, of late years, gained by competition with the nations who are our rivals.

We trust these truths will have due weight with the leading manufacturers of our country, and that no false economy will prevent their sending from the factories and workshops every man and woman who is in any way employed in the production of articles that may be influenced by augmented knowledge and refined taste.

If thus aided, the Exhibition may answer also in a pecuniary sense; at present there are but faint hopes that a sum will be received large enough to pay all expenses, and retain even a portion of the building. A great effort on the part of those who employ thousands of "hands," every one of whom may be benefited, and will certainly be refreshed, by a visit to the Exhibition, will avert the threatened evil of a financial deficiency, while amply rewarding the parties by whom the cost is sustained.

We earnestly hope this conviction will be received as a duty, as well as a necessity.

Her Majesty, as usual, has set an example to her subjects; already thousands have visited the Exhibition, to receive instruction as well as enjoyment—at her expense.

The arrangements of the interior have now been finally made; for although occasionally valuable contributions "drop in," the whole of the contributors are understood to "have done their best." Some of the blots have been removed; the nave is rather more decorous than it was in May. But the absence of resolute energy is still apparent there; still the pyramid of pickles deforms one end of it, and the temple of tallow candles the other, with many deformities between. Indeed, a clumsiness of arrangement is apparent everywhere throughout the building. Evidence of what may be expected is supplied at the main entrance, where an elevated statue of the Queen is altogether destroyed by a background which some "botch" has placed there—being neither more nor less than a huge cartoon. Alas! the master mind is sadly missed; everywhere we find proofs of incompetency to order or arrange; there has been no experience worth a rush—in a word, neither head to plan nor hand to execute. End as it will, the International Exhibition will be a memory of miserable blunders on the part of the administration.

Happily these abominations are comparatively lost amid the Art-wealth about them.

Moreover, few look at the building, either internally or externally, now; and the general impression undoubtedly is not only extreme satisfaction, but intense gratification.

In spite of gross mismanagement, we have produced a great work: for the honour and glory of England!

JURIES AND THEIR AWARDS.

As the duties of the jurors are by this time completed, and as their verdicts will necessarily have a powerful effect, for good or evil, upon the exhibitors submitted to their approval or condemnation, we offer a few comments touching the difficulties which have beset their operations.

Reference to the lists of names constituting the judicial phalanx, will at once demonstrate the fact, that although high social position and an amateur taste may have induced the nomination of a few members in different classes, still the great majority consists of men who have, by practical knowledge, made themselves authorities upon subjects the merits of which they are called on to determine. And even those without the technical qualifications, which are so essential to an adjudication, will bring to the task those (scarcely second in consideration) of unimpeachable honour, free from the bias which, more or less, must influence those intimately connected with or interested in special operations. Upon the publication of the official decision regulating and enforcing the character of the awards, we immediately entered our protest, considering them liable to grievous objection. We specially referred to the following rule:—"All medals are of one kind; there are no gradations of medals, all being the same. The medals are to be awarded for merit, *without any distinction of degree*, and without reference to competition between producers. It is not the best manufacturer in any particular branch of industry who should alone be rewarded by a medal, but all producers who shall show, by their exhibits, that their products are excellent in their kind. No exhibitor, however, can receive more than one medal from one jury." We have copied this declaration from the instructions of the Council of Chairmen to the Juries. The determination to give but one class of medal indiscriminately alike to the greatest success in works involving high intellectual and manipulative power, and to those of the most ordinary mechanical production—for the most cunningly elaborated triumph of the goldsmith's skill, or the choicest marvel of the potter's craft, and the latest novelty in a vent-peg or a blacking-bottle—we did, and do, condemn, adhering to our previously expressed opinion, that better no awards at all than such as these. Attempts were, in some juries, made to classify the medals, so that they should carry a varied significance, somewhat in accordance with the relative positions and merits of the works to which they were assigned; but these were officially overruled.

The difficulties of the juries have been much increased by this determination, and their decisions may, in some cases, be questioned, without due weight being given to the directions which have thus hampered their action. It will be at once admitted, that no judgment, however capable and honest, could give entire satisfaction to those adversely affected by it. The producer of the most useless trifle thinks it has, upon some ground, claim to favourable recognition, and will not admit the fact of its worthlessness, though attested by the most competent tribunal.

A novel feature in regard to the awards on the present occasion is, that they will be made known as early as possible during the Exhibition, and the 15th of June was fixed as the date on which they were all to be completed and forwarded by the juries to the Council of Chairmen. Upon their confirmation, the successful exhibitors were to be furnished with the official declaration of the awards, which were to be affixed to their exhibits. Presuming confidently upon the efficient exercise of the judicial functions, the most meritorious producers will be brought still more prominently under public notice, thus further attracted to works deserving approval and patronage.

The adverse influence which this course will exercise upon those exhibitors who have unfor-

tunately failed in obtaining recognition, has been strongly urged against its adoption, particularly in respect to some of the foreign producers. Whilst, however, we admit the truth and force of the objection, we must, at the same time, urge the justice of the position which it seeks to evade.

The International Exhibition is essentially a competitive one. Every intending exhibitor knew this when he entered the lists. The objects of the competition were to obtain exponents of the greatest merit in the various branches of scientific and Art-industry, and from this aggregate collection by competent judgment these were to be determined. Such selection being made, it would be most unjust to those whose intelligent exertion such successes were attributable, to withhold their declaratory acknowledgment until the objects were removed from public scrutiny and approval. There should be sympathy for the victors as well as the vanquished, and this decision, which we recommended in 1851, we see no reason to modify upon the present occasion.

Those (if there be any) who have missed an award which they may have justly claimed, can rest assured that public opinion will not ratify an erroneous verdict, however high the tribunal by which it may have been passed, and that early notification of the fact will be the most efficient means to remove or lessen its prejudice.

Some incongruities may, and will, be recognisable in regard to the standard of merit which has been adopted in the various adjudications. This will be best explained by the assumption that the exhibits have been viewed in reference to the status of the country from which they have emanated. For this reason (which is well based), awards have been given in the foreign divisions to works which, in the English classes, have not met with any recognition. The difficulties which attend the first establishment of manufactures in localities just venturing upon commercial enterprise, have had due acknowledgment, and their results have been judged, and rightly so, subject to such admission.

We trust that the decisions will be such as to yield all the satisfaction which can be reasonably expected from duties of so difficult and delicate a nature. In Dr. Lyon Playfair, C.B., the Royal Commissioners have had the aid of one thoroughly and singularly competent for the task with which they have entrusted him.

TINTED SCULPTURE.

Few Art-questions have been more repeatedly discussed, and with a greater diversity of opinion, than the propriety of painting marble statues. Precedents have been sought with more or less success in the finest examples of early Greek sculpture, whence it has been attempted to adduce unquestionable authority for its adoption. Few and unimportant have been the experiments hitherto placed before the public eye in England until the present Exhibition, and in this the results are exclusively from the studio of Gibson, our distinguished countryman. With every consideration for works which have emanated from so gifted a master of his art, and an inclination to accept any exponent of its capabilities which his judgment and taste might approve, we confess our dislike for these coloured statues; tinting, as thus illustrated, is, to our thinking, most unsatisfactory. It has either been carried too far, or not far enough; it is neither flesh nor marble. We consider the adjunct of colour, thus applied, as a departure from the original high purpose of sculpture, which never aimed at more than an abstract type of the subject represented in form and expression; its end being to idealise rather than to realise. This attempt at "too palpable flesh" not only destroys the very essence of the sculptor's art, but violates the delicacy that attaches to the pure material, on which representations are sanctioned that in a coloured medium would be objectionable. As a mere attempt at identity, it fails to do what is done effectually in wax; and, from the quality of the marble, especially observable in the Venus, the veins, as shown through the coloured surface, are particularly unsightly, not to say repulsive. These examples will doubtless settle this vexed question conclusively; few will be bold enough

to hope for a success where Gibson has failed. The experiment is for warning rather than for imitation.

TROPICAL FRUITS.

Those on whom has devolved the duty of representing the South American colony of British Guiana, have endeavoured to portray the resources of a vast province, rich in vegetable productions, such as sugar, coffee, cotton, starches, spices. With extensive forests abounding in useful timbers, alike valuable to the cabinet-maker and to the ship-builder—the adaptiveness to the former being demonstrated by some beautiful specimens of high Art exhibited, and the latter being fully proved by the fact that of the eight timbers recognised as first class at Lloyd's, for the whole world, two are the produce of British Guiana, namely, greenheart and mora. Then its zoology is well represented by several artistically arranged cases of birds and animals. We have also gorgeous butterflies, serpents, snakes, and vipers; teeming entomology; and lastly, as the *Times* remarks,—“The models of the fruits of Guiana are particularly succulent and attractive.” It is to these we wish, by the present notice, to draw attention; they are on a new principle and of a new material, of the nature of *papier mâché*, the invention of Mr. Mattis, a resident in Guiana. Besides being more real in appearance, they have this advantage, they neither crack nor melt, and are not easily tarnished. We are informed Mr. Mattis has already copied more than four hundred different kinds of fruit, and would gladly undertake to furnish, on reasonable terms, model specimens or collections of tropical fruits and vegetables, for museums or for amateurs. It is admitted by all who have seen them, that his imitations are admirable, and in a material that is nearly indestructible. As they have attracted considerable attention, it may not be out of place to remark that his process of imitation, though simple, is a secret, as we are informed, known only to himself: he discovered it during an illness of some months, when he was deprived of the use of his feet, the result of hardships endured during his wanderings in tropical forests. He has derived his powers of imitation chiefly from a close observation of nature. Mr. Mattis does not confine himself to fruits alone; he also exhibits in his peculiar material the model of a negro girl, too natural to be pleasant; she reclines on a hammock, made of the leaves of the palm, to which we also beg to call the attention of such of our readers as love the “*dolce far niente*,” and a cool lounge of a sultry day under a wide-spreading beech tree. Mr. Mattis resides at present in Surinam, where he is prepared to execute any orders that may be forwarded to him.

ARTISTS' COLOURS.

In the Eastern Annex, not far from the entrance to it from the transept of the main building, placed by the wall on the right hand, is a group of solid, sterling-looking, though altogether unostentatious, mahogany cases, which claim at our hands much more than a passing recognition of their presence. These cases contain Artists' Colours; and they exemplify in a truly splendid manner the high degree of perfection to which skill and enterprise and experience have now brought the *matériel*, that modern Science has provided and placed at the disposal of modern Art. Perhaps in no single class of objects in the entire Exhibition is a grand advance more strikingly demonstrated, than in these collections of artists' colours. They show the results of sustained as well as earnest effort. They have to tell of extended research, and of often-repeated experiment. They declare how thoughtfully the colours of long standing have been subjected to every test that might improve their qualities; while, at the same time, an inquiry after new colours has been carried on with that determined energy, coupled with such masterly intelligence, as rarely fails to result in complete success. And in the present instance the success has been most complete, both in the discovery and preparation of new pigments, and in the improvement of those that have long been in use.

The cases of artists' colours, four in number, are arranged in continuous succession, and they

represent respectively the manufacturing firms of Messrs. WINSOR & NEWTON, REEVES, ROWNEY, and NEWMAN—we name them in the order their cases stand. The whole are alike distinguished for the artistic style in which the various pigments are displayed, as for the brilliant and varied colours that are thus exhibited in their most perfect condition. It is to be understood that in these cases the pigments themselves are the objects exhibited, and therefore they appear either in solid masses, or in heaps of powder piled up upon glass *tazzi*, or in bottles of various forms and sizes. The Messrs. Newman have enclosed their specimen colours in small glass spheres, which have a very pleasing and elegant effect. And with their pigments the Messrs. Rowney have very happily associated specimens of the different gums that are used in the Arts.

The case that at once concentrates upon itself the attention of even casual observers is that of Winsor and Newton. It is of large dimensions, and its display of colours is more varied, and also on a much more extended scale, than in the adjoining cases; and in a Great Exhibition it is a matter of no trifling moment that such objects as pigments should be displayed in considerable quantities. This case contains upwards of 250 specimens of pigments, and includes all the rare and costly varieties. Amongst the new colours, introduced by the exhibitors since 1851, are *aureolin* and *cyanoline*, both brilliant transparent yellows, the former rather pale, and the latter having a rich golden tone; both of them are unquestionably permanent; and with these may be associated *viridian*—a perfectly new transparent and permanent green, of the most vivid brilliancy. The same case contains that very rare pigment, platina yellow, and a complete range of orient and other carmines, with specimens of the various cochineal lakes, the madder carmines and lakes, with all the important products of the madder root, the purples, browns, &c.; a perfect series of chromates of lead, of very pure and brilliant tones; as complete a range of pure sulphides of cadmium, in gradations from a pale straw to a deep red orange colour; the varied products of the metal chromium also—transparent and opaque greens, the hydrated brown oxide, citrine brown, and others; the malachite greens, uranium yellow, and the white sulphate of barytes, and all the important pigments that are obtained from the oxides of iron, both pure and in combination with alumina, when they are known as *Mars* colours. We leave to the last of the series the grand display of “Genuine Ultramarine” which is conspicuous in the collection of Winsor and Newton. This noble pigment is here shown in all its varied tints, and under every modification of condition and quality, as it is obtained from the choicest specimens of *lapis lazuli*, from regions that are as far removed from one another as Siberia and South America. The range of tint in these ultramarines, and their perfect purity of tone, command unqualified admiration: they extend from the pale, yet bright, azure of the South American *lapis*, to the full, dark, sparkling blue that is produced in the far north of Siberia, and they comprehend every modification of the deep lustrous colour for which the Arts are indebted to the *lapis* of Persia. It may give some idea of the splendid effect produced by these specimens of pigments, when we add that the ultramarines alone in Winsor and Newton's case weigh upwards of four hundred ounces, and consequently their value may be estimated at about £1,500. As a matter of course, with these new and rare pigments, specimens of all the well-known colours of both foreign and native production are exhibited, and they show that these also have received their own share of careful attention.

In the case of the Messrs. Reeves, the fine small blue attracts special attention; and the Messrs. Rowney's case is particularly distinguished for its brilliant pure scarlet, Chinese orange, ceruleum, and Veronese green. In both these collections, as also in the beautiful cabinet of the Messrs. Newman, all the colours that are exhibited fully vindicate the distinguished reputation of the several exhibitors.

We recommend these cases, and particularly the chromatic museum of Winsor and Newton, to the careful study of artists, and of all who have

feeling for that grand element in Art—colour. Here are the agencies which endow great colourists with a power that is absolutely without limit. Iris herself might have been glad to have sought fresh hues from these rich stores of varied pigments; while she would have readily borne her testimony to the excellence of the preparations which qualify human painters to rival her own celestial colouring. Without doubt, these cases of “artists' colours” will be thoroughly appreciated, both here in England, and in every foreign country in which Art has a cherished and an honoured home.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—We understand that the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, recently closed, has been very successful; the sales exceeding those of last year by nearly £2,000. The plan of issuing season tickets for day and evening visits respectively works well. Of the former more than four thousand were sold, and of the latter more than one thousand. Besides these, above eighteen thousand persons paid for single day tickets, and nearly twenty thousand for admission in the evening. The number of catalogues sold exceeded ten thousand.

DUBLIN.—A project has been set afloat for a Crystal Palace here—so the papers report. The names of forty influential Irish gentlemen, with the Duke of Leinster as chairman, and Mr. B. L. Guinness as vice-chairman, are named as directors of the company. The latter gentleman, a short time ago, purchased the fields called the Coburg Gardens, at the south side of Stephen's Green, containing about fifteen acres. This ground is to be converted into a winter garden, in the centre of which the palace is to be erected, at a cost of £50,000. The building is to contain a large concert hall and galleries for the exhibition of works of Art and Art-manufacture.

MANCHESTER.—The last report of the Manchester School of Art offers little that demands special notice. It alludes to the retirement of Mr. Hammersley, the late head master, and the selection of Mr. Mückley, from the Wolverhampton school, as his successor. The treasurer's account shows that the expenditure has exceeded the receipts by a small amount, and the deficiency is accounted for by the fact that no systematic canvass has been made for some years to increase the subscription list, and no reliance can be placed on aid from voluntary and unsolicited sources; the subscriptions have therefore continued to decline, while there is also a reduction in the amount of students' fees. The committee, however, anticipate a considerable increase in the latter item when the new arrangements are in practical progress.

WELLS.—The Fine Arts department of the Bath and West of England Society, which this year was held in the ancient city of Wells, was well supported by artists of the locality, and by a few strangers. There were numerous contributions from the South Kensington Museum, consisting chiefly of Chinese spoils taken from “The Summer Palace.” The show of works of Art-manufacture from local establishments, as well as the machinery, deserved the attention each department received.

BOSTON.—The Boston School of Art was established for the town and neighbourhood of Boston, Lincolnshire, October, 1860, and opened February, 1861, in connection with the department of Science and Art at South Kensington. The first report, just issued by the local committee, states that, both in the matter of its finances, and also as to the number and progress of its students, the school has been very successful. By reference to the balance-sheet, we find that upwards of £90 was collected by the indefatigable efforts of Mr. William Gane (one of the honorary secretaries), to furnish the school with the necessary apparatus, exclusive of grants made by the department, for examples and casts. The number of students attending the school during the past year was 106, exclusive of pupils from the Grammar School, and the five public schools in the town. The school is based on a self-supporting principle, and the share of the fees (one-fourth) retained by the local committee meets the expenses for rent, gas, &c. &c. The result of the examination in February last has just been communicated to the committee; eight local medals have been awarded; three of the students' works were selected for national competition, and forty pupils passed a satisfactory examination. Considering the short time that this school has been established, the above awards are creditable to both the master (Mr. V. Howard) and his scholars.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

NATIONAL GALLERY.—An addition of two pictures has recently been made to the collection. One ascribed to Vandyke is, perhaps, a sketch after Rubens; the subject is "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes." It is a small picture, and appears to have been painted on by a bungler. The figures were all, perhaps, intended for semi-nude, but some have been covered with drapery, which is partially wiped or cleaned off. The second is a portrait of an astronomer, by Ferdinand Bol. It has been presented to the Gallery by Miss E. A. Benett.

THE EARL GRANVILLE gave a morning reception in the historic grounds of the Duke of Devonshire, at Chiswick, on the 31st May, and the Royal Commissioners an "Evening" on the 7th June. Both occasions were entirely successful. The hundreds of foreign notabilities there assembled must have been greatly gratified by the efforts made to receive them worthily—for that was the main purpose of the gatherings. It was right and wise to do so much in imitation of the hospitalities extended to visitors at Paris in 1855. Lord Granville received his guests with the grace and courtesy for which he is famous, and a very large proportion of the rank-aristocratic and the rank-intellectual of Great Britain walked the grounds, and through the famous apartments, at Chiswick. Nothing could have been more liberal than the reception at South Kensington; nothing could have been more gratifying or more impressive. It was creditable and honourable to all parties concerned.

THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART has issued a circular to the various Schools of Art in the United Kingdom, informing them of the Queen's gracious and liberal intention to distribute to the students eight hundred free admissions to the International Exhibition upon "half-a-crown days." In the distribution of these privileges "it would be Her Majesty's wish that the merits of these pupils as students, *as well as their station in life*, should be duly considered." The clause we have marked in italics is, we presume, an intimation that those who are able to pay for themselves ought not to participate in the gift, but it may also bear another, and less favourable, construction—that the poor, and, perhaps, ill-clad student, should not appear in the presence of the aristocratic classes that throng the building on "high days." Such never could have been Her Majesty's intention, and it is therefore to be regretted that any expression should have been used to raise a doubt. It will rest with the committee of the school, or the pupil, to make the necessary arrangements for coming up to London, staying here, and returning.

HENDRICK SCHAEFFELS, a painter of the Belgian school, has sent to this country a companion picture to one we noticed some time ago, both painted from incidents connected with the history of Antwerp. That which we now have to speak of shows Frederick Giambetti, the Italian engineer, taking leave of St. Aldegonde, Burgomaster of Antwerp, when departing to command the fire-ships that were intended to destroy the fortified bridge, built over the Scheldt, by Alexander Farnese, in 1585. The interest of the scene is admirably sustained throughout the composition; as principal actors in which we see Giambetti and St. Aldegonde on the quay—the former about to embark in a boat that is waiting for him. The quays and walls are thronged with people, and beyond and above them rise the ancient towers of Antwerp, as it was in the sixteenth century. On the right, the river is thronged with ships, containing various devices for the destruction of the bridge. The picture, in the whole, shows a wonderful range of thought and research, and, in dignity and serious purpose, aspires to the rank of Historical Art. It is in the possession of Messrs. Myers of Old Bond Street.

MR. VERNON HEATH is exhibiting at his Gallery, 43, Piccadilly, a small collection of landscape photographs, among which are some of extraordinary beauty. There are two views of a burn at St. Fillan's, Perthshire: a small stream flowing from a wild and rugged upland moor, through a course obstructed by rocks and boulders, but rich in gorse, blooming heather, and all the wild

flowerets that help the fragrance of such regions. An enterprising botanist, with a good microscope, would find matter for a session of study in such a mirror of nature. Among others, are two beautiful vignetted views of Windsor Castle; several at Endsleigh, Devon—one especially, in which atmosphere is as well given as it could be in painting. A peasant's cottage at Monzie, Perthshire, is such a subject as would be at once selected for a picture by an artist, though an imitation of its picturesque ruggedness would break the heart of any conscientious man. The subjects are forty-one in number, and among them are views of Penshurst, the Thames at Maidenhead, of the Almond Turret and Earn, Perthshire; Moor Park, &c. &c.—all remarkable for their breadth and detail.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.—The anniversary dinner of this most useful and well-managed institution took place, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 31st of May. Lord Ashburton had been announced to preside, but, as unfortunately happened last year, was too unwell to fulfil his promise; under these circumstances, Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., very kindly undertook the duties of chairman, sustaining the position in his usual urbane and efficient manner. In apologising for the absence of Lord Ashburton, he told the company, as his lordship was unable to attend personally he had doubled his subscription this year, by which the society had gained twenty-five guineas, though it had lost its expected chairman: this would in some measure, perhaps, compensate for the disappointment. Mr. Godwin, in proposing the toast of "Success to the Artists' Benevolent Fund," spoke of the benefits it conferred upon the profession, and urged the claims it had on the benevolence of the public. Since its foundation, in 1810, nearly £24,000 have been distributed in the relief of the widows and orphans of British artists: during the past year upwards of £750 had been thus appropriated, while the cost of working was considerably below £100. We cannot too strongly enforce upon the attention of the numerous body of artists the advantages derivable from being associated with this institution and its sister society, "The Artists' Annuity Fund," both of which are calculated to do so much good. Few of the leading members of the profession were, we regret to say, present at the dinner; Sir Charles L. Eastlake, Mr. David Roberts, Mr. Doo, and Mr. Lumb Stocks, were the only representatives of the Academy.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.—The lease of the premises in Pall Mall, known as the British Institution, expires in 1866. A weekly contemporary, who evidently is bent upon taking time by the forelock, throws out a hint, on the assumption that the lease will not be renewed, that the annual exhibitions of the old masters, which have been open there during so many years, should be transferred to the South Kensington Museum. It is early yet to talk of arranging a matter by anticipation so long beforehand; but we sincerely hope the governors of the Institution will not give their sanction to any such scheme.

FOLEY'S STATUE OF LORD HARDINGE.—Subscriptions for the reproduction of this noble equestrian group continue to progress, but not so fast and freely as could be desired, nor in proportion to the value of the work as an example of British sculpture. Hitherto the subscribers are chiefly artists; among those not of the profession we may mention the names of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, Earl De Grey and Ripon, the late Lord Herbert, Sir Walter C. James, Sir Edward Ryan, Major-General Hay, and Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Cust, besides a few others. Surely, among the thousands of visitors daily thronging the International Exhibition, where the model of the group may be seen, there must be a large number who can appreciate its worth, and would be pleased to aid in procuring a bronze copy for erection in this country. Subscriptions may be paid to the "Honorary Secretaries of the Hardinge Statue," at 22, Regent Street.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS invited a large party, on the evening of June 11th, to a *Conversazione* at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor; who, when the guests were assembled in the Egyptian Hall, which was brilliantly lighted

up and beautifully decorated with rare plants and flowers, delivered a short, but most appropriate address to the visitors. An excellent concert followed, in which Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Parepa, and many other noted musicians, both English and foreign, took part.

THE ANNUAL CONVERSAZIONE of the St. Martin's School of Art was announced for the evening of June 27th—too late in the month for us to notice the meeting in our present publication.

MESSRS. ELKINGTON & Co. have had the honour of submitting to the inspection of the Queen, at Windsor Castle, their magnificent silver repoussé table, from the International Exhibition. The top of this table will be found engraved among the illustrations in these pages, where we have spoken of it as among the finest works of its kind ever executed.

THE ART-COPYRIGHT BILL "drags its slow length along" the House of Lords, whence, probably, it will not issue during the present session. Its many and glaring errors have been pointed out by Lord Overstone and other peers, and, at all events, it will be much "amended" when it does become law.

EVENINGS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, we are sorry to learn, are not so successful—that is to say, not so remunerative—as we had reason to expect they would be. It was a right step, and, be the result what it may, the Academy will have no reason to regret having taken it. It must, however, be borne in mind that this year all other exhibitions are "swallowed up" by the great Exhibition, and that, moreover, the evenings at the Royal Academy have not yet been made sufficiently known to the public.

MR. ZEITZER, a foreign artist long naturalised in this country, died last month at his residence at Kentish Town. His pictures of Hungarian and Polish scenery and manners have been for many years exhibited at the gallery of the Society of British Artists, of which institution he was a member.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—We trust the public meeting held at the Mansion House, on the 17th of last month, under the auspices of the Lord Mayor, will accomplish the object in view—that of aiding the building fund of the school. The claims of the institution were warmly advocated, on this occasion, by his Lordship, Mr. Tite, M.P.; Mr. R. Westmacott, R.A.; Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S.; Mr. Alderman Rose; the Rev. Emilius Bayley, Rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury; Mr. Harry Chester, and other gentlemen; several subscriptions were announced.

MEDAL OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.—A large and very beautiful medal, struck in memory of the lamented Prince Consort, has been shown us by the Baron Van der Cruysse, a Belgian artist, who, we understand, prepared the designs for its execution, and who also made the drawings for the series of medals illustrating the most remarkable edifices of Europe, engraved by Wiener, of Brussels. The English portion of this series, cast by Messrs. Elkington, we noticed a few months back. The medal of Prince Albert is also the work of M. Wiener, who has produced a fine and faithful profile of his Royal Highness in extremely bold and sharp relief, yet free from all rigidity of expression. On the reverse side is a coronal of laurel, excellent in design and execution, encircling an inscription which speaks of the prince as the founder of the two great International Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862.

A SMALL ENGRAVING, in mezzotint, by a young "hand," W. A. Rainger, has just been published by Messrs. Graves & Co. It is simply a robin lying dead on the ground, after a picture by G. Lance, but the print is executed with so much delicacy and truth that we may fairly expect to find Mr. Rainger making his way in time to a good position.

ERRATA IN THE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.—In describing the Worcester enamels which graced one of the necklaces exhibited by Phillips, of Cockspur Street, we attributed the production of these beautiful gems to the pencil of M. Bott. We find they were painted by Mr. Rushton, another artist in the establishment at Worcester. The painted windows, to which we accorded high and merited praise, are the works of Messrs. Warrington, and not Harrington, as printed.

REVIEWS.

ITALIAN SCULPTURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES AND PERIOD OF THE REVIVAL OF ART. A Descriptive Catalogue of the Works forming the above Section of the South Kensington Museum, with additional Illustrative Notices. By J. C. ROBINSON, F.S.A. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

It will convey some idea of the importance attached to the collection of sculptures at South Kensington, when the public finds a catalogue like this issued under the sanction of the Committee of Council on Education. Opinions may, and do, differ as to the value of many of the examples, except as sculptured curiosities, but it is quite clear the authorities at the Museum do not so consider them, or they would not have been there. As a chronological series, showing how mediæval Art of this kind grew to maturity, the collection will certainly well serve the purpose of the student; but we should no more think of setting the young sculptor to copy some of these works to improve his taste and his style, than we should place before a student of painting the pictures of the artists of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries with the same object. Both deserve the attention of the archaeologist, though they would be utterly worthless to the practical sculptor and painter.

We have at various times, keeping pace with the additions periodically made, given our readers an account of what the collection contains. Mr. Robinson's Catalogue describes each object at greater or less length, according to its presumed value, and he has appended to his descriptions such remarks on the work and its author as it appears to justify. These comments show that he has given close attention to the subject, and that he has not laboured in vain to acquire the knowledge requisite for his task, and his office at the Museum. The book is "got up" in a style almost too delicate and costly for use in the Museum; it is profusely illustrated with well-executed engravings of the principal examples, and in typography and binding is better adapted for the drawing-room table than for the student to carry with him as he explores the collection. As a volume of reference for the library, imparting information on the origin and history of the mediæval sculptures of Italy—a subject of undoubted interest—it cannot fail of being acceptable.

UP THE NILE AND HOME AGAIN. A Handbook for Travellers, and a Travel-book for the Library. By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A., Honorary Member of the Society of Antiquaries of Normandy, Picardy, and Poitiers. Author of "Costume in England," &c. &c. With One Hundred Woodcut Illustrations, from Original Sketches by the Author. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

It would be almost an absurdity to expect, in such an age as ours, any very great novelty in a book of travel over ground which has already been trodden, and written about, and illustrated, by a score or two of adventurers, literary, scientific, archaeological, or artistic. But each of these travellers has, or assumes to have, his speciality; he visits the land, generally, with one object only, and sees little beyond what he is actually in search of; as a consequence, the book, when it appears, is found to be more specific than comprehensive, more a class-book than a *vade-mecum*. It is, therefore, something out of the common way to get a volume which combines, in some measure, what is usually to be met with in two or three, or even more. Mr. Fairholt's visit to Egypt, in the early part of last year, was in search of health; this, we are happy to know, he found; but it was not to be expected that an active mind like his, aided by a ready pencil, could make such a journey without jotting down, if health permitted, a multitude of notes and sketches for future service when required. From such an accumulation has his book been compiled.

We are spared by the modesty of the author's preface from comparing it with any previous works on the same subject. It interferes with none; but if more ample information is required on any particular subject, the reader is told that the works of Wilkinson, Lane, and others, will supply it. The author's design has evidently been to make his handbook a truthful guide to the traveller, out and home again, and he has, therefore, minutely described the voyage and journey from Southampton to Abou-Simboul. He ignores elaborate descriptions of the principal antiquities on the Nile, because they are pointed out in other writings, often to the exclusion of more noticeable features on the river. Not that such objects are omitted, or otherwise than duly described,

but a prominence is given to village and boat life, to the numerous important towns, and the very remarkable scenery on the banks; and it is somewhat unaccountable, when we consider how many illustrated volumes have already been devoted to the Nile, that in this we should find, so far as our recollection serves, the only representations of such noted towns as Minieh, Ekhnim, Siout, &c., engraved; and such interesting localities as the cliffs and convent of Sittina, the famed tomb at Beui-hassan, and the wondrous rock temples at Silsilis. Many of the minor illustrations are equally valuable as original and hitherto unpublished views. The geological diagrams help us to understand the natural phenomena of the glorious old country, and the author's descriptions give us more of the every-day life of the Nile and of Egypt than is usually found in such books. The manners of the people, their superstitions, and their general peculiarities, are given with unpretending truthfulness, and not without some sense of humour—as, for example, the boatmen's songs, the attempts at English in which they indulge, and their out-spoken opinions of Europeans, are amusing enough. On more serious occasions, Mr. Fairholt is duly impressed with what he sees, and his description of the visit to the tombs of the kings at Thebes, to the temples at Silsilis, and to the ruins at Assouan and Philæ, are the best he has yet put on record. By a simple, unpretentious, colloquial style, he has given an excellent idea of the land which from the days of Moses has been memorable and hallowed ground—grand, mysterious, and significant beyond every ancient country of the earth.

Of the one hundred illustrations in the volume, many are drawn and etched by the author, in a free but careful style; the remainder are engraved by Mr. Rimbault, from Mr. Fairholt's drawings on wood. The portability of the book, and the kind of information it contains, are just what a traveller who would spend a month or two in the country requires, and would find of essential service; it is, moreover, a very readable book for home use.

THE HEART OF THE ANDES. Engraved by W. FORREST, from the picture by F. C. Church. Published by DAY & SON, London; McCLEURE & Co., New York.

Mr. Church's magnificent landscape, exhibited in London in 1859, cannot have been forgotten by those who saw it. A work so peculiarly beautiful in its natural features, and so powerfully expressed by the painter, we thought justified three or four columns of description in our pages at that time. It now comes before us in another form; deuded, indeed, of its glorious colouring, but retaining all its beauty of form and expression—the lofty mountains towering with solemn grandeur in the distance, the vast plain at their base, suggestive of miles of country—here flat, there undulating, and all covered with verdure of innumerable tints; the giant trees rising up on the right, with the masses of shrubs, plants, and flowers flung wildly, as it were, about the foreground; the tiny rapids flowing and widening onwards to the feet of the spectator, are all present with us again in Mr. Forrest's really fine engraving. His task has been one of no ordinary difficulty, as all who carefully studied the original must be fully aware; but he has proved equal to its requirements—preserving in its completeness the character of the painting, and giving to his work so much of the colour of the picture as black and white could effect. The print is rather large, yet looks small, from the immense amount of subject it contains.

SPECIMENS OF MEDIÆVAL ARCHITECTURE: chiefly selected from Examples of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries in France and Italy, and Drawn by W. EDEN NESFIELD, Architect. Published by DAY & SON, London.

It can scarcely have failed to strike any one who has only incidentally watched the erection of public buildings, especially within the last quarter of a century, to how great extent the style of the Gothic, in its various ramifications, has prevailed over every other. Even in domestic architecture, when applied to suburban structures, it has had a full share of the business. To adopt a commercial phrase, the "run" has been on the Gothic. It is, therefore, no matter of surprise that architects should be found investigating Europe for examples of what has become so popular, to be used as auxiliaries to their art. A volume of this character is the one before us, containing one hundred plates of edifices remarkable for their picturesque beauty, or of particular portions of these buildings, and of others similar in character; the whole forming a series of examples which the student and professor of mediæval architecture will

find to be of the greatest service. It was clearly Mr. Nesfield's object to produce such a work, for the drawings, in all their details, are most carefully made; and though he has judiciously refrained from making pictures of the subjects, he has given to them sufficient pictorial character to render them agreeable to the eye. The noble edifices of the middle ages have certainly an ardent admirer in this gentleman, and as we turn over the leaves of his volume, we can fully understand, and share with him, his love of the old Gothic builders' art—one which we rejoice to see assuming once more a "local habitation" among us, even extending itself to our houses of business and marts of commerce. Who would not rather see a line of mansions, built something after the mediæval fashion, occupying the noble site of Portland Place, rather than the vista of houses which are now there, unsightly as an interminable workhouse on each side, and unsuggestive of any thought of beauty as the pile of huge stones on Salisbury Plain? Judging from the specimens of domestic architecture of the last century which are around us, one can only come to the conclusion that there were no architects living in those days, but merely builders of houses. We are doing better now.

"BUY A DOG, MA'AM?" Engraved by F. STACKPOOLE, from the Picture by R. Ansdell, A.R.A. Published by FORES & Co., London.

It scarcely, we fear, admits of doubt whether the engraving just noticed or this will find the greater number of admirers. Take the two subjects out of the painters' hands, and place the spectator before the veritable scenes themselves, and we know to which the palm would be given; but put them as pictures, and this hard-featured dog-stealer—for he is nothing more or less—with his "show" of animals, carries off the suffrages of our countrymen and women by an overwhelming majority. Dogs carry the day with us before the most splendid landscape. The exhibition of Mr. Ansdell's picture is of too recent date to require any description of the work; and we may safely anticipate for the engraving a popular reception. It is in mezzotint, executed with considerable power, though somewhat hard in texture. The old sleepy-looking hound in front is capital, and the "dealer" stands out well.

STUDIES FROM A SKETCH BOOK. Designed and etched by JAMES SMETHAM. Published by WILLIAMS & LLOYD, London.

A series of small figure-subjects, designed by an artist possessed of true poetical feeling, and who handles the etching needle with much delicacy. Among the eight or ten subjects he has published, are three or four little gems. 'The Last Sleep,' a design admirably adapted for monumental sculpture; 'Hugh Miller Watching for his Father's Vessel' is full of spirit and expression; 'Midsummer,' a boy basking in the sun, as he lies, face upwards, in an open common, with his young sister seated upon him, is natural in composition, and clever in execution; 'The Lord of the Sabbath,' in a corn-field, is a work of no ordinary merit. Mr. Smetham's name is unknown to us as an artist, but he has evidently some of the right metal in him: only let him beware of modern pre-Raffaellism, towards which he seems to have a bias.

PASSAGES IN THE HISTORY OF A SHILLING. By Mrs. C. L. BALFOUR. Published by S. W. PARTRIDGE, London.

If walls could speak, it has been said, they would relate some strange histories; so too would coin, and one is here made to tell its own story and experiences, or rather what the shilling sees and hears among those who by turns become its possessors. It falls into the hands of the rich and the poor, the miser and the spendthrift, the gambler and the philanthropist, the tradesman and his apprentice, and many others. Throughout the narrative there is a wholesome moral, instructive and profitable.

HOW I BECAME A GOVERNESS.—THE GRATEFUL SPARROW.—DICKY BIRDS. Published by GRIFFITH & FARRAN, London.

These three little books are placed together, because they are all by the same authoress, though published anonymously. The first story originally appeared in "Good Words;" it reads like a narrative of facts, pleasantly told, and gives a little insight into the management of a Parisian pension. The other two tales are shorter, and written for quite young children, who will find amusement in reading or hearing of the histories of the pet birds.

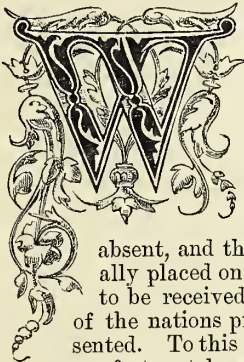
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LONDON, AUGUST 1, 1862.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,
1862.No. III.—PICTURES OF THE FRENCH, BELGIAN,
ITALIAN, AND SPANISH SCHOOLS.

FRENCH SCHOOL.



WE will not disguise the fact that many of the foreign schools are set forth imperfectly in the International Exhibition, that leading painters long known to European reputation are absent, and that the pictures actually placed on view have little claim to be received as the master works of the nations presumed to be represented. To this sweeping charge there are fortunately some exceptions, hereafter to be mentioned; but the general devaluation is specially felt in the great French school, of which we now propose to treat.

We find the history of French Art for the last one hundred years thrilling in incident and interest. The Arts in that country, like her people, have passed through strange and startling vicissitudes. The genius of French painting has kindled her torch in the fire of revolution, she has mounted the barricade, and waded through blood to the field of battle; by turns she gloried in scepticism and indulged in superstition, crowning an Apollo, caressing a Venus, crucifying a Christ, worshipping a Madonna, rising to the spiritual ecstasy of an Ascension or an Assumption, and then revelling in the riot and license of a debauch. Passion in its noblest outgoings of adoration and love; passion in its relentless outbreak of profanity and lust,—all, in fine, which can make of man god or demon, constitutes the greatness of French Art. Perhaps, taken all in all, it is the leading school in Europe. The changes through which it has passed, and the ends it has proposed to compass, will be more precisely seen by analysis and illustration. David was herald to the present epoch, the hero of "the classic," of which 'Les Horaces' in the Louvre is the best example. The classic of David, with its cold colour and severe statuesque form, did not long survive its master. Géricault, the champion of "the romantic," painter of 'The Shipwreck of the Medusa,' hanging in the Louvre face to face with its rival, 'Les Horaces,' soon came with impetuous ardour, gave reality for shadow, warm life for icy petrification, and thus under his sway the romance of the imagination triumphed over the classic chill of the severe reason. But though the victory seemed decisive, yet the contest, we need scarcely say, has been prolonged even to the present day.

The classic, in its cold, unmitigated austerity, indeed no longer subsists; but classic forms and subjects, infused with the soul or sentiment of modern romance, forming a hybrid which may be termed "the classic-romantic,"—this indeed constitutes the true analysis of the extant French school of high Art. Ingres, Delaroche, and Ary Scheffer, are classic, academic, and ideal, in type, form, and cast of drapery; but in sentiment and subject they have the warmth and colour of romance. Again, other French artists, and in number they constitute a vast majority, are expressly romantic, and nothing else. Delacroix, the colourist, who paints even a "Pieta" in warm rapture, commands at their head. And now, step by step, each separate and successive fashion in French Art follows in due order of development. The surrender of the classic for the romantic was the abnegation of an ideal form in favour of a living and concrete reality. Hence with phases romantic necessarily came manifestations of the realistic and the naturalistic, till at length even the Bible, by Horace Vernet and others, was read as an Arab chronicle or for a Bedouin wandering. Then followed in close train pictures of small incident by Meissonnier, Plassan, and Chavet; the interest centred on some lady's toilette, the light focussed on a soldier's armour. But with the truth of realism was granted at the same time the love of landscape nature; and hence came, in due course even for French Art, the health, the poetry, and purity, of fields and trees, and grass and flowers. Thus have we traced the development of French Art, and with it, in some measure, indicated the stages through which other continental schools have passed, in order that the reader may find in the sequel more sure basis for intelligible criticism.

Ingres, Commander of the Legion of Honour, and peer of France, now eighty years of age, is the Nestor of the French school. Towards the close of last century, he entered the *atelier* of David; he afterwards studied in Rome, and ultimately became director of the French Academy in that city. By erudition, therefore, as well as through his great works, 'Homer Deified,' 'The Apotheosis of Napoleon I.,' and many others, he has long been the accepted master of the "grand" style, and stands in his own country for Raphael and Michael Angelo. A nude nymph, in the International Gallery, called 'Spring,' is among his minor works. The great Delaroche, now no more, son-in-law of Horace Vernet, takes, as we have said, an intermediate position between the classic of Ingres and the modern romance and realism of which Horace Vernet, his father-in-law, is one of the chief leaders. In 'The Girondists,' 'Lady Jane Grey,' 'Charles I. insulted by the Soldiers of Cromwell,' and 'The Hemicycle,' of the Palace des Beaux Arts, Delaroche throws off classic robes for contemporary costumes, surrenders the ideal for the truth of the historic, and above all, instead of the generic in form, and the placid and immovable in expression, seizes on the individual portrait, plunges into the drama of life, and is impelled by the intensity of its passion. In the present Exhibition, 'Marie Antoinette' is a good and well-known example of this artist's historic treatment. The Queen, robed in "that chastity of honour," "which inspires courage whilst it mitigates ferocity," keeps, as it were, in awe the mad rabble of revolution. 'A Martyr in the Reign of Diocletian,'—the halo or glory of a moonlight palor round her sainted brow,—a female form of spiritual loveliness floating upon the waters, serves likewise to show the pure and elevated romance, the modern, as distinguished from the classic or the mediæval, idealism, to

which this school aspires. Delaroche, alas! lives no more in the world of Art, and a countryman, with the *épigramme* for which the land is known, has said "that the malady of which he died was the loss of his wife"—a woman of singular beauty, and of exquisite sensibility, if we may trust the artist's and the husband's partial pencil—certain it is that the pictures of his late years are touched with the sombre colour of shadowy melancholy. 'The Virgin in Contemplation before the Crown of Thorns,' 'Good Friday,' and 'The Return from Calvary' (all in this Exhibition), three compositions of a series on the "death of Christ," executed towards the close of the painter's life, are marked by a circumstance and detail, as if he himself had watched the drama, and are sad in a pathos, as if he too had trod the *via dolorosa* on the way to Calvary. Ary Scheffer is an artist after this same spiritual sensibility; his pictures, indeed, are often akin to the religious school of Germany, rather than to the more robust realism of France, the country of his adoption. Scheffer's 'St. Augustine and St. Monica,' in this Exhibition, has that heavenly aspiration, that unearthly longing, that purity in form and elevation in expression, for which the painter is pre-eminent.

Hippolyte Flandrin, the pupil of Ingres, the guardian of his traditions, the heir presumptive to his kingdom, is represented by one 'Figure,' a study in nude, seated on a rock; also by two portraits—the Emperor Napoleon III. and Prince Napoleon. Cabanel, in 'The Glorification of St. Louis,' Bouguereau, in his 'Triumph of Martyrdom,' and Barrias, in 'The Exiles of Tiberias,' aspire to the same distinction. Form, and not colour, is the attribute of this school, in which Ingres, Delaroche, Scheffer, and Flandrin, are leading masters. Form, it has been sometimes asserted, is in Art the purest and most intellectual of elements; colour, on the contrary, has been often deemed sensuous and decorative. These theories are partial—truth intermingled with error; yet it cannot be doubted that professors of high Art in France, and similar learned academicians in Germany, are guided, not to say misled, by the doctrine which exalts form to the prejudice of colour.

Ingres, chief of the cold formalists, finds an opponent in the great Delacroix, of lawless genius, drunk with the wine of intoxicating colour. In the *Exposition Française* of 1855, the modern Raphael was, as it were, crowned at the Capitol in the midst of forty works, while his antagonist, the French Rubens, revelled in a carnival of thirty-five scions of unbridled imagination. Ingres, it has been said, merits the epithet accorded by the Athenians to Aristides, and he walks, like Plato, the paths and groves of the Academy. Delacroix, on the other hand, drives, as it were, his swift steeds across the broken roads of an American forest—follow who can, and fall into the quagmire who cannot. Between Ingres and Delacroix the domain of French Art is divided. In the International Exhibition the great colourist is represented by a minor work, 'The Bishop of Liège,' rough, sketchy, and vigorous; tone rich, warm, and deep. Baudry, in 'Fortune and the Little Child,' indulges in the license of the nude. Perhaps, however, the picture which best fulfils the idea attaching to the epithet "romantic," is Gleyer's shadowy vision 'Illusions Destroyed,' a poet seated on the shore, the lyre fallen from his hand, his head bent in reverie, his eye fixed on the floating apparition of a fairy bark, bearing loving troubadours chanting an evening song, the crescent moon watching from the liquid sky, tranquil reflections casting dream-like forms into the slumbering lake.

Lying between these two opposing schools

—the classic and the romantic—is the style of the neo-classic, or neo-Greek. Gerome, Hamon, Aubert, and sometimes Couture, and even Isambert and Lehmann, may, for the nonce, in this manner, form one fraternity. Gerome, in 'The Cock-fight,' 'The Unveiling of Phryne,' and 'Roman Gladiators' (the last in the International Exhibition), endows classic theme and antique form with the reality and dramatic intensity of naturalistic life. Hamon's pretty idyll, 'My Sister is not there,' portrays the innocent play of children intended for Greek boys and girls. Aubert's 'Reverie' unites the pose of a statue with the treatment of a picture. In sport like this with the classic, which other nations mostly preserve in severe petrification, the French show their accustomed taste and fantasy. Couture, painter of the grand work in the Luxembourg, 'The Decline of the Romans,' is, we regret to say, unrepresented at the International Exhibition, and therefore we need not discuss whether in his genius, the classic, the neo-classic, the romantic, or the naturalistic, is in most marked ascendancy.

French painters show themselves so versatile in genius, or so inconstant to the principles they have laid down, that we find individual artists ever ready to break loose, and leap the barriers which were presumed to separate schools one from the other. Thus the classic, the romantic, and the naturalistic—the three essential orders in French Art—are constantly contracting with each other unions which find issue in anomalous hybrids. Hence positive classification becomes often impossible, and the critic is thus driven to analyse works into their primary elements, and then to weigh their component parts. The pure classic treatment of history—heroes in Roman togas—in France, like in England, has pretty much gone out, and instead a mixed style has followed, which may be termed the naturalistic historic. Charles Muller, Robert Fleury, Comte, Benouville, and Glaize are of this category. Muller, the painter of the grand work in the Luxembourg, 'The Summons of the Victims in the Reign of Terror,' is in the present Exhibition seen by two small and well-executed pictures, 'Madame Mère,' and 'Mass in the Reign of Terror.' The well-known Fleury, in 'Charles V.' and 'Louis XIV,' narrates, on cabinet scale, the accessories and details of a by-gone epoch. And so likewise Comte, in 'Henry III. and the Duc de Guise,' paints a pleasing picture up to the pitch of the minor historic. Benouville, in the striking composition, 'St. Francis borne by Comrades of his Order to Assisi,' has a more sober, austere, and religious interest. The abnegation of colour is here solemnity—the very landscape tells a story, and constitutes a history. 'The Pillory,' by Glaize, again, is the history or biography of individuals, the "Book of Martyrs" illustrated—Christ crowned, Socrates with the poison cup, Dante, Galileo, Joan of Arc, all brought together on one platform: the work is vigorous. Artists of this frame of mind seek not for beauty, but for character; and when arranging a history, they ask not how the incidents may look best, but how, and in what shape and sequence, the events really happened.

If Ingres be king of the classicists, Delacroix chief of the romancists, undoubtedly Horace Vernet holds dominion over the vast domains of the naturalistic. Horace Vernet is the last, and perhaps the most illustrious, of a dynasty of painters. His great grandfather was Antoine Vernet, his grandfather Joseph Vernet, the modern Claude, his father Charles Vernet. Horace, fourth of his race, was born in the palace of the Louvre, 1789, a suite of apartments having been allotted to

the family by the French government. The realistic style of Horace Vernet and his followers, Yvon, Pils, and others, is perhaps too well known to require detailed description. His picture, 'La Smala,' at Versailles, a panorama, extends over sixty feet of canvas; and such is this artist's facility, that critics have said in satire, that were he commissioned to paint both sides of the Rue Rivoli, he could, with no sketch or study to aid, sustain the movement of his subject without halt or break, and manœuvre his figures with the utmost brilliancy and address throughout. What Scribe is in a drama, Horace Vernet is for a picture. Horace Vernet proves himself an adept at situations: his facility of resource, his fertility of invention, are amazing; his narrative is transparent, his action vehement, and his facts and details are sufficiently accurate. No orator or stage actor ever held so completely at command an eager crowd of listeners or spectators. Horace Vernet has indeed been fortunate both in worshippers and rewards. From courts he has received patronage, ribbons, and decorations; from the people loud and universal applause. The International Gallery contains three comparatively unimportant works—two portraits, and a small picture, 'The Battle of the Alma.' Pils and Yvon—each sufficiently ambitious to paint an Iliad or a campaign in the Crimea, as these galleries testify by several works—are the acknowledged successors of Horace Vernet.

Decamps must also be ranked in the school of the naturalisti: an artist endowed with genius of amazing prodigality, represented in the Paris Exposition of 1855 by no less than forty-five works, ranging in subject from 'Moses,' 'Joseph,' 'Eliezer and Rebecca,' 'The History of Samson,' 'The Defeat of the Cimbres,' to 'Dogs,' 'Donkeys,' and 'Apes.' It is difficult, in few words, to designate the manner of such a man, who seems at a bound to leap over all barriers, and to enter the domains of an unconditioned infinity. In 'The History of Samson,' he was, for the moment, the disciple of Michael Angelo; but in other of his works, where he paints as it were with light itself, and blots with liquid shadow, he rivals Rembrandt. We regret to say that this fantastic, strange, and astounding genius cannot be judged by the few examples in the Exhibition. Under this same head of the naturalisti we must enumerate several painters possessing little in common but the vigour, truth, and honesty inseparable from the school and its method. Breton and Brion each is accustomed to paint with firm touch, to seize on the humble, stern, and hearty reality of life, and put it upon canvas, literally just as it is. Breton's 'Bénédiction des blés dans l'Artois,' found a purchaser in the French government, and obtained the envied distinction of a place in the Musée du Luxembourg—a pledge of its true merit. Hébert's 'Cervarolles,' peasant water-carriers in white head costume, and Tassaert's 'Unhappy Family,' touching and tender in sentiment, have likewise already won favour with all visitors to the Gallery of the Luxembourg. 'The Sisters of Charity,' exhibited under the pseudonym of Henriette Browne, gained fame for itself and its authoress both in the Paris Salon of 1857 and in the more recent French Exhibition of Pall Mall. Henriette Browne is of the school of realists; she makes it matter of conscience that every detail shall be a study, and every face a portrait; and thus in this her master work she is true alike to nature, objective and subjective, painting with literal accuracy costume in its form, texture, and colour, and not less in the heads of the "Sisters" and their death-stricken charge, giving, as it

were, the lineaments of the soul in its patience and suffering.

There is yet another class of naturalisti, the microscopists, so to say, who paint not the grand, the distant, the telescopic, but the pretty, the near, and the microscopic. Meissonnier is Gulliver among these Lilliputian works. He is a true Dutchman in the keenness of his observation and in the sharpness and the brilliancy of his execution. And yet he paints, as in 'The Bravos,' a grand picture, though his scale is small, and attains to something like high Art by the absolute perfection of all that he attempts. It has been remarked that for his subjects he chooses men rather than women or children, because the satire of his eye and the sharp slash of his execution have not much sympathy with the tender or the lovely. In this Edouard Frère takes Meissonnier to advantage. The children of Frère especially are reared on the milk of human kindness, correction coming only in words of gentleness; his little boys look indeed like cherubs who have just slipped on hats and pantaloons. Several artists follow in the manner of Meissonnier and Frère; Chavet, for example, in 'A Visit to the Studio,' is Meissonnier's slave. Plassan, in such works as 'Morning Prayer,' paints with detail and delicacy a lady's toilette, or boudoir. The Italian school of naturalisti, Spagnoletto and Caravaggio, were somewhat coarse, violent, and common; these smaller French naturalists we have found, on the other hand, take nature in moods more quiet and refined.

The truism need scarcely be repeated, that one form of naturalism is landscape. Classic landscape indeed may exist, as with Poussin; the romantic also, as under the treatment of Claude; but at the present day in France, as in England, the naturalistic landscape is decidedly in the ascendant. The French mode of painting nature might, no doubt, be distinguished and divided into sub-schools, but to the English eye, at all events, one pronounced and national character marks all the works. Considering the brilliancy of the French sky, it is not a little strange that her pictures should be so sombre. A French landscape, little like the French character, is generally, it has been observed, somewhat funereal; *hic jacet* might indeed be written on the frame, as intimation of a tombstone or a graveyard. The French are also addicted to a large, rude, rough and ready treatment of nature—all *négligé* and *déshabillé*, grass foliage, and everything dishevelled. The landscapes of Troyon, and 'The Inundation at St. Cloud,' by Huet, approach the grand, but certainly possess little in common with our English neat, trim, well-kept method. A few of these artists, however, are avowed colourists, as Ziem, in 'View of Venice,' Rousseau, in a simple subject called 'A Pond,' Jean Paul Flandrin in 'Solitude,' and Marilhat in an Eastern landscape, striking in effect, 'View of Cairo.' But, for the most part, French landscape painters revert to sober greys and greens, and eschew the yellow autumn tree, which, like the white horse with Wouvermans, was at one time supposed to be always present in the corner of an English picture.

The French, we say, prefer the grey of opening morn to the gold of closing eve—a style in which Lambinet is proverbially happy. The eye grows liquid with dewy delight as it gazes on his pastures, so fat in fertility, the grass green as in a prairie or oasis, the flowers laughing in the foreground, and the air gently stealing from leaf to leaf, buoyant in health, and dancing in delight. Daubigny, and others, follow in the same school. Passing to a different, yet analogous line of Art, it may be safely affirmed that

French painters are no Neptunes upon ocean; they have neither the trident of the god, nor the anchor of our own Britannia, and so, when they venture beyond the calm water of a safe port, they run the danger of shipwreck. The International Exhibition, however, contains two large and ambitious paintings by two famed men, 'The Embarkation of Ruyter and De Wytt,' by Isabey, and 'The Arrival of Queen Victoria at Cherbourg,' by Gudin.

French painters of animals, like many of their painters of landscape, are vigorous, and somewhat rude and rough; and thus French horses, and cattle, and sheep are, after the fashion of the trees and fields, unshorn and ill-kept. On the other hand, it has been said that cattle, under the pencil of Troyon, gain even a magisterial dignity; and that dogs by Jardin have the habit and the enterprise of the kennel and the chase. Mute canine heads have indeed been made, on fitting occasion, to personify cardinal vices, and thus Jardin's dogs are sometimes promoted to demons. In this Exhibition, Troyon's 'Oxen going to the Plough,' and Jardin's 'Boar Hunt in the Forest of Fontainebleau,' are each good examples of the iron nerve and the dashing spirit which French artists are accustomed to throw into animal nature. We need scarcely remind the reader what surprise and enthusiasm seized the British public when 'The Horse Fair,' painted by Rosa Bonheur, in this same style, was first exhibited. Striking indeed it is to mark the contrast between the unwashed sansculottism of French horses, dogs, and cattle, and the sleek, well-kept coat, the sentiment, not to say, the effeminate sentimentality, of Landseer's brute creation. Rosa Bonheur is represented by an early and well-established work, 'Ploughing in the Neighbourhood of Nevers.'

Here, unwillingly, we end our analysis of the truly great school of French painting. Gladly would we have said more, did space permit.

BELGIAN SCHOOL.

The present school of Belgium is the joint product of the past history and the geographic position of the country. The sceptre of Rubens and Van Dyck has not departed from the land; and the pleiades which burned in the seventeenth century with the lustre of the southern heavens, still shines in the northern sky of Flanders. Such is the dynasty to which the existing school of Antwerp, with Wappers and De Keyser at its head, owes illustrious descent. But, secondly, it must not be forgotten that John Van Eyck, the reputed father of oil painting, was also a Fleming; and therefore it is no marvel that the mantle of his genius should be still handed down from generation to generation, and that even to this day we find the rich robes and the homely, quaint costume of the fourteenth century reverently borne by Leys, Lies, Pauwels, and others of his countrymen. We have said that the school of Belgium likewise owes somewhat to its geographic position. On the north-east frontier lies Holland, with the Dutch school of Rembrandt, Ostade, Don Terbourg, Mieris, Netscher, Ruysdael, Wouvermans, Cuyt, Potter, and Du Jardin. And hence in the neighbouring kingdom of Belgium we naturally find a corresponding school, of which Willems, Madou, Robbe, A. Stevens, and J. Stevens, are the living and most illustrious representatives. But, lastly, to the south of independent Belgium is situated an ambitious and rapacious empire, eager to swallow up the government, the literature, and the Art of the smaller nationality. Thus French writers have long boasted that the Belgian school is but a shadow and an

echo of their own, and that in the commonalty of the Arts Brussels and Antwerp are but Faubourgs of Paris. The preceding analysis will serve as sufficient refutation to this claim, so far as it is exaggerated and unfounded. Yet, in all fairness, we must frankly admit that the great French school, omnipotent and omnipresent in Europe, has obtained in Flanders her accustomed sway. This indeed was inevitable; Belgium is allied to France by language, religion, and community of interest, and therefore it was scarcely possible that the pictures of the two countries should be wholly severed.

The renowned works of Gallait may be taken as the type of the Franco-Belgian school. Thus it has been shown that the modern school of Belgium owes a fourfold descent: 1st, from Rubens and Van Dyck; 2ndly, from Van Eyck and Memling; 3rdly, from Ostade Terbourg and Potter; and lastly, from Ingres, Delaroche, and Delacroix.

The Belgian school of high Art is, as we have already intimated, a compound of Rubens with French masters, and the result, as all visitors to "the International" have witnessed, is a style which takes a first position in the cosmopolitan Art of Europe. Of this the highest manifestation of the Belgian school, Gallait, Thomas, Wappers, De Keyser, Guffens, Pecher, and Dobbe-laere, are the acknowledged masters. Among these painters Gallait and Thomas alone are represented in the Exhibition. Wappers, towards the year 1830, was director of the Academy Royal at Antwerp; with him originated the present Belgian school of independence, and such pictures as 'André Chénier' and 'Le Camoëns,' exhibited in Antwerp a few years since, were for us sufficient evidence of the master's admitted supremacy. De Keyser, the successor of Wappers in the Antwerp Academy, is favourably known by 'The Episode in the Massacre of the Innocents,' and other paintings. Guffens has executed works which hold a first position in his country, 'Lucretia,' 'The Virgin and the Infant Saviour,' 'David,' 'The Mystic Hymn,' and frescoes in the Church of St. Nicholas. We make this enumeration in order to show that the grand pictures in the International Exhibition are but average samples of Belgian Art, a school which admits indeed of still further amplification. However, it is abundantly evident that Gallait is in himself a host, and that his pictures here exhibited confer upon his country abundant honour. 'The Last Moments of Count Egmont,' 'The Abdication of Charles V.,' 'The Last Honours paid to Counts Egmont and Horn,' and 'The Prisoner,' we need scarcely say, are among the grandest productions in the present Exhibition. Gallait is an artist who has thrown aside the strict symmetry of the classic, the hard and cold severity of the French revival under David and Ingres, and adopted instead the spirit of Delaroche and Delacroix: he throws himself into the hot life and passionate drama of history; he assumes the truth and the detail of nature, the costume of the times, and the actual portrait of individual characters. His execution is large and broad, his colour deep and rich, and, when needed, brightly glowing. His drapery he casts with symmetry, yet varies by accident; and his heads and hands he paints with firmness and models to relief. Thomas, by his renowned tragedy, 'Judas Iscariot on the night of our Lord's Betrayal,' wins likewise a first position upon the rôle of high Art. It is a dark and silent night, as if nature kept watch in agony; the moon casts a fitful glance upon the sky, but the earth beneath is in sackcloth and mourning. Judas having betrayed

his Lord, wanders out, and falls unawares upon two workmen asleep after their day's labour in making the cross. At the sight of the instrument of crucifixion, Judas is horror and conscience-stricken—he raises his arms in wild distraction; the sequel imagination pictures—he goes forth and hangs himself. In the same category must rank Slingeneys's 'Martyr in the Reign of Diocletian,' and 'The Physician Vesale following the army of Charles V.,' Stallaert's 'Cellar of Diomedes,' and De Groux's 'Death of Charles V.' Hamman, accustomed to exhibit in Paris, and remembered in the Exposition Universelle by his 'Christopher Columbus,' contributes to the International a work of much care and character, 'Adrien Willaert directing the performance of a Mass before the Doge.'

Leys deserves separate notice. Like Gallait, he has been long known to continental galleries, and like Gallait, also, he was never seen to such advantage as in the present Exhibition. His style is strong in mediæval idiosyncrasies; his pictures, indeed, are avowedly adaptations of the manner of Van Eyck and Memling. With some critics, this is their praise; with others, cause for condemnation. A revival, it is urged, necessarily wants the vitality of a first birth; old bones cannot be clothed again in life; the death's head ever grins beneath the cowering mask. In answer, it has been said that Leys is not a modern putting on the habits of the ancients, but an ancient coming among us moderns. Here, then, the discussion may end, and the pictures be allowed to speak by their merits. 'The Institution of the Golden Fleece, 1429,' 'Margaret of Austria receiving the Oaths,' 'Publication of the Edict of Charles V.' and the three reduced replicas from frescoes in Antwerp, are all distinguished by the one and the same individual and pronounced character. The style may be called Belgian Pre-Raphaelite, or rather Belgian Pre-Rubenite. Certainly the manner is quaint, severe, sombre; the colour rich, yet shadowed in dimmed lustre. Moreover, the people who crowd these canvases are themselves remarkable—stiff, prim, precise to the last degree, without, for the most part, form, comeliness, or beauty, and destitute of the sense of beauty, free from passion, but endowed with enduring patience, blessed with unruffled tranquillity, and crowned in the simplicity and obedience which come of the passive virtues. These works, indeed, are studies in physiognomy, and each line of feature reads as the handwriting of a life. Lies follows in the same school as Leys. His 'Rapine, Plunder, and Conflagration,' shows, however, the conjoint influence of Rubens. De Vigne, in 'Sunday Morning,' also pursues the method of Leys. A distinct niche, however, in the temple of fame must be reserved for Pauwels. His 'Widow d'Artevelde' is another example of the enduring dominion of Van Eyck and Memling.

The school of the modern 'romantic' also finds in Belgium adherents. Van Lerius, in 'The Golden Age,' indulges in the dream of tender, innocent love, budding in the child-like days of a pretty, naturalistic Cupid and Psyche. Portaels, in 'The Syrian Caravan,' falls under the sway of Delacroix; and in his 'Rebecca' he becomes absolutely decorative. Portaels has acquired renown, and this sumptuous Eastern lady, dressed in rich robes, standing in graceful *posé*, shadowed by the blooming oleander, is after his accustomed voluptuous beauty. Van Severdonck's 'Dante Lamenting the Death of Beatrice's Father' is elevated to the sphere of the poetic.

Naturalism, in its varying phases, is rife in the Low Countries. Let us begin with nature in the phase of high life—enter the

drawing-room, and leave the garrets and the kitchen for after visit. In the painting of aristocratic satin and velvet, Willems, since the days of Terbourg and Nestcher, is without a rival. In Paris, his 'Interior of a Silk Shop' was unsurpassed, and now in London, by 'The Bride's Toilette,' 'The Message,' and 'The Introduction,' he maintains, for high and exquisite finish, his established reputation. The small and elaborately wrought pictures of incident by Alfred Stevens, 'Absence,' 'The Widow,' 'The Nosegay,' and 'At Home,' are also among the most approved modern readings of the old Dutch works. Belgium, however, can count, not only artists after the manner of Gerard Douw and Mieris, she equally may boast of her Wilkies and Faeds. 'Sunday,' 'Reading the Bible,' and 'Cold and Hunger,' by De Block, are of this more rustic class. On larger scale, two works by Dillens, 'Winter in Zealand'—skating, and 'Summer in Zealand'—taking toll in kisses at a bridge, may be mentioned for vigorous naturalism. The point and humour in 'Regrets,' by De Groux, are more quiet and sly: two monk celibates, missal in hand, snatch stolen glances at distant lovers, arms entwined, leaving the sunny corn for the shady wood. Lastly, again reverting to the Teniers and Wilkie style, 'A Rat Hunt,' and other like small works, by Madou, are pointed in incident, piquant in fun, sharp in detail, and sparkling in execution; possessing to perfection just the qualities which should mark simple subjects and realistic schools.

The landscape Art of Europe has a twofold historic descent—from the classic and Italian manner of Claude and Gaspar Poussin, and from the Dutch style of Ruysdael and Hobbima. Modern Flemish landscape is faithful both to the antecedents and the geographic features of the country; it eschews the mountain heights and the ambitious style of Italy, and is content with humble meadow land, unassuming willows, and sedgy banks of tranquil waters. Still, it must be admitted that the landscape Art of Belgium is not wholly indigenous to the soil. As the influence of Ingres, Delaroche, and Delacroix is felt in the style of the historic, so the French Troyon, Jardin, and Lambinet are recognised in the line of landscape Art. The French, however, owe much to the old Dutch school, and they now, therefore, but give back what they once received. Fourmois' 'Cottage in the Campine,' 'Road Over the Heath,' and 'On the Marshes,' Keelhoff's 'Limbourg Scenery,' Lamorinière's 'Autumn' and 'Summer,' De Winter's 'Moonlight,' and De Schampheleer's 'Sunday Morning,' are among the best examples of the present Belgian style. In pictorial architecture, Van Moer's 'Doge's Palace' and 'The Piazzetta' are remarkable for vigour and reality; and Bossuet's well-known pictures from Cordova and Seville glitter with a brilliancy of sunlight never before approached.

In the empire of the seas Backhuysen and Van der Velde find followers among their countrymen dwelling on a storm-lashed coast. Clays can paint the wild sea foam as it breaks upon the open beach; his pictures from the Scheldt have a breezy sky and a liquid sea. In flowers and fruits, H. Robbe and J. Robie are worthy representatives of Van Huysum.

And now, in conclusion, let us give due praise to the successors of Potter, Wouvermans, and Du Jardin, in the modern Verboeckhoven, Stevens, and L. Robbe. Verboeckhoven closely follows in the style of his historic predecessors. His works are careful and detailed. Stevens and Robbe betray an influence from across the French frontier, and gain proportionately in vigour. Stevens, in the Paris Exposition, was in great force.

Among other works, we would signalise 'An Episode in the Dog Market,' 'The Philosopher without knowing it'—a vagrant dog of the streets, thin, starved, and hungry; and 'Dogs Harnessed to a Cart,' fine, fierce fellows, since well known through engravings. The present work of this great master, 'The Return from the Horse Fair' is not among his best productions. 'Sheep,' by E. Tschaggeny, have first-rate fleeces. 'Monkies,' and 'Foxes,' and 'Boar,' by Verlat, have abundant action. Lastly, we would call particular attention to L. Robbe's 'Campine.' The subject is simple—cattle scattered across a wide expanse of sedgy meadow, tended by peasants. The noble herd of cows have health, life, and movement. This great work is luminous, transparent, vigorous, and true; and must rank for one of the chief trophies of the Belgian school.

SPANISH SCHOOL.

Spain justifies her ancient renown in the noble pictures she sends to the International Exhibition. The style of Herrera, Morales, Velasquez, and Murillo, may have changed, but it has not passed away. Napoleon exclaimed "There shall no longer subsist the Pyrenees!" and many a Frenchman has since declared that for Spain there shall exist no longer a national school of painting. Yet Spain, as a nation, not only maintains her independence, but each year consolidates her resources, and renews her former life; and so, in the empire of Art, she still asserts her ancient supremacy in the commonalty of Europe. In the Paris Exposition of 1855, Spain and Spanish Art were declared to be in progress. In the Exhibition of 1862 that progression is still more pronounced. The pictures, however, in these two collections are widely different. In Paris were brought together one hundred and eighty-four works, miscellaneous in subject, and somewhat florid and luxurious in style. In London the assemblage is limited to twenty-seven pictures, but these, with few exceptions, are master-works belonging to the highest school, contributed by the Queen of Spain, the Academy of St. Fernando, and the Museo Nacional.

The grand paintings here exhibited, on closer examination, admit of more critical analysis. In the first place, nationally and historically they are Spanish. They prove themselves, however, far too vigorous and naturalistic to be mere copies of or adaptations from Velasquez or Murillo; yet these modern works are such as the disciples of Herrera and Velasquez in the nineteenth century might execute. It is, perhaps, worthy of passing remark that not one picture—not a single figure—betrays the sway of Murillo. Moreover, these paintings are Spanish, inasmuch as they reflect the national character and faith of a people noble and manly in bearing, bold in imagination, and fervent in faith. But, further, as in Belgian so in Spanish Art, we must admit the dominion of the French school, not, however, in its naturalism, not in its romance, but in its classic renaissance. Lastly, we observe, at least an accidental, if not an inherent, resemblance between the pictures of Spain and of Belgium. In the great epoch of Belgian and Spanish Art the two countries were united under one monarchy. It is known, moreover, that Rubens, on a visit to Madrid, induced Velasquez to leave portraiture for a wider sphere. A comparison, at all events, of the pictures by Gallait with several works in the Spanish division, will bring out points of analogy, especially in the somewhat morbid passion for horrors found alike in both schools.

We will now give a few examples. Casado's 'Death of King Ferdinand IV.,' the King reclining on a couch, full-size figures

of Time and Death standing at his side, is a work of power, colour, and tragedy. Carno's 'Execution of Alvaro de Luna' has the darkness of shadow which ever distinguishes the Spanish school. Gisbert's 'Execution of Padilla, Bravo, and Maldonado,' another subject of horrors, be it observed, is, like many works in this division, life-size, naturalistic in costume, vigorous, yet simple of treatment, and in no way overdone. On the other hand, Montanes' 'Samuel Appearing to Saul' we must pronounce rather melodramatic. 'The Interment of St. Cecilia in the Catacombs,' a well-known work by Louis Madrazo, exhibited also in Paris, is another life-size work, thoroughly academic, drapery Roman, execution careful even to feebleness. 'St. Paul surprised by Nero in the act of converting Sabina Poppoea,' by Lozano, is likewise a noble work; the figure of the apostle commanding, the accessories of a Roman villa, the treatment and execution first-rate. 'Spanish Dancers,' by Fierros, recalls, by its vigorous naturalism, the famous 'Spanish Wine Drinkers,' by Velasquez, in the Madrid Museum. Gonzalvo's 'Interior of Toledo Cathedral' is remarkable for space, solitude, and simple fidelity, stamping the work with true grandeur. Lastly, we will mention a first-class picture, by Hernandez, 'Socrates Reproving Alcibiades in the House of a Courtesan,' as an express example of the reflected French Art of last century. It is matter of deep regret that other schools of Europe are not, like Spain, thus worthily represented by their noblest works.

ITALIAN SCHOOLS.

Italy, in her great Art-epochs, possessed renowned schools of painting in Florence, Siena, Venice, Naples, and Rome; she had styles Pre-Raphaelite and Post-Raphaelite; she had artists spiritual as Angelico and Perugino, grand in omnipotence as Michael Angelo, lovely and romantic as Correggio and Guido, naturalistic and somewhat coarse like Caravaggio. The present schools of Italy are often a pleasing reminiscence, a faint and a sweet echo, of these glorious times, and these most poetic and imaginative of masters. The Italian nation, since the middle ages, robbed of independence, her people without the means of progression, and destitute of any practical sphere for fresh development, the Arts of necessity have slumbered upon the past, or vaguely dreamed of a visionary future. A new growth, or any vigorous re-manifestation was obviously not to be anticipated. Detailed criticism on the Italian pictures we reserve for the next article.

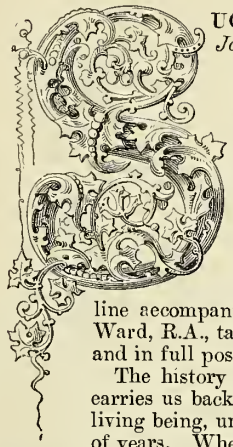
The schools of the great Latin nations of Europe have, in the present paper, been grouped together. In future articles we shall collect and distribute the representative arts of the Germanic kingdoms in central Europe, and of the Scandinavian peoples stretching to the north. The Latin nations, France, Italy, Spain, and Belgium, are linked together by cognate languages, of which Latin is the root; they are bound in a unity of faith and ritual, of which the Latin Church in Rome is the seat; their history is interwoven by the invasions and conquests of war, and the colonies and the concords of peace; their peoples are intermingled in the pedigree of interchanging descent from common roots and races,—and thus naturally the arts of these several and collective nationalities are marked, as we have seen, by kindred types, aims, and aspirations. The Latin schools, then, are distinguished above all others in the annals of contemporary Art by their poetic imagination, their religious fervour, and their æsthetic sense of beauty.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

BRITISH ARTISTS : THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LXI.—JAMES WARD, R.A.



UCH of our readers as possess a volume of the *Art-Journal* for the year 1849 will, on turning over its pages, find a slight sketchy portrait, in profile, of a venerable man, with long grey hair and flowing beard, who, if his nose had somewhat more of aquiline form, might pass for one of the old senators of ancient Rome: his eyes are clear and penetrating, and the general expression of his countenance is dignified and intelligent. The lines of the mouth are almost entirely concealed by a thick moustache, which mingles with the hair of the beard, and gives a degree of severity to the face quite foreign to it without the hirsutine accompaniment.

The portrait is that of the late James Ward, R.A., taken in 1849, when he was in his eightieth year, and in full possession of all his faculties mental and artistic.

The history of this veteran painter and most estimable man carries us back to a period far beyond the recollection of any living being, unless he has chanced to attain almost to a century of years. When Ward was born Hogarth had been dead only about six years; he must have seen Richard Wilson, have known Gainsborough, and doffed his hat to Reynolds: Banks and Bacon, the sculptors, were busy on the monuments which adorn Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, when Ward was at work in the studio of Smith, the engraver. Opie was his senior by a very few years only, and Turner his junior by about the same number. Morland would have accepted him as a pupil,

but was jealous of his talents; while Lutherbourg, Northcote, Copley, father of the venerable Lord Lyndhurst, Flaxman, and Fuseli, were his contemporaries, when West was president of the Academy. Ward was for many years the connecting link between the early British school of painting and that of our own time; and when we think of him we associate his name with those who founded that school, but of whom so few lived to see it gain that height which it was his privilege to witness and participate in. We have often wished he had written a history of his "times;" from his long experience and his intimate connection with the Art-world of considerably more than half a century, what an interesting and instructive volume might he not have left behind him. Some remarks to the same effect were made by us when recording his death about two years ago.

With the portrait we published in 1849 appeared a biographical sketch of his life, gathered from materials with which the artist had favoured us: these memoranda of his career were very ample, but unfortunately they are no longer at our command, and, as a consequence, we have no alternative but to refer to what has already been printed for such particulars as now seem necessary in connection with the engravings here introduced.

Our school of Art was in its infancy when James Ward came into the world; it had grown into ripe manhood ere he was taken from us. Neither the time, the place, nor the circumstances of his birth favoured the pursuit it was his destiny to follow, for he was born, in October, 1769-70, in Thames Street, London, far more remote from those influences which might be presumed to affect a young mind with Art-notions than even the barber's shop of Turner's father in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. He had not, moreover, in his earliest years the advantages which Turner possessed of a father who could so far appreciate his son's talent as to do whatever lay in his power to call it forth, or even to give him the benefits of ordinary education. He had scarcely reached seven years of age when the circumstances of the family compelled his mother to take him away from the little school to which he had been sent, and to keep him at home to render whatever assistance a child of such tender years could give. Here he remained till the age of twelve, when he was placed with R. Smith, the mezzotint engraver, upon trial, Ward's elder brother, his senior by seven



Engraved by]

THE TRIUMPH OF WELLINGTON.

[Butterworth and Heath.

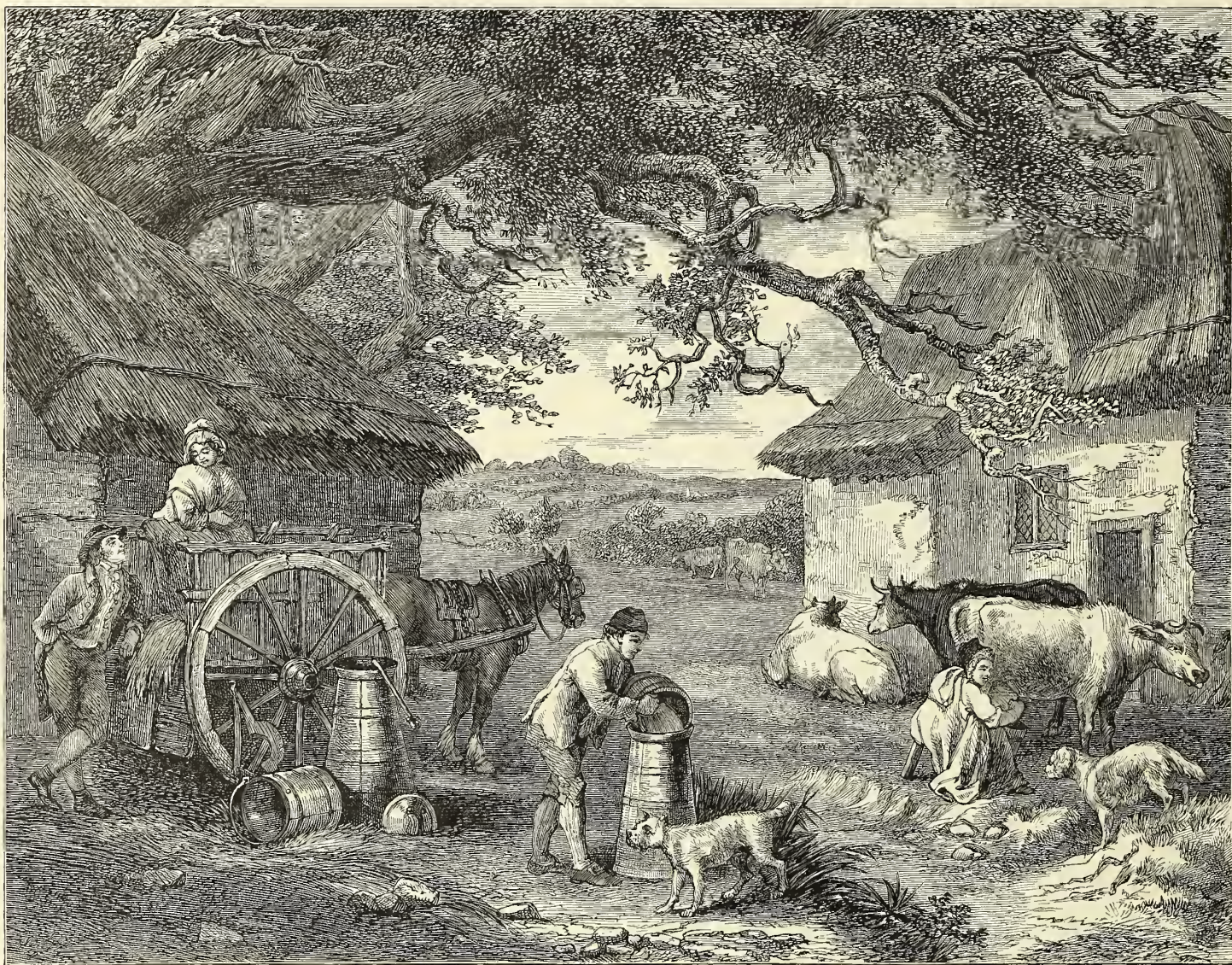
years, having then nearly terminated his apprenticeship under Smith. The latter was a good engraver, but a hard taskmaster over those under him: the elder Ward had felt the weight of his iron rule, and it was now the turn of the younger brother to undergo the same ordeal. His chief duties for a considerable time were those of an errand boy, his master leaving him little opportunity of learning the art of engraving, and taking no pains to teach him even the rudiments of drawing. What the boy did in the way of practice was on the backs of unfinished proofs, the only paper within his reach; to quote his own borrowed expression, he "was required to make bricks without straw." After remaining with Smith a year and a

half, Smith allowed him to leave and go to his brother, with whom he stayed seven years and a half, perfecting himself in his profession. During this time Morland came to reside with the Wards at Kensal Green; the companionship of this very clever painter, but gross sensualist, was anything but agreeable to the young engraver, for he says,—"I witnessed little calculated to elevate the youthful mind, one, moreover, which from childhood had imbibed a reverence for religion." There is no doubt, however, that the association with Morland determined the character of James Ward's productions when he ultimately exchanged the engraver's tools for the painter's pencils.

The first movement in this direction arose, as a man's destiny in life not unfrequently does, from a trivial and chance circumstance. A picture by Copley, which the elder brother was engraving, received an accidental injury; James undertook to repair the damage, and succeeded perfectly. The work brought with it so great interest, that he procured a canvas, and painted an original picture on it, which was immediately followed by others. The Rubicon being now fairly passed, he pushed on energetically into this new world of Art, imitating Morland, who was the only painter he had ever seen at work, with so much exactitude, that his pictures were publicly sold by dealers as Morland's. The first contribution sent to the Royal Academy represented a 'Bull-fight.' The canvas was of large size, and being hung in a good position, it attracted considerable notice. Ward, overhearing it attributed to one of Morland's pupils, found himself, as he remarked, "regarded as a second-hand Morland, yet without his instructions, and it disheartened me from pursuing further his style and subjects." Being, not long after, at a dinner-party where his old master Smith was present, the latter said: "Ward, you have taken to painting, and you are right, for it is all over with engravers and publishers"—alluding to the French Revolution, which had just then broken out—"but you are looking

at Morland; look at the old masters; look at Teniers; Morland after Teniers is like reading a Greek Street ballad after Milton."

Painting and engraving appear now to have alternately occupied his time. He engraved for Bryan, the picture dealer, Rembrandt's 'Cornelius' and Rubens's 'Diana,' and painted for him a group of life-size portraits of himself and family, and copied a 'Venus' of Titian; the latter with so great fidelity as to have passed for the original. In 1794 Ward received the appointment of painter and engraver to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. It seems singular that after all this success, and the high position he had attained, he should now have deemed it necessary to enter as a student the schools of the Royal Academy. It is true he was still a comparatively young man, but it could scarcely be supposed that, with the knowledge of Art he already possessed—enough to gain for him the notice of royalty, and the hearty commendations of many of the best contemporaneous artists—much, if anything, was to be gained by passing through the curriculum of the Academy Schools. However, he entered them, stimulated, no doubt, by the expectation that this was the surest pathway to academical honours. What especial class or department of Art he had determined on for the future we cannot now tell; in all probability it was



Engraved by]

MILKING TIME.

[Butterworth and Heath.

that in which he had hitherto achieved his greatest successes—namely, animal life; at any rate, this was the career opened up before him. A commission received from Sir John Sinclair, the celebrated agriculturist, and at that time president of the Agricultural Society, to paint the portrait of a favourite cow, led to Ward's being engaged, by the well-known publishers Boydell, to paint a series of similar subjects for the purpose of engraving. To carry out this undertaking, he travelled through a large portion of the United Kingdom, and made upwards of two hundred portraits of animals of various breeds. These works brought him into connection with very many noblemen and country gentlemen, whose good opinion of his cattle-painting was materially heightened by a picture of a beautiful blood mare and foal exhibited at the Academy. As a result, he transferred his labours from the straw-yard and pasture to the high-road and stable; bulls and cows were exchanged for racing-horses, hunters, and roadsters. These, for many years, formed the principal subjects of his pencil, and, indeed, they were never entirely put aside till towards the close of his life.

A large landscape by Rubens, which Sir George Beaumont had purchased for a considerable sum, and which Ward saw at the house of West, president of the Academy, tempted him to paint a picture in a style somewhat

similar. This was the origin of his 'Bulls Fighting across a Tree at St. Donal's Castle.' West brought it under the notice of Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill Abbey, from whom he accepted a commission to paint 'The Twelve Signs of the Zodiac.' This latter work led to his being engaged to paint four pictures for George III., to whom the artist in person exhibited them. But we have no space to follow him through his patrons, or no room will be left to speak of his pictures.

He must have been long past the prime of life when these first came under our notice. The earliest picture we remember was of a brewer's dray and horses standing at the entrance of a London public-house. One of the animals was drawing an empty cask out of the cellar. It was exhibited at the Academy, but we know not in what year. With the exception of this picture, and those engraved here, we have no clue to anything he painted prior to 1824, and must refer to the catalogues of the Academy for what he exhibited during the eight or ten years subsequent to this date, as we have no recollection of them. Very many of these were portraits of favourite horses, such as the Duke of Wellington's 'Copenhagen' and Napoleon's 'Marengo.' Among pictures of a more varied character were—'The Battle of Boston,' fought during the Civil War, exhibited in 1826; 'Venus rising from her Couch,' 'Diana at

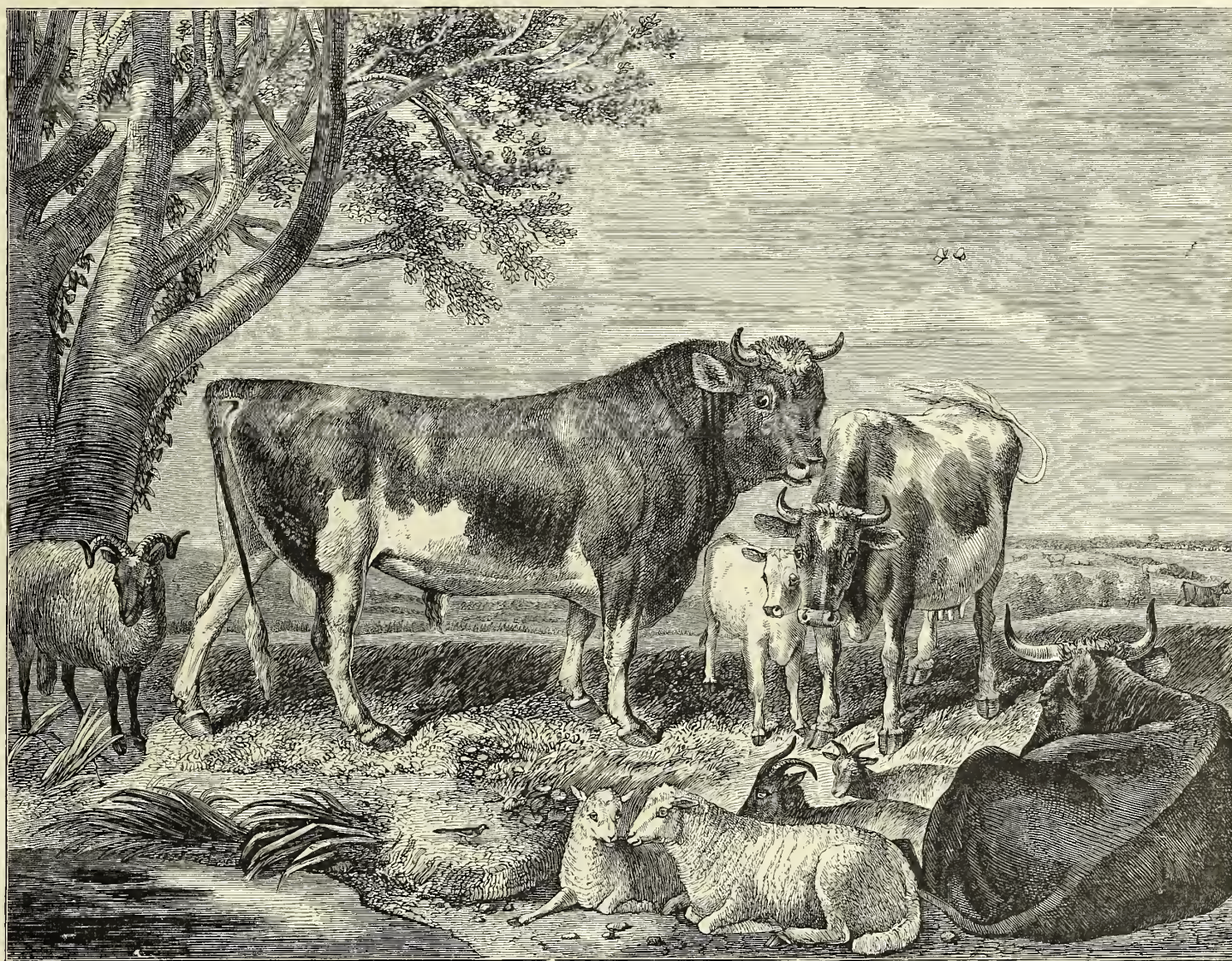
her Bath disturbed by Actæon,' and 'The Fall of Phaeton,' in 1830; 'The Disobedience of the Prophet,' in 1833; 'Duncan's Horses,' and the 'Yeldham Oak at Great Yeldham,' in 1834; 'Numps returning from Market,' in 1836; 'Oxford, from Rose Hill,' 'Change of Pasture,' 'The Repast,' 'Sympathy,' and 'Intercession' (the last a sacred subject), in 1837; 'The Weird Sisters,' 'The Triumph over Sin, Death, and Hell,' 'The Last Struggle of Sin, Death, and Hell,' 'Roundcroft Cottage, the Artist's Residence,' 'The Fair Crop,' and 'The Fair Show,' in 1838; 'Love Flying from Sensuality and Dissipation,' 1840; 'Virgil's Bulls,' a powerfully painted picture of two bulls fighting, 'Meeting the Sun,' a brilliant morning effect, 'Engaging the Breeze,' a group of various breeds of cattle, exhibited, with several others, in 1843; 'The Defeat of Charles II. at Worcester,' a large canvas filled with numerous figures, and all painted with more or less skill, in 1847; 'The Council of Horses,' the picture now in the Vernon Collection, and exhibited in 1848, a really fine work of its class, and most extraordinary for an artist whose age had reached nearly eighty years.

In 1849 Ward exhibited six pictures, landscapes and cattle pieces chiefly, and in the following year seven works. The titles of some of these will show the thoughts which, as developed in his Art, occupied now his mind.

'Gethsemane,' 'Bethany, the next day after Raising Lazarus,' 'The Baptism,' 'Age and Infancy—Abraham and Isaac,' 'The Star of Bethlehem,' 'The Look to Peter,' 'Purity cherishing Love.' The last two were drawings. In 1851, he contributed eight pictures; in 1852, six; in the next year, seven paintings and drawings; in 1854, one, a portrait; and in 1855, one also, a group of cattle—his last exhibited picture; thus closing his long and honourable career with a subject belonging to the class which had gained for him a reputation so richly merited. This patriarchal artist died in November, 1859, in the ninety-first year of his age, forty-eight of which he had been a full member of the Royal Academy. A man of blameless life, of high integrity, of simplicity of manners, and of affectionate disposition, was James Ward.

Three engravings from his works are introduced here. They have been selected more for variety's sake, than because they are, except the last, the best examples of his pencil. Moreover, though he painted so long and so industriously, we have found it difficult to ascertain where his finest pictures are; at least, those we know of are not within our reach.

The first is an allegorical picture representing 'THE TRIUMPH OF WEL-LINGTON.' Its origin was this:—The directors of the British Institution



Engraved by]

THE BULL.

[Butterworth and Heath.

offered, shortly after the Battle of Waterloo, a premium of one thousand guineas for the best sketch, in oils, commemorative of that great event. Ward's painting received the prize. At the same time, the directors gave him a commission to execute a large repetition of it for Chelsea Hospital. The latter work, after being exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, was hung in the Hospital, where it could scarcely be seen, and where it was subjected to the heat of the blazing sun of summer. Subsequently it was removed; but the artist, writing to us in 1849, says—"it is now rolled up in the gallery, upon my own rollers, on which it was painted." A year or two back, the writer of this notice was told, by Mr. G. R. Ward, the well-known mezzotinto engraver, a son of the painter, that he had been informed the picture had been put away somewhere in the British Museum. It deserved a better fate; for though the composition is quaint and singular, the canvas shows much fine, bold, and skilful painting. Our engraving is copied from the original sketch, which, with very many other sketches, is in the possession of Mr. W. Swann, Queen Square, Westminster, son-in-law of the artist.

'MILKING TIME' was engraved from a mezzotinto print in the British Museum. The original picture, whose "whereabouts" we have been un-

able to discover, was painted towards the close of the last century, and the print, which is also the work of Ward, was executed not very long after.

The engraving on this page is from Ward's celebrated "BULL," painted in rivalry of Paul Potter's famous picture of a similar subject, at the Hague. A magnificent specimen of the Alderney breed, belonging to Mr. Allnutt, of Clapham, "stood" to the artist for his portrait. It is so well known, from having been long exhibited in the picture gallery of the Crystal Palace, as to require neither explanation nor comment. The painting is the property of Mr. G. R. Ward, but some hopes are entertained that it may find a final resting-place, by purchase, in the National Gallery, the most suitable home for it: a work so honourable to our school, as an example of that class of Art, ought to become national property. At the present time it is in the International Exhibition.

Ward's style of painting was formed on that of Rubens; in colour and in manner of execution there is a close resemblance manifest in their works. It is doubtful whether the more showy, but fleeting, colouring of later landscape and cattle painters will stand the test of time which Ward's quiet yet solid manner bids fair to prove.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

EPHESUS.*

This account of Ephesus is, we are told by the author, based on observations, drawings, and plans made seventeen years ago. The site as it now exists is very minutely described, and reference is made to many writers, ancient and modern, who have treated of the Ephesians and their famous city. Speaking briefly of scientific expeditions, Mr. Falkener observes that little has been done in this direction under spontaneous impulse by our government, while on the other hand the French have, during two centuries, fitted and sent out learned bodies to every ancient country with which they have been brought into relation. And this has been done not merely for the purpose of collecting objects of interest for museums, but of investigating the antiquities, arts, and products of the country. In the matter of Fine Art and archaeology our governments have been behind those of every other European country. Only when it was forced upon them did they vote the institution of a National Gallery; and only when valuable antiquities have been discovered by individuals have they tardily authorised research. It was not till Mr. Layard had announced the wonders he had seen at Nineveh, that an expedition was sent thither, and to Xanthus after the discoveries of Sir Charles Fellows; to Halicarnassus after an assurance by Mr. Newton of the existence of sculptures at that place; and to Cyrene after the discoveries of Lieutenants Smith and Porcher. But this, after all, is only consistent with every other kind of enterprise among us; it originates with individuals, and if there be profit in perspective, it is carried out by companies.

Any mention of Ephesus refers us more immediately to the Bible than to any other book in which the city and its inhabitants are mentioned. "The candlestick has been removed out of his place," and Ephesus is now a desolation, the abode of a population of snakes and scorpions, the bite of which, we are told, is fatal to natives but harmless to strangers. In reference to certain cities famous in ancient history, it would be an interesting inquiry to contrast the falsehood of the Sybilline oracles with the truth of prophecy. Ephesus, Sardis, and Laodicea, were the cities that were threatened with Divine vengeance, and their present condition is the fulfilment of the menace. Pergamus and Thyatira were only admonished, and they are still habitable towns; while Smyrna and Philadelphia, the only two that were commendable, are yet considerable cities.

Ephesus, situated on the river Cayster, was anciently the port of Ionia, and a place of great importance. From its situation it commanded the commerce of Asia Minor, and became the mart for the produce not only of Greece and Egypt, but was visited by the merchants of the Persian and remoter Asiatic empires. The wealth and prosperity of the city excited the cupidity of the Persian monarchs, but after struggling for three hundred years to maintain its independence, it succumbed at last to the Greeks, and was held by the successors of Alexander for a century, after which it fell under the dominion of the Romans.

The name of Ephesus associates itself at once in the mind with the temple and the worship of Diana, and with the candlesticks of the Apocalypse. In the days of its golden prosperity, this city exhausted all vocabularies of their epithets of praise to do justice to its worth and beauty. The inhabitants themselves, after dismissing all less solid terms, settled its appellation as the "good city of Ephesus" (TO ΑΓΑΘΟΝ ΕΦΕΣΙΟΝ); but, like so many cities that men have valued only for their material consideration, its beauties have been defiled, and even the sites of the objects that constituted the boast of the natives, and excited the boundless admiration of strangers, were long unknown. "No fewer," says Mr. Falkener, "than seventeen travellers have mistaken the ruin at the head of the marsh (the Great Gymnasium) for the vestiges of the Temple of Diana; two regard it as a church, and one as a Temple of Neptune. One of these writers, indeed (Count Caylus),

looked upon the ruins scattered about the whole plain as the dependencies of the temple, and supposed that the city itself was stationed at Aiaslik. Tavernier and Le Brun consider the arch of the stadium to be the door of the temple; and Chishull imagined it formed part of the edifice erected for the third General Council; while Usborne takes the Roman temple by the Agora to be the remains of the first temple built by Herostratus."

And not less earnest are explorers in the cause of the church than in that of the temple. The word "church" is construed, not as a Christian community, but as the building in which that community was supposed to worship. Sites are therefore assigned as those of the sacred edifices, and travellers have been so far misled by pious zeal as to assign a font to St. John, a prison to St. Paul, and places of sepulture to several other saints, and even those of the Virgin Mary and Mary Magdalene. The site, therefore, of the Temple of Diana is thus a question of increased interest, after the failure of so many antiquarians to determine it. In a plan of the ancient city and its immediate suburbs laid down by Mr. Falkener, he places the Temple of Diana at the upper extremity of the Sacred Port, round which the river Cayster now flows. The right of the Temple and the Port is flanked by the Grove of Diana. The city proper is encompassed by a wall, which, on the left, runs immediately at the base of Mount Coressus, and within the city is a smaller port, and the existence of two ports has much embarrassed modern writers on the sites of Ephesus.

Nearly all that is known of this famous temple is communicated by Pliny. He describes it as a wonder of magnificence, and that it was erected at the joint expense of all Asia, and was two hundred and twenty years in building. It was founded on a marsh, that it should not be imperilled by earthquakes, or cleaving of the ground; and, what must astonish modern architects, in order to secure the foundation, it was laid on wool, beneath which was a bed of charcoal (*Rursus ne in lubrico atque instabili fundamenta tanta molis locarentur, calcatis ea substravere carbonibus, dein velleribus lanae*.—Plin. H. N. xxxvii. 21). The total length of the temple was four hundred and twenty-five feet, the width two hundred and twenty feet. It had one hundred and twenty-seven columns, each the gift of a king, and its height was sixty feet. Thirty-six of these columns are ornamented, one by Scopas. The architect was Chersiphron (*sic*), that is, we may presume, in the time of Pliny. Of the original passage in Pliny there are various readings, some of which are, perhaps, more probable than the text.

The statue of the goddess is represented as swaddled from the breasts downwards to the feet, the upper part of the body being covered with the breasts of animals, in allusion to Diana as the great mother of all nature, and whence she was called Multimammia. Diana was believed to assist at generation, from the circumstance of the time of bearing being regulated by the lunar month. There were perhaps more than one statue in the temple, but there was especially one, the principal, called Ephesia, and the form of this image was never changed, though the temple was several times rebuilt.

This famous building was first in danger (301 B.C.) on the occasion of the defeat of Antigonus and Demetrius: Scipio was about to plunder it, but was prevented by a despatch from Pompey. It suffered in the reign of Tiberius, and also in that of Nero, and in A.D. 253-260 it was sacked by the Scythians, and is supposed soon afterwards to have been completely destroyed.

Mr. Falkener's book is an elaborate treatise, in which is considered every question of interest having reference to Ephesus. The plans and drawings place vividly before us the former greatness and the subsequent desolation of the city. Too much commendation can scarcely be bestowed on those who, like the author of this most interesting volume, expend their time and their energies in the investigation of subjects which have great historical importance. The writings of such men may not be popular, in the strict sense of the term, but their labours are not overlooked by the few who, perhaps, are best fitted to sit in judgment upon them.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS GREENWOOD, ESQ., SANDFIELD LODGE, HAMPSHIRE.

THE POST OFFICE.

F. Goodall, A.R.A., Painter. C. W. Sharpe, Engraver.

WHEN this picture was exhibited at the British Institution, in 1850, it attracted notice from the *habitués* of our public galleries, not less by its own intrinsic merits, than because it manifested a departure from the ordinary class of subjects chosen by Mr. Goodall. People who watch from one season to another the doings of artists, always welcome a deviation from a well-known path if they are introduced to one equally pleasant, because it shows the painter in a new light, and that he is not content to repose on any laurels he may have acquired: it evidences, moreover, that he has been working in a new field of thought, which may generally be accepted as a sign of progress.

It is much easier to describe the characters introduced into the picture than to determine its locality, which looks like the court-yard of a hostelry, only it is paved with flag-stones, and therefore closed against horses. Years back it was no uncommon thing to find a country post-office at the inn of the village or small town, and Mr. Goodall may have borrowed the idea of this composition—for it must be a composition—from a recollection of the fact. However this may be, the building is a picturesque old "bit," with its stone bench outside, and what seems to have been originally a mounting-block. Inside the "office" is the postmaster distributing letters to sundry applicants; by the doorway is the post-boy who has brought the bag across country from the nearest post-town; his horn, with which he wakes up the various rustic communities as he hurries past their dwellings, is under his arm. All this is what used to be; railways and other modern innovations have changed in a great measure the system of letter carrying, and the noisy post-boy has become almost a character unknown to the present generation.

In front of the door is a group of "village politicians," foremost among whom is the barber, whose business it is to gain the earliest intelligence of news, that he may retail it to his customers; he holds in his hand a copy of the *Times*, and is reading some war tidings of importance, for the word "victory" appears on the broad sheet; the brawny figure with the bare arms is the blacksmith, owner of the wicked-looking bull terrier by his side. Nearer to the spectator is the "boots" of the village inn, who probably acts also as occasional ostler; the youth in a velvet jacket is from the mansion, and is come for the squire's letters; and a boy with a board filled with fine fish completes the group.

On the other side of the picture are two figures to whom that stolid, round-faced post-boy has brought anything but good tidings, a woman and her boy, now, in all probability, the widow and the fatherless; an open letter with a black seal lies before them; it tells them the "victory" has made them desolate; at least it may be presumed this is the artist's intention, for the drum at the boy's side may be taken to signify that he is a soldier's son. In advance of these is another woman reading a letter to an old Chelsea pensioner and his wife: there is no sad intelligence in her epistle—her child may continue its gambol with the kitten unchecked by its mother, whose hour of tribulation has not yet come; perhaps her husband is not gone to the wars.

The composition, it will thus be seen, is replete with interest, well sustained, nor, regarding it merely as a composition, is this lessened by one or two presumed anachronisms the artist has introduced into it; such, for example, as the Chelsea pensioner, an individual, who, we believe, is rarely or never seen "in costume" out of London and its immediate vicinity; that fish-monger's boy, too, is not exactly of the *genus rusticum*; but both make such an agreeable variety in the scene that we would not have them absent.

* EPHESUS AND THE TEMPLE OF DIANA. By EDWARD FALKENER. Published by Day and Son, London.



FRED. GOODALL, A.R.A. PINX.

C.W. SHARPE, SCULPT.

THE POST OFFICE.



LONDON STREET ARCHITECTURE.

THE CERAMIC ESTABLISHMENT OF MR. PHILLIPS,
NEW BOND STREET.

If the more important streets of London are not rebuilt *en masse*, in accordance with the advanced architectural ideas of the present day, gradually, and edifice by edifice, they are assuming the aspect of complete renovation. The importance of having warerooms suitable for the consistent display of the various productions of the great manufactures of England is beginning to be understood, and, accordingly, new buildings are continually arising in the streets of the metropolis, which will soon claim an honourable recognition for what we may distinguish as the commercial architecture of the Victorian age. At present attention has been chiefly concentrated upon the interiors of these new structures, as in the instance of the gorgeous glass gallery of the Messrs. Osler, in Oxford Street. But the aspect of the streets themselves is not altogether overlooked, so that in several instances the new commercial buildings of London have been as carefully studied with a view to their external effect, as to their interior arrangements and adornment.

Mr. Phillips, of New Bond Street, has been adding the last to the series of commercial structures which aim at equal excellence both within and without; and, considering that the architect of the work is the gentleman who is impressed with the singular notion that he has projected a *bonâ fide* new style of street architecture, we may congratulate him on having achieved a signal success. Mr. Harris seldom fails with his interiors, and here he has very decidedly surpassed himself. Of course, in the instance of this establishment, as in every London building, the grand object is to obtain out of the smallest proportionate space the greatest amount of accommodation, coupled with the best possible means for effective display. And we have sincere pleasure in recording our high admiration of the manner in which Mr. Harris has here combined two floors into a single ware-room, by means of his very cleverly contrived and ably constructed staircase. The works are not yet quite completed; and, indeed, we understand that, on the ground floor, extensive additions will soon be made, which will carry back the interior very considerably further from the line of New Bond Street. Such additions are certainly required, both to give a becoming idea of space to the establishment, and also to provide for the exhibition of a series of groups of wares which at present cannot be said to be duly represented. The staircase, which is the principal feature in the interior design, is placed at the back of the ware-rooms as they exist at present; and it is so arranged that the opening which admits the staircase itself discloses the first floor, and most happily imparts to it the appearance of harmonious association with the ground floor beneath it; indeed, the first floor, by this means, altogether rejects the idea of forming an independent story of the edifice, and it appears simply as a spacious gallery to the apartment below. Mid-way between the two floors, on the staircase itself, is placed a very noble chimney-piece of marble, skilfully and effectively carved. The fittings of the whole interior are solid and good, and there is a sufficient amount of bold and effective carving. Both the woodwork and the metal fittings are excellent; the latter is all by Gibbons and White. We could have spared certain massive carved keystones from his arches, but Mr. Harris appears to delight in bringing out details where their presence could scarcely be expected, and under conditions that it is not easy to understand. These keystones perform a species of corbel duty, and the bold freedom of their carved foliage may be said to compensate for their somewhat intrusive presence. The effect of the interior, taken as a whole, we repeat, is excellent, and quite worthy of the splendid and costly collections of ceramic works with which it is stored in such profuse abundance.

The exterior of this building has happily but very few of the eccentricities which Mr. Harris mistakes for the distinctive elements of a new

style. The windows are of good size and well placed, and the adjustment of the several parts of the façade to one another is both pleasing and impressive. The ornamentation of the openings is also far better than Mr. Harris has hitherto generally admitted; there is some good, rich carving, and there is not much of the peculiar cutting of *stone facets* which distinguishes, after so singular a fashion, a wine merchant's new establishment in Oxford Street. We entreat Mr. Harris to abolish this working opaque stone after the manner of transparent glass. The effect is always at once painful and ludicrous. It would be very easy, as it would be most desirable, to cut away from Mr. Phillips' upper windows all traces of this facet work. Another of Mr. Harris's favourite operations consists in working his wall surfaces in different planes, so as to develop quasi-buttresses from the mass of the lower walls. Here again Mr. Phillips is fortunate. His walls look well, and their surfaces are broken and buttressed only in such a manner as enhances their general effect. We must especially notice the entrance doorway—with the metal-work foliage in its spandrels—which has very few, if any, superiors in London. On the whole, Mr. Phillips' new building impresses upon our minds the conviction that, if he would but renounce all thoughts of working out a new style, Mr. Harris might be equally successful with his exteriors and his interiors. We accept this building as the very best thing that Mr. Harris has done, and even as the very best thing that he can do, so long as the new style phantasy is before his eyes: what we should like to see next would be the very best thing that he could accomplish, after having dismissed from his mind that delusive theory which at present is so seriously prejudicial to the full expression of his architectural powers. Possibly Mr. Harris will not refuse to act upon our suggestion: meanwhile, Mr. Phillips possesses noble galleries for the display of his collections, and he may be content to have done what he has done for the street architecture of London.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The Salon of 1863 has been announced by the *Moniteur*; each artist is allowed to send only three paintings or other works of Art. This determination will necessarily limit the extent of the exhibition, though it will scarcely exclude many works of a high quality.—Death has recently taken one of the most eminent French sculptors, M. L. Petitot, born in Paris in 1794: he was pupil of De Laistre and Cartellier, and gained, in 1813, the second prize of the Academy, and, in 1814, the first prize, for his statue of 'Achilles mortally wounded.' On his return from Rome he executed several statues and bas-reliefs for the government and various towns. In 1827 Petitot was created member of the Legion of Honour, in 1860 officer; he was also a member of the Academy, and, in 1835, occupied the *fauteuil* which had been filled by Dejoux in 1795, Le Sueur in 1816, and Roman in 1831. He was much esteemed by his contemporaries.—The new *Salle des Etats*, in the Louvre, is to undergo some alterations, and is to receive a fresh gallery of paintings.—A permanent Universal Exhibition is now quite certain to be established, and though commerce is to form the principal element in it, yet Art is expressly mentioned, and English artists of every kind will be able to exhibit their works and to sell them on the spot, a rent charge being made of £1 per square *metre* per annum. The *metre* is rather more than the yard—five square *metres* being equal to six square yards, English. The duties are to be paid only in case the objects are sold, and according to the tariffs existing at the time of sale.—Paris is empty and dull, it seems as if everybody had crossed the channel to see the International Exhibition in London.

DORDRECHT.—A statue of Ary Scheffer has just been erected at Dordrecht, his native place. It is in bronze, from a model by Mezzara, and represents the painter in an attitude with which those who knew him were perfectly familiar; he is standing as if at his easel, and holds a pencil in his hand. The likeness is most truthful, and the general expression of the face very intelligent and thoughtful.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

GLASGOW.—We are glad to learn, from an advertisement appearing in our first page, that the council of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts, who last winter successfully inaugurated their first exhibition, have made arrangements to open their second on 3rd November next.

LEEDS.—An exhibition of the drawings and designs executed by the pupils of the School of Art in this town took place in the month of June, and was well attended by those who are interested in the success of the institution, which is under the direction of Mr. Walter Smith. At the last annual examination, Mr. Wilde, one of the government inspectors, awarded thirty medals, being an increase of five over the award of the year preceding. A stimulus to increased exertions on the part of the students has been given by a considerable number of prizes, in money and books, offered by the Mayor of Leeds, the members for the borough, and other local gentlemen anxious to encourage them, and promote the welfare of the school.

OXFORD.—Two colossal statues—not inappropriately called "twin statues," for both figures are seated on one pedestal—of Lords Eldon and Stowell, have somewhat recently been placed in a very handsome library, erected for the purpose, in University College, of which these eminent lawyers were members. The history of these works is singular from the delay, it may almost be said the fatality, which has marked their progress. The idea of having the two illustrious brothers represented on one pedestal originated with the second Earl of Eldon, grandson of the Chancellor, who suggested it to Chantrey in 1840. The sculptor was delighted with the idea, and repeatedly observed that he would make the group his masterpiece. Chantrey, however, only lived to arrange the plan and make drawings for the statues. On his death, in 1841, Allan Cunningham was entrusted with the task; but it was one beyond his artistic power. Still, as several of Chantrey's most able assistants—among whom was the late M. L. Watson, a young sculptor whose genius promised to make him one of the greatest men in his profession—had offered their assistance, hope was entertained that the work might yet prove worthy of the subjects and of the original designer. Within less than a year after Chantrey's death his friend Allan was carried to the grave, and Lord Eldon then placed the commission entirely in the hands of Watson. In 1847 the labours of this sculptor were unhappily closed by his premature decease; he left the casts completed, but the marble only partially worked. Hence arose another difficulty, but it was surmounted by the task being assigned, on the recommendation of Sir Charles Eastlake, to Mr. Nelson, who was engaged on the completion of the other sculptures left unfinished by Watson. Notwithstanding some considerable further delay, owing to the failing health of Mr. Nelson, he has succeeded in completing his task to the entire satisfaction of all more especially interested in it; and Oxford, and particularly the University, may now boast of possessing right worthy memorials of two of her most distinguished sons, located in an apartment well fitted for them in every way: the library was erected from the designs of Mr. G. G. Scott. The statues are a gift from the late Lord Eldon, whose executors largely contributed to the erection of the new library.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Thornycroft has been unanimously selected by the committee of the corporation of Liverpool to execute the equestrian statue to the late Prince Consort, to be erected in that town, for which a vote was passed some time since.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—We understand the School of Art in this town has at length been closed for want of funds and local encouragement. This result we have anticipated for some time past from the reports which have reached us, as our readers know.

MANCHESTER.—The drawing of prizes allotted to the subscribers to the Art-Union, which has its head-quarters in Manchester, took place a short time since. This society has been established only five years, yet the number of subscribers has increased from upwards of 61,000, the first year, to more than 100,000 for the present; the subscription is only one shilling. This year 1,150 prizes were distributed, including 300 pictures selected from various exhibitions.

BIRMINGHAM.—The memorial of the late Joseph Sturge has been erected in this town. It consists of a statue, at the base of which is a fountain, ornamented with figures representing Peace and Charity; the whole is the work of the late Mr. John Thomas.

NOTABILIA

OF

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE DECLARATION OF PRIZES TO EXHIBITORS.

THE 11th of July was a great field-day at the Exhibition: the awards were declared; that is to say, every exhibitor, by purchasing for the sum of five shillings a thickly printed book, was enabled to ascertain whether he had or had not obtained a medal or "honourable mention." The latter was of course obtained then and there, but those to whom medals were accorded will have to wait until they are ready, which may, perhaps, be before the Exhibition is closed by another procession. Possibly the delay was unavoidable, but it must be admitted that the glory is thus deprived of half its worth.

No doubt much discontent has arisen; those who are without even the petty acknowledgment of merit which others receive, will be loud in their protests against ignorance or injustice; and there will be unquestionably many cases so flagrant as to render it impossible for any but juries to guess why honours were given and why refused. We shall perhaps be enlightened by the reports—when printed. Meanwhile it is gratifying to record that each member of a jury obtained a copy of the book referred to, without being called upon to pay for it, and that they received the thanks of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and the Royal Commissioners for large sacrifices of time and labour.

The day was happily auspicious, and the gathering great; the arrangements for seating ladies along the aisles, and for the general accommodation of visitors, were good; it was, in truth, a most cheering and invigorating sight, without any drawback, excepting, it may be, the mortification that was to be endured by those who missed the rewards they had anticipated as the results of their efforts to obtain them.

These "medals" are altogether a mistake: they are so numerous as to be of little worth. Upwards of 12,000 (including "honourable mentions") have gained them, and from about 12,000 only have they been withheld. Generally no reason is assigned why they are bestowed. Juries, however, seem to have been left to their own will in this matter, some of them going so far as to make marked distinctions, degrees of comparison—good, better, best; while others simply state the nature of the productions considered.

We shall, no doubt, have to recur to this subject ere long, when the reports are furnished; at present it must suffice to state that the printed book gives the names of all to whom honours are awarded.

CERAMIC PAINTING.

M. Pinart, of Paris, exhibits some artistic *faïences*, executed by a process of a novel character in modern Art. M. Pinart, who was lately a *genre* painter, studied in the academy of Lille, of which town he is a native. For many years he has laboured to produce paintings upon *unfired enamel*, and the examples he now shows are exceedingly satisfactory, in regard to the manipulatory processes, whilst, in an artistic sense, they are highly meritorious. He thus describes the peculiarity of his manufacture:—

"The artist dips his earthen pieces into the liquid enamel; they come out of it covered with a coating that dries immediately; over this coating and before baking, he must execute his paintings at the first stroke, with special colours composed by himself; then the enamel and paintings are baked at once in a powerful furnace.

"This proceeding gives a sufficient idea of the difficulties of such work, as it consists in painting over a spongy coat, which immediately sucks up the paint, is reduced into dust under the paint-

brush, mixes itself with the colour which it helps to penetrate into the enamel, and contributes through the intimate fusion of the enamel and colour to make but one body; whilst it gives to the painting unctuousity, air, and, above all, a great transparence. This result is quite impossible to be attained upon a baked enamel, the pores of which are stopped by the baking; the consequence is that, as the colour cannot penetrate, it remains on the surface, and gives but dry tints, without any air or transparence.

"The aforesaid practical difficulties, as well as the serious consequences which the artist is exposed to, by any ill success, the least of which is the complete destruction of a long and hard work, will give to those productions the importance they deserve."

It was in this manner that many of the early majolica painters are considered to have worked. Of the extreme difficulty attending this method there can be no doubt, as the unfired enamel surface would work up under the pencil, unless most delicately used. The finished effect is very beautiful; but we are of opinion that a less hazardous and more easy process would give the same results.

WARRINGTON'S PROGRESSIVE EXAMPLES OF STAINED GLASS.

Comparison is one of the grand objects of a "Great Exhibition"—that twofold comparison, which compares both the treatment of the same thing by different people, and the treatment of different things by the same people, and which also extends its range to differences of period, as well as of works and workers. Great Exhibitions, however, treat only incidentally of successive periods of time, so that comparisons of this kind rarely fall within their province. The Messrs. Warrington, who are well known as "artists in glass," have taken in hand to provide facilities for comparing the stained glass of various successive periods, by producing and exhibiting a series of *fac-simile* representations of characteristic examples, which commence with the fragmentary remains of the Norman era, and close with the full development of the Renaissance. The idea is an admirable one, and it has been worked out by the artists with the most zealous earnestness. The positions assigned for the display of the broad and lofty surfaces of the stained glass compositions in the Great Exhibition are not very favourable, in consequence of the double light; but, on the whole, the "progressive examples" of the Messrs. Warrington are to be seen in about as satisfactory a manner as might be expected. These examples claim, not merely a passing glance of gratified approval, but careful and thoughtful study. They take up the history of one of the great Arts that is in alliance with Architecture in its noblest capacity, and they pass in review, as in a historical diorama, the successive expressions of its operation. Here, then, are lessons, as well for living artists as for all who would understand and form a just estimate of their works. Painting on glass has been revived with great spirit in our own times, and the popularity of painted or stained glass is demonstrated by the constantly increasing demand for its production; accordingly, a progressive series of examples of early glass possesses peculiar claims for attentive consideration, since it actually constitutes a grammar of the Art.

The various specimens that have been selected to form this series are all typical works. They illustrate each their own period and their own style with graphic effectiveness. Thus, these examples show the varied styles of composition, of treatment, of execution, and of colour, that successively arose, and in their turn gave way to something more novel than themselves. The great superiority of the early glass for the highest order of works of this character is made clearly apparent in these examples. It is pre-eminent in the qualities that are best adapted to its own peculiar mode of representation. It deals with a transparent medium and lustrous colours, with a complete mastery over such agencies. At the same time, while thus excellent as a model, the early glass is also no less suggestive of what the living artist may accomplish in improved drawing, and more skilful combination of details.

Heraldic glass, for all purposes that are not ecclesiastical, is shown to be applicable, under almost all circumstances, with happy effect. Mr. Warrington's heraldic glass, indeed, is not quite what we should have desired to have seen—it is not thoroughly imbued with a true heraldic spirit—but it is suggestive in the highest degree, and it clearly shows how much may be accomplished in its own peculiar department.

The lesson which these progressive examples teach with emphatic impressiveness is, that in the hands of living artists painting on glass must be a *progressive Art*. The men of the olden time did their work well—some of them far better than well—but they by no means exhausted the powers of their Art; and while bequeathing a most precious inheritance to their distant successors, they at the same time left to them more than a little to be worked out by themselves. It is the great error of our own best glass-painters that they have been content to aim at reproducing old work, or, at any rate, that they consider it necessary to work in exact conformity with their early models. This copying—for it amounts to nothing more—must give way to originality. The early authorities may indeed be regarded with loving reverence, but they are not to be dealt with after the manner of tracing-paper. It is to be hoped that the Warrington series will be engraved for publication, for the use alike of artists and of the public. These examples will always be both valuable and useful; but both their value and their utility will mainly consist in taking a part in leading our artists in glass to aspire to an independent excellence of their own.

GRAPHITE.

Among the minerals in the Russian department, are some new and singular specimens of graphite from the mines of Siberia: they are exhibited by N. P. Alibert, Samsonof, and Mamontoff, and Sidorof.

In appearance these specimens resemble the German black lead from the Hartz Mountains, being more or less laminated, without the brilliancy of the graphite of Ceylon. The finest specimens are those of N. P. Alibert, which are much closer in texture, and of a more solid nature, but are not sufficiently compact for the manufacture of drawing pencils. There is a want of solidity and firmness, such as only are found in the graphite from the mines of Borrowdale.

The samples of Messrs. Samsonof and Mamontoff are more or less intermingled with iron pyrites, in larger or smaller granules, which is an insuperable objection to this lead being even used for polishing ordinary fire-stoves. Next to the Cumberland graphite in quality may be placed that found in Spain, which is most valuable for the purpose of lubricating machinery.

On examining the Siberian graphite in comparison with pure plumbago or Cumberland lead, although at first glance both appear alike, they are as different as one mineral can be to another. The Cumberland has a fine grain, a silkiness in use, and a silvery lustre, while, however black the Siberian may be, it is as dead in colour as black chalk. The Cumberland lead will rub out clean with India-rubber—the Siberian will not; the specific gravity of the Cumberland is 2.200, the Siberian, 1.291, though heavier where it contains free iron, or pyrites; the Cumberland, 97½ per cent. pure carbon, the Siberian but 93. In structure the Siberian is flaky, like that which comes from Greenland; but of so spongy a nature that it absorbs seven per cent. of water—the Cumberland not a quarter per cent.

The collection of graphites exhibited in the British Museum, in the same case as the diamonds, furnish excellent examples of the different kinds of the plumbago of commerce—the Ceylon, valuable for the manufacture of melting-pots, the Spanish for lubricating machinery, the German for cleaning stoves, and the Cumberland for the manufacture of drawing pencils.

Whether the Siberian graphite, which is found upon the borders of the Chinese empire six thousand miles away, can be brought to market to compete with any of the above, remains to be tried; but so long as the Cumberland lead from the mines of Borrowdale can be had, there is no chance of displacing it for an artist's drawing

pencil. Some samples of the Cumberland graphite, with pencils and points for ever-pointed pencils, may be found in the Exhibition in the North Gallery, Class XXVIII., placed there (since the declaration of the awards) by Messrs. Brockedon, who also show blocks of different degrees of hardness, purified by their patent process, and consolidated in vacuum under their large fly-press, probably the most powerful press in the world.

WATER-GLASS PAINTING FOR HOUSE DECORATION.

Every person who possesses the faculty of talking, thoroughly understands the value of a really good listener. In the same manner, a teacher who is both able and desirous to convey information, always rejoices in seeing before him a wide and an open field for the exercise of his powers. House decoration is precisely such a field—very wide and quite open; and we have this month engraved, in our Catalogue of the International Exhibition, a design for the decoration of a dining-room or library, which evidently proceeds from decorators who are equal to an unusual amount of work in their own vocation. Messrs. Purdie, Cowtan, & Co. (successors to the late Duppa & Collins), of Oxford Street, desire to be regarded as house-decorators who aspire to raise house-decoration to the level of high Art. They have proposed to themselves no simple enterprise; but their specimen-work speaks well for their capacity to accomplish much, even in the case of so arduous a project as theirs; and we desire both to facilitate their success, and to invite general attention to the capabilities and merits of their system.

The object in view with these decorations is to develop the entire decorative components and accessories of any apartment upon one definite and fixed plan. They aim at a pervading harmony, and they seek to enhance both the value and the decorative agency of each individual object, by assigning to it a becoming part in a harmonious whole. They assume that the full effect of pictures of the very highest order, when displayed for interior decoration, depends upon local associations; and, acting upon this theory, they seek to adapt every minor and subsidiary decoration to the character of the noblest decorative objects. In working out this sound and well-devised plan, these artists—and we have much pleasure in according to them that honourable title—employ an agent that is almost new in this country. The process of water-glass painting was discovered and made known in his own country, in the year 1847, by Professor Fuchs, of Berlin; but no specimen of any importance, the work of Englishmen, had been publicly exhibited in this country until the work under our consideration was placed in the International Collections now at South Kensington. The late lamented Prince Consort translated the original German essays of the learned Professor who discovered this most important process; Mr. MacIse has painted in the water-glass manner his fine fresco for the House of Lords; and now water-glass painting has taken a place in the second great industrial gathering in London, as a decorative Art of the first rank.

The specimen-work by Messrs. Purdie, to which a medal has been awarded by the jurors of the class to which it belongs, comprises marvellous imitations of woods and marbles, together with portraits copied from Lely and Kneller at Hampton Court, the copies being eminently successful in themselves, and in happy keeping with their various surroundings.

Mr. MacIse has "reported" upon this process of wall painting, and he pronounces a judgment altogether favourable to it; and his own picture is an argument to which he may appeal with confidence in support of the views which he advocates. The system is curious, and yet so truly practical, that it at once commands attention. Water-glass pictures are executed after the manner of distemper, upon dry tablets formed of Portland cement freely mixed with sand; and the water glazing is effected by applying silicate of potash to the finished picture by means of a fine syringe. This flinty spray, which requires to be administered with a judicious hand, acting in obedience to a discerning and experienced eye, fixes the colours, and leaves the picture a vivid and permanent Art petrification. Every species

of wall decoration, of course, may be executed by this process, so that our walls may have their own decorations constructed into themselves, and these decorations may rise from being mere accessories to become integral elements of our homes.

We advise our readers to inspect the specimens of this decoration by water-glass painting, and we believe that in this instance "to inspect" will prove to be synonymous with "to admire," and "to patronise."

PUBLIC STATUES IN LONDON.

A RETURN has been made "of the public statues or public monuments in London belonging to the nation, exclusive of those in palaces other than St. Stephen's Hall, in the Palace of Westminster, or cathedrals, and now under the charge of the Chief Commissioner of Works, specifying the date of erection and names of the artists, if known, and from what funds purchased or erected." The list is as follows:—King James II., Whitehall Gardens, by G. Gibbons, erected 1686; the Right Hon. George Canning, New Palace Yard, by R. Westmacott, paid for by subscription; King Charles I., Charing Cross, by Le Sueur; King George III., Pall Mall East, 1836, by M. C. Wyatt, paid for by subscription; King George IV., Trafalgar Square, between 1840 and 1845, by Sir Francis Chantrey, paid for by parliamentary grant; Lord Nelson, Trafalgar Square, commenced 1840 (unfinished), the column by William Railton, the statue by E. H. Baily, the bas-reliefs respectively by J. E. Carew, M. L. Watson, W. F. Woodington, and J. Termouth, paid for by subscription and parliamentary grant; the Duke of Wellington, Arch, Hyde Park Corner, 1846, M. C. Wyatt, paid for by subscription; Achilles, Hyde Park, 1822, by R. Westmacott, paid for by subscription; King George II., Golden Square; the Duke of Wellington, Tower Green, 1848, by T. Milnes, presented by the sculptor; King George III., Somerset House, by J. Bacon; Queen Anne, Queen Square, St. Andrew, Holborn, and St. George the Martyr; Queen Anne, Queen Square, Westminster; the Duke of Kent, Portland Place, by S. Gahagan, paid for by subscription; General Sir C. Napier, Trafalgar Square, 1858, by G. C. Adams, paid for by subscription; Dr. Jenner, Kensington Gardens, 1858, by W. C. Marshall, paid for by subscription; Richard Cœur-de-Lion, Old Palace Yard, 1861, by Baron Marochetti, paid for by subscription and Parliamentary grant; Major-General Havelock, Trafalgar Square, 1861, by W. Behnes, paid for by subscription. The statues of Hampden, Selden, Walpole, Falkland, Clarendon, Somers, Mansfield, Fox, Chatham, Pitt, Grattan, and Burke, in St. Stephen's Hall, in the new Palace of Westminster, were erected between the years 1847 and 1858, and paid for by vote of Parliament. The sculptors are—J. H. Foley, J. Bell, W. C. Marshall, E. H. Baily, P. MacDowell, J. E. Carew, and W. Theed.

If the quality of the sculptures standing in our streets and highways were commensurate with their quantity, we might, indeed, pride ourselves on the exhibition; for there are others which, we presume, do not come within the scope of the Parliamentary return, though they are undoubtedly as "public" as those included in the above list; such, for example, as the statues of the Duke of Cumberland, by Chew, and Lord George Bentinck, by Campbell, in Cavendish Square; of Fox, by Westmacott, in Bloomsbury Square; Pitt, by Chantrey, in Hanover Square; of King William III., in St. James's Square; of King William IV., near London Bridge; the equestrian statue of Wellington, at the Royal Exchange; the statue of Peel, in Cheapside, &c. &c. Few, however, of our "open air" statues are calculated to do honour to our national taste, or to show that we fully understand what these sculptured memorials ought to be. At present they stand as disfigurements, rather than ornaments, to our public thoroughfares; nor till committees, and all others who have the direction and management of such works, exhibit a higher capacity for the task entrusted to them, can anything but comparative failures be expected.

CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE GALLERY.

WHATEVER neglect is shown by the public towards the numerous Art-works of every kind collected in the Crystal Palace—and, unfortunately, such neglect is but too universal and palpable—the picture gallery does not share; on the contrary, it is a great feature in the contents of the building, and its attraction is proved by the large number of visitors who constantly throng it, and its utility both to artists and the public by the sales effected through Mr. C. W. Wass, who, as superintendent of the gallery, performs his duties in the most satisfactory manner. The plan adopted there of having the price of each work distinctly marked upon it saves trouble to all parties. Any person seeing a picture he desires to possess, learns at the same time what it would cost, leaving him at once to reject or accept it as he pleases. Moreover, the gallery is constantly receiving novelties; for, when a painting is purchased, it is removed immediately, or within a very short time, and its place supplied by another. As a consequence, every month necessitates the publishing of a new catalogue.

It would be folly to compare the collection at Sydenham with what we are accustomed to see annually in the picture galleries of London. The object of the Directors of the Crystal Palace has been to allow any works, except copies—which, however, are admitted under certain special circumstances—to be hung on the walls, subject only to the judgment of the manager, who has the power to reject whatever he may deem inadmissible. Under such conditions, the exhibition assumes, as might be expected, a very miscellaneous and unequal character—a mixture of good and indifferent; it is a collection suited to a variety of tastes, and to purses more or less furnished with means to purchase; and this is an advantage not to be lost sight of.

The catalogue placed in our hands when we last visited the gallery gives a list of upwards of twelve hundred works of Art of all kinds, including the "Victoria Cross Gallery," the series of well-known pictures by Mr. Desanges, which occupy a room by themselves; they are forty-seven in number. The remainder may be thus classified:—Upwards of five hundred oil paintings by British artists, about four hundred by foreigners, one hundred and four water-colour drawings, about sixty copies in water-colours of pictures by Turner in the National Gallery, and of a few by other English painters, and nearly sixty examples of sculpture. Among the names of British exhibitors (we take them as they appear in the catalogue, and not in what may be presumed as the order of merit) are those of Selous, G. Pettitt, J. A. Houston, A.R.S.A., A. Cooper, R.A., Branwhite, Parris, M. Claxton, Stark, Lance, Desanges, Miss Kate Swift, Niemann, G. D. Leslie, Hopley, Wingfield, Holland, J. Archer, R.S.A., Tennant, Pasmore, J. Chalon, R.A., Meadows, J. J. Hill, Henshaw, Parker, Luker, F. S. Cary, Miss E. Osborn, G. Chambers, Miss A. F. Mutrie, B. R. Faulkner, W. H. Paton, A.R.S.A., J. Ward, R.A., A. Johnston, Louis Haghe, Kennedy, J. H. S. Mann, C. Lees, R.S.A., R. Solomon, F. W. Watts, Montague, R. S. Lauder, R.S.A., John Martin, Egley, Mrs. E. M. Ward, and others.

The foreign schools are, as a whole, better represented, perhaps, than our own; French, Belgian, and German, each contributing its quota. At the head of these is Baron Wappers, of Antwerp, with his 'Death of Christopher Columbus,' and 'Anne Boleyn taking leave of her Daughter, Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of England;' Biard's four paintings illustrative of 'Slavery' follow close after; then there are works by Seghers, Stoeckart, Verhoeven-Ball, Caraud, Van Luppen, Frère, Weiser, Claes, Van Meer, Duval, Berthoud, De Nater, Colin, F. Gons, De Loose, Van Schendel, Coomans, Verboekhoven, Van den Eycker, Tschaggeny, Bossuet, and many others.

That part of the gallery devoted to water-colour pictures is by no means the least interesting. The copies of the "Turner" paintings, &c., make a brilliant show; in a word, the whole collection deserves, as it daily receives, the notice of the many visitors who find their way to it.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

EHRENBREITSTEIN.

Engraved by J. Cousen.

EHRENBREITSTEIN, as every traveller up or down the Rhine well knows, is one of the most remarkable features which distinguish the banks of that noble river, or rather of the Moselle, at the mouth of which it stands, opposite to Coblenz. There is little in the town itself to attract, beyond its picturesque site at the foot of an almost precipitous rock, nearly eight hundred feet high, whereon has been erected a vast fortress, which may be termed an inland Gibraltar, resting almost entirely upon arches built over the chasms in the rock of which the height consists: the road up to it from the town is not of very great length. It is affirmed by some German writers that the Romans built a watch-tower on this elevation in the time of the Emperor Julian; subsequently the Franks erected a castle on the site, which was restored, enlarged, and more strongly fortified in the twelfth century. In 1632 the French got possession of it, but were starved into a surrender five years afterwards. When the revolutionary armies of France invaded Germany towards the close of the last century, the fortress was blockaded for a considerable time, and fell into their hands in 1799. At the peace of Luneville, in 1801, the French razed it to the ground:—

"Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebouncing idly on her strength did light:
A tower of victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain:
But Peace destroy'd what War could never blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to summer's rain,
On which the iron shower for years had pour'd in vain."

Turner's view of Ehrenbreitstein was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1835, and painted expressly that Mr. John Pye, who selected the subject, might engrave it. For ten years the painting was in Mr. Pye's possession, and a very fine engraving he made of it. At the expiration of that term it became the property of the late Mr. Elhanan Bicknell, of Herne Hill, Camberwell, whose son is now its owner.

It is a picture which would do honour to any collection, a noble landscape treated with true poetic feeling; the stupendous fortress, in appearance scarcely accessible, occupies a large space on the left of the composition; the fortifications, by the way, have been rebuilt and enlarged since the peace of 1814; immediately below the towering mass of rock, on the extreme left, is a military encampment, with soldiers on parade; in their midst is the monumental pyramid raised in honour of General Marceau, who commanded the French forces in the last siege of the castle, and was killed by a rifle-ball at Altenkirchen, in 1796, at the early age of twenty-seven. His funeral was attended by officers and detachments of both armies. In the same tomb lie the remains of another brave young Frenchman, General Hoche, who died a short time previously, in his thirtieth year.

"By Coblenz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid—
Our enemy's—but let not that forbid
Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb
Tears, big tears, gushed from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting, and yet envying, such a doom
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.
Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes;
And fifty may the stranger linger here
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose."

In the middle distance, at the base of the rock, is the town, which the bridge on the right connects with Coblenz; stretching far away beyond this is a range of lofty hills, well wooded, with the beautiful rivers flowing at their feet. The foreground must be looked upon rather as the painter's fancy than as a reality; there is a picturesque fountain, with groups of soldiers and peasants amusing themselves. The time is early evening of a hot summer day; the moon is just rising behind the fortress, which is strongly lighted by the declining sun; but there is a sort of dreamy haziness over the whole picture, which, to say the least, is very *Turnerish*.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

ON THE CROMWELL ROAD side of the Great Exhibition, two designs for "mosaic wall-pictures" have been executed—one by C. W. Cope, R.A., the second by J. C. Hook, A.R.A.—the commencement of a series, to illustrate Art and manufactures, as was common in the mediæval buildings of Florence, and other parts of Italy. The two pictures exhibited differ in manner, but they are, of course, experiments; one (that of Mr. Cope—"Sheep-shearing") being like a sepia study, with the anomaly of a flat, blue sky; the other—"Fishing"—by Mr. Hook, being vividly coloured, like a very free water-colour drawing. If this is an intentional and experimental contrast, we cannot help thinking the preference must be given to the *grisaille* method, as more likely to secure some approach to that unity of manner desirable in all combinations having in view one common end, in which diversity of feeling for colour is always one cause of discordance. Mr. Cope's 'Sheep-shearing' is one of the best things he has done; it is unaffected and forcible, and would tell well as a bas-relief—a quality that renders it well fitted to assist in the proposed series. Mr. Hook's 'Fishing' is much like the boating and fishing pictures he has lately been exhibiting. The mosaics will be of pottery. Hereafter we shall treat this subject at greater length.

THE OFFICIAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.—Ten of the thirteen Parts of this work are issued. They are deplorable proofs of the miserably mistaken policy of the Royal Commissioners in producing it. It will be a commercial loss—as it ought to be. The payments that have been made by advertisers in this work cannot meet the cost of its production. There was a special agreement that 10,000 copies should be printed; if so, there will be an enormous waste of print and paper. Our space will be better occupied than in subjecting it to criticism, but our opinion may be combated or confirmed by any one who will take the trouble to examine the Parts that are "touted" by intrusive boys in all parts of the building.

A CIRCULAR has been issued from SOUTH KENSINGTON, and sent to about four hundred leading manufacturers, requiring answers to the following queries:—

1. The principal objects exhibited by you in the International Exhibition, in the production of which any students of schools of Art have been employed.
2. Names of such students employed as designers, draughtsmen, modellers, chasers, painters, or in any other artistic or industrial capacity.
3. General remarks as to the practical value of the Art-instruction given in schools of Art as bearing upon your industry.

The public will require that not only favourable, but unfavourable, answers to these queries be published; if so, the public will learn how little has been the result compared with the immense cost to the country of this institution.

THE ALBERT TESTIMONIAL.—Those who sent the begging-box throughout the kingdom have incurred a frightful responsibility; so perilous a step could have been justified only by entire success: it is a total and melancholy failure, and cannot but have caused great pain, and no little indignation, in the high quarter it was meant to conciliate. The Lord Mayor and the Mansion House committee ignored the project from the first—nay, they protested strongly against it; but a committee of the Society of Arts, wiser in their generation, undertook the humiliating task of canvassing the country for small sums—"the pennies of the poor"—to augment the subscription, formed a committee of high and noble names (easily obtained, as names merely), appointed Messrs. Foster, Redgrave, and Clabon, three hon. secretaries, and organised an appeal to mayors of cities and towns, to clergymen of all the parishes in the kingdom, to army and navy superintendents—in a word, to all classes and orders of her Majesty's subjects who might be supposed ready to honour the memory of the good Prince and gratify the Queen. What is the result? All the odium has been endured, and, after expenses are deducted, there will probably be a few hundred pounds to add to the fund. The Lord Mayor is as ignorant as we are as to what the sum is likely to be; but every

now and then "subscription lists" are published, and from these we may learn that the experiment is a disastrous failure—as all, except the egotists of the Society of Arts, knew it would be.

METROPOLITAN SCHOOLS OF ART.—On the evening of the 26th of June, the rooms of the Lambeth School of Art, at Vauxhall, were filled almost to overflowing, on the occasion of presenting the annual prizes to the successful students of the year. A National Medallion was awarded to Mr. Edward T. Haynes, for a drawing of foliage from nature; and twenty-eight local medals were awarded to other students, Miss Emily J. Shepherd carrying off three. In several instances where medals had been previously obtained other prizes were given, as it is the practice, we believe, of the Department of Science and Art not to allow more than one medal in any stage, except that of "Applied Designs." The Rev. Robert Gregory, Incumbent of St. Mary's, Lambeth, who has always taken a warm interest in the progress of the school, presented the prizes; and after this ceremony was brought to a conclusion, an address on "Education in Art" was delivered by Mr. James Dafforne. The Lambeth school is under the direction of Mr. J. T. Sparkes; his able management is seen in the carefully executed works of his pupils, who know how to appreciate his patient teachings and kindness of manner. On the following evening the students of the St. Martin's school held their sixth annual *conversazione* at the rooms in Castle Street, Long Acre, which were crowded. The prizes, twenty-six in number, were presented to the successful competitors by Sir Walter James, who also gave an appropriate address. Other gentlemen spoke during the evening, some of whom paid a well-merited compliment to the head master, Mr. Carey, and his assistants. In the case of both these annual meetings music and refreshments contributed to the enjoyment of the evening.

TURNER'S 'DIDO BUILDING CARTHAGE' is being engraved, on a large scale, by Mr. T. A. Prior. We have had the opportunity of examining an advanced etching of the plate, which promises so well that a print of the highest class may be fairly expected. Mr. Prior is a practised and skilful engraver; we only hope, in his desire to produce a highly finished work, care will be taken not to sacrifice the crispness and brilliancy he has succeeded in giving to the etching.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.—There is a cloud, already bigger than a man's hand, gathering over the Society of Arts. Many of its members are indisposed to submit to the government of an oligarchy, and are collecting forces for an approaching war. At the annual meeting for the election of officers, it was anticipated that the present rulers of the society would have encountered a perilous opposition, and preparations were accordingly made for a "fight." The forces were summoned by sound of trumpet, the herald being Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., who issued the following circular to members:—

"Mr. Cole requests the attention of members of the Society of Arts to the following extract from the forthcoming report of the Council, which is sent with the hope that members will make it convenient to attend at the Adelphi on Wednesday next, the 25th June, 1862, at four o'clock, and support the balloting list submitted by the Council.

"The thoughts of the Council were naturally turned to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and they have reason to hope that at an early period the Society may enjoy the honour and advantage of having his Royal Highness as their President.

"Under these circumstances, the Council have thought it best to request the senior Vice-President to allow himself to be placed in nomination to fill the vacant office for the present, and he has undertaken to serve if elected."

It is not likely that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will permit himself to be nominated to a post to which his only title is his royal rank; nor is it by any means certain that, if nominated, he would be elected. Time was, indeed, when nobility of name was considered the only requirement for the highest positions in societies that embodied the *élite* in science, in letters, or in Art; that time has passed; the presidents of nearly all societies and institutions are now the nature-enobled: General Sabine is President of the Royal Society; and wherever recent appointments have been made, if a nobleman has been selected, it is because his fitness for the office was on a par with that of any com-



J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. PINXT

J. COUSEN, SCULPT

ERENBREITSTEIN.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. BICKNELL

moner who offered. So with Earl Stanhope, elected, when Lord Mahon, President of the Society of Antiquaries. There is, therefore, little probability that the Prince of Wales will consent to have dignity thrust upon him. Meanwhile it has, of course, been very generally asked how it is, and why it is, that the above address to members has been forwarded to them under the sanction only of Mr. Henry Cole, C.B. Our readers may be assured that this is but the beginning of the end; the gathering storm will burst some day.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—The sixth and last *conversazione* of the season took place on Wednesday evening, July 2, and was most numerously attended. Mr. H. Ottley, the hon. secretary, announced the awards of silver medals by the prize committee, viz., in historical painting to Mr. E. Crowe, for his picture of 'Do Foe in the Pillory,' No. 457 in the Royal Academy Exhibition; in genre to Miss E. Osborne, for 'Tough and Tender,' No. 487 in the Suffolk Street Exhibition; in landscape to Mr. T. Danby, for 'Evening,' No. 530, Royal Academy; in water-colour painting to Mr. F. W. Burton, for 'The Wife of Hassan Aga,' Old Water Colour Society, No. 280; and Mr. J. A. Mole, for 'A Leisure Hour,' New Water Colour Society, No. 59. In architecture the decision was postponed; in sculpture, music, and poetry there were no awards. A concert, vocal and instrumental, followed, conducted by Mr. A. Gilbert.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS.—The first part of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's "History of Industrial Exhibitions, from their origin to the close of the Great International Exhibition of 1862," has been published by Messrs. Kent and Co. It is principally of an introductory character, and gives a brief account of the exhibitions opened in France, the country which took the lead in these gatherings, under the dynasty of the first Napoleon and his immediate successors. We must wait, before expressing an opinion upon the utility of this publication, till we have seen more of it: at present its promise is favourable.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION GUIDE-BOOKS.—Several of these useful little volumes lie on our table. Among them is the first part of Mr. Robert Hunt's "Handbook to the Industrial Department," published by E. Stanford, with the authority of the Royal Commissioners. This instalment of the whole work, which is to be completed in ten parts, is devoted to the mining, quarrying, metallurgy, and mineral products—a department Mr. Hunt is specially entitled to call his own, connected as he so long has been with the Museum of Geology. In this handbook he has not attempted to direct attention to the particular products exhibited, but has been contented to give the names of the exhibitors, with a well-condensed account of the objects, the uses to which they are generally applied, and the methods of manufacture.—Dr. Dresser, in his "Development of Ornamental Art in the International Exhibition" (Day and Son), commences with some true, and otherwise excellent, remarks on the general principles of ornament and colour, and then proceeds to a somewhat similar consideration of surface decoration; concluding with a brief notice of several of the principal ornamental contributions in the building. This is a well-digested little manual, which will be found useful as a guide to what is worth looking at.—Mr. McDermott's "Popular Guide" (W. H. Smith and Son) takes a more comprehensive view, and is intended to introduce the visitor to the picture-galleries, as well as to the industrial works; in fact, to everything assuming importance; and it will serve this purpose, if only people can find out where everything is to be found in such a maze as the interior of the building presents. Should a second edition of this work be called for, Mr. McDermott should look to the names of the artists, many of which are here incorrectly given; for example, Calcott is written Calcott, Girtin is put for Girtin, Clonell for Clennell, Haigh for Haghe, Linnel for Linnell, Ansell for Ansdell, Nollekins for Nollekens, Bailey for Baily, Macdonel for McDowell, Thrup for Thrupp, and Calder Marshall is transformed into two individuals—Caldez and Marshall. So many inaccuracies might surely have been avoided by a little careful overlooking of the pages before going to press.

Mr. G. F. TENISWOOD has recently been presented with a handsome testimonial, consisting of a tea and coffee service, with a salver, manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co., and valued at nearly one hundred guineas. The inscription on the plate will best describe who were the donors, and what was their object: it runs thus:—"To George Francis Tenniswood, Esq., for the last fifteen years artist and librarian to St. Thomas's Hospital, this salver and tea service are presented by the past and present students of the Hospital, in testimony of their great personal regard, and high appreciation of his valuable services." The ceremony took place at the Bridge-house Hotel, near the Hospital, in the presence of a very large number of the subscribers, Dr. Clapton presiding. Mr. Tenniswood, we understand, resigned the post he has filled with so much credit to himself, and so much benefit to others, in order to enable him to devote his time and attention more exclusively to painting. This he has long been desirous of doing. It is gratifying to see his past services thus honourably and substantially recognised, especially by the young men with whom he has been associated.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—The *conversazione* given by this society, at the rooms in Conduit Street, on the 25th of June, was numerously attended. The large and varied collection of works of Art gathered together for the entertainment of the visitors, gave universal satisfaction, and induced a considerable number of the guests to remain in the apartments to a late hour of the evening.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.—Mr. J. A. Hammersley, late head master of the School of Art at Manchester, has been appointed to a similar post at Bristol: we understand that, during the interregnum, he did not in any way suspend his connection with the Department.

KITTO'S CYCLOPEDIA OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE.—Messrs. A. and C. Black, of Edinburgh, are issuing, in monthly numbers, a new edition of this work, the value of which has long been acknowledged by Biblical students of every kind. Various improvements upon, as well as additions to, former editions will be found in the new publication, which makes its appearance in a form almost too neat and finished for a book intended for constant use. The type is certainly clear for its size, but it is somewhat small for readers whose sight may be neither young nor strong; and the delicate, cream-coloured paper renders the text yet more indistinct.

COVENTRY BOOK-MARKERS.—We have examined a series of very graceful book-markers, the production of an ingenious manufacturer of Coventry, Mr. Thomas Stevens, which although not of a character suited for engraving, are of high merit, and amply deserve notice. Considerable ingenuity has been exercised in giving an interest to this varied collection; the greater number are for special purposes—prayer-books for example. Several bands, united and yet detached, are so marked as to indicate the Litany, Lessons, and so forth. Others contain busts of Shakspeare, Byron, &c.; others have historic sites, such as the cottage of John Bunyan. They are, in a word, "illuminated" ribbons, the lettering and several pictures being parts of the fabric. To this subject we shall ere long recur, for it is one of much importance—a new branch of Art that gives additional employment, where employment is much needed, in the ancient and venerable city of Coventry.

MR. LEECH'S PICTURES FROM "PUNCH," now exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, have become the property of Messrs. Agnew and Sons, of Manchester and Liverpool, who are preparing to have several of the series engraved as fac-similes on a comparatively small scale.

THE COPYRIGHT IN ART BILL will, we presume, be passed into law before the close of the parliamentary session. A copy of the act, as amended, came into our hands just as we were going to press, leaving us no time to consider it at present.

MESSRS. PELLATT'S GLASS.—Already some of the first-fruits of the Exhibition have been gathered in: Messrs. Pellatt and Co. have just executed a very extensive order—a dessert service—for the Pasha of Egypt. The Viceroy must have been "on hospitable thoughts intent," for the service consists of no fewer than one hundred and twenty decanters, fifty large water-bottles, five hundred

and twelve wine glasses, and two hundred dessert plates. They are productions that will do honour to England, wherever they may be seen: the metal is in the highest degree brilliant; the forms are of the true order, and the ornamentation is in the best character of the art. It is especially gratifying to note the fact that the Pasha has selected a service remarkable for purity of taste rather than the gorgeous display of gold and colours that were not long ago considered indispensable in works manufactured for the East. We may regard this, therefore, as one of the "great facts" of which no doubt many will issue from the Exhibition of 1862.

RARE ENGRAVINGS.—At a recent sale, by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, of some very choice engravings, the following specimens realised the prices attached to them:—'La Belle Jardinière,' by Desnoyers, after Raffaele, £29; 'The Magdalen,' Longhi, after Correggio, £30; 'The Marriage of the Virgin,' Longhi, after Raffaele, £28; another of the same, £32; 'The Last Supper,' Morghen, after Da Vinci, artist's proof, with white plate and entire margin, £275; 'Aurora,' Morghen, after Guido, a rare impression, the artists' names being written by Morghen himself, 105 guineas; 'The Transfiguration,' Morghen, after Raffaele, £24; 'Parce Somnum Rumpere,' Morghen, after Titian, £32; 'St. John,' Müller, after Domenichino, 21 guineas; 'The Madonna de San Sisto,' Müller, after Raffaele, £56; 'The Assumption,' Schiavone, after Titian, £30; 'Charles I. with the Horse,' and 'Henrietta Maria,' the pair by Strange, after Van Dyck, £34; 'Lo Spasimo,' Toschi, after Raffaele, £35; 'L'Instruction Paternelle,' Wille, after Terburg, £24 15s.; 'Bolton Abbey,' Cousins, after Landseer, £24 10s.

SIR JAMES OUTRAM is receiving substantial, as well as honorary, recognitions of his gallant services in India. The sum of £8,000, and upwards, has been subscribed for testimonials. Out of this, £1,000 have purchased a magnificent dessert service of silver, which was lately presented to him; the remainder will pay the cost of a bronze statue, to be erected in London, which is to be executed by Mr. Noble; and of an equestrian statue, also in bronze, for Calcutta. The latter is entrusted to Mr. Foley, who, no doubt, will make of his work a fitting companion for the Hardinge statue, which adorns the capital of our Eastern Empire.

MR. THEED'S STATUE OF HALLAM, which has been in hand about two years, is at length finished, and will shortly be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral. The figure is of heroic size, and appears habited in academic robes; one hand holds a manuscript book, the other a pencil.

MR. T. S. COOPER'S (A.R.A.) PICTURE, 'The Defeat of Kellermann's Cuirassiers' at Waterloo, is exhibited at the Egyptian Hall. It was accepted for the collection at the International Exhibition, but objected to by the Royal Commissioners, as it would not have been complimentary to "French visitors!" The picture was painted for the competitions held at Westminster in 1847 or 1848, and seems since that time to have gained in breadth and mellowness. As for the incident proposed to be shown, it is represented by a shattered line of horsemen retreating down a slope, pursued by the Life Guards, of whom, perhaps, too few are seen to justify the retreat of the Cuirassiers, although the Blues are advancing over the ridge. The action of the men and horses is depicted with great spirit and variety, and the whole presents, perhaps, a very faithful statement of the fact.

"GEMS OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION."—The work announced by Messrs. Day, to be edited by Mr. Waring, will be a great work—fully entitled to the patronage that is claimed for it from manufacturers and the public, as well as Art amateurs and connoisseurs. It will be costly—necessarily so—but it will be highly instructive, largely recompensing all Art-producers by whom it may be purchased, not only as a source of delight, but as an acquisition in a commercial sense. The selections that have been made are extremely judicious; they include the real gems of the Exhibition in great variety. The advantages of colour, as well as of form, will be obtained in this series—a matter of great moment to those who will derive lessons from it.

Its editor is a practical, as well as an intelligent, gentleman, of extensive knowledge and large experience, and Messrs. Day are, perhaps, the only chromo-lithographic printers in England who could have ventured on so grand and expensive an undertaking with any prospect of reasonable reward.

A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS, principally in and about Melbourne, have been submitted to us. They have been taken by Mr. Edward Haigh, and are published in England by Mr. H. B. Randall, King Street, Liverpool. The climate of Victoria is, no doubt, favourable, but the manipulator must have a thorough acquaintance with the art, for the photographs are exceedingly sharp and brilliant, and the points of view have been judiciously selected. The subjects are very varied, consisting of towns and public buildings, gold-fields, with their rude habitations, and ruder diggers; fair and rich plains, primeval forests, broad and rapid rivers, grand and spacious harbours; graceful gardens, in which grow the exotic daisy and the giant fern; in short, they picture most agreeably and impressively the greatest of all our colonies, and that in which we have the surest hope. Melbourne, a few years ago, was a small village; it is now a vast city, growing daily; and, happily, time seems to strengthen, and not to loosen, the bonds which bind it to the mother country. This series will interest all who are in any way connected with the vast continent that is still, and destined long to be, a colony of Great Britain. The pictures are very charming, as mere works of Art, but they are also to be valued as bringing us into close acquaintance with the peculiar characteristics of Victoria and its chief city.

CRYSTAL PALACE SCHOOL OF ART.—The prizes presented by Mr. Frederick Hetley, and the late Mr. Leigh Sotheby, for competition in the water-colour painting, figure drawing, and modelling classes, have been awarded as follows:—For the best water-colour drawing from nature, Miss Drayson; for the best model, Miss Hoperoft, and for the best study from the antique, Miss Keys. The judges who made the awards were Mr. S. Hart, R.A.; Mr. J. H. Foley, R.A.; and Mr. Louis Haghe.

CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.—In the list of pensions granted out of the Civil List, between June, 1861, and June, 1862, is the name of the widow of the late artist Mr. John Cross, who receives annually the sum of £100. Pensions for literary services are given to Dr. Charles Mackay, £100; Miss Emma Robinson, £75; Mr. Leitch Ritchie, £100; Mr. Thomas Roscoe, £50; Mr. John Seymer, £100; Mr. Isaac Taylor, £100; and to Mr. John Wade, £50, "in consideration of his contributions to political literature, more especially during the time of the Reform Bill of 1832."

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of the council of this society was held at the rooms, No. 26, Haymarket, on the 7th of last month, the Earl of Caithness in the chair. The Prince of Wales was unanimously elected President of the association, his Royal Highness having previously given his consent to fill the office, and several noblemen and gentlemen were added to the list of vice-presidents. Viscount Ranelagh inquired whether professional photographers were eligible as members, and was answered by the secretary in the negative; whereupon a discussion ensued upon the mode of admitting members, and it was resolved that all future candidates for admission, either as members or subscribers, must be elected at a meeting of the council. The prizes of the association, consisting of a richly-ornamented claret-jug, another less costly, three silver goblets, and two silver inkstands, were exhibited during the evening.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—We protest against the shallow policy that created a monopoly at the Exhibition, by selling to the London Stereoscopic Company the sole and exclusive right to make photographs in the building; it is but the part of a whole; it infers a total oblivion of public interest, an entire abnegation of the great fact that the Exhibition is to be a great teacher; the collection will be distributed, leaving about one in a hundred of its useful and suggestive objects to perpetuate its lesson by a photographic copy, to which reference might have been made for in-

struction by the thousands who cannot see it. What matter! Fifteen hundred pounds have been added to the exchequer, that would not have been there if the interests of the world had been consulted or considered. If this evil was to be, however, it is fortunate that the London Stereoscopic Company are the monopolisers; they would not have been, had any other person or party bid a hundred pounds more than they did for the right. They have all the means and appliances for doing their work well, and they are doing it as well as it can be done—that is to say, considering the many disadvantages under which they labour. The cost to the manufacturer of photographing an article is immense, acting generally as a prohibition. But the tax to the Royal Commissioners has been paid; a large and expensive staff must be maintained, and to procure photographs at reasonable charges is not to be expected. Manufacturers must either meet the demand, or do without copies of their works; generally they prefer the latter to the former. Those productions which more directly meet the public demand are, however, numerous, and not out of proportion dear. Of stereoscopic views the company have produced many hundreds of great excellence—as good, indeed, as any the art has ever issued. They are far too numerous to specify; but they already include a large proportion of leading works and points of view, that are gratifying now, and will be pleasant memories long after the building and its contents are of the past and the forgotten.

THE PASHA OF EGYPT'S STATE YACHT.—The Papier-mâché Works of Messrs. Bettridge & Co., late Jennens and Bettridge, of Birmingham, supplied the ornamental fittings of the splendid saloons in this vessel, the "Faid Gahaad," of which so much has been heard of late. These fittings consist chiefly of the ceiling panels, alternately of flowers and Alhambresque ornaments in gold on a white ground; and of side panels of painted glass, fifty-four in number, in designs of fruit, flowers, and landscapes, in oval medallions surrounded by Italian ornaments in gold on a delicate green ground in one saloon, and by arabesques on a primrose ground in the other. The panels are finished at their sides with gilt mouldings; and between each is a pilaster of papier-mâché, in imitation of Sienna marble, the capitals and bases being gilt. These decorations are both chaste and very elegant.

THE HAMMAM-ISTAMBOL, erected in Jermyn Street, from the designs of Mr. G. S. Clarke, for the "London and Provincial Turkish Bath Company," is now open to the public. Externally, there is nothing in the appearance of the building to arrest the attention of the passer-by, for the frontage of the premises, formerly known as the St. James's Hotel, remains unaltered; it is not till the visitor has passed through the entrance on the ground-floor to what was formerly the yard and stabling, that any idea can be conceived of what has been recently erected there. The first large room, to be used as the "cooling-room," is of the true Oriental character, to describe which would occupy a larger space than we can afford; it must be seen to be thoroughly understood and appreciated, with its open fret-work roof, its clerestory windows, latticed gallery and balcony, and other peculiarities of Moorish architecture. Beyond this is another large apartment, having a dome with openings filled with coloured glass, a raised marble dais, and everything which may add to the luxurious enjoyment of the bather. There are other smaller rooms dedicated to different purposes, but all in harmony with the rest, forming altogether a perfect specimen of a real Turkish bath, such as can be found nowhere else in London, nor, we believe, in any city of the Continent.

SEVERAL CAPITAL PICTURES by Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur are being exhibited at 5, Waterloo Place. They are the 'Horse Fair,' 'A Scottish Raid,' 'Bourciairos crossing the Pyrenees,' 'The Highland Shepherd,' 'Landais Peasants going to Market,' 'Shetland Ponies,' and a 'Skye Terrier.' Some of these we have described once, and some more than once; but the 'Shetland Ponies' is a new picture, and one which we can distinguish as marvellously characteristic. In some outlying nook of Scotland or its isles, we find a lithe and sinewy Highlander struggling with two newly-

caught shelties. He holds them by a cord, and they are backing from him, and dragging him with them; every hair of their rough coats and each hair of their manes standing erect in the violence of their excitement, while the eyes of the little animals are flashing wildfire. This is an incident that Mdlle. Bonheur must have seen. The 'Scottish Raid' is also a most remarkable picture, showing a herd of cattle being driven off their pasture. The wild excitement of the animals is seen in their action, and in the manner in which they carry their heads; but beyond all this, there is in the painting of the eyes an expression fierce beyond anything we see in cattle, even when under the most violent excitement. The whole of these paintings are worked out with the most appropriate spirit.

IN THE COLLECTION OF Mr. Cox, Pall Mall, are some English pictures, several of which, although we have seen them before, remind us of what we have been and what we now are. There is by Sir W. Ross a picture well known to all who visited his painting rooms during his lifetime,—it is 'Christ casting out Devils.' By Hogarth there is the 'Life School at Sir W. Thornhill's,' a curious and very interesting work; a 'Venus' by Etty, with a background by Linnell; 'The Cottage Door,' by Linnell; 'Venus rising from her Couch,' by James Ward, R.A.; 'Christ bearing his Cross,' by Leigh (late of the Newman Street School); 'The Burning of the Argyle Rooms,' by Chalon; and others by Holland, Anthony, Clint, Hulme, O'Connor, &c. &c.

OFFICIAL RESIDENCES are (if we are rightly informed) in process of erection at South Kensington, for the more prominent members of the staff of the Department of Science and Art. They are to be of an ambitious and costly character, on ground immediately facing the eastern dome of the Exhibition. Of course the country will pay the expense.

MR. E. F. WATSON, of No. 201, Piccadilly, is exhibiting a series of works in water-colour, painted by himself. The subjects are 'My Summer Retreat,' 'Scene from a Summer Wood,' 'Domestic Scene,' 'The Keeper's Cottage,' 'The Merry Rest,' 'The Gooseherd,' 'My Cottage Window,' &c. From these on these works, we observe that they have occupied the artist during several successive years, and then each day's work must have been a long one. The drawings are in water-colour, and of considerable size, and Mr. Watson has sat down to each subject, working from nature with a resolution to individualise every leaf and flower, insomuch that spring must have ripened into summer, and summer faded into autumn, before one of these pictures could have been finished, and all celebrate the luxuriance of summer. The labour of these works has been much increased by the exact forms of the leaves, having been cut out on the paper when lights were wanted, before being coloured. It is impossible to praise too highly the industry of the artist.

BLACK-LEAD PENCILS, really good and serviceable, are not readily to be met with; some, manufactured by Mr. B. S. Cohen, we have tried and found excellent in colour and strength of the lead, and pleasant to work with, qualities which are indispensable for the artist's purpose. They range through twelve varieties, to suit every requirement, from extremely hard for drawing on wood, to broad and black for free sketching. These pencils possess another advantage, they readily yield to the application of the india-rubber without leaving any marks. The "testimonials" given to them by many of our leading artists are most satisfactory.

KAULBACH'S GÖTTE GALLERY.—In the Zollverein department of the International Exhibition, No. 312, are photographs from twelve studies in charcoal by Kaulbach. The subjects are, 'Lotte' (Werter's "Leiden"), 'Adelheid' (Gotz von Berlichingen), 'Iphigenie,' 'Göthe's Muse,' 'Gretchen,' two subjects (Faust), 'Helene,' 'Leonore,' 'Mädchen im Walde,' 'Dorothea,' 'Klärchen,' and 'Eugenie.' Of these admirable drawings we had occasion to speak when they (the lithographs) were exhibited last season at the Graphic. They are drawn in charcoal, with a more masterly management of the material than we have ever seen before. William Kaulbach has shown that he can search the depths of any

REVIEWS.

PASSAGES FROM MODERN ENGLISH POETS. Illustrated by the JUNIOR ETCHING CLUB. Forty-seven Etchings. Published by DAY & SON, London.

The artists and amateurs who have contributed to this volume are Viscount Bury, Lord G. Fitzgerald, J. E. Millais, A.R.A.; H. Moore, M. J. Lawless, J. Tenniel, F. Powell, J. Whistler, J. Clark, J. W. Oakes, J. R. Clayton, H. S. Marks, W. Gale, A. J. Lewis, J. Sleigh, C. Keene, W. Severn, H. C. Waite, C. Rossiter, F. Smallfield, and F. Barwell. With a diversity of names there is also apparent a diversity of gifts—the etching-needle has not been handled with equal facility and judgment by all. This instrument, so commonly used by very many of the old painters, especially those of the Flemish and Dutch schools, has found comparatively little favour with our own, though it is capable of producing wonderful effects, and compels him who employs it to the exercise of great care and attention to details; hence, perhaps, it is that we find in the above list of artists a large number of acknowledged Pre-Raphaelites, in whose hands the needle and the pencil seem to be on almost equal terms.

We can only glance at a few of what appear to us the most striking subjects:—‘The Drummer,’ by Lawless, is excellent in character and expression; Lord Bury’s study of a heifer is rather heavy, but spirited; Lord Fitzgerald’s ‘Nora Creina’ has great freedom of execution, and, generally, is good in design, but the folds of drapery are too tortuous even for a windy day. Clark’s ‘Hagar and Ishmael,’ though it shows no originality of design, is a graceful composition, with a capital effect of light and shade; ‘The Sister of Mercy,’ by Lawless, is a good imitation of Rembrandt. If Mr. Clayton had given more character to the matron in ‘A Mother’s Love,’ he would have left little else to be desired. Marks’ ‘Country Lad among the Sculptures in the British Museum,’ is a gem; rusticity unmistakable, yet without vulgarity, natural in its pose, delicate in execution, and powerful in effect. Severn’s ‘Home’ has considerable merit; the figure of the sailor is true meaning. A fine head is contributed by Mr. Waite, to illustrate Wordsworth’s ‘Youth and Age;’ and H. Moore’s landscape, suggested by the same poet’s lines ‘To the Moon’ shows effectively; Mr. Moore’s ‘Cottage Hen’ looks more woolly than feathery, but the composition is pretty. Mr. Rossiter need not have drawn so ugly a ‘Shepherd Boy,’ to mar what otherwise would have been a pleasing picture. Smallfield’s ‘Shoeblack’ is infinitely more agreeable than the little lady tip-toe under the mistletoe branch. ‘The Cornfield,’ A. J. Lewis, is one of the best landscapes in the series; and the young girl anxiously waiting for the arrival of the postman on St. Valentine’s Day is excellent. Smallfield’s ‘Roasted Chestnuts,’ and ‘Supping on Horrors,’ deserve notice, especially the former; while Rossiter’s ‘Bird Catchers,’ in the rear-guard of the volume, ought, so far as merit goes, to have advanced to the front. J. Clark’s ‘Grandame’ is a worthy finish to the whole.

The etchings themselves are, generally, small in size, but they are mounted on large paper, and, with the accompanying poems, which have, in most instances, suggested the subjects, are handsomely bound, forming altogether a goodly volume in bulk and appearance.

THE STUDENT’S MANUAL OF GEOLOGY. By J. BEETE JUKES, M.A., F.R.S., Local Director of the Geological Survey of Ireland, and Lecturer on Geology to the Museum of Irish Industry. A New Edition. Published by A. & C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

A love of what is above the surface of the earth, rather than of what is beneath it, must be our confession. The mountains and the valleys, the trees, the grasses, shrubs, and flowers, are more welcome to our eyes than fossil groups, igneous and aqueous rocks, lodes, veins, clays, minerals, and everything else in the geologist’s vocabulary. That the science he studies is a great one, valuable and wonderful too, we readily admit, and that it has been productive of vast benefit to the human race cannot be denied. Perhaps, next to astronomy, there is no science which has revealed so much of the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator of the world.

Mr. Jukes’s manual is of a very comprehensive character—a volume of nearly eight hundred closely printed pages, including the index—and, according to the view he takes of geology, this does not appear too large a space for the discussion of a subject so vast. ‘Its nature,’ he says, ‘is so complex and various, that it is difficult, in a few words, either to specify its object, or to assign its limits. It is, in-

deed, not so much one science, as the application of all the physical sciences to the examination and description of the structure of the earth, the investigation of the processes concerned in the production of that structure, and the history of their action.’ Thus, then, the geological student desirous of becoming a proficient, must know something, at least, of chemistry, mineralogy, meteorology, physical geography, botany, zoology, as well as of those sciences which teach the nature and laws of magnetism, electricity, light, heat, force, and motion. Such appears to be the *curriculum* which Mr. Jukes draws out and sets before the student. But, to allay any apprehension the latter may feel at the idea of facing, with a view to mastery, such an array of learning, the author very considerably tells the reader not to infer from what has been said that, ‘in order to be a geologist, he must be thoroughly acquainted with the whole circle of the physical and natural sciences. Such universal acquirement few men have the power to attain to, and of these, still fewer retain the ability and the will to make original advances in any particular branch. No man, however, can be a thorough geologist without being acquainted, to some extent, with the general results of other sciences, and being able both to understand them when stated in plain, untechnical language, and to appreciate their application to his own researches. Such a general acquaintance involves neither profound study, nor requires any great power of mind above the average of human intellect.’

With such consolatory assurance, and with such a clear, intelligent, and inclusive guide as this volume, the student may enter upon his labour in the firm hope of overcoming its difficulties, if he will only bring to his task those qualifications of diligence and perseverance, without which no success can be attained in any pursuit, and which no teacher, however learned and painstaking, can impart. We believe, though we do not speak experimentally, that there is no science more interesting and instructive than geology.

COLOSSAL VESTIGES OF THE OLDER NATIONS.

With a Diagram. By WILLIAM LINTON, author of ‘Ancient and Modern Colours,’ ‘Scenery of Greece,’ &c. &c. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

To preach a sermon from stones was certainly not Mr. Linton’s object in getting together the facts set forth in these pages: there is no moral to be derived from them except that what man builds, man unites with time in destroying. Mr. Linton’s travels in Greece and other parts of the East, as well as on the continent of Europe, have, no doubt, directed his mind to the fact that there are few ancient countries which do not, even at the present time, display some evidences of power and skill in the moving or elevation of large stones. To prove its truth, he adds to his own personal researches the statements of the most enlightened travellers in every part of the world, both the old and what we are accustomed to call the new world; from these sources we have a brief description of the great monuments of antiquity which remain, either whole or in part, to this day, or of which history has left any record. The information thus collected about pyramids, temples, obelisks, gigantic walls, and all other colossal vestiges, will interest the antiquary and the architect, but is of too technical and restricted a character to be of much use outside these circles.

THE ART OF DECORATIVE DESIGN. With an Appendix, giving the Hour of the Day at which Flowers open (the Floral Clock); the Characteristic Flowers of the Month (both Indigenous and Cultivated), of all Countries, and of the diversified Soils. By C. DRESSER, Ph.D., F.L.S., &c. &c. Published by DAY & SON, London.

Dr. Dresser’s acquaintance with botany, and the attention he has given to the subject in its application to decorative Art, fully entitle him to an attentive hearing when he makes either the theme of a book or a lecture. Finding that, when a student, he failed to acquire from his preceptors such a knowledge of the laws which govern the production and combination of ornamental Art, he has for some time past made those principles his study, and has now put forth in this volume the result of his researches.

Admitting that decorative Art of the best and truest order has its foundation in botanical forms, we are bound also to admit that Dr. Dresser’s theories, as they are practically carried out in the numerous illustrations his book contains, startle us; they are so opposed to everything which we have been accustomed to regard as the beautiful in ornament, that we cannot recognise them as such, however

writer. In looking at subjects from Göthe, Ary Scheffer immediately rises to the mind, and the means that Kaulbach has adopted to avoid any approach to similarity of version are evident. Kaulbach is chivalrous, and paints the force of material passion, and there his narrative abruptly closes; but Scheffer begins deeper and goes further: he shows the headlong passion, and, at the same time, an *inferno* of penitence and remorse beyond. In the higher class of Kaulbach’s subjects there is an elevation, and in the domestic stories a familiar tone, that we could scarcely hope to see in the same man. These drawings are admirable; there are very few men who could produce twelve such subjects so uniform in excellence.

ENAMELLED SLATE FOR THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.—The Empress Eugénie having commanded samples of enamelled slate to be submitted to her, Mr. Magnus, of the Pimlico Slate Works, whose beautiful productions obtained so great a share of admiration at the London and Paris Expositions, has received the personal commands of her Majesty to line the walls of two dining-rooms with enamelled slate to represent various choice and costly marbles. The architraves and other mouldings, chimney-pieces and pilasters, are all to be of the same beautiful material on which her Majesty bestowed great admiration and high encomiums.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—A new pulpit, from a design by G. G. Scott, Esq., R.A., the abbey architect, has just been placed in the nave of Westminster Abbey, where it both tells well as an architectural member of that grand old church, and promises good service in the high and holy cause to which the church itself is dedicated. This pulpit is constructed of stone and marble, and it is of large—perhaps rather too large—dimensions. It is solid, substantial, richly adorned, and admirably adapted for its proper purpose. At six of the angles of the pulpit itself stand very beautiful statuettes of the four Evangelists, with St. Peter and St. Paul. The panels are enriched with inlaid mosaic work and bosses of polished marble, except the central panel, which contains a medallion, sculptured with a head of our Lord, in alabaster. This head is the one decided imperfection of the whole composition. It is the work of an artist who enjoys a distinguished reputation, and therefore, without naming him, we are content to urge him, for his own sake (as also for the sake of everybody else), to remove this unaccountable mistake as speedily as possible. What could have induced any sculptor to squeeze an uplifted hand close by the side of a face in a medallion? and, more particularly, what could have led to the placing a right hand on the left side of this face, in a painfully constrained attitude, which a left hand could not possibly assume on its own left side? The architectural carving is admirably executed, under Mr. Scott’s direction, by Mr. Farmer. All praise is due to the Dean of Westminster for thus associating a worthy pulpit with the nave services of his truly national church.

COPIES FROM TITIAN.—Mr. Stark, an artist who has resided some years in Rome and Florence, has brought home with him copies of some of Titian’s most celebrated works, especially the ‘Venus’ in the Tribune at Florence, one of the most successful reproductions of the ‘Venus’ we have ever seen. The picture is extremely difficult to see, from being hung so high; and students desiring to work up to the size of the original, are placed in a room by themselves, and referred to a copy—this, at least, used to be the rule. It is not easy to understand how Wilkie could have fallen into the error of saying that much of this picture was finished at one painting. ‘The Bella’ is another copy made by Mr. Stark, and there is also a copy of the famous ‘Morone,’ in the Venetian school, also of Raffaele’s ‘Julius II. in the Tribune.’ Mr. Stark’s studio is at 58, Great Queen Street, Lincoln’s Inn Fields.

SOCIETY OF SCULPTORS.—A meeting was held on the evening of July 16th, at the rooms of the Architectural Society, for the purpose of forming an institution to be called ‘The Society of Sculptors of England.’ At present our information regarding its promoters and supporters is too imperfect to enable us to do more than state the above fact.

true they may be, and doubtless are, because he proves them to be so, by showing what nature develops to every inquiring mind. But the eye—perhaps because it is untrained to forms of such a character—refuses to recognise in them the principles of beauty; our curiosity is excited almost in proportion as our love diminishes; yet we remember to have seen, a short time ago, two or three specimens of wall-paper decorated on the principles here laid down, that pleased us as much by their excellence as by their novelty.

One chapter discusses "The Power of Ornament to express Feelings and Ideas." There can scarcely be a question that this should be a principal, in fact the chief, object with the designer; for an ornament that expresses nothing beyond the artist's power to draw and arrange certain lines and forms, and which has no meaning or motive in it, is absolutely worthless. Our author, however, takes another, and, as some may possibly conceive, a higher view of the case: he advocates what is generally understood as symbolical decoration, and adduces examples to "show that a plurality of thoughts can be illustrated by ornament, and that knowledge may be shrouded in beautiful forms."

Amidst much in this volume that we do not see quite so clearly as does the writer, there is yet more which has our cordial assent, especially in the general remarks upon the true value of ornament. Dr. Dresser could scarcely expect to propound such views as he has expressed in these pages without meeting some opponents; but the investigation cannot be barren of good, whichever side claims a triumph.

TALES ILLUSTRATING CHURCH HISTORY.—ENGLAND. Vol. I. The Early Period. Vol. II. The Mediaeval Period. Published by J. H. & J. PARKER, London.

The object of this volume of stories is, the reader is told, to adapt fiction to the illustration of ecclesiastical history; and the editor considers some service will be rendered to the Church if he can show by such means that her early history is not merely a dry record of religious controversies, nor a repulsive chronicle of barbarous persecutions, but an inviting study, and a useful help to soundness of faith and consistency of churchmanship. The object is certainly laudable, but we do not see clearly how it can be effected by such instrumentality as this: popular attention may doubtless be directed that way through the medium of tales pleasantly and popularly written, but this is altogether a different affair from poring over the writings of old chroniclers and ancient fathers to dispel the ignorance and prejudice which prevail concerning them. Moreover, in stories wherein fiction is largely mixed up with fact—where, perhaps, it is the most important ingredient—the reader, unable to distinguish the one from the other, is very apt to be led astray; he cannot winnow the gathering and separate the wheat from the chaff, consequently he is as far from arriving at the truth as when he first took the volume in his hand.

The history of the Christian Church, its planting and growth, is a marvellous record; "her archives chronicle the most saintly lives, the most splendid heroism, the noblest enterprises, and the most exemplary self-sacrifice the world ever saw;" the records it furnishes surpass in interest the most exciting romance. The struggle against her open and avowed opponents, the scarcely less fierce contest with those professing the same faith, have few parallels in what may be termed secular history as contradistinguished from that of the church.

There are five stories related in the first volume: "The Cave in the Hill," illustrating the condition and perils of early British Christians during the persecution by Dioclesian; "The Alleluia Battle," descriptive of the Pelagian heresy; "Wild Scenes among the Celts," which show the working of the Gospel upon the ancient Irish, on the natives of western Cornwall, and on the inhabitants of the Hebrides; the fourth, entitled "The Rivals," is a tale of the Anglo-Saxon Church; and the last, "The Black Danes," narrates the struggles of the church in the days of St. Edmund and Alfred.

The second volume contains also five tales: "The Forsaken," a story of the stormy period of St. Dunstan; "Aubrey De L'Orne," or the times of St. Anselm, in Normandy; "Alice of Fobbing," a narrative connected with the insurrection of Jack Straw and Wat Tyler; "Walter the Armourer," a tale of King John's reign; and "Agnes Martin," who witnessed the downfall of Wolsey.

Though the narratives in the first volume relate to ecclesiastical history, they are not what may be termed religious stories, and are worthy of perusal, if only as descriptive of the manners and customs of our earliest progenitors; but as conveying some idea of those who were the early champions of Christianity in

England, and of the manner in which its doctrines were first promulgated, they can scarcely fail to be acceptable, notwithstanding the fiction woven into the relation, to every follower of the Christian faith, be he churchman or nonconformist. The stories in the second volume are entitled to quite as much attention as the others; and will even perhaps be more acceptable, because treating of historical periods with which young persons are most familiar, and as showing, in some degree, the gradual development of Protestantism. A glossary of terms, especially in the first volume, would have been an advantage to the class of readers for whom these books are chiefly intended: there are many words introduced with which young people are unacquainted.

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES OF FARÖE AND ICELAND. With an Appendix, containing Translations from the Icelandic. By ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON, author of "The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life." Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

Mr. Symington uses his pen better than his pencil; his sketches by the former are graphic and intelligent enough, but his pencil-work is just the reverse; whether the fault, however, lies with him or the engraver, Mr. W. J. Linton, we will not undertake to say, but certainly anything more decidedly bad has not come before us for a very long time. These illustrations are almost useless as "views," and, as pictures, disfigure rather than embellish the pages.

The author's journey to these northern regions was undertaken only for a summer's holiday, in 1859. He left Leith in the Danish mail steamer *Arcturus*, on the 20th of July, and was back again on August 11th following. The three weeks thus occupied seem to have passed most pleasantly, judging from his account, for the narrative is little more than notes, somewhat enlarged, from his diary; his object being to preserve for the reader, as far as possible, "the freshness of first impressions, and invest the whole with an atmosphere of human interest." And certainly far less interesting trips may be made in summer than one to Iceland; but whoever undertakes the journey must be prepared to "rough it," as well as to brave some dangers, in a thorough investigation of the natural beauties and wonders of the country. Mr. Symington's descriptions are, as we have intimated, lucid and agreeable; he writes like a well-informed and observant traveller, making no pretension to especial scientific knowledge. Should any of our readers be tempted to make holiday this summer in so high a latitude, this little volume will serve as an excellent guide.

The Icelandic stories and fairy tales, with a few poems, occupy a considerable number of these pages. They are translated into English by the Rev. Olaf Palsen, Dean and Rector of the Cathedral of Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland. These stories and poems are very similar in character to all that have their origin among the extreme northern races.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION MUSIC BOOK. Published by BOOSEY & SONS, London.

The International Exhibition is in so many and diversified ways being pressed into the service of the trading community, apart, as it were, from their contributions, that there can be no possible objection to the music publishers having a share in whatever benefits such proceedings may confer. Inasmuch as the gathering at Brompton includes "exhibits" from all parts of the world, Messrs. Boosey consider it would not be inappropriate to publish a collection of the national and patriotic airs of the principal countries of the earth, arranged for the pianoforte: thirty-four of these compositions, including Chinese, Japanese, Egyptian, Persian, and Arabian melodies, are here brought together in a showy-looking volume, preceded by what may be called an essay on the building itself and its contents. The publication is not a bad "notion," as the Americans say, and, as we have really become a musical people, it will find favour in the drawing-room.

A NOBLE PURPOSE NOBLY WON. By the Author of "Mary Powell." Published by A. HALL, VIRTUE & Co., London.

This book appears to have reached a second edition in a very short time; it is therefore only fair to assume that it is already stamped with public approval. The story is founded on the history of Joan of Arc—a life full of stirring adventure terminating in a shameful and ignominious death. Miss Manning has worked out the materials at her command with more freedom and facility of writing than much thought; the narrative reads pleasantly enough,

but we should like to have seen some attempt to analyse character, some diving down into the depths of the human heart: there is a wide field for such inquiry and research in Joan, her friends, and her foes. Perhaps, however, the apology for this deficiency will be found in what the author leads us to infer, that her book is mainly founded on the records of the period; for she remarks that in pursuing her task she has waded through "several hundred pages of dog Latin." Still, the subject is one capable of much amplification, such as it would have received at the hands of a thorough novelist, or romance writer, which Miss Manning is not; she draws very sweet and charming pictures of home and domestic life, and sometimes portrays events of a more active, inspiring nature, but she is not a painter of history in its loftiest phases. However, a tale written in the easy, colloquial style of this, and with such a heroine as the "Maid of Orleans," cannot fail to be popular.

SKETCHING FROM NATURE, IN PENCIL AND WATER-COLOUR. By GEORGE STUBBS. Published by DAY & SON, London.

The title-page of Mr. Stubbs's work is rather elaborate. His book is there designated as "an illustrated lecture on sketching from nature in pencil and water-colour, with hints on light and shadow, on a method of study, &c., to be practically illustrated, when possible, by a series of lessons out of doors." We will not, however, find fault with this lengthened introduction to the contents, as it serves to show the object and scope of the work; but we do not find, either in the text or in the seventeen tinted or chromolithographed examples, anything which has not been as well and as effectively done long since in similar productions. Harding, Barnard, and others, have said and done so much on the subject that any addition can scarcely be deemed necessary. To those, however, who may not possess these lesson-books of preceding writers, Mr. Stubbs's may be of service. The examples are freely and boldly handled.

THE CHURCH'S FLORAL KALENDAR. Compiled by EMILY CUYLER. With a Preface by the Rev. F. SHELLEY CUYLER. The Illuminations Designed and Chromo-Lithographed by W. R. TYMMS. Published by DAY & SON, London.

Apart from any consideration of the ecclesiastical principles, so to speak, on which this very elegant volume is compiled, it is a pleasant and instructive book for all of any creed; while those who may, unhappily, have no creed, or but very indefinite ideas of a belief, may be led to form one from what it contains. From the earliest ages of the Christian church, flowers have been connected with its saints' days and holy days. In allusion to this primitive custom, there is on each page an illuminated floral design adapted to each day of the ecclesiastical kalendar, accompanied by a descriptive verse selected from the writings of the poets, a scripture text associated with the service of the day, and a short poem, also selected, inculcating an analogous duty, or having reference to the festival. Initial letters, and ornamental designs of varied character, add to the rich appearance of each page. We must compliment Mr. Tymms on the taste and judgment he has displayed in all these decorations. They are not overlaid with colour, but are simple, yet beautiful.

AN ANALYSIS AND SUMMARY OF OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY AND THE LAWS OF MOSES. With a Connection between the Old and New Testaments. By J. T. WHEELER, F.R.G.S., Professor of Moral and Mental Philosophy and Logic in the Presidency College, Madras.

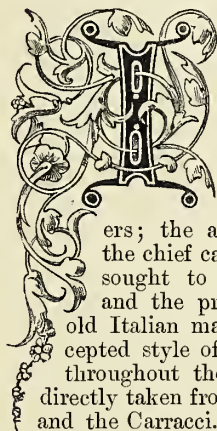
AN ANALYSIS AND SUMMARY OF NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY, &c. &c. By the same. Published by A. HALL, VIRTUE & Co., London.

Though matters theological do not come within the legitimate scope of our critical notice, which may also be said of books on other subjects that come into our hands, we feel some benefit may be conferred on students of Scripture—and we know our Journal comes before many such—by directing their attention to these two most valuable volumes, the result of a vast amount of labour, combined with great intelligence and powers of digestion and arrangement. These analyses are so skilfully systematised, so ably and simply condensed, and the explanatory notes are so comprehensive and clear, that the student by consulting them will save himself an infinity of time, which would be consumed in his search among the writings of other biblical commentators. To young men training for the Church, and to all engaged in the work of scriptural teaching, they must prove a boon of no small magnitude.

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INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,
1862.No. IV.—PICTURES OF THE ITALIAN AND
GERMAN SCHOOLS.

ITALY of the middle ages was the seed-plot of the Arts of Europe. The modern schools of England, of France, of Spain, and of Germany, all own the sway of the great Italian painters; the academies established in the chief capitals of the world have sought to preserve the tradition and the practice of the so-called old Italian masters; and the now accepted style of high and historic Art throughout the nations of Europe is directly taken from the works of Raphael and the Carracci. In the present article we shall have to mark the reflex of Italian schools upon the German; we shall have to trace the intermingling of Italian genius, imaginative and aesthetic, with the weird spirit of the north, vigorous and grotesque. But in the first place we stop for a moment to observe how Italy herself has conserved the lessons of her master workers, how far her artists have trod in the steps, or wandered from the paths, of their great forerunners.

ITALIAN SCHOOLS.

Schools spiritual and ideal, and schools naturalistic, have ever divided the world of Italian Art, as indeed throughout all lands and time they must always share the still wider domain of our universal humanity. But though the spiritual and the ideal be prerogatives pertaining to all latitudes,—aspirations which are the inherent birthright of all high minds thirsting for the infinite, yet to the artistic genius of Italy especially must be conceded supremacy in the lofty regions of imaginative creation. Raphael, Correggio, Guido, and others, are known to us as exhausting worlds and then creating new, as treading the earth and yet soaring the heaven of bold invention; and thus the pictorial arts of Italy have ever worn the aspect of unearthly longing, and been crowned in the beauty of spiritual desire. Yet verily this was a gift of cruel fatality. The common every-day world which seems to have been despised took its stern revenge, and thus at length we see in the present day painters of Italy shut out from the heaven above and disowned by the earth, their fatherland. Halting between two opinions, divided between a vague ideal and a weak naturalism, Italian Art, well-nigh effete, wants renewed life, and must await the coming day of resurrection. Modern Italian works in the present Exhibition are but a mournful re-

miniscence of the past, illumined here and there by the fitful hope of a renovating future. Of the accepted and time-honoured treatment of sacred subjects the collection affords, of course, illustrations. Chierici's 'St. Torello,' two monks, standing on either side of the Madonna and Child enthroned, is after the Pre-Raphaelite manner of Fra Bartolomeo. Bompiani's 'Holy Family' is a careful compilation of well-known types, blended in the mode of Carlo Dolci. Appiani's 'Olympus,' Jove, Juno, and others, in conclave, is worthy of note, as an ultra example of classic decadence. Puccinelli's 'Platonic Conversation' strives after the historic and academic; Lodi's 'Italy consoling Rome and Venice,' three stately female figures, with a certain Guido heavenward gaze, is a good example of prevailing idealism. Gamba's 'Titian's Funeral,' weak in drawing and execution, has much of the delicate and sensitive refinement which frequently redeems modern Italian compositions.

Other pictures, however, in the collection, less conventional, belong to a more vigorous school, and gain the life which stout wrestling with nature alone can give. Morelli's 'Iconoclasts'—a priest in cloister calmly seated, the rabble pressing around—is dramatic in composition, and powerful in its light, shade, and colour. Gastaldi's 'Pietro Micca' in the act of firing a magazine, scattering the enemy and sacrificing himself, is a work of that heroism which great national convulsions ever inspire. Ussi's 'Expulsion of the Duke of Athens' merits still higher commendation. This, a picture of the times, was painted to point a supposed historic parallel between the overthrow of the tyrant Gaultier de Brienne in the fourteenth century, and the expulsion of the late King Ferdinand in the nineteenth. The cry of "Popolo! popolo! Libertà!" being raised, barricades were thrown up and chains stretched across the streets. The Duke of Athens ensconced himself for safety in the Palazzo Vecchio, and here he sits terror-stricken—a tyrant, yet a coward, the enraged people having just broken in upon his retreat. The story is well told, the picture painted with power. Were a selection made of the twelve great works in the International Exhibition, this should be one. Among more directly naturalistic, though less important, paintings, we may enumerate, not without commendation, the following:—'Bernard de Palissy,' by Scattola, which might serve equally for a village blacksmith; 'Scene during the five days at Milan, 1848,' by Zucconi—a wounded man attended by lady and friends; 'Ancient Chemist's Shop,' by Marchesi, a skilfully executed interior; and 'Charity of a Pious Lady,' by Mariani, capably painted *genre*. Modern Italian landscapes are generally replicas of Claude's semi-historic subjects and romantic style—compositions of temples, lakes, fountains, and Arcadian peasants. Of this school Bisi's 'Composition Landscape,' and Massimo d'Azeglio's 'Victor Amadeus II. in Sicily,' are not unfavourable examples. The last of these works, imaginative and poetic, the offspring of amateur enthusiasm rather than of professional mastery, possesses peculiar personal interest. The Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio, its author, is known as artist, novelist, statesman, patriot. His literary compositions have been hailed by his countrymen with rapture; his life has been devoted to the propagandism of Italian nationality. He is son-in-law of Manzoni, of the "Promessi Sposi;" was in 1849 prime minister of Victor Emmanuel, and now, as a painter, he comes before us in this historic landscape, 'Victor Amadeus II. in Sicily.'

In conclusion, we have found in Italy all

styles, the classic, the mediæval, and the naturalistic, co-existing in fraternal anarchy, yet up to the present moment the country of Raphael and Michael Angelo is destitute of any true national school.

GERMAN SCHOOLS.

The modern schools of Germany are hybrid, the issue of cross alliances between Teutonic arts, and the national styles of foreign, yet neighbouring, peoples. Germany herself, as a nation, has lost her unity. The empire of Charles V. has fallen into fragments. The ancient faith of Christendom, receiving rude assault from Luther, and more insidious undermining from recent philosophers, has also been severed in its oneness. Germany, geographically and physically, likewise is scattered. Upon her northern shores the icy Baltic beats, along her southern coast the Adriatic sweeps in gentle cadence. Upon the north Scandinavia frowns, on the south smiles caressing Italy. And as is this land, such is its Art—a vast empire rich and diversified yet withal a heterogeneous mass, not easily reduced to symmetry. Yet in the art of painting Germany possessed in bygone centuries a sound and sturdy stock, from which long and unbroken descent might have been reasonably looked for. The pictures of Meister Wilhelm, of Cologne, in the fourteenth century, are expressly national. The works of the brothers Van Eyck, and of Memling, though executed in Ghent, Bruges, and neighbouring towns, are closely allied to the German manner. And then, coming down, about one century later, in the very heart of the Teutonic territories, at the town of Nuremberg, arises, and is at once well-nigh perfected, a truly indigenous school, of which Michael Wohlgemuth and Albert Dürer are the masters. Now these several artists, to whom we might add other names, as those of Holbein of Augsburg, and Martin Schön of Colmar, are distinguished by strongly-pronounced characteristics, directly German, the natural products, as it were, of the soil, the legitimate offspring of the Teutonic races. This is the root from which modern German Art should have taken its growth. Instead thereof, the new schools of Munich, Dusseldorf, and Berlin, as we shall hereafter see, foreswore their illustrious ancestry, formed alliance with foreign masters south of the Alps, and thus has issued the illegitimate progeny we now find in our International Exhibition. Yet is it impossible for the ambition of German painters vaulting into high historic and sacred Art, wholly to cast off the ties of kith and kin. And therefore do we find ever and anon, cropping out from the strata of a superimposed thought and manner, the underlying articulations of the old and local formations; and hence, while the grace of Raphael, and the fervour of Perugino, Francia, Bartolomeo, and Angelico are melting upon painter's lips, do we hear the deep and harsh German guttural, detect the hard and angular form of a northern peasantry and landscape, hear the weird sound of the icy blast, and mark, as it were, across every feature, the deep shadow of the black pine forest. Thus, perhaps fortunately, in the works of Cornelius and of Kaulbach, the most vigorous among the German revivalists, does the heritage of Dürer and of Holbein yet survive; and thus still lives the spirit of the Nibelungen Lied; and hence legends of mountain, forest, and storm find abiding utterance.

The Germanic-Italian renaissance, at which we have hinted, demands our further examination. This German movement, which took its rise some forty years ago, possesses certain interesting points of analogy with the Pre-Raphaelite schism, of more recent growth in

England. Veit, Overbeck, Cornelius, Schnorr, and the two Schadows, like our English brethren, rebelled against the prescribed conventionalism of established academies. But they went further. They took flight from their homes, established a colony in Rome, and there, in the midst of the frescoes of Masaccio, Pinturicchio, and Angelico, devoutly wrought the supposed redemption of their country's Art. They were enthusiasts: some among them had embraced the Romish faith, all earnestly betook themselves to the worship of mediæval Art; classic statues were for them pagan; Nature herself was rude and unregenerate. In the year 1816, Niebuhr finds this zealous company in the eternal city. "Among the present living occupants of Rome," writes the ambassador and historian, "our German artists alone have any worth in them; and in their society, as far as their sphere reaches, you may sometimes transport yourself for a few hours into a better world. Cornelius is an entirely self-educated man. His taste in Art is quite for the sublime, the simple, and grand. He is very poor, because he works for his conscience and his own satisfaction."

The schools of Germany are so inadequately represented in the International Exhibition, that with difficulty we find illustrations for a systematic description. Overbeck, the head of revived Christian Art, Schraudolph, Steinle, Deger, and Ittenbach, illustrious disciples, are seen only through the medium of engravings. Veit, Hess, Schadow, Schnorr, and Bendemann are wholly absent. Such fatal omissions must be pronounced little short of culpable. The King of Prussia, however, fills a gap by sending the famous work by Cornelius, a cartoon for 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.' This composition forms one of a series taken from the Revelation of St. John, commissioned by the late king, for the walls of the Campo Santo, in Berlin. Symbolism is here in supreme sway, mysticism shrouds the region of the miraculous, wild imagination takes its freest swing, size gives grandeur, and power and fury inflame to terror. Many works in the Italian-Germanic revival owe less to German originality than to Italian plagiarism. But this creation by Cornelius is an exception. The spirit let loose in the popular ballad of the Wild Huntsman seems to lash these unreined steeds of the Apocalypse to fiend-like frenzy. Four unbridled horses are, with their avenging riders, launched in mid air between earth and heaven. The composition is ushered in by the opening of the first seal: "I heard," says St. John, "as it were the noise of thunder;" "and I saw, and behold a white horse, and he that sat on him had a bow, and a crown was given unto him, and he went forth conquering and to conquer." "And there went out another horse, that was red, and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and there was given unto him a great sword." "And I beheld, and lo, a black horse; and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand." "And I looked, and behold a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him." These are the words of terror which Cornelius has translated into horror-striking forms, wild and tormenting visions of Famine, War, Death, and Pestilence, sweeping with avenging scythe and sword, as when the angel passed through the land by night, and smote the first-born. Cornelius is the Michael Angelo of Germany, and this is a subject consonant with his genius. From his theme are necessarily divorced loving grace and beauty, and all tenderness of mercy. Convulsed agony falls in hideous dismay upon the people, as when snares, fire and brimstone, storm and tem-

pest, were rained upon the ungodly. Herein is found close analogy with the grandest of pictorial problems, still unsolved, "the Last Judgment," which the artists of the middle ages essayed to master, and with the unconquerable difficulties of which modern German painters are wont to wrestle. The present Exhibition contains several cartoons, episodes in this closing drama of humanity. Among these 'The Apparition of mounted Warriors in Jerusalem,' from Maccabees, by Vogler, and the designs for frescoes in the church of St. Lazarus, Vienna, and other allegorical drawings by Führich, are pre-eminent. Führich bears a great name, and his compositions have long been familiar to Romanists and Anglicans in this country, through the medium of popular engravings. He belongs to the school which studiously cultivates the society of angels, which takes, at the same time, inspiration from demons, and borrows attitudes from dancing-masters—a school which affects seraphic ecstasy, and anon tears agony to tatters, a school which is familiar with life, death, and the grave, glories in the joys of paradise, and revels in the torments of purgatory and hell. The limits of even an International Exhibition would not suffice for the display of this high Art, which in Germany is known to swell into the infinitude of space.

The high historic, like the sublime religious, must, in the present Exhibition, be studied through cartoons or photographs. The compositions of Rethel, Rahl, and Mücke, are sometimes true and startling as a revelation, often feverish and false as raving nightmare. Rethel's two series, 'Hannibal's Passage over the Alps,' and 'Incidents in the Life of Charlemagne,' the last executed in fresco, in the Town Hall, Aix-la-Chapelle, afford good examples of modern German Art, pertaining to the high historic. The draperies are well understood, and studiously cast into broad, square, yet flowing masses; the heads have dignity and pronounced expression; the figures are noble in bearing. These, indeed, are the special merits of this eminently learned and philosophic school. On the other hand, from its peculiar demerits—over-consciousness, forced attitudinising, and the convulsions of melodrama—the better works of Rethel are unusually free. Rahl's 'Sketches for Fresco Pictures in the Vestry Hall of the University of Athens' are compositions of much beauty and power; studious in the harmony of the lines. The style is founded upon the later and classic period of Raphael, infected with a taint of German mannerism. Rahl's oil picture, 'The Persecution of the Christians in the Catacombs,' is also a studious and thoroughly academic work; inspired, evidently, by Guido's masterpiece, 'The Massacre of the Innocents,' in the Gallery of Bologna. The early Christians, assembled in the Catacombs for worship, are here surprised by a troop of Roman soldiers, who rush in and tear down the cross; the bishop, seized, and already in chains, stands unmoved; women and children, terror-stricken, kneel at his feet. The picture is low in tone, its execution somewhat smooth, and, in its general aspect, is more closely allied to the late Italian than to the modern German school. Mücke, author of the famed design, 'St. Catherine borne through the air by Angels,' has here a series of eleven pictures from 'The Life of St. Meinrad,' of which we cannot speak in much commendation. These works serve better, perhaps, than any other examples in the Exhibition, to point a moral against the present German renaissance. The colour is black, crude, and sickly; the drawing careful, yet weak; the sentiment mawkish, even to silliness. A school which, parrot-like, repeats thoughts, and forms, and motives, learnt by

rote, is necessarily sometimes incoherent in its utterances.

Cornelius, as we have said, is the Michael Angelo of German Art. Other painters of this modern revival follow in the style of Raphael, Angelico, Pinturicchio, and even of Carlo Dolci. It is greatly to be regretted that no works by Overbeck, the gentle and the devout, have found their way to the present Exhibition. Hess, the painter of the 'Allerheiligen Hofcapelle' in Munich, also of 'The Last Supper,' and 'The Departure of St. Boniface,' in the Basilica of the same city, is likewise unrepresented. Carl Müller, known, it may be, to some of our readers, by his frescoes, 'The Salutation,' 'The Visitation,' and 'The Sposalizio,' executed in the small church of St. Apollinaris on the Rhine, contributes to the International Exhibition one picture, which, in brief, expresses the manner of this modern spiritual school. The work is a 'Holy Family,' or rather a 'Holy Conversation,'—the Virgin, St. Elizabeth, the Infant Christ, and his playmate, the infant St. John, attended and encircled by angels, doves, and tender flowers. The sentiment is softened into gentlest beauty, nature is at peace, the heavens serene, the tumult and the passion of the world are laid to rest, and grace and loveliness are given as the clear light of souls unsullied by sin. Peschel's 'Three Maries on the Morning of the Resurrection,' well known by engravings, solemn in profound expression, three heads bowed in sorrow, as three lilies bent by a storm-blast, belongs to the same Christian school. Wichmann's 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' is also a characteristic example of this same religious Art, fervent in expression, yet weak and wanting in character. Von Scheffer's 'St. Cecilia,' like Peschel's 'Three Maries,' is well remembered in engravings; the saint lies stretched on the cold ground, angels with palm branches bending over in guardian solicitude. As other works by this school, it is somewhat sickly and affected in sentiment, yet sweet and hallowed by a heaven-like beauty. Roi's 'Madonna,' painted to order of the government for the monastery of the Convertiti in Venice, is another careful, smoothly executed work, after the manner of Munich and Düsseldorf. Bega's portrait of the late Dr. G. Schadow, director of the Royal Academy of Art, Berlin, a capably executed head, deserves mention, for the sake both of painter and sitter—each illustrious.

This modern German school of high Art deserves, on many grounds, our studious attention. First, as we have already said, because this continental movement is analogous to the Pre-Raphaelite cry in our own country; secondly (to be guilty of a seeming paradox), because the works executed by this foreign school are wholly unlike any products known to the British Isles. The English Pre-Raphaelites are essentially naturalists; the German Pre-Raphaelites are expressly, not only anti-naturalists, but supernaturalists and spiritualists. The English Pre-Raphaelites take a model or an actual figure, and copy it literally, glorying in the reality even of resultant defects; the German Pre-Raphaelites eschew the individual in seeking the generic. They first conceive of a grand idea, and then paint it as an ideality. Yet, paint these Germans cannot. They think, they imagine, they dream, they swoon, they agonise; but paint, in the technical and professional sense of the word, we repeat, they cannot. And herein they differ likewise from our English masters, who, for the most part, are skilful in all points pertaining to execution, striking in the drama of light and shade, sensitive to the subtleties of lustrous colour. Scarcely, indeed, is it possible to

conceive of any works more hostile and repugnant to our English habits and sympathies than these grand, imaginative, and ideal creations of the Teutonic mind, often as hard as stone bas-reliefs, and just as colourless; sometimes on the other hand, as weak and washy as water. And thus, so foreign to our English modes, these German works, as we have said, merit our profound attention. Aspiring to the highest range of thought, they seem, indeed, somewhat to despise what, in comparison, may appear to pertain but to inferior technicalities. Thus, they condescend not to please; but, on the other hand, they strive to instruct, they seek to elevate, they nobly endeavour to raise the soul to the sublime sphere of heavenly contemplation. Open, no doubt, they are to severest criticism, yet, notwithstanding, they do not fail to command our reverence.

The other schools of Germany are less exceptional, thence whether they aspire in ordinary guise after the high, or are content with the humble and lowly, they fall at once into the recognised ranks of European Art. Thus Kaulbach, since the death of Delaroche, perhaps the first of continental painters, we incline to place in the large republic of world-wide genius, rather than in the circumscribed clique of German mannerists. Greatly is it to be regretted that no picture by this master-hand is found in the International Exhibition. His 'Destruction of Jerusalem,' from the Gallery of Munich, would at once have given to the Art of Germany its due position. The untravelled Englishman, however, must judge as best he may, from engravings hung in the smaller rooms, taken from the great mural paintings in Berlin—'The Battle of the Huns,' 'Homer and the Greeks,' and other companion works—how bold, how imaginative, how largely catholic, are the style and genius of Kaulbach. Piloty, like Kaulbach, closely identified with the school of Munich—a younger man, and known as yet by fewer works—must now likewise take a first position in the commonalty of European Art. He is a pupil of the late Carl Schorn, the painter of the famed 'Deluge,' in the New Pinakothek, and has himself been distinguished the last six years by a large picture, 'Seni finding the Dead Wallenstein,' likewise in the same Munich Gallery. This early work, certainly of extraordinary merit, forthwith created sensation. Like the 'Death of Cæsar,' by Gerôme, the subject was startling. Its mastery of execution, and its power over materials, were marvellous. The heads and the hands stood out in bold relief; the scene itself had the detail and the force of reality. We recollect a sumptuous golden coverlet, a welged vest, a rich upturned carpet, and, above all, a diamond ring on the hand of the dead Wallenstein, shining even from against a white sheet with lustre—all wondrous in execution. The English public, then, need not be taken by surprise at the apparition of Piloty's grand work, 'Nero after the Burning of Rome,' undoubtedly the most important picture in the German Gallery of the present Exhibition. The figures, in this, the painter's last work, are life-size; and the picture in its total dimension is not less than twenty feet by fifteen feet. Nero, crowned with a rose-wreath, bloated, debauched, effeminate, yet grand in form, stalks through the mid picture, attended by favourites, slaves, and torch-bearers; a company of prætorian guards, somewhat, let it be admitted, wooden in painting and crude in colour, fill the far corner of the canvas: in the central foreground lies a group of Christian martyrs. The composition could scarcely, perhaps, have been more scattered or unskilled, save that the fiend-like figure of the Emperor dominates in desolation over all.

The scene is thrilling. Fire has devastated Rome for the last six days, and Nero goes forth to behold the burning Troy. He walks the Palatine where yet will rise his golden house, and the ruined Forum of broken arch and shattered column lies seething in flame, and smouldering in smoke. In the foreground are broken and upturned mosaics, crumbling and calcined walls, and black charred rafters, all wondrous for detailed, realistic painting. The picture, we repeat, is a masterpiece.

High Art has multifarious forms, as the German division of the Exhibition proves. We have treated of the German schools spiritual, we have spoken of the noble manner of Cornelius and Kaulbach, we must now throw together pictures somewhat miscellaneous in character, and possessing little in common save an academic treatment, which, since the days of Raphael and the Carracci, has become stereotyped throughout Europe. Schrader's life-size picture, 'The Death of Leonardo Da Vinci at Fontainebleau,' though tending to the naturalistic, rather than to the academic, may receive honourable mention under the present head. Leonardo, a noble figure, sinks back at the stroke of death; Francis, in richest robes as King of France, reaches forward in eager solicitude; a priest stands by ready to administer the last offices of the Church. The heads have character and power, the hands are instinct with meaning, and every accessory is painted with detailed circumstance, yet due subordination. The work is a contrast alike to English and German Pre-Raphaelitism: it is also by its bold realism directly antagonistic to schools ideal and generic. Kreling's 'Last Remnants of a Protestant Community,' deserves commendation. The Emperor of Austria contributes, among other works, one of the best examples of the naturalistic-historic—rich in colour, heads both noble and lovely—'The Meeting of Titian and Paul Veronese on the Ponte della Paglia, Venice,' by Zona. As an illustration of the Protestant, and therefore also of the naturalistic historic, may be noted Martersteig's 'Entry of Luther into Worms,' individual, matter of fact, and withal somewhat commonplace, yet not without power. Thán's 'Angelica and Medora' belongs to the careful academic; smooth and weak, but not without beauty. Fügér's 'Death of Germanicus' is more directly classic, with the modern spasmodic added. Führich's 'Sorrowing Jews,' seated under a tree, their harps hung in the branches (a subject treated with more effect and dignity by Bendemann, in his well-known work), is also somewhat over agonised. In type and treatment Führich's composition partakes of a compromise between spiritualism and naturalism. Schloeppeke's 'Death of Nielot, King of the Obotrites,' an onslaught among a troop of maddened horse-men, crude, chalky, and bad in colour, as not unusual in German Art, also belongs to the school of the ghost-like and the nightmare spasmodic. Jacob's 'Deposition from the Cross,' and Kaselowsky's 'Entombment,' may be ranked as good modern examples of the Christian Raphaellesque which ruled the world before the days of the Munich and the Dusseldorf revival.

The school of Dusseldorf is often exclusively identified with spiritual Art. The republic of painters, however, centred in that city is, we may safely assert, more than usually diversified. The Municipal Gallery of Dusseldorf includes works in styles most varied. It contains, for example, a large picture, 'The Annunciation,' directly catholic, Christian, and spiritual, by Carl Müller; 'Ismael and Hagar,' by Köhler; 'Tasso and the two Leonoras,' by C. Sohn; portraits by Rötting; a landscape by C. F. Lessing; a wild sea-shore and a grand Norwegian Fiord,

by Andreas Achenbach. But our present business is more expressly with the naturalistic school of *genre*, of which usually reputed lower style the same gallery furnishes some examples. Hasenclever's 'Tapping of a Wine Cask,' in Dusseldorf, and a smaller work, 'Conjugal Quarrel,' in Munich, both indulging in the same coarse comedy, may be quoted as trenchant works taken from common life. Knaus, too, is a painter who has attained renown in the same line; and we are glad to find that the International Exhibition, in 'The Funeral in the Forest,' possesses, if not a first-rate, yet at least an important work, by this famed artist. His 'Gambling,' in the Dusseldorf Gallery, is somewhat in the rude, vigorous manner of the French Breton, and Courbet, something after the style of the low Dutch, only with more of dirt, and larger and looser in execution. In the town of Dusseldorf was also to be found a more desperate attempt by the same artist, 'The Thief in the Market,'—life taken from riff-raff rabble, ragged rascals, the pests of society; each member in this chosen pictorial community stamped by some distinctive idiosyncrasy of villainy. The whole work was marked by the unmistakable genius of a Jack Sheppard drama. Even the very trees were ragged, jagged, worthless, and ill to do. 'The Funeral in the Forest,' in the present Exhibition, is not in the artist's roughest or best style, and lags far behind, both in virtue and villainy, 'The Thief in the Market,'—a masterpiece and a marvel after its kind.

Naturalism is often used as a word of reproach, because identified in the history of Art with common nature; but with a people philosophic and transcendental as the Germans, the term has taken a higher significance. Hence to naturalism has been linked rationalism, and a rational naturalism has in turn been bound to Protestantism. These three elements intermingling constitute an Art philosophy, of which, in Germany, are found some zealous disciples. Indeed, Holbein's and Cranach's portraits of Erasmus and other reformers, have long identified German Art with the cause of Protestantism. It might be scarcely just to pledge the illustrious Friedrich Carl Lessing, the painter of the famed picture in Frankfurt, 'John Huss before the Council of Constance,' fully to this doctrine. Yet undoubtedly has this artist been by the general public identified with the naturalistic, rationalistic, and Protestant Art movement of Germany. We need scarcely point out the obvious practical results likely to ensue from the adoption of such an Art-creed. The artist, in this his naturalism, is no longer a blind slave to unregenerate nature; he believes in her essential divinity, and seeks to evoke her beauty and perfection. Strength, too, and guidance he finds in the intellect he is ready to enthroned: independent action, moreover, is secured through the right of private judgment, the corner-stone of his religion. We may, perhaps, have given too precise and logical a form to a pictorial phase, which as yet is but dimly shadowed. Still it cannot be questioned that, opposed to the school of catholic spiritualism, German mysticism and a dreary idealism, contrasted equally, though in ways widely dissimilar, to the naturalism which scours ditches and sweeps kennels, has grown up in Germany a rational, manly, and, we need scarcely add, therefore, truly poetic nature-study, which seeks out in man and in the outer world inherent divinity. Such, we incline to think, not only for Germany, but for all peoples and lands, is the sound and sure basis upon which to rear the high Art of an ever-progressive future. Time does not permit us further to enlarge upon

the topic. We need scarcely repeat that, in this branch of German Art, as in all others, the present Exhibition is deplorably defective. We are able, however, to point out one small, careful, and dramatic sketch by Lessing, 'Henry V. arresting Pope Paschal VII.' A much more important picture by the same artist, 'The Martyrdom of John Huss,' is now on view in the Egyptian Hall.

We may throw into one group works which are naturalistic neither in a high nor a low sense, unpretending pictures just taken from the ordinary forms of nature, and the everyday incidents of life. Carl Hübner's subject, 'The Emigrant's Farewell,' is after this sort. Hausmann's 'Galileo,' 'E pure si muove—' Galileo standing forth in the midst of cardinals and bishops to take his trial—aspire to something higher, yet the work may fairly be set down as the *genre* of history, literal in costume, and marked in individual character. Menzel, in the same line, an artist devoted to the history of Frederick the Great, paints a vigorous and somewhat rough work, 'Frederick surprised by Night at Hochkirch.' The effect is striking—lowering darkness of night illumined by the flash of artillery. We may mention likewise in the same category, Camphauser's two spirited horsemen, 'General Seydlitz,' and 'General Zieten.' Krüger's 'Parade in Berlin,'—troops, painted with the detail of miniatures,—merits praise for its laborious industry.

The German divisions, Austria and the Zollverein, include some capably painted *genre* works, pretty miscellaneous subjects, in-doors and out, sometimes executed with Dutch finish, and occasionally taking a wider and bolder range. Becker's two pictures, 'A Petition to the Doge of Venice,' and 'A Court sitting in Judgment,' must be pronounced first-rate; point in character is boldly seized, the drawing is firm, the colour glowing, the finish detailed, yet broad and sketchy. Lewin's 'Hop-Gathering in Kent,' is a picture telling in character and incident, lively in colour, masterly in execution. Meyer's 'Blindman's Buff,' and other like works, are small, careful, and pretty, after the style of Gerard Dow. Waldmüller, of Vienna, bears a high name, and his two small detailed and Wilkie-like works, 'Christmas Eve,' and 'The Apprentice's Reception,' are not wholly unworthy of his established reputation. 'A Café in the Herzegowina,' by Schönn, 'An Old Woman,' by Eybl, and 'A Quartette,' by Ender, all contributed by Austria, are first-rate for minute and brilliant execution. Siegwald Dahl sends a vigorous old man and dog, 'The Organ-Grinder,' Gauer mann a 'Cattle piece,' after the manner of Paul Potter. Otto Speckter, an artist of wide renown, is seen by two characteristic works, 'A Stork carrying an Infant,' between its wings for a cradle—a German reading of the classic Ganymede; and 'The Great Unknown,'—a large Newfoundland dog marching in among a caressing and snarling smaller tribe of puppies, terriers, and spaniels. Germany, through Kaulbach's illustrations to Reineke Fuchs, has become distinguished in this sly comedy among the brute creation.

Landscape art has reached a state of high elaboration in the school of Dusseldorf. Situated near the sea-board of the bold coast of Scandinavia, connected by river and road with Switzerland, and the forests and hills of central Germany, Dusseldorf has become the focus of a landscape art, in which mountains soar in the far horizon, forests frown in broad shadow across the plain, and storm clouds sweep tumultuously through the troubled sky. The tranquil landscapes of Claude, basking in a serenity of sunshine, with a ruined portico in classic guise standing against the evening sky, are wholly foreign

to the mountain and pine forest school of Dusseldorf. Nature, as painted by Claude, swoons in an atmosphere of silvery and golden loveliness; the landscapes of Lessing, Leu, and Achenbach, cold and sterile, frown under the northern blast, shrouded in snow, and grand in the terror of unruly elements. Jabin's Swiss picture may be quoted as a fair example of the Dusseldorf style. A waterfall tears fiercely along, lashed into maddened spray, pines rugged in anatomy stand their ground bravely, the distance is veiled in the poetic haze of imagination, the sky overcast with storm clouds, the sun struggling through the mountain mists. Leu's 'Return of Peasants and Flocks from Alpine Pastures,' is painted with power and detail, seizing an effect often favoured by the school—sunshine conflicting against storm. Andreas Achenbach, another famed name, contributes two works, 'A Sea Piece,' and 'The Coast of Skeveningen.' Hildebrandt, an enterprising artist, who has travelled and sketched in four quarters of the globe, paints a phenomenon in physical geography, 'Tropic Rain in the vicinity of Rio de Janeiro.' The King of Prussia sends 'The Ruins of a Temple,' by Eichhorn, a capital work, firm in execution, painted with character and detail. A glorious picture by Gude, though hanging in the Zollverein division, in justice must be placed to the credit of Norway. The landscapes contributed by Austria contrast with the style of Dusseldorf. Some are dotted with an infinity of detail which only can find a parallel in the school of our English Pre-Raphaelites; others belong to the old conservative style, which, throughout Europe, has now, by common consent, all but died out. Marko, a Hungarian, long residing in the neighbourhood of Florence, when the city of flowers was yet an appanage of Vienna, adheres almost invariably to the prescribed classic manner of Claude and of Poussin. The National Museum of Hungary contributes a somewhat weak composition by this artist. Haushofer's 'Landscape—Morning on the Chien-see,' remarkable for its microscopic finish, shows, with other works, both landscape and *genre*, that the Austrian school, unlike the academies of Munich and Dusseldorf, leans towards diminutive naturalism. We may, in fine, pronounce the landscape Art of Germany, especially as culminating in Dusseldorf, distinctively national; national even as her literature—dreamy, grand, magnificent. Madame de Stael said, with her usual epigramme, "the French hold possession of the land, the English command the ocean; to the Germans is reserved the domain of air." German landscapes, accordingly, rejoice in cloud-land, they sport with the drama of sunshine and shadow, they soar into the infinitude of space, veiling the far-off future in the shroud of mystery.

In the present article we have reviewed two distinct schools—the Italian and the German. We have found Italian Art divided between two opinions. On the one hand, a dreamy and faint reminiscence of a glorious past serves more as thralldom than for inspiration; on the other side, in the van, march onward the company of "Young Italy," hope inscribed on the forehead of the future. For the Italian school the past is dead, and the hereafter is as yet an unaccomplished vision. Furthermore, we have seen that German Art is both native and exotic, that the so-called Christian disciples of catholic Art have sold genius to the tradition of the middle ages; but that, side by side with these fervent worshippers of a bygone era, has arisen a company of strong, earnest men, reliant upon nature, and faithful to the spirit of their times.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM PRESTON, ESQ.,
ELLEL GRANGE, LANCASHIRE.

THE SIGNAL.

Jacob Thompson, Painter. C. Cousen, Engraver.

ALL who have travelled through the Scottish Highlands—and there are not, it may be presumed, many southerners having time and means at their command, who have not visited that most picturesque locality of the British dominions—must have been spectators of some such scene as is represented in this picture. Towards the close of an autumnal afternoon, when the sportsman is wearied with his long ramble over mountain and moor, the tourist is pressing onwards to reach his next resting spot, the cottager is returning from market or from the day's labour in the field, a group of such characters may often be seen waiting, on the edge of some tranquil lake, the arrival of the boat which is to ferry them across, and so far aid them in reaching their several destinations. And it is just such a gathering which a painter who has a feeling for the beautiful, and an eye for the picturesque, would delight in transferring to his canvas—this mingling of the busy occupation of man with the loveliness and majesty of nature; a scene animated and peaceful at the same time; for though the numerous figures introduced give abundance of life to the subject, even these are generally in a state of repose, and do not lead the mind away from the quietude suggested by the lofty grey mountains, rugged and almost barren, the smooth surface of the water, and the soft blue tints of an autumnal sky, chequered with clouds which portend no storm.

The landscape may, or may not, be a sketch from nature, but it has all the appearance of veritable truth; the painter is resident in the districts of the English lakes, and doubtless has often crossed the Border in search of subject-matter. It seems, whether intentionally or not we cannot determine, that in the arrangement of his figures there is a kind of social classification. On the one side is the party of sportsmen, with their attendants, keepers, game carriers, and others. Among these is the youth, mounted on a shooting-pony, who has elevated his cap on a riding-whip for a signal to the ferryman, whose boat is seen coming from the opposite shore. The other group consists of an elderly Highlander, cottagers who have been gleaning, one girl whose basket of wares indicates marketing, some children and animals. Between the two groups, serving as a kind of connecting link, is a gleaner standing at the edge of the lake, as if anxious for the speedy approach of the boat.

In adopting this arrangement, Mr. Thompson has only followed the great authorities of Raffaele, and other distinguished old masters, who were sometimes accustomed to divide their compositions into two parts, almost distinct; but the practice, tested by the rules which have guided painters of more recent date, and especially those of comparatively modern times, is generally considered objectionable, as tending to weaken the force of the entire subject. The aim of an artist should be to concentrate his effect on one point, making all else subordinate to this purpose. Such a result would, in this case, have been, in our judgment, more effectually gained if the pony were advanced a little more to the left, so as partially to conceal the opening; the distant gleaner being also moved to the left. The two groups would then have come nearly together, and would appear as one.

Apart from this consideration, Mr. Thompson's 'Signal' is a work of a most pleasing and highly popular character, as such transcripts of nature and life always are: the groups are arranged in an easy, unconventional manner; each figure looks as if it had placed itself where it would be most comfortable, and all are painted with great delicacy and care. The landscape, too, bears evidence of close and accurate study in mountainous regions. The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1860, but the artist has, if we are not mistaken, subsequently worked upon it with decided advantage. It is now in the International Exhibition.



JACOB THOMPSON PINXT

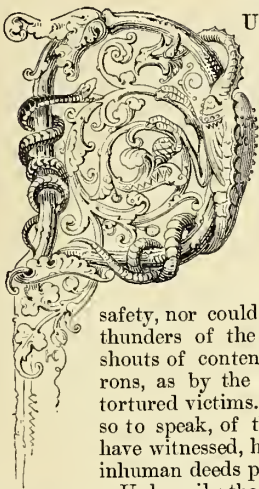
CHARLES COUSEN SCULP

THE SIGNAL.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF WM PRESTON, ESQ

ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART XVIII.—THE VATICAN.



URING a period of nearly five centuries the temporal power of Rome and her rulers has centred in the Vatican; thence have gone forth the edicts and decrees which have overawed the sovereigns and nations of Europe, and humbled them at the footstool of the papal throne. Within arm's length, as it were, of this celebrated edifice, and connected with it by secret passages, stands a smaller building, whose very name has long been a word of terror; the Palace of the Inquisition was deemed a fitting adjunct to the palace of the pontiff, without which he could not reign in safety, nor could the interests of Christianity be upheld. The thunders of the Vatican were followed not so much by the shouts of contending armies, and the shock of rushing squadrons, as by the shrieks of captives and the dying groans of tortured victims. If the walls of the Inquisition, the outworks, so to speak, of the fortress of papacy, could reveal what they have witnessed, how long and black would be the catalogue of inhuman deeds perpetrated in the sacred name of religion!

Unhappily the stain of persecution is not only found on the vestments of the Romish church: those of Protestantism have also their sanguinary spots to detract from their purity—less foul, perhaps, and less frequent, but yet enough of both to preclude boasting as regards the past. The spread of knowledge and of social liberty has, however, caused the sword of religious tyranny to be sheathed throughout the greater part of Christendom, and events seem to be rapidly hastening on to a period when a man's creed shall, as Byron says, "rest between him and his Maker."

But it is not the political history of the Vatican which concerns us in these pages, nor yet the history of the crowned prelates who have sat enthroned therein with more than the pomp and majesty of kings and emperors; we have little or nothing to do with these except in so far as they may have been instrumental in developing and fostering the great masters of Art, and in the preservation of their works. Pontiffs and cardinals have passed away, leaving little behind them as regards themselves individually of which the world now cares to hear or read; but Raffaello still lives in the *Loggie*, and Michel Angelo stands forth in all his grandeur in the Sistine Chapel and *Stanza* of the great papal palace, and in his glorious 'Transfiguration'; Domenichino is seen in his celebrated 'Last Communion of St. Jerome,' and Titian in his 'St. Sebastian,' while the Museum of the Vatican is filled with sculptures buried for ages amid the ruins of old Rome, but once more revisiting the earth to show what Art was among the Greeks and in the most enlightened period of the Roman empire. These, and the numerous other works contained within its walls, have exercised as powerful an influence on the civilisation of Christendom as the decrees of the pontiffs have on its religious and political actions.

The origin of the Vatican is lost in the darkness of ages; the circus and gardens of Nero once occupied the place where it stands: its history is associated with the earliest records of the Christian Church, for, during the space of about fourteen centuries, as is presumed, it has been the occasional, and sometimes the chief, residence of the reigning pope; but, as was intimated in the commencing sentence of this notice, the temporal power of the successors of St. Peter had comparatively little influence over the nations of Europe till the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries: kings, princes, and peoples acknowledged them as the heads of the Church, but refused to submit implicitly to their behests and dictation. Tradition traces the foundation of the palace, as an appendage to the Basilica of St. Peter, to the time of Constantine, but till the fourteenth century the popes generally resided in the palace of St. John Lateran. The original

edifice had become so dilapidated in the twelfth century, that the then pope, Celestinus III., determined to pull it down and rebuild it. The work was commenced during his pontificate, but Celestinus died long before it was finished, and the accomplishment of his task was left to his successor, Innocent III., who entertained Peter II., King of Arragon, in the new palace, which later popes have at different times altered, restored, enlarged, and embellished. One has only to imagine a vast, irregular mass of buildings, erected at various epochs and by various hands, a sort of architectural medley, without harmony of design, without grace or regularity, to have an idea of what the Vatican presents to the eye. Among the most famous architects and designers who contributed to render it what it now is, were Sangallo, Bramante, Michel Angelo, Raffaello, Fontana, Maderno, and Bernini. The three stories composing this vast edifice contain, as has been estimated, no fewer than eleven thousand rooms, saloons, galleries, chapels, and corridors, which cover a space of more than eleven hundred feet in length, by upwards of seven hundred and sixty feet in breadth: it has eight principal and two hundred secondary staircases, and twenty large courts. By the side of the equestrian statue of the Emperor Constantine is the grand staircase, constructed by Bernini, which has acquired an architectural celebrity, not so much, perhaps, on account of its size, though this is great, as from the remarkable ingenuity and skill exhibited by the builder in producing an illusory effect of perspective. This staircase, called the *Scala Regia*, leads to the *Sala Regia*, or hall of audience for foreign ambassadors, erected about the middle of the sixteenth century, and nearly ninety years before the staircase was in existence. The hall is from the designs of Antonio Sangallo, and was built during the pontificate of Paul III., Cardinal Farnese; it serves as a magnificent vestibule to the celebrated Sistine and Pauline Chapels, and also leads to the apartments which contain the *Loggie* of Raffaello. The walls of the *Sala Regia* are decorated with paintings in fresco, illustrating events in the history of the popes: they have a striking effect, from the colossal size of the figures. The most important pictures are—'The Absolution of the Emperor Henry IV. by Gregory VII.,' and 'The Attack of Tunis in 1553,' both by Taddeo and Frederico Zuccheri; 'The Removal of the Holy See from Avignon by Gregory XI.,' 'The Massacre of St. Bartholomew,' and 'The League against the Turks,' all by Giorgio Vasari; and 'Alexander III. blessing Frederick Barbarossa in the Piazza of St. Mark at Venice,' by Giuseppe Porta.

The Pauline and Sistine Chapels are remarkable chiefly as containing the far-famed works of Michel Angelo; the former possesses his 'Crucifixion of St. Peter,' and his 'Conversion of St. Paul,' the latter 'The Last Judgment,' and his subjects from the Creation and the Deluge: these have all been described in a former chapter of this series, when writing of Michel Angelo. In addition to the works of the great Florentine painter, the walls of the Sistine Chapel are decorated, in fresco, with pictures by Perugino, Roselli, Botticelli, Alessandro Filippi, Signorelli, and Ghirlandajo—the subjects taken from Scripture history; and between the windows are a number of portraits of the popes, by Botticelli. The historical paintings are valuable as examples of the Art of that period, but they are felt to be of comparative insignificance when seen in juxtaposition with Angelo's grand altar-piece of 'The Last Judgment.' The best of the former is Perugino's 'Christ delivering the Keys to St. Peter.'

Passing out at the door opposite to that by which the visitor enters the *Sala Regia*, he finds himself in the celebrated arcade known as the *Loggie* of Raffaello. The decorations here, as well as the famous *Stanza*, by the same artist, in the adjoining apartments, have already been described in preceding papers; so also were the tapestries which hung in a gallery close by the *Stanza*. Seven out of the eleven cartoons designed by Raffaello for these fabrics are, as our readers generally need scarcely to be informed, at Hampton Court.

The picture gallery of the Vatican holds a high place among the great European collections, more, however, on account of the celebrity of the paintings than their number, which does not reach fifty. One room contains three only, but these have a world-wide reputation: they are Raffaello's 'Transfiguration' and 'Madonna di Foligno,' both described in a



ST. SEBASTIAN.

former paper, and Domenichino's 'LAST COMMUNION OF ST. JEROME,' engraved on page 188; it has always been esteemed the *chef-d'œuvre* of the master. St. Jerome, one of the most celebrated ancient fathers of the Church, is said to have died at Bethlehem, in a convent which he had made his residence after quitting Rome, about the middle of the fifth century. Domenichino's picture was painted for the church of Ara Coeli, in Rome, and there is a story told concerning it, that the monks were so dissatisfied with the work that they refused to hang it over the altar, the place for which it was destined, and hid it away. Some years after they gave a commission to Nicholas Poussin to paint another instead, sending him, to save the cost of new canvas, the picture by Domenichino, that he might use that. Poussin refused to perpetrate such an outrage, and told the holy brotherhood they already were possessed of one of the finest pictures in the world: moreover, he made known its existence, of which the public seemed not to have been aware; thus it was rescued from destruction, and has since remained for the gratification of posterity. When the French, at the close of the last century, rifled Italy of so many noble works of Art, the 'St. Jerome' was among the number, and, in 1797, it was deposited in the Louvre, but restored at the peace, and placed in the Vatican.

Domenichino belonged to the school of the Carracci, at Bologna: Kugler, speaking of his works, says that he frequently made use of the compositions of other artists, and refers to the 'St. Jerome' as a close imitation of the same subject by Agostino Carracci, qualifying, however, his charge of plagiarism by admitting that "the imitation is not servile, and there is an interesting individuality in several of the heads." This is but faint praise for so noble a composition—noble for the simplicity and truthfulness of the conception, for its pathos and earnestness. The dying saint, whose limbs and body give painful evidence of the weariness and watchings he had undergone, of the discipline of the flesh to which he had voluntarily submitted himself by fastings and devout meditations,—acts whereby men in all ages have thought to please God, though at the expense of neglecting other duties,—is kneeling, supported by his brethren, before the altar of the church, which, by a strange perversion of the usual arrangement of interior church architecture, is placed near an open doorway. The ecclesiastic who administers the Eucharist is St. Ephraim, Bishop of Syria; he is assisted by a deacon, who holds the cup, and an attendant kneels by the side of the latter, with the book of the Gospels in his hand. The figure represented as kissing the hand of St. Jerome is Santa Paola. Throughout the entire composition nothing is introduced to distract the mind from the one idea of the subject, unless it be the lion; but the introduction of the animal was a necessity, for a picture of St. Jerome without a lion would be as unintelligible to the initiated as a portrait of Hogarth without his dog: in either case the omission would be heresy. And while every thought of the venerable communicant seems to be reverentially fixed on the solemn rite of the Church, all eyes are turned upon him as the object of love and pious regard: it is this unity of sympathetic expression that gives such dignified value to the figures; the simplicity of their arrangement, so far from weakening the power of the grouping, adds immeasurably to it. Domenichino's ecclesiastical personages are remarkable, in all his works, for the richness of their vestments; and there is here no exception to the rule, though they are not strictly nationally correct, so to speak, for they belong to the Greek Church, and not to the Roman or the Church of Palestine. The floating cherubs may be assumed to indicate heavenly messengers waiting to convey to its final home above the soul of the dying man, so soon as it is released from its fragile earthly tenement.

This picture, with the two by Raffaele to which allusion has been made, are in an apartment by themselves, the second shown to visitors. We will now examine some of the principal contents of the other rooms.



THE VISION OF ST. ROMUALDO.

One of the most recent additions to the collection is a 'St. Jerome,' by Leonardo da Vinci, purchased by the present pontiff, Pius IX.: the most attractive portion of this work is the saint's face, which is beautifully modelled and most expressive. Here also is seen the emblematical lion, but the animal and most of the lower part of the picture seem to be unfinished, and as if one of the great master's pupils had been partially employed on the canvas, leaving it for Leonardo to complete. Not very far from this hang three exquisite little pictures, executed by Raffaele when quite young: the subjects are—'The Annunciation,' 'The Adoration of the Magi,' and 'The Presentation in the Temple'; they originally formed the *predella* of 'The Coronation of the Virgin,' to which we shall presently refer; it would be difficult to find any compositions, even by Raffaele himself, with more earnest sentiment and more delicacy of feeling. The grand old painter, Andrea Mantegna, who lived in the fifteenth century, is seen in a fine 'Pietà,' somewhat hard in style, after the manner of the period, but full of power and pathetic expression. The body of Christ, supported by Nicodemus, is anointed by Mary Magdalene, Joseph of Arimathea holding in his hands the vase containing the perfumes. The death-like appearance of the figure of Christ, and especially the face, worn and distressed by agony, are admirably given. A work by a still older painter, Fra Angelico, hangs next to Mantegna's 'Pietà'; in two compartments enclosed in one frame are represented scenes in the history of 'St. Nicholas of Bari'; they originally formed portions of the altar-piece in the sacristy of St. Domenico, at Perugia: the subjects respectively are the birth of the saint, his election as bishop, his generosity to the father of three young girls, his kindness to the poor of his diocese during a period of distress, and the assistance he personally renders to the crew of a vessel threatened with shipwreck. Kugler remarks of these pictures, that "they exhibit the happy nature of the artist in the department of semi-historical genre, which he treats with the utmost *naïveté*, and with miniature-like elegance of handling. The charming treatment also of the accessories, namely, of the architectural vistas, almost reminds us of Flemish works."

Guercino, the name by which Barbieri is commonly known, is well represented here by his 'Incredulity of St. Thomas'; he has two other pictures in the gallery, a 'Magdalen' and 'John the Baptist,' but neither is to be compared with the first mentioned, a subject which seems to have been a favourite with the artist, for he painted it several times. This work is in the second manner of Guercino, the style he adopted after relinquishing the coarse handling and exaggerated expression of Caravaggio, and followed the lighter and more delicate manner of Guido. The face of Christ, seen in profile, is very soft and noble in expression, its sweetness tinged, however, with a shade of reproach: his mantle has fallen off the shoulder just sufficiently to show the wounded side, at which the apostle is gazing with eagerness and awe. The entire interest of the picture is concentrated in these two figures,

which are very effectively composed, dignified in action, yet unconstrained and natural. That of St. Peter, who is introduced, is tame and meaningless. The picture is in excellent preservation, and the colouring throughout powerful yet harmonious. The 'Magdalen' had the misfortune to undergo a restoration some few years ago; the process has by no means improved it, still we may assume from what is left that the picture was originally fine. Mary is contemplating the instruments of Christ's death, placed before her by an angel; her face expresses mingled tenderness and sorrow, while the forms of the two figures show much elegance in design and softness of texture in colouring. It was originally painted for the church, or rather college, *degli Convertiti*, or converted heretics; at the suppression of this institution it passed into the Quirinal, and thence to the Vatican.

'St. Sebastian,' engraved on a preceding page, is a composition by Titian, painted for the church of the Frari, at Venice, and is a companion to his 'Assumption,' formerly in the same church, but now in the Academy

of Venice. The 'St. Sebastian' was purchased by Clement XIV., who placed it in the Quirinal, whence it was removed to the Vatican by Pius VII. The former pontiff caused the top to be cut off, to make it match Raffaele's 'Transfiguration:' in our engraving this is restored, its absence being most destructive to the general effect of the picture. In the lower part of the composition is the young Roman martyr, with his hands bound behind him, and pierced by arrows; by his side stand St. Francis, bearing a small cross, St. Anthony of Padua, holding a lily, St. Ambrose, with the crozier, St. Peter, and St. Catherine; the whole group is conventionally arranged, and shows but little point: in the upper portion appear the Madonna and Infant Christ, attended by angels. The colouring generally is fine, that of the figure of St. Sebastian especially so; but there are pictures by this great master of the Venetian school far richer and more brilliant.

'The Assumption of the Virgin,' called by some critics the 'Coronation of the Virgin,' is the joint production of Raffaele, Giulio Romano, and Francesco Penni. The picture was a commission given to the first of these by the monks of the convent of Monte Luce, near Perugia, in 1505, when Raffaele was only in his twenty-second year: he made a sketch for it, which was, we believe, in the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence: but Raffaele only commenced painting the larger work a short time prior to his death, and did not live to complete much, if any, even of the upper portion. At his decease other artists engaged to finish it, Romano taking the upper part and Penni the lower. The former, representing Christ and the Virgin surrounded by angels, is infinitely superior to the latter; for though the figure of the Saviour is poor in conception and void of expression, the face of the Virgin is decidedly good, and the heads of the angels are also excellent in character. The lower part exhibits the apostles round the tomb of Christ; their features are unmeaning, their actions forced, and the colouring is cold and muddy.

A very different work from this is Raffaele's 'Coronation of the Virgin,' though one of his earliest pictures, painted in 1501-2, when he was about seventeen years of age, for the church of St. Francesco, at Perugia. In 1797, it was taken by the French from that town to Paris, and while there, was transferred to canvas, receiving some damage in the process. The apostles are grouped round the empty tomb of the risen Saviour, who, with the Virgin, is seen throned in the heavens, surrounded by angels with musical instruments. Some of the figures are strongly characteristic of the manner Raffaele acquired in the school of Perugino.

'THE ENTOMBMENT,' engraved on this page, has always been regarded by critics as the *chef d'œuvre* of Michel-Angelo Amerighi, usually called Caravaggio, the great master of the naturalistic school, who died in 1609. It has been truly said of him that he was "an artist whose wild passions and tempestuous life were the counterpart of his pictures;" and, therefore, it may be added, one quite unsuited to treat with propriety so solemn a subject as that before us; still, estimated pictorially, it is a work of no ordinary genius. The personages taking part in the rites of sepulture are Joseph of Arimathea, who holds the upper part of the body, Nicodemus, who bears the lower, and the three Marias. Kügler expresses the following opinion of the picture:—"It is certainly wanting in all the characteristics of holy sublimity, but, nevertheless, is full of solemnity, only, perhaps, too like the funeral ceremony of a gipsy chief. There is, however, room, even within these limits, for the high mastery of representation, and for the most striking expression. A figure of such natural sorrow as the Virgin, who is represented exhausted with weeping, with her trembling, outstretched hands, has seldom been painted. Even as mother of a gipsy

chief, she is dignified and touching." Its great merits are the admirable disposition of the figures, their powerful, though rather overstrained, action, and the highly luminous effect produced by the arrangement of light and shade. The general expression of the picture is entirely melodramatic, producing in the mind of the spectator admiration of the painter's masterly application of the materials of Art, rather than any deep and earnest feeling of its spirituality. There is little or no harmony between the theme and its treatment. This peculiarity belongs to the school of which Caravaggio may be called the chief; it is apparent in the works of his immediate followers, and in those who came after them. Neither is it limited to the Italian painters. Ribera, the Spaniard; Valentin, the Frenchman; Rubens, the Fleming; and Rembrandt, the Dutchman, were all more or less tinged with it. The sacred subjects produced by these artists want the refined expression and unmistakable religious sentiment observable in the works of the early Italians. There is a kind of physical energy and much intelligent animation in their figures, but very little of personal beauty and grace, and still less of the "divinity within." Their holy men and women bear about them the marks of the Fall, not the renovated nature which is the result of the hearty reception of the truths of Christianity in all their life-giving and elevating power.

The early Paduan school is here worthily represented by a fresco picture, attributed, and scarcely without a doubt, to Ambrogio, known as Melozzo da Forlì, who flourished towards the end of the fifteenth century, and is presumed to have been a scholar of Squarcione, the founder of the school. The style adopted by these Paduan artists seems to have arisen from their close study of antique sculpture, which gave to their works a character more plastic than pictorial. "The forms are severely and sharply defined; the drapery is often ideally treated, according to the antique costume—so much so, that, in order to allow the forms of the body to appear more marked, it seems to cling to the figure. The general arrangement more frequently resembles that of *bassi-relievi* than of rounded groups. The accessories display, in like manner, a special attention to antique models, particularly in the architecture and ornaments. The imitation of antique embellishments is very perceptible in the frequent introduction of festoons of fruit in the pictures of this school. It is remarkable to observe how the study of antique sculpture, combined as it was with the naturalising tendency of the day, led to an exaggerated sharpness in the marking of the forms, which sometimes bordered on excess. In the drapery, the same imitation led to the use of a multitude of small, sharp, oblique folds, which break the large, flowing lines, and sometimes even



THE ENTOMBMENT.

injure the effect of the leading forms."—(Kügler.) Assuming these remarks to be correct, and they fall in with the opinions of the best writers on early Italian Art, it is quite evident that the sculptured works which the artists of Padua employed as their models were, in all probability, of Roman origin, and not those of the highest state of Greek Art, which ignored everything of a florid, decorative character. The best Greek sculptures are distinguished by the purest simplicity of design, soft and well rounded forms, with draperies broad and flowing in their folds, and not broken up into minute details; in fact, they are the very reverse of the productions which have come down to us from the hands of the Romans, especially those belonging to the latter periods of the empire.

The picture in the Vatican by Melozzo da Forlì, represents Sixtus IV. in the old Vatican library, surrounded by two cardinals and some great officers of state. It was removed from the walls of the former edifice by Leo XII., and is interesting more on account of the portraits than for any especial pictorial quality it possesses. The portrait of Sixtus (Cardinal Della Rovere) is characteristic of a man whose acts as pontiff show him to

have been one of the most turbulent and unscrupulous of the occupants of St. Peter's chair. The two cardinals are his two nephews, Giulio della Rovere, afterwards Julius II., whose warlike disposition better fitted him to wield a sword than bear a crozier; and Peter Riario di Savoya. In the centre is Platina, the librarian of the Vatican, and historian of the Popes: he is kneeling, and points to a manuscript which he holds in his hand. A little in the background are two younger men in rich costumes: the taller of the two is Giromino Riario, brother of Peter; the other is John della Rovere, Giulio's brother: thus the picture may be called a group of family portraits. The finest head is that of Cardinal Rovere. It well expresses his restless, haughty, and impetuous character. He was the patron of Michel Angelo, Raffaele, and Bramanti. Raffaele's portrait of him, now in the Pitti Palace at Florence, shows Julius as an old man, but with the same proud imperious expression of countenance, and eyes still full of unextinguished power. One among several repetitions of this portrait is in our National Gallery.

'THE VISION OF ST. ROMUALDO,' engraved on page 186, is by Andrea Sacchi, who lived in the first half of the seventeenth century. Romualdo was the founder, in the eleventh century, of the monastic order of the Camaldolenses, or Camaldolites. He is here represented as explaining to some of the monks the vision which occasioned the establishment of the fraternity—a ladder, like that of Jacob's, whereby the monks of the order were to ascend to heaven. Some of them are seen in the act of mounting it. This picture was long regarded, though its reputation has somewhat declined, as one of the finest altar-pieces in Rome. It was formerly in the church of St. Romualdo. Yet, notwithstanding modern criticism has tended to lower the work in public estimation, it presents great excellence, especially in the management of light and shade. The dress worn by the Camaldolites is white. The particular difficulty, therefore, which the artist had to contend with, was to avoid monotony of tone and colour. This he has effected by a very skilful management of *chiaroscuro*, which is quite Rembrandtish in character. It is said that Sacchi borrowed the idea of the subject from, and that the treatment was suggested by, observing three millers seated under a tree.

No one unacquainted with the whole artistic life of the painter would suppose that 'The Crucifixion of St. Peter,' in the Vatican, is the work of the same hand which produced the graceful, animated, and beautiful composition of 'Phœbus and Aurora,' in the Rospigliosi Palace, and the numerous saintly 'Madonnas' bearing the name of Guido; for no contrast could be greater than is exhibited between the first mentioned picture and the others. Many of Guido's earlier works show the impress of Caravaggio's influence; his 'Crucifixion of St. Peter' more, perhaps, than any other. Lanzi classes it among his best pictures, and undoubtedly, it is entitled to rank as such, if forms—bold even to coarseness—power without grandeur, and action without a sentiment of mental feeling, constitute excellence in Art, or are preferable to their opposites. The admirers of such qualities as these will not be disappointed by examining his 'St. Peter.' Certainly a more pleasing work in every way, and one manifesting a higher development of mind, though less, perhaps, of technical skill, is 'The Virgin and Infant Christ' enthroned, with St. Thomas and St. Jerome worshipping them. It was formerly in the Cathedral of Pesaro, afterwards in the Louvre, whence it was transferred to the Vatican. Here Guido is seen in his own proper person. The figures are refined in expression, tender in colour, and not devoid of dignity. St. Thomas is by far the most striking of the group.

Raffaele's master, Perugino, is represented by three or four examples. The first is 'St. Benedict, St. Placidus, and Flavia, his Sister,' formerly in the sacristy of St. Peter's, at Perugia, from which church it was abstracted by the French in 1797, but sent back to Italy at the peace of 1814. A better picture than this is the 'Madonna and Infant Christ' enthroned. Standing at the foot of the throne, two on each side, are St. Lorenzo, St. Louis, Ercolanus, a Bishop of Perugia, and St. Constantius. The composition is stiff and conventional, but is not devoid of a certain graceful simplicity, while the draperies are richly ornamented, and dis-

posed with a degree of elegance. The picture is also attractive by depth and harmony of colour. It is painted on wood. 'The Resurrection,' by the same master, was formerly in the church of St. Francesco, at Perugia. It has obtained a special notoriety, from the tradition which has been handed down relatively to the personages introduced; the soldier fleeing in haste and alarm from the sepulchre is said to be a portrait of Perugino, painted by his pupil Raffaele, whose portrait, as the sleeping soldier, is the work of his preceptor.

Garofalo was one of the most fantastic followers of the school of Raffaele: there is here a small picture by him of 'The Holy Family,' with St. Catherine presenting a palm branch to the Infant Christ, who is carried in the arms of the Virgin. This artist's colouring is brilliant, but deficient in harmony, and his execution is free and masterly: his easel pictures are his best, and this in the Vatican may rank among the number. There is an excellent example of his works in our National Gallery, a Madonna with saints.

'The Martyrdom of St. Processus and St. Martinianus,' by the Frenchman Moses Valentin, one of the most distinguished scholars of Caravaggio, is scarcely worthy of the company amid which it is placed; still less do its merits entitle it to be reproduced, as it has been, in mosaics for St. Peter's.

Two examples of Spanish Art have somewhat recently been added to the Italian pictures which hang in the gallery of the Vatican; both are by Murillo: one, 'St. Catherine of Alexandria,' is good, but the artist painted many far better works. The other, 'The Prodigal Son,' is inferior to the 'St. Catherine.' But the picture which strikes the visitor as being quite "out of its element" amid the congress of Virgins, saints, martyrs, and holy men and women of all kinds gathered within these walls, is a group of cows, one of which a country-girl is milking, by Paul Potter, the Dutchman: a capital work, which has the effect of drawing away the thoughts from the visionary glories of the unseen world to the realities and necessities of life. A bucolic painting in the Vatican seems a strange anomaly.

The sculptured works in the Museum, and scattered through several apartments of the edifice, will, in all probability, form the subject of a separate notice at a future time; but there are some paintings in the Vatican yet to be pointed out; they do not, however, hang in the picture gallery, but are placed in the halls of the library and elsewhere. The ceiling of the entrance hall is ornamented with arabesques, painted by Paul Bril and Marco da Faenza, and on the walls are numerous portraits of those who have successively filled the office of librarian; among the finest is that of Cardinal Giustiniani, by Domenichino. The principal apartment of the library, known as the "Great Hall," contains several pictures by Viviani, Baglioni, Salviati, Nogari, Nebbia, and others, which represent the history of the library, the councils of the church, the buildings erected by Sixtus V.; here, also, are some portraits of the most distinguished



THE LAST COMMUNION OF ST. JEROME.

librarians. Another chamber has some modern frescoes, the subjects of which refer to important events in the lives of Popes Pius VI. and VII.; one of them represents the latter dignitary, with his secretary, Cardinal Pacca, at the door of the Quirinal Palace, in the act of stepping into his carriage as prisoners of the French general Radet. The ceiling of an adjoining room is painted—by Guido, it is said—in fresco, the subjects taken from the history of Samson; but the most remarkable work in this apartment, and, perhaps, the most remarkable of its kind in Rome, is the celebrated 'Nozze Aldobrandini.' This fresco was discovered near the Arch of Gallienus on the Esquiline, in 1606, during the pontificate of Clement VIII., and purchased by a member of the family whose name it now bears. The subject of the picture is the 'Marriage of Peleus and Thetis'; the costume of the figures, ten in number, and the accessories are unquestionably Greek; the figures are small in size, but distinguished by symmetrical form and graceful attitude. The painting was copied, soon after its discovery, by several artists, among them by Nicholas Poussin, whose copy may now be seen in the Doria Palace. Two other ancient frescoes are in the same chamber, but they are not of sufficient importance to invite especial remark.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

ART IN PARLIAMENT.

It was late in the session before anything was said in parliament on the subject of Art. On the 22nd of July Lord Elcho reminded the House of Commons that the rival claims of the Academy and of the National Gallery were yet unsettled. His lordship had given notice of a motion for a royal commission to inquire into the present position of the Royal Academy, and its relations with the National Gallery, but the motion was postponed. There have been proposed for the National Gallery not less than thirteen sites within the last twelve months. The very number of these propositions is absurd—there are not five eligible sites attainable for a new National Gallery. In a few words, thus stands the case:—A moiety of the building in Trafalgar Square is insufficient for either the Royal Academy or the National Gallery—for either institution the whole would be but enough. By the Royal Academy, perhaps two thousand works of Art have been rejected from the exhibition of this season. It must not be understood that the greater number of these were works of excellence, but many of them were productions of high merit. To the National Gallery a new Italian school has been added, and so crowded are even the brilliant contents of this room, that more than ever does the addition make us sensible of the want of space. To find room for the Turner collection, many—we believe more than thirty pictures—have been removed entirely; some of the old German schools, and others; the majority rather remarkable as curious links in the history of Art than valuable as examples of painting. Thus, if the National catalogue were fittingly disposed, there are pictures enough nearly to fill the entire building. Surely the hanging of Turner's pictures must now be satisfactory to those who derided his studious sketchiness. All these flashing canvases are now sufficiently removed from the eye; but if the wearied essence of Turner ever seek rest within those crowded walls, it will find no refreshment there—this is not the hanging contemplated in his will.

Lord Elcho reverted to all the reiterated complaints against the Academy, each of which has been considered again and again in the pages of the *Art-Journal*. In reference to our public statues, the speaker proceeded to observe that the Greeks were careful to place their most beautiful figures in the most public places, in order that their wives, by the contemplation of such admirable productions, might have beautiful children. The inference was that our public monuments, especially those in Trafalgar Square, would not conduce to the same end. Lord Elcho believes that the many failures in our public monuments arise from the want of "artistic and architectural control." Some months ago, we set forth, in an article on this subject, the way in which our public statues were got up. Strangers ask, with amazement, why our best works are not found in the most prominent places? why Havelock and Napier have not been executed by A and B, instead of Y and Z? Private committees and pet artists they cannot understand—whence our rule of placing our worst Art in our best sites. Inasmuch as the question of Art is not read up by the House like those of cotton, corn, and Armstrong guns, we are not surprised at the amiable simplicity of members hoping that in the Royal Academy, "reformed, enlarged, re-constituted, by the extension of the non-professional element," would be found a committee of advice, which would be of immense use in all questions of Art and public monuments." The italics are ours, and we should have been most grateful to Lord Elcho had he been a little more explicit about the non-professional element which he would propose as a twin oracle to the Academy. It was stated that, at the beginning of the present century, three public monuments were proposed to be raised to Lord Nelson, Lord Cornwallis, and Mr. Pitt. They were referred to the Royal Academy, and the only reason why this system of reference broke down was because the Academy "appeared rather inclined to job, and keep the work entirely in their own hands." But it is hoped that the larger infusion of the

non-professional element would be a complete check and bar to anything like jobbing.

The question of Art is by no means so important as many of those which are even slightly touched upon daily in the House of Commons, but it cannot be entertained without longer study and inquiry than is necessary to most other subjects. The Royal Academy is, perhaps, regarded as one of a multitude of corporate bodies, wherein, as a rule, a perfect unanimity prevails on the entire programme of official duties; this may be so; but, as a body, their sympathetic fellowship goes no further. The principal divisions of the Academy are two: one—the younger—advocating what is understood by the word progress; the other, consisting of the elders of the body, does battle for that which was privilege in the infancy of the institution, but which is now abuse. Besides these great divisions, the members entertain among themselves private grievance lists, abounding in animated hatreds, of which the privilege of hanging is a fertile source. Lord Elcho speaks grudgingly of the sinecures held by the five honorary members of the Academy:—the Bishop of Oxford, Chaplain; Mr. Grote, Professor of Ancient History; Dean Milman, Professor of Ancient Literature; Earl Stanhope, Professor of Antiquities; and Sir Henry Holland, Secretary and Foreign Correspondent. As Lord Elcho has not detailed his views in reference to his prospective changes, and he complains that these gentlemen do nothing, at the same time speaking so hopefully of the non-professional element, it is probable that he will begin by proposing that the hanging committee shall henceforward be elected from among these gentlemen, commencing with the Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Grote, and Dean Milman. The House of Commons is well-intentioned towards the Academy, but the House does not really know what to do with it. Parliament means well, but it knows not in what direction to legislate. There is, from time to time, much bitter and ignorant sarcasm launched against the body, but there is also expression of much amiable feeling. Lord Elcho may safely broach his contemplated emendations to parliament, but let him lay his proposals before a meeting of the forty, under their own roof, and he will then discover how little he knows of the subject he has taken up. His lordship concluded his speech by moving—"That an humble address be presented to Her Majesty, that she will be graciously pleased to issue a Royal Commission to inquire into the present position of the Royal Academy in relation to the Fine Arts, and into the circumstances and conditions under which it occupies a portion of the National Gallery, and to suggest such measures as may be required to render it more useful in promoting Art, and in improving and developing public taste."

Mr. Cowper coincided with Lord Elcho in the belief that such an inquiry would lead to results honourable to the Academy and valuable to the public. He understood that the Commissioners would only have to inquire as to the means of making the Academy most efficient for the purposes for which it was instituted. It would be wasting time to discuss whether the Academy should be abolished, and perfect free trade in Art established. The Royal Academy was intended to provide schools for the instruction of students, to exhibit deserving works of Art, and to confer honorary titles and rewards of merit. In former times, great sculptors and painters were accustomed to surround themselves with young men, who learnt of them the technical details of the art, and imbibed the spirit of their masters; the students, in return, aiding in the production of the master's works. In the present day it would be impossible that these relations could exist between mature artists and young men who were commencing a career of Art. If Art was to be taught at all, it must be in schools, and he should regret to see those schools dependent upon private enterprise.

Both in and out of parliament, there is much idle talk about "schools" of Art. Now, we have always congratulated the English profession of painting that there was no English "school," according to the usual loose interpretation of the word. All the freshness of English pictures is due to the fact that our painters are the pupils of nature, and unfettered by conventionalities.

Between the works of our men of eminence there is no comparable resemblance. Each stands apart from the other, without any family feature that can be signalled as common to a school. Hosts of continental artists are bound by a common sentiment, from which they cannot free themselves, in an identity of manner which is called the character of their school. All the best pupils of the men of former times were those who painted the least like their masters. Haydon, we believe, was the only man who, in this country, modelling his views on those of ancient painters, ever attempted a school. He was certainly earnest in preaching high Art, but he never made one "historical" painter. He claimed among his pupils Sir Charles Eastlake, Mr. Lance, and Sir Edwin Landseer, than whose respective tastes nothing can be more diverse. The President, we believe, disclaims the tutelage, so does the Great Dog Star. If these gentlemen were all pupils of Haydon, they were certainly among his best, and how different from his is the feeling which with each is become now constitutional!

The Royal Academy will not respond to Mr. Cowper's presumption that the Commissioners will only have to inquire as to the means of making the institution most efficient for the purposes for which it was established. These are his words, and the Academicians will reply to them by the question, "And has not the Academy done everything for the Art and the taste of the country?" But for the Academy, there had been neither taste nor Art essentially fine in England." It is true that it has been a rule of the school to enforce most rigidly a prolonged study of the antique, inasmuch as to stiffen the compositions of artists who aspired to nothing beyond domestic subjects. One of the points touched upon by Lord Elcho was the investiture of the Academy with the power of putting a veto on discreditable public monuments. Had his lordship consulted the Academy on the subject, he would have learnt that there was no desire on the part of the body to raise themselves to an eminence so bad. It is most desirable that something be done to amend the quality of our public statues; but it does not seem to be understood that they all result from subscriptions set on foot by irresponsible committees, without taste, knowledge, or experience.

We propose in our next number to examine what was said in the House of Commons on the 26th of July, on the subject of the frescoes.

OBITUARY.

HENRY LE STRANGE, ESQ.

EARLY in last month, very suddenly, at his residence in London, died Henry Le Strange Styleman Le Strange, of Hunstanton, in the county of Norfolk, Esquire, the representative of one of the oldest of the old English families whose names are inseparably associated with the history of England, and a true and faithful lover of Art, though not by profession an artist.

For many years Mr. Le Strange had taken an active and yet a most unostentatious part in the revival of the Arts of the middle ages, when he voluntarily took upon himself the onerous task of painting with his own hand the ceiling of the nave of Ely Cathedral. To this great work the lamented gentleman zealously devoted himself, and for several years he has laboured most assiduously, either in studying the early authorities which he regarded as guides, or in the actual execution of his own designs. Unhappily, Mr. Le Strange has been called away in the prime of middle life. He was a man to have been valued and to be lamented in every capacity. As an amateur artist, he has been permitted to execute a lasting memorial of himself in one of the noblest of those grand relics of the old Gothic architecture which he loved so well; and he has left behind him an example of practical devotedness to Art which may serve to excite many to follow where he so resolutely led the way. Mr. Le Strange's painting at Ely will always be regarded as one of the most successful, and also as one of the most suggestive and encouraging of the works that have hitherto been accomplished in cathedral restoration in England.

THE
PRINCE CONSORT MEMORIAL.

IN the *Art-Journal* for the month of June it was briefly stated that all idea of erecting an obelisk as a memorial of the Prince Consort being abandoned, the subject had been referred to a committee of some of our principal architects, to consider what form it was most desirable the national tribute of respect should take. A somewhat voluminous correspondence has taken place between the committee appointed by the Queen, the members of which are the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Clarendon, Sir Charles Eastlake, and the Lord Mayor, and the committee of architects, composed of Messrs. Tite, M.P., S. Smirke, R.A., G. G. Scott, R.A., J. Pennethorne, T. L. Donaldson, P. C. Hardwick, and M. D. Wyatt. This correspondence was formally laid, at the commencement of last month, before the Memorial Fund committee, at a meeting at the Mansion House. From these papers we append some extracts, to enable our readers to comprehend the position in which the matter stands at present.

Acting on suggestions made by the Royal Committee to the committee of architects—the nature of which we shall presently refer to—the latter body, in a letter addressed to Sir C. L. Eastlake, dated June 5, say, after some consideration of the objections to other forms of commemoration:—

"With reference to a memorial composed of one or several groups of sculpture, surmounted by a statue of the Prince, the following considerations arise:—If in the open air, considering the climate of this country, it must be of bronze; and if placed in Hyde Park, it must be upon a very large scale to be effective. We admit that bronze, in our climate, soon acquires a dark tone, injurious to the effect of a work of Art; but we are inclined to believe that there may be a mixture of metals that would acquire an agreeable permanent colour. Among the finest monuments of modern times, that of Frederick the Great in Berlin, and of the Archduke Charles in Vienna, have hitherto retained a rich, lustrous colour; or, as in the case of the Greek horses in Venice, the statue of M. Aurelius in Rome, and other classic examples, gilding, in particular parts, and under certain conditions, might be resorted to.

"Leaving for the moment these particular considerations, we proceed to point out the site which appears to us to be desirable for the monument itself, and the general mode of treatment we would recommend.

"We think, then, that the proper site is to be found by drawing a line from south to north, through the centre of the Horticultural Gardens, crossing the Kensington Road; and on the north side of which the ground rises sufficiently to Rotten Row to give the elevation required. At that point, an extent of nearly 1,200ft. may be obtained for entrances to the Park, for terraces, fountains, flights of steps, or inclines; and a depth (340ft.) sufficient for all purposes. In the centre of this area we would propose to place the memorial itself. If in bronze, this may be a group of statues, without a building; or, if in marble, with a building to protect them. . . .

"Having thus given our views of the site and character of the Prince Consort Memorial, we approach with much more diffidence the consideration of the question of some building to be erected, with a view to general usefulness, in order to carry into effect to a certain extent the frequently expressed wishes of the Prince, and particularly to realise his views as stated in his address at the opening of the Horticultural Gardens.

"It appears to us that, by the generosity of the nation, apart from the learned societies, Science and Art are provided for in the British Museum, the museum in Jermyn Street, and the schools at South Kensington. What seems to be wanted is some spacious hall and its necessary adjuncts, as a place for general Art meeting; or for such assemblies as are about to take place in London in connection with social science and its kindred pursuits. We have nothing in London for such an object like the great halls of Liverpool, Leeds, and Manchester.

"If these views are well founded, and would be received with public or national favour, we see no reason why the vacant ground at the back of the

Horticultural Gardens, south of the Kensington Road, as suggested by the Queen's committee, should not be a fitting site for such a building."

This communication was followed by a letter from the Royal Committee to her Majesty, dated June 27, stating, among much else, the reasons which induced the other committee to adopt the views expressed above, as having been recommended to them:—

"General testimony, and, above all, his Royal Highness's own public declarations and acknowledged views, tend to prove that there was nothing he had more at heart than the establishment of a central institution for the promotion in a largely useful sense of Science and Art as applied to productive industry."

After alluding to the purchase of the property known as the "Estate of the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851," the letter goes on to say:—

"The surplus funds of that Exhibition had, by the judicious counsel of the Prince Consort, been applied towards the purchase of the property referred to as a site for institutions intended to promote a special object, that object, as defined in the second report of the Commissioners, being 'to increase the means of industrial education, and extend the influence of Science and Art upon productive industry.'

"When we consider that the spacious site above mentioned was secured for this purpose by the Prince's foresight and decision, when we look at the useful and popular institutions which are already rising into importance in various parts of its area, and when we remember that the whole, with its present prospective national benefits, is the consequence of that first Great Exhibition which owed its success to his Royal Highness's wisdom and perseverance, we cannot but feel that such visible results constitute in themselves a significant and appropriate memorial to the Prince Consort; and that a monumental expression and record of his Royal Highness's admirable qualities could not be better associated than with so characteristic an example of their fruits.

"These convictions led us to regard the Estate referred to, with its actual establishments, considered as a whole, as the fittest institution with which a monument to the Prince could be connected."

On the 18th of July, Sir Charles Grey addressed, on behalf of her Majesty, a letter to the Royal Committee, giving the Queen's sanction to the general proposition:—

"Knowing the importance attached by the Prince to the establishment of some central institution for the promotion of scientific and artistic education, the Queen is much pleased by your recommendation that the personal monument to his Royal Highness should be in immediate connection with buildings appropriated to that object.

"Your report, therefore, suggesting the erection of a central hall as the commencement of such buildings, and in connection with the personal monument to be placed directly opposite to it in Hyde Park, meets with Her Majesty's entire and cordial approval; and should public support afford the means of giving effect to your recommendation, it will be far from being a matter of regret to her Majesty that the difficulties in the way of the original suggestion of an obelisk, as the principal feature of the proposed monument, were such as to lead you to counsel the abandonment of that idea."

The next step taken in the matter was an invitation on the part of the Royal Committee to the seven gentlemen forming the Architects' Committee, with the addition of Mr. Charles Barry and Mr. E. M. Barry, A.R.A., to submit designs for the proposed memorial, which should include a building, sculptures, garden fountains, &c. It is understood that Mr. Tite and Mr. Smirke have declined to compete. The designs are to be ready by December 1st, and *it is not proposed they shall be publicly exhibited*. We cannot understand the reason of this reservation; it looks as if some secret influence were already at work for evil. Surely the subscribers are entitled to know something of what their money is to pay for, either wholly or in great part; and if the committee are looking for any further increase of funds,—for the sum already subscribed, amounting to about £60,000, will

go comparatively but a little way towards the contemplated work,—they are doing just the very thing to stop the supplies.

Admitting the propriety,—and, indeed, we are well satisfied to know that the contemplated memorial is to be the combined labours of the architect and the sculptor,—of erecting a suitable, and, as we trust it will be, an elegant building to commemorate the worth of the lamented Prince Consort, and admitting also that the proposed site is well adapted for the purpose, we have yet not a little misgiving as to the issue, for there is something in the social atmosphere of Kensington likely to engender distrust; it is not healthy. We cannot, therefore, but look suspiciously on any project which even appears to bring the memorial within influences so unfavourable, and where self-interest and official jobbery join hand in hand. The South Kensington Museum requires no offshoot, such as, we fear, a "Hall of Science and Art" would become; neither is an edifice of this kind required by the public; for if erected, it would be practically useless as a place of general resort, because so far away from the immediate metropolis. Moreover, if the present picture gallery at the International Exhibition building is to be retained, as we suppose it is intended, there is already a hall suited for every purpose for which such a structure would be required.

Mr. Fergusson, the architect, has in a recently published book, attempted to restore the celebrated Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, and has appended to his volume an engraving of the building as he presumes it to have existed. Something of this kind, the interior of which should contain a grand monumental figure of the deceased prince, to which might from time to time be added statues of men illustrious in Art or science, would be, in our opinion, a most fitting tribute to the dead, a noble Walhalla, where, to speak metaphorically, the spirit of "Albert the Good" would be surrounded by, and associated with, men of like spirit with himself.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND,
AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—An exhibition of the works of students in the Edinburgh School of Art was opened in the month of July, and prizes were awarded. In the male section twenty-seven medals were distributed, with two awards to pupil teachers; in the female section, eighteen medals and five awards were conferred by the Department of Science and Art, in addition to prizes to the amount of £10, the gift of the Board of Manufacturers.

DUBLIN.—Mr. MacManus is about to resign the mastership of the Dublin School of Art, retiring on a pension, having been upwards of twenty years one of the masters of the department, first at Glasgow and afterwards at Dublin. Mr. MacManus is in the prime of life: it is not insinuated that he is unfit for, or has neglected, his labour; but he is one of the old *employés* of the department, whose engagement commenced when the School of Art was really and practically useful, and therefore does not now suit the autocrats of South Kensington, who want the place for some favoured dependant, whose claims will not need any test.

BRISTOL.—The annual distribution of rewards to the pupils of the School of Art in this city took place on the 30th of July. Mr. P. W. S. Mills presided on the occasion. It was the first public distribution that had been made, and the chairman alluded to the circumstance as one, not only politic in itself, but encouraging to the pupils. Twenty local medals, and seven other prizes, were awarded. After these had been handed to the successful competitors, the visitors and students were addressed by the newly-appointed master, Mr. J. A. Hammersley, on the value of such an institution in that large and populous commercial town. The Bristol school is, we regret to hear, in debt to the extent of £700.

NOTABILIA OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS.

Every nation is supposed to symbolise and to give a recognised expression to the idea of its nationality in its national flags. The flags of all nations, therefore, when brought together, constitute a gathering of national symbols which may claim to be regarded as peculiarly and most felicitously appropriate to an International Exhibition. And yet we are constrained to believe that but comparatively few persons form a just estimate either of what may be the characteristic distinctions of the flags of different nations, or of the deep significance of the present assemblage of flags beneath the roof of the Great Exhibition at South Kensington. The flags of all nations are arranged there in national groups; and these groups are mustered there, not merely to add a display of showy colours to the glittering scene around them, but as if to form, and to give the highest sanction to, a grand confederacy of the nations, under the one supreme banner which quarters the insignia of Art and Science.

The marshalling of the flags at the Great Exhibition denotes at once a peaceful alliance, and the honourable emulation of a friendly rivalry. No other motives than those which produced the Exhibition itself could have brought together, upon English ground, the groups of various flags that are so eloquent in their silence. Be it remembered that, unlike a pageant in which we ourselves display the flags of all nations in token of our friendly regard for all nations, these flags are displayed by the nations themselves, each one of them bringing to our country, and in their own national capacity displaying, their own flags, in token of their friendly regard for us, and also to declare that they severally and collectively share with us a common interest in the advancement of Art and science and manufactures.

We are not particularly famous here in Eng'land in our dealings with our own national heraldry. The respect that we feel to be due to the Union Jack, and which we insist should be rendered to that glorious ensign, we understand perfectly well; but who knows the history and the meaning of the Union Jack itself?

Very rarely do we make our own Union Jack with exact accuracy; and when we hoist it, we are very generally quite indifferent whether it is reversed or not, simply because it has not occurred to us that the flag has a meaning, and therefore that it has upper and lower extremities. It is not altogether clear, from the flags that appear in the Great Exhibition, whether foreign nations universally entertain more correct ideas with reference to their national insignia; but we are disposed to presume that, on the whole, the flags of all nations are blazoned faithfully, and that we may take the examples now in England as authorities. The Austrians certainly appear to differ slightly as to the colouring of their imperial shield, but this, perhaps, is only hypercriticism on our part; so we shall accept as true heraldry what all nations have sent to us as their national flags, and we shall always have in store for them a cordial welcome and an honourable reception, whenever they come, as they now have come, the ensigns of amity and good-will. And we will endeavour to learn what the several flags may be, and what each one may signify. We do know well the brilliant tricolour of France, that waves so proudly beneath the golden eagle; the tricolour of Italy, green, white, and red, we also know and honour; the tricolour of Belgium, black, yellow, and red, hitherto has been less familiar to us; the horizontal tricolour of Holland, red, white, and blue, we know comparatively well. Let us note down, or, better still, let us sketch carefully, in their proper colours, the horizontal red, and white, and red of Austria; the broad yellow band, between the two narrow red bands, of Spain; the blue and white, in vertical divisions, of Portugal; the white flag, with its black border, and black eagle with one head, of Prussia; the white cross upon red, of Denmark; the flag of the Swiss Cantons, with the white cross, cut short at its extremities; the white cross upon blue, of Greece;

the diagonal blue cross upon white, and the white, and red, and blue, in horizontal stripes, of Russia; and the complicated crosses of blue, and white, and yellow, and red, of Sweden and Norway. And we may also be careful to observe the flags of the Zollverein, giving due honour to the horizontal red and white of Hesse; and we may add to our series the flags of America, both north and south of the Isthmus; and, finally, to show that we appreciate the heraldic significance of the flags of other nations, we will endeavour, before another International Exhibition is held in London, thoroughly to understand our own national flags, whether they are hoisted to denote our distant colonies, or old England herself, here in her island home.

MUNDUS MULIEBRIS—AN ANCIENT ROMAN LADY'S JEWEL CASSET AND JEWELS.

Fashions in jewellery may change, but a love for jewels is an enduring passion, fixed, and indeed to all appearance innate, in the human heart. Every woman admires jewels, because she knows that they are the most precious of adornments for her own person: and because he instinctively regards them as pre-eminently the most becoming accessories of female beauty, every man admires them also. Accordingly, had the Koh-i-noor appeared in a Great Interprovincial Exhibition of the ancient Roman empire, held beneath the awning of the Coliseum, without a doubt the praetorians on duty would have found it both a delicate and a difficult task to control the ardour of the *gens togata*, as all, both the ladies and the gentlemen of old Rome, pressed forward in anxious eagerness to feast their eyes with a steadfast gaze upon the costly gem.

Under the fostering influence of this same love for jewels and jewellery, the arts of the goldsmith and the lapidary have flourished from the earliest ages of the world and amongst all races of men, and the degree of excellence to which these artists attained in remote periods is so extraordinary, that we ourselves regard their works with equal astonishment and admiration; and, while we examine their jewellery, we discover, in the midst of what before we had held to be at least semi-barbarism, the evidences of an advanced civilisation. The relics of their goldsmiths' work have taught us no longer to regard our Anglo-Saxon forefathers as a rude and uncultivated race, fierce indeed in war, but ignorant altogether of the softer arts of peace. Precisely in the same manner those earlier races who lived and died before Rome had won for herself a name in the world, vindicated their civilisation by bequests of their jewellery. The Etruscans, who flourished in that elder antiquity which preceded the era of Rome, were goldsmiths and jewellers under whom the most accomplished artists of imperial Rome might have reverently studied. And now, in this second half of the nineteenth century, ancient Etruscan jewellery is still held in the highest honour, as well in London and Paris as in the Rome that exists in the Italy of to-day.

Original examples of the goldsmith's work of the Etruscans and Greeks and Romans are not included amongst the components of the present Great Exhibition; but Signor Castellani of Rome has contributed a collection of works in the precious metals and of gems, all of them reproductions of existing *chefs-d'œuvre* of antiquity, which in interest, beauty, and true artistic power are second to none of the productions of modern Art. The typical object of the collection—a collection in itself—is a jewel casket of ivory and silver, decorated with ancient silver coins of the Julian family, and richly stored with such jewels as a Roman Julia might have set before her on her dressing-table in the palmy days of Rome. The artist has styled his work "*Mundus Muliebris*," a little female world, complete in all that a Roman lady might require, nay, that she might desire, whether for elegant utility or for splendid adornment. Casket and jewels are all perfect, as expressions of the Roman style based upon Etruscan models, and the execution of every object is as near to perfection as human skill may aspire to accomplish. The casket contains a wreath of golden olive leaves, bracelets, a comb of gold and ivory, six hair-pins of various devices, a series of rings and ear-rings, numerous fibulae, a patrician *aurea bulla*, a lapis-lazuli case

for paint, and a wedding brooch inscribed VBI. TV. CAIVS. IBI. EGO. CAIA. This exquisite jewellery may be truly said to write, in a graphic style peculiar to itself, a chapter of Roman history in letters of gold. It is a vivid, visible, tangible commentary on Horace and Juvenal and Tacitus, such as may be pronounced unique: and while thus holding up the mirror to the inner life of the patrician Romans of antiquity, this casket also significantly suggests the unity of sentiment and feeling that in so many matters of universal interest is common to the people of every nation and of all time.

The Roman lady's casket is accompanied by cases filled with jewellery, all by Signor Castellani, in the ancient Greek and pure Etruscan styles. There are also other cases of ancient Roman jewellery, and of similar works reproduced from the finest and most characteristic examples of early Christian, Byzantine, and Anglo-Saxon Art. They are worthy to be associated with the casket.

AMBER ORNAMENTS.

Amongst the numerous collections of peculiar interest which appear in the different departments of the Zollverein, the amber, both in its native masses, and cut into various ornaments by Herr Carl Friedman, possesses strong claims upon our attentive consideration. The special object of the exhibitor has been to collect together specimens of the curious substance which has attracted his regard, in all the varieties of aspect, and hue, and condition in which it is found; and certainly so complete and so instructive a collection of specimens of amber never before was submitted to our notice. Some of the pieces are very large, while others which are smaller exhibit a remarkable diversity of colour and of structural peculiarities. There are two principal groups, to the one or the other of which all the varieties of amber may be assigned. The one group comprises the transparent ambers, which vary in colour, through every shade of yellow and orange up to the darkest red, and include specimens that are as clear, and almost as colourless, as rock crystal; while the opaque and translucent ambers, which range in hue from a milk-white through yellow and brown to black, constitute the second group. The two varieties that are most highly prized are the cloudy, yellowish-white, translucent amber, and the light and brilliant transparent yellow—the *amber* amber. It is supposed that these differences of colour have arisen from the presence of certain organic substances in the mass of the amber, or from the different conditions under which the resinous deposits may have originally hardened. Exposure to sunshine, and even to the common light of day, darkens the hue of amber, and changes white amber to yellow, and yellow amber to brown and red; but these transmutations are only superficial, so that the original colour of the amber may be restored by removing the discoloured surfaces.

Amber is a resin, and it was deposited freely by one of the pines distinguished, from its peculiar qualities, as *succinifer*—the amber-bearer, from the Latin *succinum*, "amber," the *Eernstein* of the German, and the *ἤλεκτρον* of the Greeks. The Greek name has evidently been derived from the quality of amber to become negatively electric by means of friction. This deposit, in addition to utility for decorative uses, is distinguished for the singular part which it enacts in disclosing the long hidden history of the early ages of the earth. The amber is found to contain both animal and vegetable remains, about which the resin, when in a liquid state, flowed, and which it enclosed within its own substance as it gradually indurated and assumed the new condition of solidity. Bubbles occasioned by the presence of either water or air are also apparent in the solid amber. These remains embedded in amber extend and corroborate the lessons that are to be read in the rock deposits of geological strata, and they declare to what remote period the amber itself must be assigned. The principal supplies of this beautiful substance are furnished about the Baltic coast of Samland, and particularly between Palmnicken and Gross Hubeurken; it also occurs, though in much smaller quantities, at the mouths of the Oder, and still less frequently it is found in Lithuania, Poland, Lusace, also in

Saxony, Mecklenburg, and Holstein, while a few specimens sometimes are washed up upon the English coast of the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. The richest beds on the Baltic coast lie at different levels, partly above and partly beneath the sea. Like other resins, amber is a chemical compound of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen; it burns readily, emitting a pleasing odour. By distillation, at a low temperature, succinic acid is obtained, and a fragrant oil, there being also a carbonaceous residuum which is well calculated to produce a fine black pigment. It must be added that the amber which is found at a distance from the sea, and sometimes is dug out from mines, is commonly in much larger masses than the marine amber, and is covered with a rough crust. Amber has nearly the same specific gravity as water, its average being 1.08.

Amber was well known to the ancients. It is correctly described by both Aristotle and Pliny. As early as 330 B.C., Tycheas, of Massilia, undertook a journey to the amber regions of the Baltic; and it has even been supposed that the Roman road which traverses Silesia, was constructed with the special view to afford facilities to the amber trade. In the middle ages, though but little was understood respecting its true history, amber was held in high esteem. In our own country amber, jet, and coral appear to have taken rank together. Thus, in the inventory of the more valuable effects of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, taken in the year 1322, amongst others of a somewhat similar nature, are the following items:—*le peyre des Paternoster de Aumbrre; ij peire des Pater Noster, lun de coral, lautre de Geet.* About the middle of the eighteenth century, the nature and origin of amber were again investigated by careful inquirers; but it was not until the present century had made a considerable advance, that two German savans, Berendt and Goppert, searched out and exhausted the subject, elucidated the history of amber itself, and described with minute exactness the amber deposits.

NEEDLES AND FISH-HOOKS.

The series of cases which almost exclusively contain needles and fish-hooks, demand their own share of attention amongst the *notabilia* of the Exhibition, though certainly it would be but an empty compliment to engrave a specimen or two of either variety of their contents. Redditch, near Birmingham, is the locality which produces these two distinct yet closely allied manufactures, and Redditch is most honourably represented at South Kensington by the collections of their productions which are severally exhibited by the Messrs. S. Thomas and Sons, Milward and Sons, Mogg, Boulton and Son, Townsend, and Turner,—the Messrs. Townsend exhibiting fine varieties of steel wire springs with their needles and fish-hooks. The case that is by far the most remarkable of the group, and which may fairly be selected for especial notice, is that of Messrs. Thomas and Sons. It is a truly remarkable production, as well for its contents as for the manner in which they have been made to produce an elaborate and beautiful decoration. In the first place the actual manufacture of the needles is illustrated by means of sixteen distinct collections of examples of the progressive operations of the manufacturer. First, there is the coil of fine steel wire; then the attention of the visitor is attracted onwards through the following series of objects:—the wire cut in “lengths” for two needles, these lengths “straightened,” then each length “pointed” at both ends, “stamped” for the formation of the eyes, “eyed,” “spitted” through the middle of each length, “filed,” “divided” to produce two needles from each length; next the divisions are “re-filed,” “hardened,” “ground,” “blued,” “drilled,” “scoured,” and finally they appear “finished” as perfect needles. Thus this collection carries the observer on from step to step, and practically familiarises him with the manufacture that takes so important a part in universal industry.

The fish-hooks are exhibited in heaps, tempting indeed to every piscatorial eye, and they exemplify every possible variety of the delicate yet formidable implement that seals the doom of the finny races. The progressive stages of this fish-hook manufacture, however, is not illustrated in the same manner as in the instance of the needles. The fine temper of the steel must be assumed,

but the exquisite workmanship that has wrought these slender yet strong and sharp instruments is palpable enough, and commands the warmest commendation.

The entire back of this costly case, which is made to slope backwards from its base upwards, is decorated with the rays of star-like figures formed in part entirely from needles, and in part from both needles and fish-hooks in combination. The effect is truly admirable, and shows what may be accomplished from such apparently impracticable materials. This case ought certainly to be finally deposited in a permanent museum of the national manufactures of England.

VEGETABLE IVORY.

This substance is the albumen (perisperm) of the seed of a small species of palm growing in the valleys of the Andes, whence it is now imported in very considerable quantities into this country. Humboldt first drew attention to its hardness and whiteness, and the uses to which it is applied by the natives of the districts in which it grows. It is called the “nigger’s head tree,” on account of the form and size of the large, black, drupaceous fruit in which the seeds are contained. The fruit consists of several cells, in each of which is contained four seeds. The seeds are covered by a tough, fibrous testa, which, on being removed, exposes the albumen, which represents the soft meat of the cocoa-nut and the seeds of other palms. At one end of the seed is a little cell, in which is enclosed the embryo, that seems to germinate without effecting any change in the condition of the hard mass by which it is surrounded. This is not the only palm whose seeds are hard enough for the uses of the turner, although the only one which is employed extensively for this purpose. The botanical name of the plant yielding these seeds is *Phytelphas Macrocarpa*, and the order to which it belongs is that of *Palmæe*. It is a good substitute for ivory, and far surpasses it in colour, being of a delicate, transparent white, which, however, is apt, we believe, to lose its purity after a time. The Indians cover their cottages with the largest leaves, and the English manufacture all kinds of fancy articles of the nut. In the department of animal and vegetable substances, Class IV., in the International Exhibition, is, among other objects made of this nut, a Temple of Art, not unlike a Chinese Pagoda, in the construction of which nearly two thousand separate pieces of the nut were used, all worked in the lathe. A prize medal has been awarded for it to the artist and turner, Mr. B. Taylor, of St. John Street Road.

ATKINS’ GLASS CIRCULATING FOUNTAINS AND CARBON FILTERS.

The group of objects exhibited by the Messrs. Atkins, of Fleet Street, stands alone, and in its own class is without any rival in the entire Exhibition. Pure water needs not to have its value demonstrated; but filters capable of producing the element in a condition of absolute purity must always most justly claim to have their worthiness made known, and their important services understood and appreciated. The moulded carbon filters exhibited by the Messrs. Atkins have been proved to be perfect in their action, and, consequently, they occupy a place of honour, as a just recognition of their peculiar merits. But, in the Great Exhibition, these filters appear in association with a series of glass tubes, through which the pure water from the filters is forced in an ever-flowing stream, the sparkling element being intermixed throughout its entire course with globules of atmospheric air.

The circulation of the water through these tubes in an aerated condition ensures for it a permanent freshness and an untainted purity; and, at the same time, the fountain-like tubes, which are made to assume the graceful and also the fantastic curves and combinations of true water-jets, are pleasing and attractive objects, and capable of being adapted to a great variety of decorative purposes. These filter fountains have already been executed both in considerable numbers, and on an important scale; and a variety of designs, all of them adapted to certain constructive materials, have been prepared expressly for these curious and unique productions.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

Engraved by E. Brandard.

VENICE is almost as familiar to the eye of the Englishman, even if he has never visited the city, as our own metropolis. There are thousands better acquainted with what skirts her canals than with what stands on the banks of the Thames; with the palaces reflected in her clear waters, than the warehouses, and factories, and marts of business, which rise on each side of our own noble, but foul and dingy, river. They could describe the Dogana with greater readiness, perhaps, than the Custom House near London Bridge; the Campanile of St. Mark’s just as well as the Monument, and the Ducal Palace is no more strange to them than the Houses of Parliament. For the knowledge which the untravelled have thus acquired they are indebted to the artist; not alone to Canaletti, the old painter of Venetian scenery, whose pictures, or copies of them, meet the eye in every shop, both in London and the large provincial towns where a picture-dealer is to be found, but to the British artist, with whom Venice has, for many years past, been a prolific subject of representation. Turner, D. Roberts, Prout, Harding, E. Cooke, Holland, and many others of less reputation, are the men who have combined to render Venice so present to us.

Turner painted two or three views from almost the same point as that from which this picture is taken. It is in the possession of Mr. H. A. J. Munro, who is also the owner of several fine works of this artist. The Grand Canal, from its breadth, the general busy occupation of its waters, and the magnificent edifices lining its banks, offers the finest view of the city within the limits of her walls, so to speak, which the artist can find. A more comprehensive view would be taken from the Lagune. Turner painted his picture in 1835. The portion of a building seen on the right is part of the church of Santa Maria della Salute, with the magnificent flight of steps leading to it; beyond is the Dogana; almost opposite is the Ducal Palace, flanked by the pillar, with the Lion of St. Mark, and backed by the Campanile. The canal is covered with gondolas and gaily-dressed shipping, as on some festal day. Turner has given to the scene its brightest aspect; arraying the old decayed city in a garb of many-tinted colours, such as she may have worn when “Dandolo or Francis Fascari stood, each on the deck of his galley, at the entrance of the Grand Canal. That renowned entrance—the painter’s favourite subject; the novelist’s favourite scene—where the water first narrows by the steps of the church of La Salute.” With what truth and beauty of expression does Mr. Ruskin speak, also, of Venice in her present decayed and fallen condition:—“Yet the power of Nature cannot be shortened by the folly, nor her beauty altogether subdued by the misery, of man. The broad tides still ebb and flow brightly about the island of the dead, and the linked conclave of the Alps know no decline from their old pre-eminence, nor stoop from their golden thrones in the circle of the horizon. So lovely is the scene still, in spite of all its injuries, that we shall find ourselves drawn there again and again at evening, out of the narrow canals and streets of the city, to watch the wreaths of the sea-mists weaving themselves, like mourning-veils, around the mountains far away, and listen to the green waves as they fret and sigh along the cemetery shore.”

It is well that Art has the power to rescue from oblivion what time is gradually destroying. Pictures, certainly, perish with lapse of years, but engravings are, or might be made by reproduction, almost immortal; and if this art, as it is now practised, had been known two thousand years ago, we probably should see, in our own day, what Rome, and Athens, and Corinth, and Jerusalem were in their highest state of grandeur, while the Venice of four or five centuries back would be as familiar to us as the Venice of to-day. Modern Art is bequeathing to a far distant posterity a legacy such as no generation has left behind it since the world began.



E. BRANDARD. SCULPT.

J. M. W. TURNER. R. A. PINX.

THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF H. A. I. MUNRO, ESQ.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

The prizes of the Art-Union are now being exhibited in the rooms of the Society of British Artists. They number one hundred and one, of which the principal are—'Bed Time,' A. Hughes, £200; 'Rotterdam,' G. Jones, R.A., £100; 'Salvator Rosa in the Abruzzi,' C. Vacher, £100. These are the three principal prizes; the next are four of £50, being—'Morning on the Usk,' H. J. Boddington; 'A Stitch in Time,' J. Hayler; 'Carting Timber in the New Forest,' W. Shayer; and 'Sunshine' (marble bust), W. Brodie. The next in amount are six of £50, six of £40, &c. &c.; hence it will be seen that the amount apportioned in prizes is less than last year.

Referring to what the society has done and is doing, it will be remembered that a premium of 100 gs. was offered for the best series of designs in outline illustrations of "The Idylls of the King." Mr. Paolo Priolo was the successful competitor, and his designs are now exhibited with the prizes. These will form a volume, to be presented to subscribers for the current year. Of these there are six devoted to Enid, four to Vivien and Merlin, four to Elaine, and two to Guinevere. The artist has not done ill to look at the arrangements of certain of the old masters, though this in outline is more apparent than when the composition is full. The two of these which will perhaps strike the observer more than any other, are founded on the lines—

"And bore her by main violence to the board,
And thrust the dish before her, crying—"Eat!"

Again—

"And Arthur spied the letter in her hand,
Stooped, took, broke seal, and read it."

The commemoration of David Cox by the Art-Union will be a challenge to public taste. Cox's drawings will look as well in etching as in the originals, if they are not spoilt by a too careful execution. Never, since the days of Rembrandt, has there been anything so dreamy in the way of landscape attempted upon copper. Mr. E. Radclyffe is the etcher; he must be prepared for much severe criticism if he do not succeed in working down to the airy, mysterious, inimitable freedom of David Cox. It is now proposed that 'The Dancing Girl,' by W. C. Marshall, R.A., shall form the principal prize in the distribution of 1863. This statue, the result of a competition proposed by the association some years ago, is valued at £700. It is in the International Exhibition, and will be the most worthy prize that will ever have been given by the Art-Union.

The number of water-colour prizes is twenty-eight, and there are two pieces of sculpture and bas-relief, 'The Fall of the Rebel Angels,' by R. Jefferson, of which a certain number will be given as prizes this year.

PICTURE SALES.

THE collection of ancient pictures, belonging to the late Sir Arthur I. Aston, G.C.B., was sold last month, by Messrs. Churton, of Chester, at the family mansion, Aston Hall, near Warrington, Cheshire. It contained a few good works, but none of a very high class. The most important were—'St. Francis at his Devotions,' a large gallery picture by the Spaniard Zurbaran, 180 gs. (Agnew); 'Interior of a Stable,' a small canvas, A. Cuyp, 136 gs. (Agnew); 'Portrait of D. Andres de Andrade y la Cal, with a huge Mastiff-dog,' a very fine example of Murillo, 450 gs. (Agnew); 'View on the Grand Canal, Venice,' large, Canaletti, 300 gs. (Johnson); 'Portraits of General Pareja and his Wife,' a pair, by Murillo, 320 gs. (Atkinson); 'A Rabbi,' Rembrandt, 106 gs. (Agnew); 'Interior of a Picture Gallery,' Teniers and Gonzalos, 125 gs. (Agnew); 'View of Haarlem,' Ruysdael and E. Van der Velde, 105 gs. (Grundy); 'Sea-Shore, with Barges,' Van Capella, 122 gs. (Agnew); 'Virgin and Child,' Murillo, 100 gs. (Agnew); 'Landscape, with Cattle and Figures,' Bassano, 92 gs.; 'Landscape,' small cabinet size, Wynants and A. Van der Velde, 95 gs. (Agnew); 'St. Paul Reading,'

Murillo, 100 gs.; 'Battle-Piece,' De Louthembourg, 90 gs.; 'Halt of Cavalry,' Casanova, 150 gs.; 'Fox-hunting,' Snyders, 162 gs. The three last-mentioned pictures were bought by Messrs. Agnew and Sons, who, it will be noticed, were large purchasers: several other works, which we do not find it necessary to specify, were also knocked down to them. A series of forty-five water-colour drawings in a portfolio, by West, copies, on a reduced scale, of the principal pictures in the Madrid Gallery, sold for 390 gs., and a splendid Limoges enamel, representing Marcus Curtius leaping into the gulf in the Forum of Rome, after Raffaele, realised 315 gs. (Russell). The sum for which the whole were sold amounted to 5,145 gs.

A portion of the well-known collection belonging to Mr. B. G. Windus, of Tottenham, was recently sold by Messrs. Christie and Co., and created much interest, from the fact that some of the great Pre-Raffaellite pictures were included in it. Here, for example, were Mr. Millais's 'Isabella,' sold to Mr. White for 650 gs.; his 'Mariana,' knocked down to the same buyer for 365 gs.; and his 'Ophelia,' bought by Mr. H. Graves for 760 gs. Mr. Holman Hunt's 'Scapegoat' was purchased by Mr. Agnew for 495 gs., and the original sketch for the picture fell to Mr. White's bidding at the sum of 149 gs. Two or three minor works of Mr. Millais's were in the sale—'Wandering Thoughts,' 125 gs. (White); 'The Bride,' 52 gs.

Mr. F. Leighton's 'The Garden of Pagano's Inn at Capri' was bought by Mr. Colnaghi for 80 gs., and three studies of heads, by the same painter, were disposed of at the following sums:—'Tolla,' 130 gs.; 'La Nanna,' 100 gs.; and 'Stella,' 70 gs.; they were all purchased by Mr. Agnew. The names of Turner, MacIise, Stothard, Egg, Madox Browne, A. Hughes, and Holland appeared against other pictures, but the prices these works realised do not warrant especial mention.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE OFFICIAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—Twelve Parts have been issued; the thirteenth (to complete the work) will appear in due course. In December, 1861, the Royal Commissioners announced their intention to publish an "ILLUSTRATED" Catalogue; it was only reasonable to expect that it would be of such a nature as to confer honour on them and on the country: it was no speculation, for each person was required to pay the sum of five pounds for each page he occupied, and to supply engravings (if he desired any) at his own cost. On their side, the Commissioners pledged themselves that 10,000 copies should be circulated (the word they used is "issued"), and an additional 10,000 for every five additional pounds paid. How far this part of the contract has been fulfilled it is not for us to say; but those who have paid the five pounds per page under such guarantee of "issue" of 10,000 will have to ascertain if faith has been kept with them; we do not assert that 10,000 have not been printed, but that one thousand have not been sold we are very sure. We believe, indeed, that not one in ten of the exhibitors, and not one in one thousand of the visitors to the Exhibition, have ever seen this "Official Illustrated Catalogue." Whether, under these circumstances, the Royal Commissioners will consider themselves bound in honour to return part of the five pounds paid—for value that has not been received—remains to be seen. But there is a question of still greater importance, which will, in all probability, be determined in a Court, or in Courts, of Law. The Royal Commissioners, in order to render this official catalogue *illustrated*, advertised that such persons as furnished wood engravings, at their own proper cost, might have them inserted—paying also for the space they occupied; but it is especially provided that such woodcuts or engravings must "be approved by the Commissioners." Many manufacturers ordered, therefore, engravings—to be engraved under the sanction of the Commissioners—and they have been called

upon to pay for them prices one hundred per cent.—often two hundred per cent., and sometimes three hundred per cent.—beyond the cost of such engravings, or, at all events, beyond the cost at which they might have been procured. These charges are in many cases disputed—rightly and justly disputed—and there is little doubt of actions being brought and defended. Several communications on this subject have been made to us. Take one example: a printed page of the "Official Illustrated Catalogue" is before us: the charge for drawing and engraving the cuts therein is £24. We do not hesitate to say that any respectable engraver would have produced this page (drawing and engraving) for the sum of £5, or, at most, £6, and have done the work far better than it is here done. Now, we shall probably be told that the Royal Commissioners have assigned this "job" to some one, and do not hold themselves responsible for charges that will receive, in a court of justice, a name which we do not like to use. But who is responsible?—the work is issued by, and is the property of, the Royal Commissioners; upon faith in them the contracts were made: if they are not responsible, nobody is.* If it had not been announced as *theirs*, published by them, and for their advantage, and not for that of any speculator, no pages would have been taken. The work was, and is, theirs. It was announced by them as one of the sources of profit to the Exhibition, and of distinction and honour to the exhibitors. If they have not seen that it was rightly and creditably and honourably done, they have failed of their duty, betrayed their trust, and—probably a court of law will say—"defrauded" the exhibitors who purchased pages of the catalogue. If they receive the profit of £100, £200, or £300 per cent. on the engraving, what word shall we apply to describe a transaction so—"one-sided?" We call upon the Royal Commissioners to explain this matter; and we advise those who have purchased pages, or ordered engravings, to ascertain before they pay what value they have received, or are to receive; and if they have paid exorbitant charges, to take such steps as will compel the Commissioners to refund. The Official Illustrated Catalogue may be examined at any of the book-stalls in the building; perhaps this notice may induce many persons to look over the twelve Parts; they will thus ascertain of how little worth to an exhibitor the page would be under any circumstances, and how he is likely to estimate the value of the article, who has to pay £30, £40, even £50 for a single page in a book that is utterly useless for any good purpose, but which might have been, and ought to have been, a noble record of a great assemblage of glorious works—engravings of which might not only have honoured their producers, but have been useful and productive teachers in all the countries of the world for many years to come.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Her Majesty's sanction has been given to the following resolution of the Council of the Royal Academy:—"That it is considered desirable there shall be an Honorary Retired class of Academicians." Such retired Academician is to receive an honorary pension of £100 per annum; retaining the title R.A. Vacancies thus created are to be filled up. This is, unquestionably, a judicious move. No doubt it is the precursor of other reforms in the institution, which ought to originate with the members, and not to be the consequences of pressure from without.

FOUNTAINS.—It is proposed to raise by subscription moneys to purchase the two fountains now in the Horticultural Gardens at South Kensington—we presume, for the Gardens. We learn from the *Athenæum*, that the value put upon the

* "All matter or engravings intended for insertion in the body of the Catalogue must be sent in to the Secretary of Her Majesty's Commissioners, F. R. Sandford, Esq., 454, West Strand, before the 1st of February, 1862, after which date no alterations or fresh insertions can be guaranteed."—Extract from the *Prospectus of the Official Illustrated Catalogue issued by the Royal Commissioners.*

"Advertisements will be inserted in double columns in each Part of the Illustrated Catalogue, of which it is guaranteed that 10,000 copies shall be issued."—*Ibid.*

smaller fountain is £3,500—a pretty reasonable sum for a work in cast-iron! whatever its merits may be, and they are certainly great.

THE ART-COPYRIGHT BILL.—This bill has passed: it received certain alterations and improvements in the House of Lords, and is now "the law of the land." In some respects, it is undoubtedly a considerable benefit to artists and to Art; it effectually gives the artist power to punish forgers of his pictures. But it provides also that he shall make no "replica" (even in part) of his own work, having disposed of the copyright of such work. With respect to such disposal, he is at liberty to sell or to retain copyright; but such sale, or such retention, must be in writing; if not, the copyright vests in neither, or rather neither possessor nor painter can use it, unless the one obtains the consent of the other. In all cases, to secure copyright, there must be "entry" of the same at Stationers' Hall. The following clause is the key to the Act:—"The author, being a British subject, or resident within the dominions of the Crown, of every original painting, drawing, and photograph which shall be or shall have been made either in the British dominions or elsewhere, and which shall not have been sold or disposed of before the commencement of this Act, and his assigns, shall have the sole and exclusive right of copying, engraving, reproducing, and multiplying such painting or drawing, and the design thereof, or such photograph, and the negative thereof, by any means and of any size, for the term of the natural life of such author, and seven years after his death; provided that when any painting or drawing, or the negative of any photograph, shall for the first time after the passing of this Act be sold or disposed of, or shall be made or executed for or on behalf of any other person for a good or a valuable consideration, the person so selling or disposing of or making or executing the same shall not retain the copyright thereof, unless it be expressly reserved to him by agreement in writing, signed, at or before the time of such sale or disposition, by the vendee or assignee of such painting or drawing, or of such negative of a photograph, or by the person for or on whose behalf the same shall be so made or executed, but the copyright shall belong to the vendee or assignee of such painting or drawing, or of such negative of a photograph, or to the person for or on whose behalf the same shall have been made or executed; nor shall the vendee or assignee thereof be entitled to any such copyright, unless, at or before the time of such sale or disposition, an agreement in writing, signed by the person so selling or disposing of the same, or by his agent duly authorised, shall have been made to that effect. Nothing herein contained shall prejudice the right of any person to copy or use any work in which there shall be no copyright, or to represent any scene or object, notwithstanding that there may be copyright in some representation of such scene or object." Every artist, or person interested in this issue, should obtain a copy of the Act, and study it. There are some parts that are not altogether clear—which seem, indeed, to us contradictory—and we shall take an early opportunity of obtaining an "opinion," for public guidance. On the whole, it cannot but be regarded as salutary, and much needed. It leaves the artist free to sell with reservation or without it, and in like manner the purchaser to buy. Especially let it be remembered, however, that it is now enacted that "no person shall fraudulently sign or otherwise affix, or fraudulently cause to be signed or otherwise affixed, to or upon any painting, drawing, or photograph, or the negative thereof, any name, initials, or monogram," under heavy penalties.

THE EXHIBITION AND ITS ADVERSARIES.—Several unseemly squabbles between the Royal Commissioners and their "patrons," the public, have taken place at the Great Exhibition. They are such as must make foreigners laugh, for they are thoroughly English. "The Great Umbrella Cause" is, perhaps, the most renowned of these cases; but there are others that will be written in the book of the chronicles of the year 1862. It is certain, however, that they arise less from a desire to maintain a supposed right, than from a disposition to oppose the Commissioners by any means that present themselves. Instead of a desire to ease their duties, assist their movements, and facilitate

their progress to a prosperous issue, there seems a general resolve to impede them in every possible way. And this lamentable fact must be traced to their evil management of one of the greatest and grandest opportunities ever presented for promoting public good: they seem able only to spoil whatever they touch. They have created universal discontent. The five noblemen and gentlemen, with their Viceroy, Mr. Henry Cole, appear incapable of taking a large view of anything; the great, and high, and holy purpose of the Exhibition—to promote peace and goodwill, to establish harmony between the people of all nations, and to make the one a willing teacher of the other—has been utterly lost sight of. Foreigners speak of our doings at South Kensington with undisguised contempt; our own manufacturers, almost universally, express dissatisfaction in strong terms. The natural consequence is, that wherever there is a chance of annoying the authorities, it is taken advantage of. No one supposes that the gentleman who "went to law" for his umbrella did so to save his penny: it was to mark his condemnation of a principle, and to uphold another principle. He would have done nothing of the kind, however, if he had not felt assured that the popular feeling was with him. Such blots will not be erased from the books that record the issues of the year.

THE PRINCE CONSORT TESTIMONIAL.—The *Saturday Review* publishes an article under the title of "Dunning Letters," severely commenting on the steps that have been taken by the Society of Arts' secretaries to force moneys out of people and parishes to augment the Prince Consort Testimonial Fund. Not only have clergymen been called upon to apply the pressure, every officer in command of volunteers was served with a summons "to give his men an opportunity" of contributing; but as the result was by no means satisfactory—producing nothing—they received reminders in the shape of a circular as follows:—

House of the Society of Arts, Adelphi, London, W.C.,
July 3, 1862.

SIR,
We beg to call your attention to the published lists of subscriptions to the National Memorial to the Prince Consort. We take this opportunity of reminding you that we had lately the honour of addressing you, and we should be obliged if you would inform us whether you have thought it advisable to take any steps to afford the men under your command an opportunity of joining in the National Memorial.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your very obedient servant,
ST. ALBANS, Chairman.

This is sadly humiliating: it is really too bad that the begging-box should thus be sent round, that the honored memory of the Good Prince should thus be made auxiliary to a job. We presume that colonels of volunteers and rectors of parishes will be now required to hold the subscription list for a Testimonial in one hand, and that for starving cotton-spinners in the other.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF MEDALS.—This ceremony is, it appears, to take place—when the Exhibition is over. It is to be a grand "field day." Any person may be present who is willing to pay twenty shillings for the privilege of admission to the desolate building; including, we presume, recipients of the medals. The "mentions," not being tangible like the "bronzes," are not to be distributed on that grand and interesting occasion.

THE REPORTS OF THE JURIES are to be published but not by the Royal Commissioners. The publication of such a body of thought and results of labour as we presume them to be, is, perhaps, the only boon of value which the Commissioners could give to the world, as the issue of the Great Exhibition. It might live when their five names are forgotten. Consequently, they have declined the work; whether because involving some hazard of pecuniary loss, or with a view to create a "job" for the Society of Arts, we cannot say. The Society of Arts, are, however, to be the publishers and the proprietors; and have announced the volume as in preparation at the price of ten shillings to "members of the Society, jurors, and guarantors"—to all other persons fifteen shillings.

THE JURIES AND THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Some members of Juries intend to ask by what right the Society of Arts is to publish the works upon which they have laboured long, and which contain a vast amount of thought and knowledge? Under

what circumstances do they become the property of the Society of Arts? It is a serious question, and may be put in the Court of Chancery.

REWARDS TO THE JURIES.—We did the Royal Commissioners injustice in describing them as having "presented" to each member of a jury a copy of the book that contained the names of exhibitors who were honoured with medals and "mentions." Such members as required the book had to pay five shillings for it. The whole of its contents, was, however, published the day after it appeared, in the *Daily Telegraph* at the price of one penny. Under such circumstances the commissioners might as well have "assumed the virtue" of liberality by giving away the volumes, instead of keeping them to become waste paper.

THE HOUSES OF "THE DEPARTMENT."—It is understood that the houses now building in Cromwell Road, opposite the International Exhibition—at the cost of the country—are for the accommodation of Messrs. Cole, Owen, Redgrave, and Robinson—and their families!

LESSING'S 'MARTYRDOM OF HUSS.'—This picture, which has deservedly acquired a high reputation in Germany, has been for some time exhibited at the Egyptian Hall. The execution of Huss took place at Constance on the 6th of July, 1415. He was burned alive, and his ashes thrown into the Rhine. The spectator is at once struck with the firm tranquillity with which the artist must have worked out his subject. The whole is broad, quiet, and deep. On the one side, among the friends of the martyr, all impulse is sunk in settled grief, and on the other (for the friends and the enemies of the great reformer are in separate aggroupments), the violence of rage has settled into an expression of deadly hate. The picture is worked throughout with great earnestness and a professed disregard of anything like pride of execution. The variety of characters present an epitome of the religious history of Germany during the early part of the fifteenth century.

THE WHOLE OF THE GRATES, &c., manufactured and exhibited by Messrs. Stuart and Smith, of Sheffield, at the International Exhibition, have been purchased by Messrs. Hodges and Sons, of Dublin. It is a most beautiful collection, and supplies the strongest evidence of British progress in productions of wrought and cast iron; each of the objects is an example of the purest taste and the best manufacture. The series is very varied in several styles, for drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, halls, &c. It is known that the most competent artists are employed at this renowned establishment, which has maintained its justly earned fame during a long series of years. It is especially gratifying to know that in Dublin there is a firm so enterprising as to make this extensive and costly purchase. Messrs. Hodges are the largest ironmongers of the Irish capital. During a recent visit to the city we inspected their establishment, and found ample proofs of the intelligence by which it is directed in all its many and comprehensive departments. They are advancing the Art-love and the taste of Dublin, and are, therefore, of its true patriots. We rejoice to record this among other evidences that Dublin is maintaining a position side by side with that of London.

HAYDON'S PICTURE, 'Punch,' is become national property, by a bequest of the late Dr. Darling. It was painted in 1829, and is thus mentioned in Haydon's notes:—"Yesterday, when I rubbed in 'Punch,' my thoughts crowded with delight. My children's noise hurt my brain. At such moments no silence is great enough, but I am never let alone." Poor Haydon! He was always casting about for sympathetic effects apart from his labours. The picture is at Kensington. It is worked out in that free manner on which Haydon never refined; and to see this painting were enough to enable a close observer of Art to arrive at the conclusion that its author was more accustomed to deal with large pictures than small ones. There is, perhaps, more patience in the small picture, 'Reading the Times,' or even in the 'Mock Election'; yet the subject has interested the painter, otherwise he could not have carried it out with such plenitude of character. But the marvel is that Haydon could condescend to 'Punch,' with a mind so full of high aspiration.

A STATUE OF SIR HUGH MYDDELTON, executed by the late Mr. John Thomas, was inaugurated—to use a term much in vogue now—by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the 26th of July. The figure is of colossal height, and represents Sir Hugh in the costume of his period, the latter part of the sixteenth century, with badge and chain, holding in his left hand a plan of his great work, labelled with the words “New River.” The statue is of white Sicilian marble, and stands on a pedestal of grey Devonshire granite, near the new Agricultural Hall, Islington. The front of the pedestal bears the following inscription:—“Sir Hugh Myddelton, born 1555, died 1631.” Beneath this is a drinking-fountain of Portland stone, having two cupids, partly draped, and their heads wreathed with bulrushes; they are seated on pitchers, from which water is poured into basins of pure Sicilian marble—the material also used for the cupids. The entire work has cost about £900, the expense of the statue being defrayed by Sir Morton Peto, while the other liabilities were paid for by public subscription.

THE LATE REV. JOHN HAMPTON GURNEY.—At the meeting of the committee, held some time since, for the purpose of selecting designs for the two memorials about to be erected by public subscription—one in St. Mary's Church, Bryanston Square, of which the deceased gentleman was rector, the other in St. Luke's, Nufford Place, both in the parish of St. Marylebone—those by Mr. E. J. Physick, sculptor, were unanimously adopted, and the commission given for their immediate commencement. These designs can be seen by subscribers and friends, in the studio of the sculptor, 136, Marylebone Road.

MR. BENSON'S WATCHES.—We committed last month a serious error, in describing the watches contributed by Mr. Benson, of Ludgate Hill, as of Swiss manufacture. We believe nine out of ten of the decorated watches sold in England are so; but those of Mr. Benson are British in make and ornamentation, designed for, and manufactured by, him. They are externally quite as pure in Art as any that have been imported (designed, in two instances, by students in the Art-schools), while there can be no question that the “works” are of far higher and better character than those in the watches imported. It is greatly to the credit of Mr. Benson that he has thus successfully competed with the Swiss on ground they have hitherto almost exclusively occupied.

THE SINGING BIRD AT THE EXHIBITION.—On one of the stalls in the Swiss court is a small singing bird, the machinery of which is so managed that the bird sings a very sweet song at the bidding of its master. There were so many applicants for the music that the proprietor announced the song must be paid for; consequently whenever any person was willing to pay five shillings, the surrounding crowd participated in the enjoyment. The money, however, was not retained by the proprietor; it was all handed over to the fund now raising for the distressed weavers in Lancashire, and on the 8th of August he had paid over to the Lord Mayor no less a sum than two hundred pounds and eleven shillings, collected in seventeen days, for which he holds his lordship's receipts. On the 8th of August orders were suddenly issued by Mr. Sandford to stop the singing; the cause assigned being that some of the paint had been rubbed off a gun-carriage placed next the little singing bird's stall. Five shillings, *i.e.* the price of one song, might have restored the paint, or the gun might have been moved a yard farther off. But the financial results of the great International Exhibition of 1862 received no benefit from the singing, and so the music has ceased.—Since this was written, the Royal Commissioners have recalled their order; public opinion was too strong for them; the little bird is, therefore, again in full song.

METROPOLITAN SCHOOLS OF ART.—The annual distribution of prizes to the students of the Female School of Art was made at the institution in Queen Square, in the month of July, when Professor Donaldson presided. Four national medallions, twenty-nine local medals, and twenty other prizes were awarded, and five pupils were named as being entitled to free studentship. Professor Donaldson and the Rev. Emilius Bayley, rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury, respectively addressed the meeting. We feel sorry to hear

that the numerous appeals made for the purchase of a suitable building for the school, have not yet resulted in obtaining a sum sufficient for the purpose.—The committee of the Finsbury School of Art met at the school-room in William Street, on the 18th of July, to present the prizes awarded by the Department of Science and Art to the successful students: five medals, two honourable “mentions,” three prizes, and thirteen certificates of merit were distributed among the claimants.

THE BANQUET given at Willis's Rooms on the 18th of July, to M. Gallait, the distinguished Belgian painter, was, in some measure only, a success. Earl Granville presided, and several of our leading artists were present; but had other eminent foreigners who were then in London been included among the invited guests, there would, undoubtedly, have been a much larger and more important gathering.

MR. JOSEPH DURHAM has received a commission from the corporation of London to execute a bust in marble, of the Prince Consort, as a companion to that of the Queen by the same sculptor, which Alderman Sir F. G. Moon presented to the city a short time back.

A PHOTOGRAPH PICTURE, one of the best of its kind we have ever seen, has been produced by Mr. A. Brothers, of Manchester. It represents the interior of the drawing-room of Mr. Fairbairn, LL.D., F.R.S., president, in 1861, of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, for whom the work was executed. Assembled in the room are upwards of twenty of the principal members of the association, among whom are conspicuous Mr. Fairbairn himself, Sir Roderick Murchison, Lord Wrottesley, Sir David Brewster, Professors Airy, Sedgwick, and Willis, General Sabine, and others. The whole of the portraits, which, we understand, were taken separately, are admirable, and they are grouped together very artistically. The picture stands out with great force and vividness.

BLENNHEIM PALACE.—Mr. George Scharf, F.S.A., has published, through Messrs. Donell and Son, of Charing Cross, a catalogue of the fine picture galleries in the Duke of Marlborough's mansion at Blenheim. The list is accompanied by a short but comprehensive comment on, and description of, each picture, with an account of its history where this could be satisfactorily determined; and as the catalogue appears “by authority” of the noble owner, every visitor to the gallery should possess it ere he enters the apartments, to serve as a useful guide. It is stated that the profits arising out of its sale will be applied to charitable purposes, including the fund of the Artists' Benevolent Society. We wish it abundant success, as much for its individual value as for the pecuniary results which may arise out of the sale.

‘THE WORSHIP OF BACCHUS.’—A large picture under this title is now being exhibited in Wellington Street, Strand. It is scarcely necessary to say that it is by George Cruikshank, and it has occupied him a great portion of the last two years—perhaps more. When, indeed, we assign such a term for the execution of such a work, it were complimentary to any other artist. Mr. Cruikshank, with much of his material on paper, and the whole of it in his mind, may have got through such a labour in the time, though it is not so much impressed with signs of haste as with those of impatience, for he had much to deliver himself of, and accordingly it is a discourse under many heads. The picture in size is thirteen feet by seven and a half, and contains not less than a thousand figures grouped in episodes of which the universal moral inculcates the severest form of temperance. Every point of the narrative is purely English; and Mr. Cruikshank, in setting forth his views, is more of a Bunyan than a Hogarth. At the base of the composition is shown the part played by wine and beer, at all sacred and social ceremonies. There is a marriage in high life, the time chosen being that at which is drunk the healths of the bride and bridegroom; in contrast to this is a marriage in low life with an extravagance of brutal excess; there is a kind of gipsy christening, in which the drunken mother drops the child from her lap; a funeral, at which the mourners console themselves with the bottle; a cadet takes leave of his family, and wine assuages the pang of parting. The church does not escape, for we see the “horrible abyss of ruin and disgrace

into which ministers and preachers fall and sacrifice themselves at the shrine of Bacchus.” Then there is a *fête champêtre* “in aid of those by gin and beer made homeless and destitute;” a railway accident, of course through the drunkenness of the engine-driver. All convivialities are unsparingly shown up. City feasts, charitable dinners, festivals clerical and judicial, mess-tables naval and military, and, descending in the scale, the riot of the canteen, and the sailors' beer-houses; then on one side the court-martial and the triangles, and on the other also a case of punishment, and all hands piped up. This remarkable work is unquestionably the highest and most impressive moral and social teacher the age has produced, and there is no saying to what a large reformation it may lead. The vice of intemperance is the terrible vice of the British islands. This is not the place to quote what has been said of the curse by statesmen, judges, coroners, physicians, jailers, and all persons whose duty it has been to inquire concerning the origin, progress, and consequences of sickness, sorrow, and crime. George Cruikshank has been one of the great apostles of temperance: in this truly great and valuable picture he has eloquently preached a thousand sermons to the understanding and the heart.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE AND ITS GARDENS.—Each succeeding year brings with it fresh attractions to the Crystal Palace, in the advanced growth of the various trees and plants, both within the building and throughout the gardens. This year the palace and its gardens are truly charming, their own intrinsic beauty being also in no trifling degree enhanced through involuntary comparison with Captain Fowke's Great Exhibition edifice, and the flat, formal, and treeless gardens of the Horticultural Society which adjoin it. The policy of the Directors this year has wisely been to leave the Palace itself to rely almost exclusively upon its own attractiveness, without constantly repeated exhibitions and concerts, which, however attractive and popular in themselves, always suggest that, deprived of them, the Crystal Palace would scarcely expect large assemblages of visitors. We have always advocated what we may term a self-reliant system in the administration of the Crystal Palace, which would regard shows, concerts, *et id genus omne*, as strictly secondary and subordinate to the Palace itself; and at the same time would hold forth the Palace, with its courts and collections, its plants, and trees, and flowers, and fountains, as the finest and most attractive exhibition in the world. We rejoice to know that the present has been the most successful season that the Crystal Palace has ever experienced. The combinations formed by the varied foliage and the flowers with the sculpture and the architectural courts, beneath the glass vaults of the Palace, are not only eminently beautiful in themselves, but they also abound in precious suggestions for artists, in endless diversity. The beds of flowers, also, in the gardens, afford studies of colour in broad masses such as might elsewhere be sought in vain. The unrivalled series of borders that stretch along the entire extent of the upper terrace, with their splendid chord of scarlet, pink, crimson, and orange, and their rich masses of green, ought to be seen and studied by every painter. The same may be said with equal justice of the concentric circles of glorious colour that encompass the rosary; of the isolated circular beds that are scattered over the grass-plats, like blazing studs of jewels; and the ranges of other gem-like beds that appear as if they were strung together, and so twine themselves about the slopes in apparently interminable numbers. And then, should the fountains suddenly spring up in the sunshine, and add their sparkling beauties to the scene, with their fresh rush of aspiring waters and their iridescent gleams of spray-bows, truly the Crystal Palace may boldly assert that no reputation to which it may attain can exceed its real merits.

THE WORCESTER PORCELAIN WORKS.—The remainder of the beautiful and valuable stock of the Worcester Porcelain Works is about to be entirely “cleared off,” at the London establishment, 91, Cannon Street. Many of our readers may thank us for directing their attention to the subject.

REVIEWS.

THE HISTORY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS; From its Foundation in 1768 to the present time. With Biographical Notices of all the Members. By WILLIAM SANDBY. 2 Vols. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

Till within the last century England held no place in Europe as a land where Art could by any possibility flourish; she was regarded as beyond the pale of æsthetic influences, as unable to comprehend as to appreciate them. But the light, which during so many years illumined only the nations of the Continent, rose higher in the horizon, and dispersed its beams over the waters that divided us from them, till they settled down bright and enduring upon our own country. And perhaps the annals of Art show nowhere such rapidity of progress as among us, nor such a varied development; half a century is a comparatively short time for a school of Art to become firmly established and to be universally acknowledged as deserving the name in its highest acceptation; and yet those few years sufficed to give birth to a race of men whose works in every department, so far as the demand gave opportunity, may take rank with the greatest of their continental predecessors, and whose mantle has fallen upon the shoulders of a younger generation worthy of wearing it.

How far the Royal Academy has assisted to produce such a result is a debatable question, one long discussed, and which has never had so much prominence given to it as at the present time. We have ourselves taken part in the controversy, "nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice," we trust, but acknowledging the benefits this institution has conferred upon Art and artists, and, at the same time, pointing out the defects of its administration, and showing how, with the means at its command, so much more good might, and ought to, have been effected. The Academy has long been on its trial before the tribunal of the public; and if a verdict altogether adverse to it has not been pronounced as yet, there is, undoubtedly, sufficient evidence of an unfavourable nature to warrant the special commission before which it is to be summoned and put on its defence.

The publication of a voluminous history of the Royal Academy at this particular juncture, would, if written impartially, and with a due sense of what a history of such an institution ought to be, have been of essential service. But Mr. Sandby's volumes have no such claims; he is a partisan of the Academy, though every now and then an observation escapes from him, showing that he sometimes thinks all is not quite as it should be. His bias appears very early, for in the preface, speaking of the attacks made upon the institution, he says he has written in the hope that, "by giving a simple record of the facts relating to its career in the past, I might remove some of the unkind and undeserved opposition to which it has been exposed in the future." The book, in truth, is far less of a history of the Academy than a biographical dictionary of the individual members, more than three-fourths of the entire two volumes being appropriated to this purpose, and the historical portion, such as it is, being little more than what has been already written by others at different periods within the last forty years and previously. We find no new views propounded, either upon the Academy itself nor what such an institution ought to be as a great national school of Art.

To reply to any of the arguments brought forward by Mr. Sandby as the advocate of the Academy, such as the extension of its members, its course of instruction to students, the source and appropriation of its funds, and other matters, would only be to repeat what has already been published in our columns. Nothing that he advances alters the opinions we have formed and frequently expressed, that while the majority of its members are, individually, men of whom the country may well be proud, and who have given her an honourable position among the nations of the world, collectively they have not done all they have had the power to do to advance the interests of British Art.

It would only have been an act of justice to those publications from which Mr. Sandby acknowledges himself indebted for much of the information detailed in the biographical notices, had he mentioned the sources whence it was derived. The series of papers, for example, which has appeared in the *Art-Journal* during the last four or five years, under the title of "British Artists," &c., has, evidently been largely consulted, and yet not the slightest allusion is made to them, though out of sixty of these papers already published more than one half refer to members of the Academy, all, with three or four exceptions, yet living, or who were living when the memoirs were written; and inasmuch as in almost

every instance these biographical sketches are submitted to the artist before publication, to avoid any misstatements or errors of date, their accuracy, thus far, may be relied on. We have searched in vain through Mr. Sandby's book for any recognition of the aid afforded him by our pages, but can find none, except in the memoir of Mr. Redgrave, where mention is made of the short autobiographical letter written for us by this gentleman many years ago.

Considering that Mr. Sandby has had the advantage, as he tells us, of consulting without reservation, the records of the Academy, and that every facility has been afforded him by the individual members for the prosecution of his work, it was reasonable to expect a very different kind of book from what we have. While according to the author his due meed of praise for the industry employed in collecting his materials, we cannot avoid expressing disappointment at the way in which he has used them.

ISCA SILURUM; or, An Illustrated Catalogue of the Museum of Antiquities at Caerleon. By JOHN EDWARD LEE, F.S.A., F.G.S. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

This book is the work, evidently, of a zealous and enthusiastic antiquarian. The author fills the post of Honorary Secretary of the Monmouthshire and Caerleon Antiquarian Association. In the latter town—one of very ancient date, and in early times the Roman station of *Isca Silurum*—is a tolerably extensive museum, chiefly of Roman antiquities, but containing also a few Celtic remains, some fragments of early Welsh crosses, and numerous objects of mediæval date, and of a still later period. It says much for Mr. Lee's love of the pursuit, as well as for his diligence, when we find here more than fifty illustrated pages—a large proportion of which shows several objects on each separate page—executed, as he assures the reader, by himself, being either transfers from his own etchings, or having been drawn direct upon the stone by himself. It was a mistake to place these at the end of the text; they should be, so far as practicable, by the side of the descriptions, to admit of easy reference. The volume possesses more local than general interest, but is in every way creditable to the author, as an antiquarian, and an artist professing to be only an amateur.

BRITISH BIRDS IN THEIR HAUNTS. By the Rev. C. A. JOHNS, B.A., F.L.S. With Illustrations on Wood, Drawn by WOLFF, Engraved by WHYMPER. Published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London.

Yarrell's "History of British Birds" has long been, and in all probability will long continue to be, a text-book with ornithologists. But its comparative costliness places it out of the reach of many who desire to study the subject of which it treats. A volume such as Mr. Johns' will, therefore, be appreciated by the lover of natural history. Under a systematic arrangement of the *genera* of the feathered tribes, every bird, we believe, known in Britain, whether it be naturalised, or only a temporary sojourner among us, is brought into notice, its character and habits are described, and in most instances it is excellently illustrated. It seems, from what the author remarks, that the catalogue of birds found in England is, from one cause or another, constantly receiving additions, numerous "strangers," especially from America, having been discovered here within the last few years.

This book is one of the many really useful works issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, which does not limit its publications to those of a strictly religious character. It is very carefully printed, handsomely bound, and is altogether a most presentable volume.

A MEMOIR OF THOMAS BEWICK, written by himself. Embellished with numerous Wood-Engravings, Designed and Engraved by the Author for a Work on British Fishes, and never before published. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London; WARD, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Considerably more than thirty years have elapsed since the veteran Thomas Bewick, who is entitled to be called the father of modern wood-engraving, was laid in his grave, and now we have his autobiography made public by his daughter, it is presumed, at whose request it seems to have been written, as the author expresses himself, "after much hesitation and delay." From the date at the head of the first chapter (1822), Bewick must have commenced his literary labours about six years prior to his death, and when he had nearly reached his seventieth year.

In the paper which appeared in our July number, on "Block-printing," reference was made to the

works of Bewick, as having laid the foundation of that excellence to which the art of engraving on wood has since attained. But he must not be looked upon only as a mere pioneer, for among his numerous illustrations of objects of natural history, are many which have never been surpassed in more recent times, for truth, delicacy, and brilliancy.

Bewick was a thorough artist, earnest in the prosecution of his work, and devotedly attached to it; a truly honest man, though possessing some peculiarities of character and disposition. His memoir is a plain unvarnished tale, such as might have been expected from one of his stamp, who was not so absorbed by his daily avocations as to be unmindful of what was going on in the busy world around him; so that, mingled with his own personal narrative, he gives us his views on many of the great political and religious questions of the day, and even on the social habits of his countrymen. And really, there is no little good sense and sound judgment manifested in much that he says; though we may not be prepared to accept all his doctrines as infallible, nor himself as the regenerator of our national and social defects. He was a skilful angler, too, and talks learnedly about fishing; and there is a chapter giving excellent advice to artists as to the best way of preserving their health, with here and there a hint about their studies. "Had I been a painter," he says, "I never would have copied the works of 'old masters,' or others, however highly they might be esteemed. I would have gone to Nature for all my patterns; for she exhibits an endless variety, not possible to be surpassed, and scarcely ever to be truly imitated. I would, indeed, have endeavoured to discover how those artists of old made or compounded their excellent colours, as well as the disposition of their lights and shades, by which they were enabled to accomplish so much and so well."

If our space permitted, we might extract numerous passages of interest from this book, as amusing and agreeable biographical record as ever came before us; we must, however, rest contented with warmly commending it to the notice of our readers, whether artists or not. With respect to the new illustrations of fish, if they do not appear, so far as our recollection extends, equal to Bewick's birds and quadrupeds, they are certainly not much inferior to them.

DOUBTFUL CRUMBS. Engraved by THOMAS LANDSEER, from the Picture by Sir EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A. Published by FORES & Co., London.

Few who saw Sir Edwin's picture in the Academy Exhibition of 1859, can have forgotten the magnificent mastiff, sleeping with his paw on the bone off which he has dined, and the hungry-looking puppy standing by with wistful gaze on the remnants of the feast. The painter's brother has certainly made from this subject one of his most successful engravings. The mastiff's head is really wonderful in power, expression, and foreshortening; the texture, too, of the skin is excellent, and the forepaws of the huge animal are as "furry" and soft as the living creature's. The half-famished pup is little, if at all, inferior to its companion in truth of representation—a real canine mendicant at the rich dog's door.

PORTRAIT OF RICHARD COBDEN, M.P. Engraved by J. H. BAKER, from a Drawing by L. DICKINSON. Published by J. L. FAIRLESS, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A suitable companion to the portrait of Mr. John Bright, by the same artists, published some months ago. The likeness is good, and the engraving soft and delicate. Mr. Dickinson's free, yet finished, style of drawing in chalk, is well imitated in Mr. Baker's stippling.

WHERE DO WE GET IT; AND HOW IS IT MADE? A familiar Account of the Modes of Supplying our Every-day Wants, Comforts, and Luxuries. By GEORGE DODD, Author of "The Food of London," &c. &c. With Illustrations by WILLIAM HARVEY. Published by JAMES HOGG AND SONS.

Among the many books now or lately published to initiate young folk into the art and mystery of what they eat, drink, wear, and daily see about them, this may hold a good place. It comes, moreover, at an opportune time, when the great gathering of every kind of product, natural and manufactured, in the International Exhibition, is directing the attention of multitudes to the varied applications of man's knowledge, skill, and industry, to his necessities and enjoyments. Mr. Dodd has written a kind of miniature cyclopædia of such objects, not in alphabetical order, but classified. His descriptions are to the point, and made quite intelligible to the comprehension of the young.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



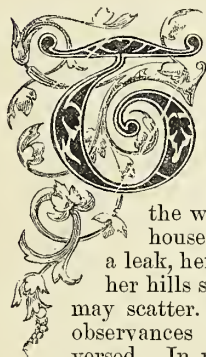
LONDON, OCTOBER 1, 1862.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,
1862.

No. V.

PART I.—PICTURES OF THE DUTCH, RUSSIAN,
SCANDINAVIAN, AND SWISS SCHOOLS.

DUTCH SCHOOL.



HE heraldic device of one of the Dutch provinces is a lion swimming, with the motto, "I struggle to keep my head above water." Holland, it has been said, is a bark which the waves have cast ashore, her houses cabins which may spring a leak, her fields the slime of ocean, her hills sand-mounds which winds may scatter. The ordinary laws and observances of nature here seem reversed. In no other country does the keel of the ship float above the chimney, or the frog, croaking among the bulrushes, look down upon the swallow on the house-top. As is the land, so are its inhabitants. The fishiness of the site has been supposed to give to its people a certain "oysterish eye," with a corresponding flabbiness of feature and complexion. And thus Voltaire, with his usual wit and spleen, took leave of this exceptional territory and its not very ideal inhabitants, in these sarcastic words:—"Adieu! canaux, canard, canaille."

Perhaps never was a national Art more true to the circumstances of its birth. A small Dutch panel picture is cribbed, cabined, and confined. Its mountains are molehills, its rivers canals, or even ditches; its single tree a pollard willow, such as Paul Potter was wont to paint; its more clustering woods arranged by the plummet and line, in rank and file, rows and avenues. Its meadows, however, are creamy and buttery; its cattle fat; and its peasantry such as Teniers and Ostade loved to paint—happy in their beer, and merry in their jokes. Fuseli writes—"The female forms of Rembrandt are prodigies of deformity; his males are the crippled produce of shuffling industry and sedentary toil." Rembrandt, indeed, avowedly painted up to an anti-ideal standard, and was accustomed ironically to call the pieces of rusty armour, and the articles of fantastic furniture, from which he drew, his true "antiques." Yet, we need scarcely say that the caricature of Dutch Art must not be pushed to the sacrifice of truth and justice. Reynolds, who was committed, not to Jan Steen, but to Michael Angelo and Titian, still admits that "Painters should go to the Dutch school to learn the art of painting, as they would go to a grammar school to learn languages." The skilful management of light and shade, the art of colouring and composition, and indeed

all the technical and mechanical elements in a picture, the painters of the Netherlands, both now and heretofore, seem thoroughly to have mastered.

Singular is it to see how closely the modern pictures in the Dutch division of the International Exhibition follow upon the manner of the painters of the seventeenth century. In size these works are small; in colour, dim, dusky, and dull; in subject they are "conversation" or "genre": cavaliers reading a despatch, mothers playing with children, ladies seated in a drawing-room, or standing at shop counters bartering for silks. Thus, Bles paints some brilliant little gems—"A Cradle Scene," "A Precocious Lovelace," and "The Grand-Children's First Duet," in a style somewhat between Gerard Dow, Terbourgh, and the French Meissonnier. Rochussen, in an exquisite miniature called "Hawking," adopts the manner of Wouverman, including the prescriptive white horse. Van Schendel, in several candle-light pictures, has copied in wavy softness the illusive effects of Schalken. Ten Kate, a well-known name, paints, in the small "genre" indigenous to his country, "Sunday Morning," and "The Surprise." Bosboom, in "Kitchen Interior of a Monastery," is master of minutest detail. Springer, in the painting of picturesque architecture, "A Church and Orphan-House at Leyden," is brilliant in the dazzle of sunshine. Some works, again, such as Jamin's "Confidential," Vetten's "Mother and Child," and Martens' "Reveries of the Toilette," betray a drawing-room high-life, an execution sharp and firm, a colour light, and even chalky, which are obviously allied to the French cabinet school. Israël's thrilling tragedy, "The Shipwrecked," admirable in pathos, yet bold in heroism, is also probably indebted to Gallic naturalism.

The Dutch, as we have said, are eminently both bucolic and aquatic, and so is their Art, even to this day. Roelofs' "Dutch Meadow" is a capital work, made out of usual Netherland materials—green, swampy pastures, cattle grazing, willow tree, a hedge, a ditch, a gate, water-fowl, and a cloudy sky. Stortebeker's "Landscape with Cattle" is thoroughly Cuyt-like, sunny, yet dewy and green. Similar subjects by De Haas and Mollinger also are true to the best traditions of the country. In the painting of a sandy, shoaly sea, the reverse of the deep blue of the Mediterranean, Dutch artists have been adepts since the days of Vander Velde and Backhuysen. Schelfhout's storm-tossed waves are studied with care, and painted with knowledge. But we would specially reserve praise for Van Deventer's sea views near Amsterdam—sky grey, crowded with action, cloud above cloud, strata beyond strata, each with a silver lining catching a sunbeam, the sea dancing in ripple, and sparkling with light.

The present collection affords no evidence that the grand portraiture of Vander Helst survives, and the semi-Italian style of Berghem and Both seems absolutely extinct. Space does not permit us to enter on further analysis of the modern Dutch school; safely, however, we may say that it is wholly severed from the so-called Catholic and Christian Art of Germany and Italy; that it ignores "Nativities," "Assumptions," and the like; and that it may be pronounced at once Protestant and plebeian, unimaginative, unæsthetic, and unideal. Yet in all these points, thoroughly honest and unaffected, the works of Holland have the merit of being eminently national—national, moreover, in allegiance to the traditions of a memorable history; true, from first to last, to the features and the genius of a country unexampled in Europe.

RUSSIAN SCHOOL.

We are told that the pictures of Raphael and of Titian are abominations in the eyes of a devout Russ, and that it is a mortal sin to place in an eastern church the work of a western artist. The Byzantine style of ancient Constantinople, and of more modern Mount Athos, enervate and corrupt, is still dominant in the so-called orthodox church of Moscow and St. Petersburg. The pictures most prized by the devout believer, both for the offices of worship and the efficacy of miracle, are not the offspring of genius, but the servile product of a sacred shop and a monkish manufacture. The prodigious number of works thus from generation to generation repeated by rote, is all but incredible. Thus Didron, the French archæologist, found in the holy Mount Athos 935 churches, chapels, and oratories, each covered with frescoes; and in a single monastery on the island of Salamis, were 3,724 figures, all the work of a native artist and his three pupils. M. Didron further testifies that he witnessed a certain monk Joasaph, with the aid of five assistants, paint, without cartoons or studies of any kind, Christ and the eleven apostles life-size in the space of one hour. Such works, strange as it may seem, are often potent to the conversion of souls. Pilgrims indeed are known to travel hundreds, and even thousands, of miles, to prostrate themselves before a single picture, though the work may have slight claim to be the offspring of St. Luke. The beauty of the figure, or the skill of the artist, it is found, has nothing to do with the purity of the believer's faith or the intensity of his devotion. A black Madonna, clouded with the candle-smoke of centuries, achieves more marvels than the masterpiece of Raphael. And thus the national Art of Russia, petrified under a prescriptive ritual, became lost in a dotage of dismal saints, or of stylite monks, living and dying on a column.

But Peter the Great came, altered the calendar, abolished beards, created a navy, reformed the Church, and made himself patron of literature, science, and Art. The savage czar of the north, we all know, travelled, and indeed not seldom toiled, in Holland, Sweden, Poland, Turkey, Prussia, Austria, Italy, and England: and hence Russia became at length an emporium of imported Arts and manufactures; and thus she adopted and copied in her new capital of St. Petersburg the civilisation and even the architecture and paintings of modern Europe.

The result is now before us in the picture galleries of the International Exhibition. As might have been anticipated, for originality we find imitation, and instead of the unity of a national and historic style, we have a discord, in which all the schools of Europe take common part. We incline to think the best pictures in the Russian collection are two portraits, "Catherine Moltchanof," and "Glaphyra Alymof," by Levitsky, in the style and of the time of our English Gainsborough. Then in the line of the sacred historic, Moller's "Preaching of St. John in the Island of Patmos," may be mentioned as a weak yet rapturous attempt after the post-Raphaelite manner. "Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane," by Bruni, has somewhat of the power of Sebastian del Piombo; and "Christ and Mary Magdalen," by Ivanof, is a doubtful compromise between nature and Raphael. Of schools expressly naturalistic, after the various phases long stereotyped throughout the other nations of Europe, examples are not wanting. Jacoby's "Lemon Seller," and "The Beggar's Easter-Day," are both vigorous and vulgar. Strashinsky's "Wallenstein" is history painted down to the level of silks, armour, and other properties, in a style inherited from the Dutch

Gerard Dow. Bogolubof is seen in sea-pieces after the manner of Backhuysen and Achenbach; and Meschersky's 'Storm in the Alps,' black in sky, frowning in mountain, and bristling in pine forest, is after the best manner of Düsseldorf landscape.

We welcome Russia on this her first appearance in the picture galleries of western Europe. Undeveloped resources, even in the domain of Art, lie within her territories. The Ural mountains, the sphere of Sir Roderick Murchison's geologic researches, the steppes of Siberia, the rigour and the grandeur of winter in the Arctic circle, possess a poetry which a patriotic painter should be emulous to depict. Russia has a vast field yet to cultivate in the future. She stands as the hero of the Slavonic races, and the champion of the eastern church, and from out her midst must yet arise an Art, consonant to her zone, her people, and her faith.

SCANDINAVIAN SCHOOLS.

Modern research points to ancient Scandinavia as a chief fountain whence has sprung the literature and Art of northern Europe, and the present remarkable collection of pictures is one proof among many, that Norse genius still retains its vigour and its life. Students have held with show of evidence that "The Elder Edda" of Iceland, "The Folks Saga" of Denmark, and the national ballads of Sweden and Norway, are the sturdy roots which have given growth to flowers blossoming with borrowed beauty in the fields of modern Europe. Where in Brittany or England sailors brave the stormy sea, we have the prowess of the old sea kings; when in legends survives the spell of Odin and Thor, with elves and sprites, we recognise the ancient sway of the Scandinavian mythology. The wild waves had beat on a rock-bound coast, icy winter lay her frozen hand upon mountain loch, the fierce storm swept the forest, yet the courage of the Northmen did not fail; their hearts beat warm, and melted into poetry, and burst into song. And now, after the space of one thousand, or it may be two thousand years, these nations come to our International Exhibition with an Art vital as the life-blood of their people.

For reasons political, and even artistic, the Scandinavian collection is divided into three nationalities—those of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. Denmark claims the distinctive honour of tracing her Art-pedigree through Thorwaldsen, the great classic sculptor of the north, and in Jerichau she still maintains these antique predilections. In the portrait of Thorwaldsen, by Eckerberg, we are carried back to the classicism of the French David, and in some few other painters are found a lingering reminiscence of Italy. For the rest, the Danish school is given over to an unromantic naturalism. Schiött's 'Dressing an Icelandic Bride,' and Simonsen's 'Swedish Betrothal,' startle by an uncouth and giant realism, repugnant to the æsthetic sense. Exner, himself a peasant, in his 'Close of a Feast' among Danish peasantry—music, dancing, and merriment, kept up till morning dawn—is simple, straightforward, and truthful. Such pictures are emphatically national, and in humble sense even historic. Dalsgaard's 'Itinerant Mormons seeking to make Proselytes,' may likewise claim interest as a singular episode in the history of Protestant Art. The interiors by Hansen could not be more detailed or brilliant; the flowers and fruit of Balsgaard, Hammer, and Grönlund, are worthy of a southern sun, and Sorensen, by virtue of his first-rate sea-piece, might have been marine painter to Canute the Great.

The pictures, however, exhibited by Denmark, scarcely sustain her acknowledged

reputation in science, literature, and Art. The native land of Thorwaldsen, of Oersted, of Worsaae, and of Hans Christian Andersen, is not justly represented by a school rude in untutored naturalism.

In Sweden, as in Denmark, classic and Italian schools of literature and Art have given place to Gothic freedom and power. Höckert's 'Fisherman's Hut, Lapland,' a young mother swinging her swaddled infant from the roof, the father mending nets, is rough in style, as the life depicted is rude. Larsson's 'Waterfall in Norway,' and Bergh's 'Old Mill, Sweden,' are grand in the physical features of a country given up to the wild fury of storm and mountain torrent. In ancient days, hordes from the inhospitable north poured down in devastating course upon fertile plains; and in more recent times, Gustavus and Charles spread terror by the bold stroke of a warrior arm. And now, when these Scandinavian people surrender themselves to the graces of the peaceful arts, they paint with the vigour of a hand which has swayed the sword, and they make, moreover, their simple canvas and out-spoken pictures tell of a mountaineer's love for his country and his home. Native literature, racy with the soil and true to the genius of its inhabitants, obtained in Fredrica Bremer and other writers its crowning triumph: and so the national Art of Sweden and of Norway finds in the pictures of Höckert and of Tidemand, Gude and Boe, world-widerenown. Foreigners will not readily distinguish between the Arts of these sister kingdoms united by government, kindred in race, and alike in natural lineaments. Yet we need scarcely say that the northmen of Norway are jealous of their separate nationality, and the effort they have made to bring together the present magnificent collection, shows that they will not readily merge their artistic existence. The pictures of Tidemand, 'Administration of the Sacrament to Sick Persons,' and other like works, have created surprise, indeed furor. Tidemand is the Wilkie and the Faed of Norway, painting the peasants of his country with a detailed truth that rivets every eye, and with a pathos which wins all hearts. He stands chief among the band of naturalists who, as we have said, constitute the strength of the Scandinavian school. Gude's mountains and lochs, Dahl's waterfalls, Morton Müller's pine forests, and Boe's sea birds, by the light of the midnight sun, all boldly wrestle with, and as it were subdue, a nature which seems ever ready to break loose into the regions of the supernatural. Many of these painters are of humble birth, peasants and sometimes sailors, who have left hard toil in the love and earnestness of their hearts. These men are born in a land where every village has its school, and even its newspaper, a country which knowing no law of primogeniture is in its fields and forests the common heritage of the sons of labour, a kingdom which has won free and popular institutions, and thus by purity of cause the native school of painting in the hands of a manly race, is bold, vigorous, and independent.

The Scandinavian pictures of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, did space permit, suggest interesting speculation. We have discovered in this northern Art nothing in common with the poetic imagination and the æsthetic beauty of southern Europe; we have found in it no allegiance to great masters, mediæval, mystic, or spiritual. But instead thereof we recognise Scandinavian Art as the exponent of modern, living, practical Protestantism, a school which forsakes the generic and the ideal, and thus has learnt how best to enhance the worth of man as an individual and a unit, and the power of nature as a pronounced reality.

SWISS SCHOOL.

The Swiss could scarcely fail to attain a national Art, by simply transcribing the natural characteristics of their country—mountain torrents, snowy fields, and rocky heights; pines, peasants, and herds of cattle; regions of trackless solitudes, infinite space; a land of cloud and storm, with a sky of gloom, mystery, and motion. Accordingly, Swiss painters, as Gabriel Loppé, boldly seize on a great subject like 'Les Grandes Jorasses, Le Jardin, and Le Col du Géant, from the summit of Mont Blanc,' and the picture is at once a poem and a phenomenon. Here we have a vast and waste snow-field, studded with bare black rocks, rising as rugged reefs from out a frozen ocean; a ravine plunges in the midst, whence, as from a caldron, rise the boiling mists. Zelger's 'Glacier of the Bernina' is minutely studied, and carefully painted, after the manner of the Düsseldorf school; the scene composed of the usual materials—boulders and torrent in foreground, pine forests in middle distance, and snow-capped mountains in the far and high horizon. Calame, of Geneva—one of the most poetic of the Swiss painters, rewarded in Paris, in 1840, with a medal of the first class, and created chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1841—has sent to the International Exhibition a carefully studied and smoothly painted work, 'The Plateau of the Righi.' 'Chamois Hunters Reposing,' by Meuron, has also the merit of being in theme thoroughly national. Mountains, half veiled in mist, reach into mid-sky; a valley of rocks, with here and there scanty pasturage, brings the spectator to the foreground. The banks of a crystal stream give to a group of chamois hunters, leaning on alpine-stocks, with the spoils of the chase at their feet, a moment's grateful repose. The picture is brilliant in sunlight. Switzerland, of course, does not possess any large, life-size style of historic or sacred Art, but yet she can show of her own a small domestic school, pretty and simple. Van Muyden's 'Children Playing round their Mother,' and Lagier's 'Sleep' and 'The Waking,' are pictures of trifling incident nicely handled, allied somewhat to French *genre*. Humbert's cattle are capital. His 'Mare des Fontaines, Vaudois Alps,' and 'Cattle on the Pastures, Bernese Alps,' are indeed first-rate.

In the present Exhibition we miss the pictures of Diday and Grosclaude, which told so well in the Exposition of Paris; yet, taken for all in all, the collection is creditable. Such a display goes far to remove a stigma, oft repeated, that the Swiss, living in the most poetic of lands, are the most prosaic of peoples. It were not, indeed, to be expected that Art, a creature of luxury, should blossom and bear abundant fruit in a sterile soil. The conflict for bare existence is too hard to permit mere pastime to the imagination. Mountains afford grand sketching ground for artists, but valleys are needed for studios, princes for patrons, and palaces to serve as regal galleries. Yet, notwithstanding these wants, Switzerland has been able to rear a national school of Art, reflecting the grandeur and the beauty of her country.

PART II.—WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL.

The truly national school of British water-colour paintings is usually classified under three or four divisions. The art is said to have first taken its origin from missal painting, in the use of opaque pigments, mixed or tempered with water, and hence called *tempera*. Paul Sandby often adopted this style,

as, for example, in the drawing 'Windsor Forest.' But, secondly, came another mode, termed stained drawing: the subject having been fully wrought in Indian ink, the local colours were finally washed or stained in. Ibbetson, Cozens, Girtin, Varley, and even Turner in his early days, all practised this manner, which may be taken for the style of the last century. With the dawn of the present arose the true glory of our water-colour school. For, thirdly, the blackness of Indian ink, and the thinness and poverty of a mere stained wash, were now superseded by the bold and immediate laying in of the local and actual colours of each object, the shadows being then added with the varied hues, incident to partial and reflected lights. In this vital transition to truth, brilliancy, and power, Turner led the way, and made himself supreme master of the consummate art. The resources of the method were by him and others—De Wint, Fielding, Cox, and Prout, chief among the number—fully matured. The purity and the transparency of the medium were preserved; the luminosity of the underlying white paper was retained; high lights were rubbed or sharply cut out; and tone, atmosphere, and texture attained by successive washes, abrasions, or even through stipplings and hatchings. Still it was probably felt that water-colours, even in this their integrity, purity, and splendour, lagged behind oil-painting in substance and power. Hence, lastly, the attempt to compete, by a revived tempera, with the famed discovery of Van Eyck. Highly elaborated drawings in the present Exhibition by Hunt, Cattermole, Lewis, Corbould, Branwhite, and the younger Warren, show, even to incredible perfection, the detail, the vigour, and even the solidity which the skilled intermingling of transparent and opaque processes may attain. We need scarcely say that each method has its inherent advantages, and each its inseparable defects. The present practice of the chief masters of the art, however, favours the blending of the two mediums, the one with the other. Absolutely to prohibit the use of opaque, especially in the lights, it is felt were to circumscribe the resources at command. Liquid shadows and loaded lights, with delicate transitions from each to each, combine, in contrast, variety and yet unity, the full opulence of the art. A wise painter knows how to adapt his means to the end he seeks; and hence the present collection of master works will prove that no method should be neglected which may enhance the ultimate effect.

The progress of water-colour landscape was rapid, and the golden mantle of romance from the first robed her genius. Reinagle's 'Villa of Mæcenat at Tivoli,' Robson's 'York' and 'Ely,' and Havell's 'Windsor on Thames,' and 'Mountain Scene,' glow in the dawn of a poetry which soon was to brighten into matchless splendour. Barrett had the vision of the eagle to gaze at the sun in the eye, till his mind lighted into fire. His 'Sunrise' and 'Sunset,' his 'Refuge from the Heat,' his 'Evening,' and classic composition, 'Temple by Sunset,' are ardent in the worship of Apollo, the god of day. These works serve as the herald to the genius of Turner, who took for his heritage the infinitude of the elements—earth, water, fire, and air. Turner, in the present Exhibition, is seen both in his literal truth and in his imaginative romance, in his early transparent treatment and in his opaque elaboration, in his first greys and in his closing glories, in his simple pastorals and in his subtle vignettes, holding companionship with the melody of verse. 'The Bridge of Sighs' and 'The Dead Sea' are symphonies in colour, and sonnets in symmetry of composition. 'Falls of the Clyde,'

a somewhat early sketch, is liquid in grey, and literal in truth. 'Sunset at Sea,' and 'Heidelberg,' blaze in the red and the yellow of raving delirium. In 'Tivoli,' bold imaginative creation triumphs in a grand composition of temples, stone-pines, and water-falls. And, finally, specially must be quoted 'Chryses worshipping the Setting Sun,' as the summary and consummation of a genius varied as nature, and resplendent as the heavens. The drawing by Pyne, 'Vale of Somerset,' continues the manner of Turner down to the present day.

David Cox had a calmer temper, and in most points comes after Turner, as a contrast. He is Constable in a water medium. His eye for colour was liquid in grey, his imagination cool as the dew of morning. Seldom did he take flight to dreamland; and the only grandeur in which he chose to clothe himself was the thick rough overcoat of a rainy day. The series of drawings by Cox in the International Exhibition are lovely, yet literal. They are as if nature's hand had blotted and blended the haze of the morning, the shadow of evening, with the verdure of spring, and thus forms become suggested in looming twilight and gathering mist. Meadows and moors float themselves in illusive mirage from landscape to paper, the simplest of subjects grow into indefinite grandeur, and the gentlest of poetry speaks from an English country lane, or the wildest of storms howls over a bleak Welsh heath. The numerous vignettes here brought together, apparently simple, are yet consummate in composition. 'The Hay-field' is a choice example of the greys, the greens, and the tender blues, which in these works play with everchanging but constant harmony. 'The Welsh Funeral' comes as the grandest development of Cox's latest or "blotisque style," for, like Turner, he grew garrulous, and his articulation towards the close of life had fallen sadly ajar, and his thoughts dropped from his pencil in formless shadows, altogether incoherent, and even unintelligible. With him well nigh died out the so-called pure unsophisticated English water-colour method, now, as we have already said, adulterated, and yet, as we think, enriched by liberal, or rather by judicious, mixture of opaque. Yet Bennett may be quoted as a painter after Cox's heart. His 'Heaven's Gate, Longleat,' a wide expanse of noble woodland, rises indeed from rural simplicity into imaginative grandeur. George Frizz, too, for the most part, adheres to the old method, and many of his drawings—'Lake and Fall of Ogwen,' and 'The Pass of Nant Frangon' among the best—gain accordingly a corresponding transparency in colour and harmony of tone. Copley Fielding, one of the purest and most beautiful among our water-colour landscapists, is, in the present Exhibition, inadequately represented, even by eight drawings; in the Manchester Art-Treasures were collected a threefold number of his sweetest and most poetic works.

Two other names in the same category remain to be mentioned, De Wint and Prout. The style of De Wint was remarkably bold, broad, and large. 'The Corn-field,' and 'On the Thames, Putney Bridge,' two remarkable works, are transparent and liquid in handling, richly varied in colour, the detail suggested rather than literally rendered. Prout had a method of his own, which sometimes indeed degenerated into mannerism. Precise accuracy, as found in Lewis, for example, he eschewed for the sake of the picturesque. A shaky, yet in its way a firm line, from a broad reed pen, stood for crumbling stonework. Venice, and the gable-ended towns of old Germany; Wurzburg, Nuremberg, and Ratisbon, were the sketching

haunts where his pencil loved to arrest the destroying hand of time. The antique buildings which he thus preserves to us may be received perhaps with some distrust by the architect, and with a little dissatisfaction by the photographer. Our requirements, indeed, have now grown exorbitant; yet must it, we think, be conceded to Prout that he came to the pictorial rescue of northern and domestic Gothic, even as Piranesi, in Italy, took under jurisdiction the classic antiquities of Rome. 'The Indianman Ashore' is in the London International, as it was in the Manchester Art-Treasures, Prout's noblest work. His style and sphere find disciples to the present day. Nash's 'Chapel of the Dukes of Norfolk,' Read's 'Interior of the Church of St. Lawrence, Nuremberg,' Louis Haghe's 'Roman Forum,' Holland's 'Rialto,' and Rayner's 'Baron's Chapel, Haddon Hall,' possess the power, the detail, the character, and the colour severally required in the treatment of these subjects.

The present school of landscape water-colours, like indeed all other schools, is divided between romanticists and naturalists. The romanticists love the ideal—give to hard, actual forms the soft witchery of beauty, and to cold fact the warmth of imagination and emotion. Faithful they are to nature, yet they see her in the frenzy of the poet's eye, and paint the outward landscape in colours which glow in the mind's fancied picture. The medium of water-colour, liquid and *spirituel*, is peculiarly facile in the translation of psychological conditions. The grosser material of oil can but embody in ruder guise the soul's fleeting visions, and we think it is now generally admitted that the poetry of Turner found upon paper, and not upon canvas, its purest expression. Among living idealists Pyne is most daring in flight, and it must be confessed that he sometimes loses sight of earth in his reveries among the rainbows. Palmer, too, is gifted with an imagination all afire, and has for years been concocting sunbeams in a crucible, till at length he has discovered the secret of the philosopher's stone, and thus sunshine glitters in his pictures as if the earth were cloth of gold. His 'Ballad' is a rapturous idyl; the singers seem peasants from Arcadia. Others of our painters do not so much create as select: imagination for them does not fashion anew, but is content to seek out and find its rhapsody in lands of mountain and lake, and of sunny and stormy sky. Richardson has long haunted the bays of Naples and of Salerno, basking in the sunshine, and bathing his works in the silver haze which lends enchantment to the sultry south. In 'Glencoe' he is grand in gathering mountain storm. Rowbotham, in 'Lago Maggiore,' is as usual sweet in the sentiment of colour, and true to the principles of balanced composition. Collingwood Smith is more scenic and dramatic; his clouds generally are in action, and his mountains are not content to abide in perennial placidity of sentiment. Gastineau, in such works as 'Glenarm, Antrim,' rejoices in the romance of sunny summer. Harding, who has long blended Art and Nature with unerring hand, shows in 'The Park' his habitual dexterity in treatment and brilliancy of execution. Jackson, in his 'Cumberland Tarn,' paints the still hour of nature awaking from slumber, the sky withdrawing the grey veil of night to herald the blushing morn. Other artists there are, as we have said, more literal and less imaginative, who trust to a sober transcript of nature for all needed emotion, and hence may be fitly termed naturalists. The demarcation, however, between the two schools cannot be drawn with rigour. Every artist, in fact, appeals to nature, yet calls to his aid imagi-

nation. The question, after all, is one of degree; yet the contrast, for example, between Palmer's 'Ballad' and the younger Warren's 'Rest in the Cool and Shady Wood,' is sufficiently marked to justify our present classification. Warren, indeed, in this prodigy of manual skill, belongs to the so-called school of landscape "Pre-Raphaelites," and assuredly his zeal has met with just reward. Davidson's 'Cutting the Haystack' is also remarkable for studied detail. Newton, in such drawings as 'The First approach of Winter' and 'Pass of Glencoe,' has of late years created a sensation by the photographic truth of mountains, knit by ribs and buttresses, and draped in a filigree of snow. Birket Foster, in a way not less wondrous though diverse, dots in ducks, sheep, hedges, trees, and grass, with the infinitude of Nature's detail. Banwhite's 'Mountain Torrent' has the merit of being naturalistic not in the Pre-Raphaelite sense, and therefore vigorous, broad, and grand. We need, in fine, scarcely point out that the various forms of landscape Art which the present matchless collection displays, are but the many-sided aspects of a nature which in herself is endless and infinite, and therefore can be comprehended and transcribed only in its several and severed parts. Hence the division into schools.

One kingdom in nature, however, yet remains to be noticed,—the empire of ocean, a sphere in which English artists, like British sailors, have long reigned supreme. Turner was wont to revel in the turmoil of stormy waters, and Copley Fielding for years was accustomed to contribute at least one annual tempest to the gallery in Pall Mall. Other artists still follow in the same line. Duncan, in 'The Morning after the Gale,' and 'The Last Man from the Wreck,' gives the fling, the fury, and the force of a storm let loose, lashing wave and bark with relentless anger. Jackson's coast scenes are usually more tranquil: 'Penzance Harbour' is a good example of his refined and delicate treatment.

We now pass from nature to subjects possessing a human interest, and in the first place we must give a passing word to the Art of water-colour portraiture. The grace of Thorburn, the finish of Ross, the style and bearing of Richmond, and the power of Mrs. Wells, it is scarcely needful at this day that we should stop severally to commend. The gallery contains choice examples of each of these artists. In the somewhat analogous art of chalk drawing we are also glad to recognise a few heads. The crayon portraits of Swinton, of Martin, and of Talfourd, have long indeed won renown in the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy. Water-colour and crayon portraiture, it must be admitted, preserves a sketchy delicacy which is denied to the more solid medium of oils.

The present historic series of "figure subjects" commences with drawings by Westall, Ibbetson, and Rowlandson. Of these we will not speak; let us rather turn to the graceful and refined compositions of Stothard and Blake. The works of Blake are studies in psychology. This artist, like Swedenborg, was visited by visions, and, as modern spiritualists, he held fancied communion with the souls of the departed. What his mind's eye saw his artist hand essayed to execute. He seems indeed to have owed little to the study of nature; and the necessity of a model, either for drapery or figure, was probably superseded by the supposed teachings of direct revelation. A man labouring under these hallucinations might easily find himself beguiled to such attempts as 'Christ in the Lap of Truth, and between his earthly Parents.' In several of Blake's works, however, we find a certain swooning emotion

not wholly unlike to the sentiment infused into the forms of the Italian spiritualists: but, on the other hand, whenever, as in the 'Canterbury Pilgrimage,' he essayed to interpret a worldly theme, he absolutely broke down, and fell into the depths of the ridiculous. Stothard, in this very subject from Chaucer's masterwork, proved his superiority over his contemporary. Stothard indeed was himself somewhat of a sentimentalist, and indulged often in the mere grace and prettiness of a book vignette illustrator. Yet has he not wholly without justice been termed "the Giotto of England;" and Mr. Ruskin even declared that no artist, since the days of Raphael, has possessed so full a measure of Raphaellesque spirit.

Since these days a change has come over our English school, which now for spiritualism takes to realism. Cattermole attains in such works as 'The Contest,' and 'Shakspeare reading his Birthday Ode to Sir Thomas Lucy,' by square and firmly incised outlines, and pronounced character of features and figures, the vigour of an inveterate naturalism. William Hunt, though widely different, may, for our present purpose, be thrown into the same category. He fails, no doubt, egregiously in the high aspiration required by subjects such as 'Thy Kingdom come,' 'Devotion,' and 'A Boy Praying;' yet with a mere change of name even these works were admirable. In secular figures, however, 'The Ballad Singer,' 'Reading the League,' and 'Head of a Black Girl,' Hunt is wholly inimitable. In 'Pine Apples and Pomegranates,' and 'Primrose Banks,' too, he is chief of naturalists, scarcely surpassed, indeed, by Nature herself. These works are studies for method, material, and manipulation. The liberal use of opaque colour is essential to their solidity and power. Hunt has the merit of being expressly English and homish; on the contrary, Lewis has won his laurels on foreign soil. The French Meissonnier is not more precise in drawing or brilliant in execution, the Dutch Mieris and Dow are not so infinite in detail, as Lewis, our own matchless painter of 'Halts, and Camels in the Desert,' and 'Pilgrims at a Roman Shrine.' Carl Haag has likewise travelled south and east, to lands poetic, picturesque, and wild, and thus paints with pathos and distinctive diagnosis, 'Evening Hour,' an Italian peasant standing on a ruined column, and 'The Rehearsal,' a company of Arab musicians sluggishly tuning a savage melody. Fripp, Topham, and Absolon are equally well known for their subjects both near home and abroad. Fripp, in such drawings as 'Peat Gatherers,' 'The Pet,' and 'Ave Maria,' shows an eye exquisite in subtlest colour, modulated to tenderest melody. Warren, sen., Corbould, and Tidey, indulge in dreams of the Arabian Nights; are ravished by the beauty of the harem, and love the bewitching stillness of the midnight moon. Jenkins, as our English Watteau, is fond of a picnic or sketching party, with fair companions given to music and poetry. Burton, a studied master of drawing, in 'The Widow of Wöhlm,' recalls the severer manner of old Van Eyck. And thus the cycle of history ever returns upon itself, and Art, like life, takes renovating fire from the expiring embers of the past.

In this and the preceding articles on the same subject, we have passed through the successive International Galleries, as contiguous provinces of a vast territory, governed by like laws, and linked into one empire. It is proposed, in a future paper, to examine the sculptured works, which constitute so interesting a feature in the Art-contributions of the Exhibition.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

THE SCULPTURES IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE subjoined memorial reached us immediately after our last Number was at press. Although it has already been made public through the daily and other journals, it is of too much importance to be omitted in our columns; first, because it affords another instance, in addition to those it has unhappily been our duty to record, of the determination of the authorities of the International Exhibition to carry everything with a high hand, whatever the public and those most interested in the particular matter may say, think, or do; and, secondly, because the hints thrown out by the memorialists with regard to the "setting out" of sculptures may be valuable to collectors and exhibitors of such works:—

"TO THE HON. HER MAJESTY'S COMMISSIONERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.

"We, the undersigned, British painters and sculptors, contributors to the Fine Art Department of the International Exhibition, 1862, beg most respectfully to call your attentive consideration to the drapery now forming a background to the works of sculpture in the Fine Art galleries of the Exhibition, and to request its removal, being injurious to the contents of those galleries, on the following grounds, viz.:—

"1. That drapery, so dark in tone, is unsuitable as a background to works in white marble or plaster, by apparently increasing their whiteness and diminishing by contrast the force and depth of their half tones and shadows, rendering these insufficient to express the intended degree of projection and relief essential to the clear interpretation of the sculptor's design.

"2. That the present selection of colour is equally—nay, more objectionable in relation to pictures, as it greatly depreciates or utterly destroys all their warm tints; the fatal effects of the contrast as seen in the galleries of the Exhibition, we are assured, you will most readily estimate.

"On the first inspection of the arrangement—an arrangement we then openly demurred to—we recognised the injurious influences of the present background, and should have long since made some application for its removal, had we not from time to time been induced to believe an alteration would be adopted without the necessity for this combined expression of professional opinion. But, as we witness with great regret the persistence of an arrangement we have uniformly condemned, we are compelled to make this appeal as a public duty to the Arts we respectively profess, as a precedent for future reference, and as our protest against a practice most fatal to the just display of works the special characteristics of which we had anticipated to have seen preserved, or heightened, rather than diminished and destroyed.

"With the highest respect for your distinguished position in this great undertaking, and a due sense of the many onerous duties and responsibilities involved therein, we beg to submit that we cannot, consistently with our part as contributors, silently acquiesce in the arrangement of a department we have mainly assisted to form, conscious that such arrangement is at variance with the principles regulating alike the production and display of works in painting and sculpture.

"Aware of the far advance of the season, we yet earnestly hope that you will, by removing the objections herein stated, protect the interests of those who, by contributing their labours to the Exhibition, have done their utmost for its success; and, while deeply regretting the necessity for this form of application, we feel that we should be open to reflections of injustice, incompetency, or indifference, especially from our continental brethren, did we not take this step in requesting an alteration of what we all here unitedly condemn."

The document is signed by *eighty-five* painters and sculptors, including a very large number of the members of the Royal Academy, besides others of high reputation in their respective professions. The list would have been swelled to a far greater extent had not the season of the year taken so many gentlemen out of London. Of course as much attention will be paid to this protest as was given to the others: it will be ordered, in parliamentary language, "to lie on the table," where, in all probability, it will continue to lie unnoticed.

BRITISH ARTISTS : THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LXII.—JOHN ABSOLON.

LAMBETH—un aristocratic, grim-featured, hard-working Lambeth, noisy with the echoes of the engineer's hammer, dusky with the smoke of machine factories and potters' ovens, redolent with the effluvia of the bone-crushers' process—has a claim upon those who take an interest in something beyond the matters which conduce to the wealth and commercial prosperity of the country. Its traditional and historic associations are not unknown to the student and the antiquarian; while within the memory of many now living, its public places of amusement, among which were the once celebrated Vauxhall Gardens, were the resort of the gay and fashionable. With the exception of Astley's Amphitheatre, that still enjoys the popularity of the multitude, all these attractions have passed away, and the archiepiscopal palace of the Primate of all England, with the adjoining parish church, both of them grey and venerable, raise their heads above the dingy, irregular buildings of every kind which surround them. The only relics of a grandeur that has passed away for ever.

In the principal street of this densely-peopled metropolitan district was born, in May, 1815, John Absolon, one of the most popular of our figure-painters in water-colours, and one among many artists who have raised themselves by energy and perseverance alone to a good position in their profession and in society. At the early age of fifteen

he was earning a livelihood by painting portraits in oils; two years later, he was working with Messrs. Grieves at scene painting for Her Majesty's Theatre, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden; Mr. Absolon's share of the labour being the figures. For four years he was thus occupied, and so profitably, that although he had scarcely reached the age of twenty-one, he thought it not imprudent to marry, "in the same dear old church in which he was christened, *Lambeth*."

The history of painters generally shows that their earliest essays take a bold flight. Absolon's beginnings were no exception to the rule; for he sent to the British Institution, in 1837, two oil pictures, the 'Temptation of St. Anthony,' and the 'Raising of Lazarus.' The results, however, did not satisfy him. Instead, therefore, of pursuing a path which he had the discernment to see was not suited to him, he quitted it at once, and in the following year left England for Paris, his wife accompanying him. Here he remained nearly a year, maintaining himself by painting miniatures. Previously to his departure he was admitted into the New Water-Colour Society, which had then been established about five years, but he did not contribute to the exhibitions in Pall Mall till 1839, when he sent 'The Savoyard Boy,' and 'The First Sup.' In the same year he had at the British Institution 'The Painter's Studio.' Of several drawings exhibited at the gallery of his own society, in 1840, there was one entitled 'Singing for a Wife,' which manifested very considerable executive power, combined with careful finish. 'Rich Relations' (1842), 'The Vicar of Wakefield taken to Gaol,' and 'Paul and Virginia Interceding for the Fugitive Negro' (1843), were among several works that proved Mr. Absolon to be no slight acquisition to the institution of which he was a member. The scene from Goldsmith's popular tale is illustrated with as much truth and simplicity of character as it is full of pathos.

In the latter year this artist was engaged to make a series of drawings to illustrate Major's edition of Walton's "Angler;" and in the following year, Mr. Bogue, the publisher, gave him a commission for another series to illustrate the poems of Collins and Beattie. Both of these volumes, but especially the former, had, we have reason to know, a most extensive sale.



Engraved by]

THE FIRST NIGHT IN A CONVENT.

[Butterworth and Heath.

'Captain Macheath Betrayed by his Mistresses' was the most important work exhibited by Mr. Absolon in 1844. The subject is not of the most refined order, but it is treated with considerable dramatic power.

As a *quondam* follower of the sport which Isaac Walton admired and loved, we felt a special interest in a graceful little figure exhibited in 1845, under the title of 'The Angler.' He is dressed in the costume of "gentle

Isaac's" time, reclining easily against the trunk of a tree, while he changes the fly on his line. An excellent print, in colours, was published from this picture; one of them hangs in the room where our rods and tackle are laid up in ordinary, to remind us of the days when we also "went a fishing." Two other works, larger and of a different character, were exhibited at the same time; one, 'The Judgment of Midas,' a composition very skilful in

design, and of masterly execution, was purchased by Miss Burdett Coutts; the other represented Catherine and the Glee-maiden, from the "Fair Maid of Perth."

Rustic figures have always been favourite models with this artist; a capital group of them is seen in 'Thread the Needle,' exhibited in 1846— young men and maidens, admirable in drawing, life-like in motion, and brilliant in colour. The reverse of this in the single quality of action, yet as excellent in that of repose, and as forcible in colour, is 'Prince Charles Edward in the Isle of Skye,' asleep, and watched over by Malcolm Macleod; it was exhibited in 1847, with some others, the principal of which was 'Sunday Morning,' well known from the popular engraving published not very long after its appearance. A similar subject to this last was seen in the following year, with another, in three compartments, suggested by a passage in "Tristram Shandy," describing a rustic dance, a subject in which Mr. Absolon certainly excels. 'Plenty' (1849) was the title given to a large composition, representing a harvest-field with labourers at work, and numerous gleaners gathering up the scattered ears of corn; a picture of which we spoke at the time as "of very great power, and singularly brilliant in colour." 'Joan of Arc'

(1850): the heroic maiden is represented in prison, seated before a small oratory, from which her immediate attention seems to be abstracted by a suit of armour lying near; her face eloquently expresses the painfulness of her position; it shows nothing like fear, but a blending of deep sadness with holy resignation: Joan was a religious enthusiast, and this feeling bore her in triumph through her extraordinary career, though it failed her in the prospect of a horrible death.

'THE FIRST NIGHT IN A CONVENT,' engraved on the preceding page, was painted in 1853; the subject is taken from the story of "The Nun," in Rogers's "Italy." There is little scope here for the development of much artistic power, but the work commends itself by the simple, earnest feeling thrown into the sleeping girl, and the graceful arrangement of all the accessories; the picture is the property of Mr. Astley.

'The Field of the Cloth of Gold' exhibited in 1854, has in its title a double meaning, for the picture was painted on the spot where the famous tourney between our Henry VIII. and Francis I. of France took place, which is known in history by the above title; and the scene represents a field of golden corn which the reapers are cutting and binding in sheaves.

It must have been about this time that



Mr. Absolon received a commission from Messrs. Graves, the publishers, to execute views of the fields of Crecy and Agincourt, for the purpose of engraving; the prints, however, did not make their appearance till 1860. We do not recollect whether the pictures were exhibited or not; but, in 1855, he contributed to the gallery of his society 'Going to Market—Crecy,' which, so far as our memory serves, differs from the engraved view of Crecy. Two other French scenes were hung at the same time; they were called respectively, 'Cutting—Guines,' and 'Carrying—Guines,' the subjects of both being harvest. In singular contrast to these rustic subjects is 'The Baptism,' 1856, an aristocratic group assembled round the font of an English parish church, arrayed in fashionable but becoming costume, all admirably painted. Another church scene appeared in the following year, under the title of 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' when the whole congregation has risen to sing the doxology. With this was exhibited 'A Peatfield, near Capel Arthog, North Wales,' one of the best landscapes he ever painted, and one which few artists could equal.

In 1858, Mr. Absolon, with the view of directing his attention to oil-painting, and, perhaps, also to qualify himself for admission into the Royal

Academy, though we are not aware that he placed his name as a candidate on the books, according to custom, seceded from the society to which he had been so long attached, and to the fame of which he had greatly contributed. He exhibited that year in the Academy a picture entitled 'Boulogne, 1857,' a work which would make not an

ill-assorted companion to Frith's 'Ramsgate Sands.' The scene is on that vast plain of sand which lies eastward of Boulogne harbour; on it are congregated a multitude of persons of various grades and conditions, both English and French, arranged in a very masterly style, and represented with undeniable truth of character, and with a considerable amount of humour; in colour and firmness of execution this painting could scarcely be excelled. The picture was reproduced in chromo-lithography for the Art-Union of London; five hundred impressions, the entire number printed, being issued as prizes. It was followed, in 1859, by three others, 'Old, but ever New,' 'A Mussel-Gatherer of Portel,' and a scene of Longfellow's, the 'Courtship of Miles Standish,'—that wherein Miles becomes a threadvinder for the benefit of the fair Priscilla. In 1860 he sent 'TÊTE-A-TÊTE,' engraved on this page; the title would scarcely declare the subject, but it is plain enough when the composition is seen: evidently

Engraved by]

TÊTE-A-TÊTE.

[Butterworth and Heath.

the blacksmith considers his apprentice might be better employed than in pouring the "leprous distilment" into the ears of his daughter, and that the latter, as the incentive to her companion's idleness, ought to share in his punishment, and so he is prepared to deal out equal justice to both.

Last year Mr. Absolon resumed his old place in the New Water-Colour Society, at, we believe, the earnest solicitation of his former associates; certainly the place given to his pictures at the Academy during the two or three seasons he exhibited there was not calculated to make him very desirous of continuing to appear on the walls of that institution. His second entrance into the gallery in Pall Mall was signalled by a very remarkable picture, 'MDLLE. DE SOMBREUIL,' illustrating an incident de-

scribed in Lamartine's "History of the Girondists;" as a condition of saving her father's life, she consents to drink a glass of blood offered by the fiends into whose hands her parent has unhappily fallen. The subject is so revolting that without some explanation one can only wonder it should ever have entered the head of the artist; it originated thus. Critics in the public journals, and, we believe, some of his professional brethren also, having frequently observed that his works generally partook of one character, the joyous and pleasant, Mr. Absolon determined to let them see he could do something of an opposite nature, and while reading Lamartine's book, this story at once struck him as being just the subject for his purpose, and he adopted it without hesitation; the heroism of



Engraved by]

MDLLE. DE SOMBREUIL.

[Butterworth and Heath.

the woman would, it was thought, assume a grander position from the sickening act she was called on to perform. It is, without doubt, his greatest work, and because we so consider it, we have given it a place among our illustrations, simply as an act of justice to the artist, to show what he could make of a terrible and hideous fragment of history.

About three years ago he visited Switzerland and Italy; the fruits of his travel in these countries were seen last year in his 'Isola Bella—Lago Maggiore,' and his 'Berne;' and in the present year by 'The Match—Lago Maggiore;' but his most important work this season was 'The Courtship of Gainsborough,' a scene in the beautiful woodlands of Suffolk.

That very interesting entertainment called "The Overland Mail," which had so long a "run" at the Gallery of Illustration, was the joint production and property of Messrs. Absolon, Grieve, and Telbin; to the first of these three artists was allotted, chiefly, the task of painting the figures in the landscapes.

There are few figure painters whose works show a greater variety of subject than Mr. Absolon's; his style of treatment is natural and unaffected, his pencilling free yet careful, and his colouring brilliant without exaggeration, or a straining after effect by violent contrasts.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

FULHAM POTTERY.

Few of our readers, if any, perhaps, are aware that one of the most ancient potteries of England, if not the very earliest, existed, and still exists, within a very few miles of London, nay, within the bounds of a short walk,—only three miles and a half from Hyde Park Corner. It is in the primitive, and almost stationary town or village of Fulham, famous alike as having been for centuries the residence of the Bishops of London, and for a pottery, which in Charles II.'s time produced wares of much merit, excellence, and beauty; and it is a question for consideration if any manufactory of that period at all approached it in its own particular branch. The potteries which were established at Lambeth, for stone-ware, perhaps as early as 1640, and at Caughley, in Staffordshire, at a date, it is presumed, even anterior to this, were confined to the coarser sort of ware in general use; England, at that time, importing most of its better kind from Delft, where a manufactory of pottery existed very early in the fourteenth century. That at Fulham may be said to have been first established by the family of De Witt; some of whom actually came over with Charles II. on his restoration to the throne, and were joined by others of the family after the murder of their illustrious relatives the Grand Pensionary John De Witt, and his brother Cornelius. On quitting Holland, they settled first in Oxfordshire, but soon afterwards came to Fulham, and the family resided there continuously up to the present time; the last survivor of them being still on the spot. The first of these De Witts obtained a patent from their friend and patron Charles II. for their manufactory, but they dropped the name of De Witt, converting it into that of Dwight, and thence, by an easy transition, it became Wight, under which latter name the manufactory has been carried on by two or three generations of Wights; the last male representative of whom died about two years ago. It was the great-grandfather of the last-named gentleman, who died at an advanced age, who obtained the patent (which document is still in existence) from Charles II. He was a man of talent, and a scholar (having received his education at Oxford), a great botanist, and a superior artist. He was the first who brought over from Italy, and employed in his manufactory, those skilful artisans, the produce of whose hands, from existing examples fortunately preserved by the family, we are about to describe.

There is a tradition in the family that the production of the classic figures here referred to, together with the specimen of dinner ware, were made expressly for King Charles's own table, and the finely modelled figures of grey clay, in substance something like the fine Delft material of the same period, were confined, or mostly so, to the life of the elder De Witt; for it is a fact well recorded in the family, that he buried all his models, tools, and moulds connected with this branch of the manufactory, in some secret place on the premises at Fulham, observing that the production of such matters was expensive and unremunerative, and that his successors should not be tempted to perpetuate this part of the business, he put it out of their power, by concealing the means. Search has often been made for these hidden treasures, but hitherto without success, though no doubt exists as to their being still in their hiding-place.

The manufactory was, in the reign of Charles II., much employed in matters relating to the court of this monarch, and that of James II. Since that time, its productions have been confined principally to stone-ware, such as jugs, bottles, and similar utensils in general use. These are of the kind usually termed "stone-ware," but, it is believed, marked by a superior excellence in glazing and getting up, and in the embossed subjects, often in high relief, on the surface. There is one curious specimen of a gallon jug, with a grey-beard spout, with a lid of the same ware; and, what is more remarkable, with *hinges*, also, of the same material. This was evidently meant to be a curiosity in its way, and reminds one of those dungeons at Baden-Baden, and elsewhere, where the door jambs and hinges are said to be hewn out of the solid rock. The date of

1800 is on this jug, and the initials "W. W." (William Wight).

The pottery at Fulham is the parent of many other establishments, particularly that of the Messrs. Doulton, at Lambeth, who received their education as apprentices here, and now employ a small army of workmen; and if they do not emulate the ancient genius of the old place, they have minds sufficiently cultivated and refined to encourage an excellent band of music, which those they employ have established among themselves.

We proceed to describe the collection of "Fulham Pottery," now in the possession of the writer of this article. The first is a dish, said, and with more than mere probability, to be one of a dinner set manufactured for the especial service of Charles II. It is of a round form, and large size, being 64½ inches in circumference. The groundwork is a rich blue, approaching to the ultramarine; it is surrounded by a broad rim nearly 4 inches wide, formed by a graceful border of foliage and birds in white, and shaded with pale blue. The whole of the centre is occupied by the royal arms, surmounted by its kingly helmet, crown, and lion crest. The arms themselves are encircled with the garter, on which is inscribed the well-known motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*." The arms and supporters rest upon a groundwork of foliage, in the middle of which is the motto "*Dieu et mon Droit*." The workmanship of this piece of crockery is of a very superior character, and a dinner set of similar ware would make many a modern one look poor. The solitary specimen left of this once magnificent royal dinner service is believed to be by far the finest extant of this early English manufacture.

The remainder of this little collection—the only one, it is presumed, in existence of this really meritorious ware—includes five classical figures of brown ware, of admirable execution, testifying to the skill and taste of the Italian workmen: they consist of Saturn—at least we presume it is meant for him, as he is represented with a child in his arms, which he seems to be on the point of devouring, according to his agreement with his brother Titan. He has already got the child's hand in his mouth, and the bite of his teeth is by no means agreeable to his offspring, as is evident by the expression of pain in his countenance. The next figure is Jupiter, the third is Neptune, the fourth Mars, and the fifth either Adonis or Meleager, the emblem of the boar's head applying to either—the former being killed by a boar, the latter having killed the boar; and as the head is cut off, and lying at his feet, it is most probably Meleager, as he cut off the head of the beast, and presented it to Atalanta.

The grey ware consists of a bust of Charles II.; a bust of his queen, Catherine of Braganza; another of James II., and a companion one of his queen, Mary d'Este—all four of meritorious execution, and excellent likenesses; a statuette of Flora; a likeness of one of the De Witt family, thirteen inches high; another of Adonis, same height; and a likeness of a lady; portrait of one of the De Witts; a smaller pair of statuettes of a gentleman and lady of the court of Charles II., probably intended as likenesses; a curious figure, or rather bust, of one sleeping, or rather lying, on a pillow, for it was a death likeness, and is inscribed "Lydia Dwight, dyd March the 3rd, 1672;" a drinking-cup, called Hogarth's cup—it is lettered "Midnight Conversation," and has on it a representation of Hogarth's picture in raised figures, and also four of the arms of the City companies. There are also four brown liqueur bottles, with white figures in relief, *temp.* Charles II., with his initial letter; and one or two specimens, such as a butter-boat and a couple of pickle-saucers, of fine grey ware; but these appear of a somewhat different kind of manufacture, and may have been brought from Delft.

It has been thought desirable to give publicity and place upon record some account of a manufactory which, as far as the writer is aware, is almost unknown, and also by it to be the means by which some stray and scattered pieces may be identified as to their origin, and thus, for the first time, be classed under the head of "Fulham Pottery."

SELECTED PICTURES.

IN THE COLLECTION OF HENRY HOULDSWORTH, ESQ.,
COLTNESS, LANARKSHIRE.

THE PROSPEROUS DAYS OF JOB.

W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A., Painter. H. Bourne, Engraver.

THE personality of Job has long been, and still is, a disputed question among theologians—some affirming that the book which bears his name in the Old Testament is a mere fictitious narrative, intended to instruct through the medium of a parable; others maintaining the reality of his existence, and grounding their faith upon the repeated mention of his name by sacred writers. No reasonable doubt, it is said, can be entertained respecting his personality when we consider that it is proved by the concurrent testimony of all Eastern traditions: he is mentioned by the author of the Book of Tobit, who lived during the Assyrian captivity; he is also repeatedly mentioned by Arabian writers as a real character. The whole of his history, with many fabulous additions, was known among the Syrians and Chaldeans; and many of the noblest families among the Arabs are distinguished by his name, and boast of being descended from him.

The authorship of the Book of Job has, too, occasioned almost as much controversy as the individuality of the person himself. Moses, Solomon, and some of the prophets, have found their champions, who have contended for each as the writer; but the most numerous body of commentators ascribe it to Job, and presume it to have been written at an earlier date than the time of Moses. But however opinions may be divided upon both questions, no one, we presume, will dispute the fact that the Book of Job is one of the grandest compositions ever penned, a poem unrivalled for the magnificence of its language, and for the beautiful and sublime images it sets forth. "In the wonderful speech of the Deity, every line delineates his attributes, every sentence opens a picture of some glorious object in creation, characterised by its most striking features." Regarding it only in the light of a scriptural story, the whole history, so eloquently narrated, is full of the deepest interest to all who can appreciate noble and elevating thoughts expressed in the most eloquent and attractive words.

But numerous and beautiful as are the picturesque descriptions recorded in this book, the positive incidents it contains, and the dramatic situations—to use a technical artistic phrase—are so few, that it affords but a limited scope for the exercise of the painter who looks for historical subjects. Job, in the time of his adversity, has sometimes found an illustrator; Mr. Dobson has been the first, within our recollection, to represent him in the days of his prosperity. He has taken for his text a portion of the patriarch's lamentation, to Bildad, over his former grandeur and power:—"Oh that I were as in months past. . . . When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

The interpretation of the picture is not very easy: Job, represented as a young man, is the central figure of the composition; he appears to be addressing the female lying in front of him, whose companion directs his attention to some person or object not introduced. Behind them are two figures, one of whom whispers in the ear of the other some remarks—evidently of approval—on the philanthropist. This group is arranged in a masterly way, and the expression of each face is good.

On the opposite side is a sick, aged man, who is being carried out, after, in all probability, being relieved by Job, on whom the young female behind seems to be invoking a blessing. The little child offering flowers to the benefactor of the poor, is a pretty episode in the composition, and serves to connect, pictorially, the two principal groups.

The picture was exhibited in 1856 at the Royal Academy.



W. C. T. DOBSON. A. R. A. PINX.

H. BOURNE SCULPT.

THE HAPPY DAYS OF JOB.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF H. HOULDSWORTH, ESQ. COLTNESS. — LANARKSHIRE

NOTABILIA OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE SCREEN OF HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

THIS noble work, which knows no compeer amidst the multitudinous gatherings that surround it, is well able to vindicate the honour of the architecture of England in the second of the Great International Exhibitions held on English ground. It is an example of architecture in metal, however; but the circumstance that this Screen is constructed of brass and iron and copper, instead of stone and oak, in no degree affects the character of the work as a triumphant expression of living architectural energy. At the close of the Exhibition the Screen will be removed to its final destination in Hereford Cathedral, where it will discharge the two-fold duty of separating, and also of uniting, the choir and the nave of that most interesting edifice. The Screen is to form a part of the restoration of Hereford Cathedral, under the direction of Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A., and it has been designed by that gentleman. The work has been executed at Coventry, in the establishment for the production of Art-manufactures at the head of which is Mr. Skidmore; and to Mr. Skidmore is due the merit of having realised Mr. Scott's designs in so admirable a manner.

Executed in more exact conformity with the most perfect processes of the mediæval metal-workers than had previously been even attempted in our own times, the Hereford Screen is a thoroughly original conception, and a work altogether of the present day. It exemplifies in the happiest manner what we have long advocated with such anxious earnestness—the revival of early Art, without even an inclination to reproduce (that is, in plain English, to copy) early works of Art. Mr. Scott has designed such a screen as might have appeared in the palmy days of mediæval Gothie, but yet no such screen is numbered amongst the relics of that era; and, in like manner, Mr. Skidmore has demonstrated his right to take rank with the very ablest of the metal-workers of the olden time, while, at the same time, he treats the metals in which he works as an artist who lives in the reign of Queen Victoria.

The Screen consists of an arcade of five main arches, each of them being divided to form two sub-arches: the central arch is of both larger and loftier proportions than the others, and above it rises a lofty pedimental canopy. Iron is the principal constructive material, copper and brass taking the principal parts in the more strictly decorative construction. It is in the use of these three metals, as the actual materials from which the Screen had to be wrought, that Mr. Skidmore's true triumph has been achieved. In his hands the iron, which knew well how to form shafts that would stand erect and firm in rigid strength, had to be taught to assume that ductile docility which might empower it to realise the varying fantasies of the filagree-worker; the lesson was duly learned, and we have before us masses of iron filagree which are master-pieces of Art. The foliage, which clings in rich profusion to cornice and arch, to corbel and cusp and crocket, together with the passion and the everlasting flowers that are so significant as well as so beautiful, are all formed of copper, that retains its native colour; copper also has been used for producing all the foliated and flower-enriched capitals, whether of the large single columns, or of the smaller clustered shafts. And the brass does brass-work in the same masterly style; and it has been made to acquire a novel and most successful effect, through association with broad bands of lustrous vitreous mosaic, the brass surfaces themselves being studded with groups of bosses of various crystals and coloured marbles. The vivid colours of the mosaic work have been judiciously softened by inlaying the tesserae in a framework, also of mosaic, formed of fragments of either white or pale grey marble. In the production of the copper capitals and foliage, the early system of *repoussé* treatment has been revived. The metal, rolled out in sheets of the required substance, has been cut into flowers and leaves in the flat, and

then, with the point of the hammer, it has been struck into the perfect forms. As a matter of course, both flowers and leaves are formed of several separate pieces of metal fixed together. Like the copper, the iron and the brass is all hand-wrought, so that the feeling of the artist and the workman is visible everywhere in the enduring impress of his touch.

The iron portions of the Screen are painted, the colours having all been obtained from oxides of the metal itself. They are the colours that nature has qualified iron to produce; and thus they may claim to have a peculiar title to minister to the beauty of such works as may be wrought in iron. Gilding has been introduced with a sparing hand: perhaps, in the lower portions of the Screen, here and there a touch of gold might add to the effectiveness of the colouring. Still, it must be borne in mind that this colouring can be understood only when the Screen has been fixed in the cathedral; that is, when it stands in the midst of cathedral associations, and is lighted as cathedral windows admit the light. And further, the colouring of the lower portion of the Screen, of its side panels, and of the shafts, with the mouldings, cannot have its effect determined until the central gates of brass are in their places, and doing their duty at Hereford. It must be understood that a cresting of open-work will eventually rise above the cornice, and form the crowning adornment of the Screen. We would suggest that the large open circle in the tracery of the central canopy should be filled in with a monogram, formed of the Greek characters *alpha* and *omega*.

A series of seven statues, executed in copper, complete the decorative accessories of this noble Screen. In the centre, in front of the large pointed *vesica* panel of open-work, standing upon a corbel that rises above the capital of the central shaft, is a figure of our Lord, represented as in the act of resurrection; on either side of Him, placed over the clustered capitals of the shafts of the main archway, appears a group of two winged angels in adoration; and two other angelic figures, with instruments of music, are placed to the extreme right and left of the entire composition. These figures are as original as works of Gothie sculpture, as the Screen itself is the embodied image of a fresh conception of Gothie architecture; and they vindicate both the high capabilities of living Gothie artists, and the happy harmony that exists between the noblest sculpture and the most perfect Gothie architecture.

This Hereford Screen must be regarded not only as a triumph in itself, and a work that necessarily will become typical of a class of somewhat similar productions, but also as suggestive of most comprehensive inquiries into the principles which ought to govern our treatment of all true Gothie Art. This example of architecture in metal sets before us an independent metallic style of architecture: and, at the same time, it incidentally shows how essentially metallic in their primary expression are many of the more beautiful forms of Gothie decorative construction. The Screen itself suggests the idea of being goldsmith's work powerfully magnified; and, therefore, it silently but significantly indicates that architecture, even in its mightiest and most massive works, may often find the most valuable types and models in the delicate and minute productions of artist-goldsmiths. But this is a subject that needs to be thought out and worked out; and our Gothie architects will do well to pursue the inquiry that the Hereford Screen places before them.

Grouped with the Screen are two beautiful gas standards, like the Screen itself, formed of iron, brass, and copper; and a large gas corona, entirely of iron filagree-work, studded with chrisolite, which is to accompany the Screen to Hereford Cathedral, now hangs high above it from the roof of the Exhibition building.

The excellent photographs that are judiciously disposed about the platform on which the Screen now stands are too interesting to be passed over without special notice. They attract the attention of all thoughtful visitors, and they serve to illustrate in a most effective manner Mr. Skidmore's architectural metal work. The photographs of the statues are singularly beautiful, and convey a very truthful idea of the admirable manner in which these sculptures are modelled.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

The treatment of photography by the Royal Commissioners is one of the most perplexing matters connected with the Great Exhibition. The works of all foreign photographers have evidently been left at the disposal of the ruling authorities in each country; and accordingly, foreign photographs appear just where they may be best seen, and where their peculiar capabilities may be of the greatest service. There is no collection of either foreign or colonial photographs; but they are ubiquitous, in small or large groups, and their presence is everywhere welcome and always effective. On the other hand, the English photographs have been collected together, and a special depository (we might have used a less euphonious term) has been assigned for their reception. The *local* of the said depository, however, together with the general views relative to photography enunciated by the Royal Commissioners while the Exhibition was in the course of preparation, were more than sufficient to act as an interdict against the formation of any really first-rate collection of English photographs; and, consequently, the photography of England cannot be said to be worthily represented in the Exhibition. This is the more to be regretted, because the English photographs which are actually present are grouped together, and must be inspected as a collection. Their collective character, therefore, impresses upon them the appearance of representing their own art; and thus they must inevitably be estimated upon a standard altogether different from that which applies to the casual groups or choice single specimens from the Continent and the colonies.

When visitors have been induced to ascend the wearisome flights of steps that lead to the loft above the central entrance to the Exhibition building in Cromwell Road, they discover that the department of English photography and general educational appliances have been closely associated, and placed together at the same unwelcome elevation. Having determined which is the photographic portion of what, perhaps, the Commissioners are pleased to entitle a "Court," visitors will experience the unexpected gratification of finding themselves surrounded with really beautiful works, which have been arranged to the best possible advantage. By what means so many able artists could have been induced to send their works to such a place, and how it was that the secretary of the Society of Arts consented to undertake the direction of this "photographie department," we are altogether unable to surmise. Without dwelling upon the noble collection that might so easily have been formed, and which would have been so signally attractive had it been the right thing in the right place, we now are content to remark that the catalogue enumerates upwards of nine hundred specimens, or groups of specimens, including portraits of various styles and sizes, landscapes, architecture, stereographs, and miscellaneous subjects. Almost all are good; some are very excellent, and a few are scarcely worthy of the companionship with which they have been honoured.

What photography is doing on the Continent is significantly suggested rather than faithfully and fully exemplified. The grand photographs of Rome and of certain famous works of Italian masters, which are hung carelessly enough about the cavern-like enclosure that bears the lofty title of the "Roman Court," and the equally noble views of Florence near at hand, are expressive specimens of Italian photography,—comprehensive in their range, sharp and clear in definition, pure in tone, and beautifully suffused with atmospheric effect. In the Austrian Courts the German photographers have exemplified their powers with similar effectiveness. The Austrian portraits are singularly striking. Indeed, all the foreign photographic portraits are attractive, if only from the freshness of their style, and the new faces that they introduce to us; but they have also decided merits of their own as photographs. To enumerate even a few of the more important of these foreign groups, and to point out the happy manner in which, in so many instances, they have been introduced to illustrate the various collections of works of Art and manufacture, would far exceed our present purpose; but we do desire, not only

to record our admiration of the photographs which stud the foreign departments of the Exhibition, but also to direct to these works the attention of such of our readers as would search out for careful study all that is best and most excellent in this Great Exhibition, and would treasure up the remembrance of the lessons which may thus be learned.

There are points connected with the colonial photographs, and with the contributions by the photographers of France (which in themselves amount to a collection) that demand from us a separate and special notice on a future occasion.

ARCHITECTURAL MODELS BY THWAITE, OF MANCHESTER

The models in the Great Exhibition would form a most interesting and instructive exhibition by themselves. They are always popular, because they convey such definite and decided information; and they also are certain to be admired, from the skilful treatment which they rarely fail to display in their own construction. In the eastern gallery of the Eastern Annexe a group of architectural models has been placed, which are certain to vindicate their own claim upon the attention of all visitors who may find their way to that portion of the building. Amongst these models are two by a professional modeller, Mr. Thwaite, of Manchester, which are pre-eminently meritorious. One represents Bowden Church, a cruciform structure, with a bold western tower, which is situated near the city of Manchester; and the other gives a stereographic portrait of the Crossley Orphan School and House, now erecting, by the munificence of Messrs. John Crossley & Sons, on Skircoat Moor, near Halifax. In these models Mr. Thwaite exemplifies his ability to give faithful miniature fac-simile representations of original works, and thus he shows how valuable an ally architects may always find in him. These models are executed in card, upon a very simple system of treatment, but with a minutely exact fidelity and a thorough feeling for architectural character and expression that command our warmest admiration. We should be glad to know that all important designs for new edifices were modelled before their actual erection were taken in hand. The true effect of a building very commonly proves to differ greatly from what might have been inferred from the very best drawings, whereas a model must tell the architect's tale with all the vivid effectiveness of realisation. In his treatment of details, whether constructive or decorative, Mr. Thwaite is equally successful. His windows are veritable windows, as his buildings are structures, that only require enlargement to be real churches, and schools, and houses.

ARCHITECTURAL CASTINGS IN COPPER, BY CHRISTOFLE, OF PARIS.

These castings are intended to be applied to furniture of every kind; and, indeed, to all objects which admit of decoration by mouldings, and by such groups and figures as may be placed in the centres or at the angles of panels. They thus are substitutes for all inferior or common carving, and they also aspire to take a part in works of a high order of decorative Art. In the all-important qualities of good and appropriate design, coupled with masterly execution, M. Christofle has attained to complete success. His castings are as sharp and at the same time as delicate as if they had been executed in every instance by the hand. And they have been modelled and cast in the most comprehensive variety; and what is another essential requisite for their general adoption, they are to be obtained at a very moderate cost. Thus, in the use of these castings we may anticipate one of the permanent practical results of the Great Exhibition. They would not have been thoroughly known and understood in England without just such publicity as the Exhibition has obtained for them; and now they can scarcely fail to be established in general use, since we have learned to appreciate their usefulness and value. The designs exhibited comprise flowers in groups, floral compositions, beads, scrolls, and flowing and stiff moulding patterns, all of them treated after the Renaissance manner; but, as a matter of course, Gothic designs might be produced with the same facility and with equal success.

SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT.

THE ninth report of the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education, as presented to Parliament, has come into our hands. The report itself occupies but sixteen pages of the book: the remainder—nearly two hundred pages—constitutes the "Appendix," which is devoted principally to a statement of the various Art-schools throughout the United Kingdom during the year 1861, the Science-schools, and the Geological Department, &c. A few facts of general interest may be gathered from the official document. The central school of Art, at South Kensington, has slightly augmented the number of its pupils over those of the preceding year. The figures give 747 students attending in 1860, and 799 in 1861. The fees paid respectively were £1,457 16s. and £1,589 3s. The average number of children taught in parochial schools in London, through the agency of the central school, was 10,701; exhibiting an increase of 900 on the previous year.

The total number of Art-schools in connection with the Department throughout the kingdom, not including classes for teaching drawing in parochial and other schools, was 87 in 1861, against 85 in 1860; schools having been opened during the former year at Hull and Sunderland. The number receiving instruction at the central provincial schools rose to 15,483, or nearly what they were in 1859; for in 1860 there was a considerable decrease in these classes, the alleged cause of which the report ascribes to the *volunteer movement*! Last year the total number of children in parochial schools to whom rudimentary drawing was taught is stated at 76,303, against 74,267 in 1860.

Referring to the picture collection at South Kensington, Mr. Redgrave, who has charge of the gallery, reports that the condition of the pictures is all that could be desired; that the ventilation and heating of the rooms have continued to be satisfactory; and that the preservation of the more important and perishable pictures, by glazing, has been proceeded with. The additions during the year were—Mulready's 'Mother and Child,' presented by Mr. Sheepshanks; a picture by Morland, the gift of Mr. F. Peel Round; and a water-colour drawing, by Luke Clennell, presented by Mr. H. Vaughan. Five water-colour pictures were acquired by purchase.

The statistics of the Photographic Department show that 8,884 photographs were issued in 1861, and the amount received £715 14s.; of this sum £111 17s. 7d. were paid to the trustees of the British Museum, on account of positives sold, and as royalty on negatives. The total sale in the photograph office since its opening, in October, 1859, has been 24,468 impressions, and the amount received £1,587 4s. The decrease in the number of visitors last year to the exhibition room was 2,746, and to the museum 6,146; the number for 1860 standing at 610,696, and for 1861 at 604,550; the falling off being attributed to the lamented decease of the Prince Consort, when the doors were closed for a week.

A statement made by Sir Roderick Murchison, Director-General of the Geological Department, can scarcely fail to attract the serious attention of the political economist, as a question of great social and commercial importance. Sir Roderick says:—"In my last report I had to advert to the enormous increase of the consumption of coal since the conclusion of the commercial treaty with France; and this year, Mr. Hunt, Keeper of the Mining Records, 'has ascertained that

the total consumption has reached the extravagant amount of *eighty-four millions of tons*, being an increase of ten millions of tons on the last year, and of twenty millions of tons as compared with the return of 1855." The marvel is where it all comes from, and how it is got to the surface of the earth. Even with this enormous consumption, and its probable future increase, there is little fear, however, of the supply failing, if, as we have understood, there is coal known to exist in the country sufficient to last us two or three centuries, independent of what may be hereafter discovered.

In such a document as that issued by the Department at South Kensington, one naturally looks for some expression of the benefits which the public derives, or is assumed to derive, from the working of so costly an institution—some reference to the fruits of its labours; but no such statement appears on the records. Like Canning's "knife-grinder," the authorities seem to have "no story to tell." We are left to infer, from the number of students attending the schools, and the number of visitors frequenting the museum, that progress of some kind or other is taking place in the Art-education of the community.

OBITUARY.

MRS. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW.

THOSE who recall the sufferings of Mrs. Bartholomew's later days, will feel with us that her passing onward, in the full triumph of faith and hope, to the "better land," should not be matter of regret to those who knew and appreciated her as she deserved. Devoted as she was for many years to her profession, the *artist* never forgot the duties of the *woman*. Abroad, as at home, she laboured with earnestness to promote the happiness and well-doing of all within her sphere of influence.

Whenever distress was made known to her, her tender heart and active brain combined to relieve it. It is a trite observation that the good deeds that sanctify the world are commenced and carried on by persons already "over-worked." Your idler invents nothing—helps nobody; the flood of private and public benevolence is set flowing from hands and brains already supposed to be over-taxed by the daily labour of life. It is beautiful to see how much actual work is done, how great an amount of relief afforded, by women who have "their hands full" of other occupations.

We cannot pay too high a tribute to the ever-active and persevering charity which, to within a few weeks of her death, stimulated Mrs. Bartholomew to "sustain and comfort the afflicted."

Mrs. Bartholomew had rich educational advantages. She was born at Loddon, in Norfolk. Her father was "Arnald Fayermann, Esq."—not, we believe, an Englishman—but she was adopted in infancy by her maternal grandfather, the Vicar of East Dereham, and brother of the late Dr. John Thomas, Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Rochester. In almost childhood, the little Annie developed talent for both poetry and painting, and subsequently adopted the profession of a miniature painter, and also painted fruit and rustic figures with fidelity and grace. In 1827 Miss Fayermann married Mr. Turnbull, the composer of several popular melodies; in 1838 she became a widow, and, after a few years, wedded Mr. Valentine Bartholomew, the well-known flower painter. Their union, based on similarity of tastes and pursuits, yielded them abundant happiness—

"Mutual love and mutual trust"

enabled them to work harmoniously in the same field; and there were few pleasanter sights than to see the earnestness with which Mrs. Bartholomew appreciated her husband's beautiful transcripts from nature, or the pleasure he took in her miniature painting and groups of fruit.

Before her last happy marriage, this accomplished lady published a volume of poetry called "The Songs of Azrael;" and subsequently two dramas, one of which, a farce, called *It's only my Aunt*, achieved, not only provincial, but metropolitan, success, and was a great favourite in America.

Mrs. Bartholomew's happiness and work were frequently interrupted by illness, but she bore those trials with Christian fortitude. Her death occurred on the 18th of August.

MR. JOHN JONES.

Intelligence of the death of this artist reached us some time ago; we have delayed a notice of the event till we could include in it a list of the principal works which have come from his atelier.

He was born in Dublin, in 1806, and studied as a civil engineer under Mr. Nimmo; but a taste for sculpture induced him to change his pursuits, and settling in London, he devoted himself with much energy to his art, achieving high reputation as a portrait sculptor, though entirely self-taught. Among the more prominent of his busts, all of which are remarkable for their individuality, are those of Her Majesty and the late Prince Consort, Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie, the King of Belgium, Louis Philippe of France, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Leinster, the late Marquis of Londonderry, the Marquis of Downshire, the Earl of Eglinton, Lords Brougham, Carlisle, Lyndhurst, &c., &c. The only full-length statue, we believe, he ever executed is that of the late Sir R. Ferguson, at present being erected at Londonderry.

To Art-talent of no ordinary merit, as the list of his patrons amply testifies, Mr. Jones possessed a kind, courteous, and generous disposition; in wit, humour, and vivacity, he was a thorough Irishman. As a friend and associate he will be greatly missed by a large circle who knew and appreciated his many excellent qualities. He died in July last at Dublin, whither he had gone for a little relaxation from his labours.

MR. FRANCIS OLIVER FINCH.

This artist, one of the oldest members of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, died, at the age of sixty years, on the 27th of August. Though an exhibitor in the gallery of the institution up to the present season, his works of late years have had but little attention from the public, though possessing no inconsiderable merit in the eyes of those who can appreciate quiet delicacy of execution and classic, poetical feeling, not unlike that of another early member of the same society, the late G. Barrett. But Mr. Finch's works did not keep pace with the times; he adhered strictly to the water-colour painting as practised a quarter of a century ago, or even longer, and, as a consequence, was left behind in the competition for fame and extensive patronage: nevertheless, those who possess his works may rest assured they hold what is worth retaining for their own intrinsic value.

ALBRECHT ADAM.

The *Parthenon* notices, at considerable length, the recent death, at the age of seventy-six years, of Albrecht Adam, the great German battle painter; he died at Munich.

Adam accompanied, in 1809, the French and Bavarian army in the campaign against Austria. In 1812 he was appointed by Prince Eugene, then vice-regent of Italy, to accompany the "Grand Army" in the expedition against Russia; an officer's rank was conferred on him, and he received the title of Painter to the Court. All the horrors and dangers of that terrible campaign were shared by him: he witnessed the conflagration of Moscow, and some of his most effective pictures represent episodes in that fearful drama. When the Austrian army under Radetzky began the campaign which ended with the battle of Novara, Adam, though no longer young, but yet hearty and vigorous, set out with one of his sons for the scene of action. Of the numerous interesting and exciting events of the campaign he has left valuable records, besides the series of large pictures he painted from his sketches by command of the emperor. His last

great work, a commission from the present King of Bavaria, Maximilian II., and intended for the building now being erected on the slope above the Isar, is the decisive charge of the Prussian cavalry against a square of the enemy at the battle of Zorndorf, where Frederick the Great commanded in person.

Adam's pictures are distinguished by their historical and individual truthfulness, as well as by exceeding accuracy of detail: less imaginative and dashing than Horace Vernet, his works attract the attentive observation of the spectator instead of exciting astonishment.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The Scottish National Gallery is, it is said, about to receive an addition of seven or eight pictures from the National Gallery in London. Of the two principal contributed, one is Guido's 'Venus Attired by the Graces,' a large composition of six life-size figures, formerly in the collection of Charles I., and which was presented to the nation, in 1836, by William IV. There is a fine engraving, by Strange, of this painting, a duplicate of which is in the possession of Lord Yarborough. The other picture is the fine copy, by Ludovico Carracci, of Correggio's famous 'Ecce Homo!' also in the Gallery in Trafalgar Square. Correggio's picture was purchased in the early part of the French Revolution, from the Colonna family, at Rome, by Sir Simon Clarke, who, not being able to get it out of Italy, disposed of it to Murat. At a subsequent period it was sold to the late Marquis of Londonderry, from whom it was purchased by parliament for the nation.—From the returns relating to institutions for the promotion of Science and Art in Scotland for the year 1861, we take the following:—The total number receiving instruction in drawing in or through the agency of the School of Art at Dundee, during 1861, has been 2,558, showing a total increase of 196 since last year. The total amount of fees has been £361 12s. 7d., showing an increase of £95 7s. 5d. over the sum received last year. The total number receiving instruction in drawing in or through the agency of the School of Art at Aberdeen, during 1861, has been 1,576, showing a total increase of seventy-two since last year. The total amount of fees has been £288 13s. 2d., showing an increase of £9 16s. 7½d. over the sum received last year.

GLASGOW.—We briefly noticed in a recent number that the Institute of the Fine Arts was proceeding with a second exhibition, and, we are glad to hear, with every prospect of success. The difficulty with which those who wish to promote an annual exhibition have hitherto had to contend was the want of suitable rooms; the only ones adapted for the purpose being the Corporation Galleries, in which was the collection of ancient paintings belonging to the city. The City Council granted the use of these halls for a first exhibition last year, and the result was very encouraging. During the fifty-seven days the exhibition was opened, it was visited by above thirty-nine thousand nine hundred persons, being a daily average of more than eight hundred visitors; and one hundred and eleven paintings were sold. When it is considered that between the last year's exhibition and the previous one there was a lapse of seven years, the projectors have every reason to be satisfied with their first attempt. The City Council has again granted the use of the galleries, and we hope the second exhibition may at least equal its predecessor. We see no reason why Glasgow, a city with nearly half a million of inhabitants, enterprising and wealthy, should not be foremost in the encouragement of Art. She has many collectors of high-class works, to whom the want of an annual exhibition must have been severely felt. The Glasgow Art-Union is, we believe, in a prosperous condition, and, it is expected, will have a large sum to spend in the purchase of works of Art this winter.

LIVERPOOL.—The Liverpool Academy and the Society of Fine Arts opened each its respective exhibition last month. We are not in a position to report their contents in this number of our *Journal*, but hope to do so in the next.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. Foley, R.A., is to be entrusted with the execution of a statue of the late Prince Consort, to be erected in this town, between the New Exchange Buildings and the Grammar School. The statue will be of Sicilian marble, surmounted by an appropriate canopy, and surrounded by such architectural accessories as the site may suggest, and as may be considered suitable.—The annual exhibition

of the Birmingham Society of Arts was opened last month. The collection includes between six hundred and seven hundred pictures, and on the whole is of a satisfactory character, many of the Royal Academicians, and other artists of note, being contributors. Among these are Messrs. P. Poole, F. Goodall, E. W. Cooke, J. Gilbert, J. B. Pyne, F. Leighton, H. O'Neil, W. C. T. Dobson, David Roberts, &c. Some fine works of the late J. M. W. Turner and David Cox are also included in the collection, no Birmingham exhibition being deemed complete without specimens of these masters. Among the local exhibitors are Messrs. Henshaw, Hall, Everitt, Burt, Radclyffe, Hollins, &c.

BRIGHTON.—The annual exhibition of the Brighton Art Society was opened last month, in the new galleries of the Pavilion. The collection numbers about four hundred contributions, in oil and water-colours, principally by artists of the town and county. It is regarded by those who have had the opportunity of judging as equal to the display of last year, though there are fewer large pictures. The works which seem to attract the greater share of the attention of local critics are—'Lady Clancarty imploring permission to share her Husband's Cell in the Tower,' 'The Guadalquivir,' and 'La Caridad,' all by G. Villamil; 'A Summer Evening,' and 'A Clovelly Boy, with Pony, fetching Wood,' both by H. Moore; 'Lamech Castle,' 'River Scene, Holland,' 'Cobb's Mill, Sussex,' 'Dutch Boats putting off to a Disabled Indianman,' and others, by R. H. Nibbs, a local artist; 'A Wild Bank—Autumn,' T. Worsey; 'Leaving the Downs after the Review, Easter Monday, 1862,' M. Penley; 'Going to Market,' T. K. Pelham; 'View near Bath,' H. Earp. A portrait of Admiral W. J. Taylor, C.B., by J. Edgar Williams, appears to claim especial notice among the few exhibited works of that class, for its truthfulness and clever handling.

WINDSOR.—The stained glass in the eastern window of St. George's Chapel is being removed, preparatory to the re-working of the old jambs, mullions, &c., for the reception of a memorial window to the memory of the late Prince Consort. Mr. Scott is the architect, and the window will be in the Gothic style. The artists selected for the stained glass are Messrs. Clayton and Bell. There will be fourteen new mullions in addition, making fifteen lights. The window will thus be similar to that at the west end of the chapel.

HUDDERSFIELD.—A monument to the late Richard Oastler has just been erected in Woodhouse Churchyard, Huddersfield. The memorial is Gothic in design, and from a base of three feet six inches rises to a height of fourteen feet. It is decorated with moulded panels, with carved spandrels, crockets, and finials. The work was designed and executed by Mr. R. Garner, of Huddersfield. The monument has been raised almost entirely by the working classes, and the subscriptions were collected by a committee of working men.

BLUNHAM.—A contemporary (the *Building News*) says:—"While the whitewash was being removed from a portion of the north wall of Blunham Church (Beds), some colouring was observed on the original plaster. The whole of the thick coat of whitewash was removed, and a very remarkable fresco-painting was brought to light. The subject is the Descent from the Cross. St. Joseph and the Virgin are supporting the Saviour, and the expression of grief on the face of the sorrowing mother is very powerful. The drawing of the face of our Lord is most remarkable, the eye-balls being represented to have come out of the sockets on to the cheeks. The other figures are also very curiously treated. Over the painting is an inscription in black letter, which has not at present been sufficiently cleared of the whitewash to be deciphered. It is feared that this curious relic cannot be preserved, but Dr. Mountain is having an accurate tracing made of it."

BOSTON.—Mrs. Herbert Ingram is having executed a handsome stained glass window, to be placed in the parish church of this town, as a memorial of her deceased husband, who was one of the representatives in parliament of the borough.

COVENTRY.—A new building, for the use of the School of Art in this town, has been determined upon. The funds for its erection will have to be supplied by the voluntary subscriptions of the inhabitants of Coventry and the surrounding district.

SALFORD.—Mr. Noble has received a commission for a statue of the late Prince Consort, as a "companion" to that of Her Majesty, for the park at Salford.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—There is some probability that the school of Art in this town, which was closed a short time since for want of funds, will be reopened under new management; a considerable number of the late students have been exerting themselves with this object.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

SPITHEAD.

Engraved by W. Miller.

Nothing is more extraordinary in the works of Turner than the power with which he represents subjects the most opposite to each other: in fact, all seem alike within his grasp—architecture, the most stupendous, elaborate, and gorgeous; landscapes of every conceivable character, whether simple or sublime; the ocean, at rest, or upheaved by the wildest storm; skies, radiant with the glorious sunshine, or gloomy with the deep shadows of the thunder-clouds;—his eye saw all, and his hand obeyed willingly whatever he directed it to execute, so that his ability to perform equalled his capacity for seeing.

This picture of Spithead is one of the few sea-views—for they are few in comparison with his landscapes—which place Turner on an equality with, and some of his admirers would say far above, any marine painter of any time or country. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1809, a period when steam-power was unknown, and iron ships had not even partially superseded the “wooden walls” of England; so it may be accepted as a representation of the naval architecture of a past age. On the right are two line-of-battle ships, a large three-decker, and a two-decker, both bearing up for anchorage; in the middle distance appears the guard-ship, with other vessels of war at anchor; and various boats—the crew of one is “fishing up” an anchor—help to give animation to the scene: in the extreme distance we catch a glimpse of the fortifications of Portsmouth. The dense mass of clouds, and the general wildness of the sky, are significant of what sailors call “dirty weather,” while the roughness of the sea—what a grand sweep Turner has given to the waves!—indicates a tolerably stiff breeze. The light reflected on the water from the partially clear sky is admirably rendered, and shows how closely the artist studied the effects of nature.

There are few, if any, localities in the kingdom of deeper interest to an Englishman than Spithead. From the fine anchorage there our fleets have sailed forth to fight the battles of the country, and have brought back to the same spot the fleets of the enemy, prizes to the skill and irresistible valour of our seamen. One of the most singular events recorded in our naval annals occurred here, and, unless we are much mistaken, very near the buoy seen in Turner's picture. On the 19th of August, 1782, the *Royal George*, carrying one hundred guns, and one of the largest vessels in the British navy, suddenly was engulfed, with Admiral Kempenfeldt, many of his officers, and a large number of the crew, their wives, and other persons—visitors, or having business on board; the admiral, four hundred seamen, and two hundred women, unhappily perished.

“Hark to the knell!
It comes in the swell
Of the stormy ocean wave;
’Tis no earthly sound,
But a toll profound,
From the mariner's deep sea-grave.”

The accident, which occurred at mid-day, when the sun was shining brilliantly, and scarcely a breath of air stirred the surface of the water, is said to have arisen from the following circumstance. The crew was employed in running out the guns on one side of the vessel, and, by some means or other, got them so far beyond the centre, as to cause the ship to heel over; her lower deck port-holes had been left open, on account of the heat of the weather,—the sea instantly rushed in, and before anything could be done to right her, she sank in the sight of many hundreds of spectators.

Portsmouth Hill, a short distance from Portsmouth, on the old London coach-road, presents a magnificent view to the spectator: immediately below him lie the united towns of Portsmouth and Portsea, from which Gosport is separated by the capacious harbour; the towns, with the dock-yard, surrounded by fortifications and lines of circumvolution; beyond is Spithead, with its numerous vessels of war and craft of all kinds, the Isle of Wight forming a beautiful background to the whole.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The building for the Permanent Universal Exhibition in Paris has actually been commenced. It is situated at Auteuil, close to the road and railway, and just within the ramparts. The enterprise is undertaken by a company; the estimate for its erection is £600,000, the whole of which has been subscribed in France. “The object is to found a place of resort for producers, dealers, and customers, from all parts of the world, where commodities may be compared and purchased under one roof,—an arrangement which will afford great facilities to all parties. The shareholders are to be reimbursed by the rentals charged to exhibitors, and the public will be admitted free on at least five days of the week.”—The artists of France are preparing for the approaching *Salon*, though they are at present so little encouraged that several painters of considerable talent are turning their thoughts and their labours to other pursuits.—The French newspapers teem with lengthy reports of the International Exhibition in London, most of which begin and end in a similar laudatory strain of the pre-eminence shown by France in every work of Art and Industry; but those artists who really interest themselves in the glory of the nation are loud in their complaints against the committee for having made so unworthy a selection from the French school of Art. One writer, however, seems to have taken a more comprehensive and a truer view of the matter. He says,—“When I contemplate the *chef-d'œuvres* exhibited by Art-schools whose existence we almost ignore; when I see the brilliant canvases from the other side of the Rhine or the icy shores of the Baltic, I feel a desire to exclaim in a loud voice at the doors of our ateliers,—

“Prenez garde aux Barbares!”

—The French pictures in the Louvre have been removed to find a place for the *Musée Campagna*; and several fine paintings, principally of the French school, have also been taken away from the Church of Notre Dame, where they were found to be receiving damage from damp and smoke. Among the latter are ‘The Assumption,’ by Laurent de la Hire; ‘The Presentation in the Temple,’ and ‘The Birth of the Virgin,’ by Philip de Champaigne; ‘The Flight into Egypt,’ and ‘The Presentation in the Temple,’ by Louis de Boullogne; ‘The Visitation,’ by Jouvenet; and ‘The Annunciation,’ by Hallé.—The beautiful Church of La Madeleine, the building of which was commenced about a century ago, but from various causes was not finished till 1842, is undergoing important external repairs.

COURTRAI.—A paragraph which appeared lately in *Galignani*, says that the Church of St. Martin in this town was destroyed by fire on the 9th of September, but that a valuable picture by Van Dyck was saved. We are at a loss to know what picture is here referred to. The only work of any importance by this artist, in Courtrai, so far as our information extends, is the famous ‘Raising the Cross,’ the story of which in connection with the monks of the convent for whom it was painted, is a well-known episode in the life of Van Dyck. This picture, however, is in the Church of Notre Dame.

GENOA.—A colossal group of sculpture, in honour of Christopher Columbus, has been recently erected in this city.

COBURG.—It is proposed to erect a monument to the memory of the late Prince Consort in this his native town. A meeting of the most influential residents has been held to promote the object.

NUREMBERG.—E. Bendemann, the distinguished painter of the Düsseldorf School, is engaged upon a large picture for the Hall of Justice in this town: the subject is the ‘Death of Cain.’ Two of Bendemann's most attractive pictures are well known in England by engravings: these are, ‘By the Waters of Babylon,’ and ‘Jeremiah amid the Ruins of Jerusalem.’

MADRID.—The committee appointed by the Queen of Spain to organise at Madrid a Universal Exhibition, similar to those which have been held in London and Paris, has issued a notice that it will receive plans for the construction of the building.

VICTORIA.—The Victorian legislature has voted £4,000 towards a national monument to perpetuate the memory of Burke, the Australian explorer; also £3,000 to the mother and sisters of Wills, the companion of Burke; and an annuity of £35 to King, the survivor of Burke's party.

SYDNEY.—A statue is about to be erected at Sydney, New South Wales, in memory of the late Prince Consort. The first published list of subscriptions amounts to upwards of £1,000.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION WILL NOT BE CLOSED until the 1st day of November. This is a wise arrangement, for it will go some way to prevent a necessity for application to the purses of the guarantors. They have given unequivocal signs of a resolution to pay nothing without a minute and searching inquiry into all the items of expenditure and receipts. Such a course would be, to say the least, very “inconvenient” to the Commissioners and their satellites. The Commissioners have issued the following:—*Resolved*—To close the Exhibition on Saturday, the 1st of November; but that the building shall remain open for another fortnight after that date, at a higher price of admission, in order to afford the exhibitors in the industrial department an opportunity of selling their goods.”

THE OFFICIAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.—We extract the following criticism from the *Times* of September 16th:—“The first two volumes of the Official Illustrated Catalogue have just been issued. As compared with the similar catalogue in 1851, or even regarded in the milder light of a common pictorial record of this Exhibition, it is a dull and most unsatisfactory book. In 1851 the illustrated catalogue was a work of private enterprise, and, like any other book, had to be made as instructive and attractive as possible; and, both these conditions being admirably fulfilled, the work had so large a sale that the Commissioners on this occasion were tempted out of their legitimate province, and undertook the publication of the catalogue themselves. With a not unnatural distrust of its financial success, the cost of printing, publishing, &c., was secured in advance by charging so much a page to the exhibitors who wished to appear in it, leaving them to find the illustrations and the matter, and admitting nothing that was not paid for and everything that was. The result is exactly what might have been anticipated. The official illustrated catalogue of 1862 is merely two volumes of tradesmen's advertisements. In vain we ransack its pages in search of anything that will remind us of the great triumphs of Art-manufactures collected at South Kensington. Amid its meagre rows of names and price-lists are thinly interspersed woodcuts of cheap beds, boots, kitchen ranges, saddlery, false teeth, &c.,—just such leaves, in short, as one turns over at the end of *Bradshaw* during the tedium of a long railway journey. Scarcely any attempt is made to reproduce any of the fine English works, either in glass, porcelain, furniture, or precious metals; and when they are attempted, as in the case of Elkington's, Hancock's, Hunt & Roskell's, or Harry Emanuel's, the attempts are worse than failures. It is said that the three volumes of the foreign portion of the Exhibition will make up for the deficiency in the English.* This may or may not be so, but even if true it is no manner of excuse for the issue of these two volumes of mere trade advertisements as the illustrated catalogue of the contents of the English Exhibition. They are, unquestionably, the dearest and dullest volumes that have been published for some time, which is saying a great deal in a few words.”—This is but just and right on the part of the great journal; it cannot and will not prop up the Commissioners in the perpetration of a manifest wrong. The catalogue is indeed a wretched affair. But what will the manufacturers say who have been cajoled into buying pages in it?—what will they say concerning the sums they have been called upon to pay for engravings in it? The Commissioners guaranteed to give a circulation of 10,000;—will they refund part of the money obtained under such guarantee? They have charged for engravings two hundred and sometimes three hundred per cent. beyond their cost—or value; but in several cases they have taken, and given receipts in full, for half the sums charged. Will the Commissioners order “halves” to be returned to those who had previously paid for engravings in ignorance of their actual worth?

THE REPORTS OF THE JURIES.—The publication of the Reports—not by the Royal Commissioners but by the Society of Arts—has commenced. It

* What is meant by this we cannot at present say.



J.M.W. TURNER R.A. PINX.

W. MILLER SCULPT.

SPITHEAD.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

is to be issued in parts. The reason why this work is produced by the Society and not by the Commissioners is told in a sentence: if the Commissioners had sent it forth they must have given a copy to each member of a jury; published by the Society, each member will have to buy it. The "decency" of such a course is evident, but it is on a par with the rest of the disreputable management of the International Exhibition—only another case of national (not international) degradation to which England has been subjected in the eyes of all foreigners. The foreign jurors have protested strongly against the "shabbiness" of this act. It is not even now too late to rescue the country from such a reproach. A public subscription might be entered into to purchase some six hundred copies from the Society of Arts to present a copy to each juror. Any step would be advisable that had the effect of separating the British public from the Commissioners, as proof that the one is not responsible for the acts of the other.

THE ART-JOURNAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.—Several manufacturers whose works contained in the Exhibition we have engraved, expressed a desire to make the fact public by placing cards to that effect in their cases. We supplied them with such cards. They were exposed conspicuously; the exhibitors feeling pride in the publicity we had given them, and believing it to be, not only a compliment, but a service. The Royal Commissioners, however, or rather their subordinates, ordered their removal; and as many of the exhibitors refused to obey such order, as interfering with their proper rights, they received threats that the cases in which they appeared would be "covered up." This is only "of a piece with the rest"—a sample of the conduct that has been pursued by the managers of the Exhibition from the commencement thus far towards the elose. It will be admitted universally that the *Art-Journal Illustrated Catalogue* will be for many years to come a practical teacher of the lessons taught in the Exhibition to every workshop in Great Britain and its dependencies, as well as in the various ateliers of Europe. Forty thousand monthly Parts of that work are in circulation; the amount of good it may do is, therefore, incalculable. The shallow policy of the Commissioners is, however, not to estimate the public benefit the Exhibition may confer on mankind, but the amount of money that can—by any means—be made out of it. As they make none by the *Art-Journal Illustrated Catalogue*, and are certain to lose much by their own Official Illustrated Catalogue, they have adopted a course which sets the wishes and interests of the exhibitors at "nought." It is a poor and pitiful act—that to which we allude—and so the exhibitors and the public will consider it. The *Art-Journal Catalogue* will, however, be a Record of the Exhibition, far more honourable and more enduring than the memories of the men who have marred it.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—There are dismal forebodings as to the financial issue. Whilst the expenses of 1862 are very much beyond those of 1851, the receipts are considerably less—the receipts "at the doors," that is to say. There are, as yet, no means of knowing what has been obtained by season tickets of the several classes, nor how much will be gained by contracts, umbrella-keepings, &c., &c. There is little doubt, however, of the balance being against the Commissioners, as compared with that of 1851. There will be no surplus; the building will be removed to pay the contractors, and the affair will very soon be forgotten. It would be idle to speculate, just now, as to the arrangements into which the Commissioners will enter with such claimants as the Society of Arts, the Horticultural Gardens, and the Acting Manager at South Kensington. It would be as useless, at present, to speculate on the very different results that would have followed a wiser, more dignified, and more liberal policy on the part of the Commissioners.

THE FAILURE OF MESSRS. VEILLARD, the contractors at the Exhibition, has "brought to light" a transaction that will probably be heard of in a Court of Law. An influential "somebody"—the son of an earl—obtained, it would seem, £2,000, and claims another £1,000, from Mr. Veillard, for having induced the Royal Commissioners to accept his tender. This is an un-

fortunate business, and adds to the distressing position in which the Exhibition has placed the country in the estimation of foreigners. They cannot understand how such a transaction could possibly have occurred without leaving a taint on persons who should be above suspicion. The Commissioners will, no doubt, "explain"—as they ought to do—their share in this very discreditable affair, on which the newspapers have severely commented in exposing the "particulars."

A SUBSCRIPTION has been entered into by a large number (if not the whole) of the exhibitors in the classes over which Mr. Waring presides—principally those of the precious metals, porcelain, and glass—to present to that gentleman a TESTIMONIAL, in recognition of his services to the contributors of works and the Exhibition generally. Some may object to recompense a gentleman for doing his duty; but there are labours for which no money could pay, and which would never be either undertaken or performed for money. It is certain that Mr. Waring has been, not only courteous and attentive to all the gentlemen over whose "exhibits" he has been placed, but most careful of their interests, and prompt in ministering to their wishes and wants. He is, no doubt, entitled to their gratitude, and cannot fail to estimate highly any expression of it. Moreover, it is gratifying to know there are many persons eager to record their sense of services which are stated to have been large and unremitting; such as were not "in the bond" when he undertook the most important "trust" of the Exhibition.

MESSRS. DAY'S WORK, in chromo-lithography, picturing the principal works of all classes in the International Exhibition, progresses rapidly—the first Part being now ready. The list of subscribers is large: so it ought to be, for the expense of its production will be enormous. It cannot fail to be an admirable work. The selections, for which Mr. Waring is alone responsible, are most judicious; the specimens issued are admirable examples of the art; photography has lent effectual aid to the artist, securing accuracy of outline, while the various objects are coloured by the hands of skilful artists. The edition will be limited. Those who obtain copies will find them largely increase in value; while it will be a continual treasure-store to the manufacturer.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—A portrait of Richard III. has been presented to this collection by Mr. J. Gibson Craig, of Edinburgh. This portrait and one at Windsor, with that in the possession of the Earl of Derby, at Knowsley, and others belonging to the Society of Antiquaries, are essentially the same; all represent the person as putting on, or removing, a ring from the little finger of the right hand. The face is entirely beardless, the hair is straight and clubbed behind, and on the head is worn a black velvet berret, with a pearl agraff; the tunic of dark cloth or velvet is close round the throat. Without knowing anything of the character of the man said to be represented, it would at once be said that the picture is copied from a face that never could look either honest or charitable. It is painted on panel in a manner dry, hard, and with a very limited range of colours. If it be like the man, that is all that could be expected, but it does not appear like an original. In the back room, side by side over the fire-place, are two excellent examples of that kind of Art prevalent under the influence of Lely and Kneller. They are portraits respectively of the Duke of Monmouth and of Sir W. Temple. The former is very like the pictures of Charles, without their extreme harshness of line. Another addition is a profile of Northcote, Sir Joshua's best pupil, painted by himself at the age of eighty-one—perhaps the best head he ever painted. The portrait which he sent to the Florentine Collection is also a profile, but it is very insipid in comparison with this. Another recent acquisition is a portrait of Lord Byron in an Albanian costume. It is a replica of a picture formerly in the possession of Lady Noel, and now the property of Lord Lovelace. A small bronze bust of John Philip Kemble has been presented by John Gibson, R.A.: it was modelled by himself in 1814 at Liverpool. Besides these there are portraits of the first Lord Amherst, by Gainsborough; of Waller, the poet, by Riley; and of Archdeacon Paley, by Beechey.

THE PRINCE CONSORT MEMORIAL.—An engraved plan has been submitted to us by Mr. William Bardwell, architect, for erecting, on the site of Burlington House and grounds, the intended memorial of the late Prince Consort. So far as we can understand this ground-plan without a key to it, Mr. Bardwell proposes to have a range of apartments on three sides of the quadrangle, for learned and scientific societies; and in the centre of the quadrangle a large hall, one hundred and fifty feet in length by eighty feet in breadth, for general purposes. The site, he says, would be immeasurably superior to that at South Kensington for carrying out the expressed wishes of the late Prince Consort, for a central institute for the promotion of Science and Art. It would also meet the intention of parliament, who purchased it for such a purpose, and the adoption of it would meet with the approbation of the public. The details of the plan we have no space to speak of, but the proposition itself is entitled to consideration. But then, what is to become of the Royal Academy, if it should have notice to quit Trafalgar Square? Burlington Gardens is the spot to which the members have been looking, in the event of a forced removal. Mr. Bardwell's plan, however, does not occupy the whole of the ground by a considerable space, though, of course, it takes in the Piccadilly frontage, the most prominent part.

THE "TRIO" AT THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—London and its tributaries have been in a strange state of feverish excitement during the past months; "The International Exhibition" has been the sun, and all other exhibitions but as satellites. The richest harvest attending the multitudes who have moved to and fro has been gathered by exacting cabmen, and as exacting lodging-house keepers. Shopkeepers and tradesmen have benefited but little; even "public" and "eating" houses have not gathered much into their garners, for the shilling days brought a class of visitors furnished with provisions, and within the building refreshments have been abundant. It is, however, somewhat remarkable that theatres and high-class amusements have been hardly more crowded than usual during "the season." Whether, after a day's hard sight-seeing at the "International," people were unable to relish the well-worn "Colleen Bawn," enjoy the richness of Titian's glorious voice, revisit the Princess's, where, though "Henry VIII." is shorn of its scenic attractions, Charles Kean is unrivalled as Cardinal Wolsey, and his fair wife "every inch a queen;" whether the impression that Mathews the Second is not Mathews the First; that the "screaming farces" at the Adelphi have not been as attractive as the pure acting of its manager, when he has a part worthy of him; that Robson was too unwell to act as he acted of yore;—whether all these *on dits* and apprehensions entered into the many-headed hydra called "the public," we cannot tell; but, with two exceptions, neither theatre nor entertainment have actually done more "business" than usual since the merry month of May. The theatrical exception is the Haymarket, where Lord Dundreary is not yet dead: the entertainment is that given by the matchless *trio* at the Gallery of Illustration. No matter how many years ago—when Macready was King, and Mrs. German Reed, then a lovely girl in the early dawn of womanhood, was the Ariel of "The Tempest," and the fool in "Lear,"—those "characters" are memories to the play-goers of that time of hers. Afterwards, Priscilla Horton laboured long and earnestly, wherever she was engaged, until, fortunately for the public, having married a gentleman—then known only for his musical attainments—they bravely resolved to test their mutual powers in an entertainment, which, even when poor Albert Smith gathered nightly multitudes to the Egyptian Hall, took the firm hold upon the public that has strengthened, year after year, in power and in interest. And now, with John Parry the inimitable, and Mr. German Reed, who has become as good a personator as a musician, the *trio* at the Gallery of Illustration have this year performed a play—call it an "entertainment" if you will—but a "play," and a most amusing one it is, to all intents and purposes, that has been a great success. In the "Family Legend" Mr. Tom Taylor adapted his distribu-

tion of parts with admirable tact, so as to suit each of the performers. As to John Parry, we should recognise the wonderful twinkle of his eyes, the movements of his long fingers, his untiring humour, the peculiar intonation of his voice, under any disguise; while there is a *bon-homme* about German Reed that would effectually prevent his being imagined to be anything but what his jolly, kindly nature made him. With Mrs. German Reed the case is different: she has the power of *being*, for the time, exactly what she represents. The trio at the Gallery of Illustration have the ball at their feet; they are in no danger from rivalry.

LEIGH'S SCHOOL OF FINE ART.—At this institution, now conducted by Mr. Heatherley, a novel experiment in the way of prizes has been tried. Two prizes are given monthly: one for the best original drawing done during the month by the "monthly sketching class," the other for the best original drawing done by the "weekly sketching class." The novelty consists in allowing the students to decide the issue by ballot voting, which they have hitherto done successfully. Mr. Heatherley never having had occasion to reverse the decision. In the August competition two ladies carried off both prizes: Miss Tomkins for the monthly sketch, and Miss Colman for the other. It is intended in April next to offer a prize of ten guineas for the best design from a given subject.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—Two valuable portraits by Gainsborough have just been added to the collection at Kensington. One is that of Dr. Ralph Schomberg; the other is of Mrs. Siddons. Both pictures have been purchased from the families of the persons represented. Dr. Schomberg is a full-length life-size figure, in a broken landscape, wherein we recognise Gainsborough's facile adaptation of landscape to his figures. There are no apologies for forms; the whole is substantially painted. In both these heads Gainsborough seems to have studied to work as little as possible like Reynolds. If we are to judge by the conventions of the time when the male figure was painted, it would appear that the colour has flown; if, on the other hand, it is at all as Gainsborough left it, it must have been regarded as a very original portrait—having been painted on the principle that a figure in an open scene should be presented in a breadth of light. The drawing of the upper part of the figure is all that can be desired, but the lower limbs are very infirm. It is, however, a work of great worth, and a brilliant addition to the collection. Mrs. Siddons is all but a profile; she is seated, and wears a walking dress, with hair full frizzed and powdered, and surmounted by one of the enormous hats worn by ladies towards the end of the last century. The face is very carefully painted, and finished without the glaze that Reynolds so seldom omitted; and it is interesting to see Gainsborough here so independent, while all others were following Sir Joshua as well as they could. The face is one of great sweetness; and if we turn to Lawrence's portraits of the same lady, we can scarcely persuade ourselves, even allowing for the advance of years, that they were both painted from the same person. These portraits are really the most brilliant productions in the room in which they hang.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE SCHOOL OF ART, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.—After a long vacation, which closes with the present month of October, the Crystal Palace School again invites the attendance of students to their several classes, and again the Directors announce that every possible effort has been made to render their school an institution which may claim public recognition and support on the ground of its real merits. Having felt a warm interest in this school from the time of its first establishment, now nearly three years ago, we have made it our business thoroughly to investigate its present condition, that we might be enabled fairly to set before our readers what it is, what it is actually doing, and what it proposes to do, hopes to do, and is well able to do. As at present constituted, the Crystal Palace School consists exclusively of classes for ladies—these classes comprising history, languages, drawing, music, singing, and various other subjects, all of them taught by professors of the very first eminence, and who are both experienced teachers

and thorough masters of what they undertake to teach. The terms are moderate; the class-rooms leave nothing to be desired; there is a separate private entrance; the students have free access to an admirable library, and the various Art-collections of the palace are always made available for illustration, when such illustration is needed as these collections are able to supply. There are also courses of lectures, of a popular character, open to the students of the classes. A committee of the Directors, aided by a committee of ladies resident in the neighbourhood, takes the management, their secretary and superintendent being Mr. Henry Lec, a gentleman in every way qualified to carry out most efficiently the plans of the committees of management. A new feature of the utmost importance has just been introduced: this is the formation of an educational council, consisting of the professors, who consult for the welfare of the school, and submit their views to the committee of Directors. Classes devoted especially to subjects connected with Art are what the Directors are anxious to introduce into their school, and they also desire to carry out the wishes of the professors, by forming both junior and advanced classes in every one of the subjects already taught. Thus, with additional courses of lectures, which will be at once instructive and entertaining, the Crystal Palace School aims at providing a sound education of the highest order for the ladies of the very numerous families who settle in the beautiful neighbourhood of the Palace. The lectures, we may add, are open to all persons who may be willing to pay the very moderate fee that is charged for admission to them. Possibly, after a while, regular classes for gentlemen students may constitute a second, and distinct, division of the school.

CUYP AND BERGHEM.—There are in the possession of Mr. Barrett, 369, Strand, two charming examples of the Low Country schools. One by Cuyp—rather a large picture, presenting a river scene, with a boat and two horses waiting to be ferried over. It is, of course, the Dort once more, the river that Albert Cuyp has immortalised, and which he always invests with a charm that induced some of his followers to paint the same waters, with the hope of securing the same colour and effect. The time is morning, and the grey hues, if possible, are more tender than his evening tints. The condition of the picture is perfect, and its value is such a price as Lang Jan, the clockmaker—who first introduced the neglected works of Cuyp to English collectors—never would have dreamt of. In his native Dordrecht poor Cuyp was never considered a con-juror, but now all honour is done among us to his inexplicable magic. The Berghem is, in short, a Berghem in all the best points of the master. It is more of a student's picture than any of those wherein he imitated rather the dignities of Art than the simplicity of nature. The composition is of a kind that he has frequently painted, that is, a stream with high and broken banks on the other side; a woman is crossing the river carrying a kid, the mother of which wades by her side. It is an unusually bright example of the master. Both are unquestionably true pictures by the great artist, although they are at present in the possession of a dealer. Their pedigree can be traced a long way back, but their self-evidence is conclusive.

THE PERSPECTIVE PLANE AND ANGLEOMETER is a "handy" apparatus, invented by Mr. Skinner Prout, the artist, for enabling sketchers unacquainted with the principles of perspective to draw from nature. The Plane has evidently been suggested by the method adopted by some teachers in the instruction of their pupils, of fixing a narrow frame of wood, divided by threads into squares, over a pane of glass in a window, by which the scholar is enabled to judge of the distances occupied by the objects in the landscape before him, and to note them down on his paper after it has been similarly divided into squares. Mr. Prout's instrument is, in fact, a frame of this kind, but of light metal, and movable at the discretion of the sketcher. The Angleometer is a small ivory instrument, which may be likened to a pair of compasses: it is intended to show the proper angles of architectural lines.

Mr. FRITH, it is understood, is occupied in painting three large pictures for Mr. Gambart,

with a view to exhibition and engraving. They are to illustrate Life in London in three of its most remarkable phases, and to be entitled, 'Morning,' 'Noon,' and 'Night.' Of the first, the scene is laid in Covent Garden; of the second, in Hyde Park; of the third, in the Haymarket.

'THE RAILWAY STATION.'—The exhibition of this famous picture is now closed; to be reopened, we believe, about Christmas, in the city. It has been visited by nearly eighty thousand persons, and there is a very large list of subscribers to the print—a list so extensive as to be almost without precedent. It was a bold, as well as a liberal, undertaking; it is gratifying to know that the risk of the proprietor (Mr. Flatau) is at an end, before the picture has made the circuit of the provinces. Public opinion has fully endorsed that of the critics as to the merits and the interest of this most remarkable work.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—One of the spandrels of the main arches beneath the dome is to receive a picture of the head of St. Paul, in mosaic, by Signor Salviati, who has been commissioned to produce it. Others, it is said, are to follow.

ORNAMENTAL SCULPTURE.—We have before us a considerable number of photographs taken from sculptures executed by Mr. R. L. Boulton, of Worcester, for various ecclesiastical and other buildings. The principal subjects are figures of saints and angels, both singly and in groups, sculptured for the restorations that have recently been made in Lichfield Cathedral, which were lately referred to in our journal. These works are of a far higher order than mere decorations of this description: they are truly artistic in conception and design. Mr. Boulton is at present engaged upon the sculpture and ornaments for the Dramatic College, near Woking; of course, the writings of Shakespeare will furnish subjects for the purpose.

DRAWING PENCILS.—If the old and well-known firm of Messrs. Brookman and Langdon, which at one time stood at the head of the manufacturers of drawing pencils, does not now, owing to the generally altered circumstances of trade, maintain its ascendancy, it at least keeps on a par with the best. A sample of pencils, such as they are now showing at the International Exhibition, has been sent to us. Upon trial we find them to be of excellent quality, the lead firm and of good colour, free from gritty particles, and very pleasant to work with.

THE MEMORIAL OF 1851.—This really great work is advancing rapidly to completion, under the hand of the sculptor, Mr. Durham. As far as the artist is concerned, much of the work is completed; for its ultimate perfection, the bronze founder is now responsible. We have already fully described the design and composition, and alluded more than once to the monument during progress. It is now necessary to speak of the changes that have been made in it according to the wish of the Queen. When the monument was first proposed, it was intended that a statue of the Prince Consort should be a principal in it; but the Prince set this idea aside, as during his lifetime he did not wish a statue to be erected to him. The sculptor's first conception was Britannia, supported by the four quarters of the globe—the head of Britannia being a portrait of the Queen. At the suggestion of the Prince, another change was made—the figure of Britannia was to be a statue of the Queen, with the attributes of Peace. The interest taken by the Prince in this statue was so warm, that on one occasion, after the arrival of the Court from Balmoral, he came from Windsor, arriving at the Horticultural Gardens by nine in the morning, to see the effect of the figure in its site, whither it had been removed by Mr. Durham; and, sad to say, this was the last visit the Prince paid to London. Within a fortnight after the Prince's death, the Queen expressed a wish that a portrait of his Royal Highness, as originally intended, should form the leading feature of the memorial. This statue is, therefore, the result of her Majesty's wish, and the Prince of Wales desires that it shall be his gift. The costume is, at the suggestion of the Queen, that of the Order of the Bath—doublet, slashed trunks, and hose, of the fashion of about the middle of the sixteenth century—the dress being completed by the ample satin cloak. The statue looks nine feet high. The features are perfect in their resemblance to

the late lamented Prince, who stands, holding in the left hand his hat, and having the right hand open, and the head slightly bent forward, as in the act of receiving, and at the same time expressing, welcome. The attitude is easy and graceful, and the action of the open hand is as eloquent as the features; indeed, every passage of the design has something appropriate to say contributive to the general purpose. A careful examination of this figure shows that there is no evading that which would be difficult in modelling and composition, and, of course, expensive in carving—the lines are decided where required, and for the effect there is no want of darks and half-lights. If all our public statues were studied with the care and ability we see here, we should have every reason to be proud, and not cause to be ashamed of them.

MR. BEDFORD'S PHOTOGRAPHS.—This is the most interesting series of photographs that has ever been brought before the public. There must have been many failures, but nothing can be more beautiful than the precision of these views; they give us that which is masked in pictures, that is, the ground surface, on which most frequently is written ruin and decay. In comparison with these obdurate realities, all pictures of Egypt and the Holy Land are pleasant dreams. We have, for instance, the Vocal Memnon; we are disabused of his being now a monolith; he has been repaired in vulgar piecemeal, at least so he looks here, and he does not look either so human or so mythological as Roberts paints him. Again, the Pyramids appear small, and the ground around them is strewn with a kind of desolation that reminds us the curse lies heavy on every part of the land. The series commences with Cairo, of which there are not less than twelve views. We know not whether the Pasha has seen these views; if he have not, he has lost an opportunity of congratulating himself on the contrast presented by the region under his immediate sway with those under the direct dominion of the Porte. From Cairo we proceed to Gizeh, where are shown the Pyramids; after which comes Philæ, whereof there are six views, comprehending, of course, the famous Hypæthral Temple, known as the Bed of Pharaoh. Then follows the Temple of Edfu, a building of the time of the Ptolemies. The figures and names of several of them are commemorated in the sculptures on the pyramidal towers of the gateway, and on the faces of the temple. Thebes supplies not less than nineteen subjects, as the Hall of Columns and other portions of the Temple of Karnak, the Memnonium, the Colossi, the Temple of Medinet Habu, the Temple of Luksur, and the Egyptian subjects, and with the gateway of the Temple of Dendera. The Views in the Holy Land and Syria commence with Joppa, which is followed by seventeen of the most interesting sites in and about Jerusalem, as the Mount of Olives, the Mosque of the Dome of the Rock, the Golden Gate, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Monuments of Absalom, James, Zacharias, &c.; then come Bethany, Mar Saba, Hebron, Nablus, and then Damascus—"O Damascus, pearl of the East, as old as history itself." The views number one hundred and seventy-two, and in some of them are grouped the Prince of Wales and the distinguished persons in attendance on his Royal Highness. The tour terminates at Malta, and the series is, perhaps, the most interesting ever offered to the Christian and the scholar. We had almost forgotten to mention that the exhibition is held at the German Gallery, in Boud Street.

ART IN COPPER.—Such is the title that has been applied to a remarkable work, just completed by Mr. Thomas Phillips, of Snow Hill. We shall not dispute the accuracy of the expression, though perhaps "ingenuity in copper" is a phrase that would define with more exact correctness the object, of which we have sincere pleasure in recording our admiration. Mr. Phillips has proposed to himself to execute in copper an absolute fac-simile of a golden eagle, as the imperial bird would keep sentry aloft, with wings displayed and eyes of fire, on his rocky eyrie; and for six years has been patiently and skilfully working out his design. The result is a veritable sovereign

of the birds, lifeless indeed, but most life-like, and formed of metal instead of bones and muscles and feathers. Fac-simile reproduction Mr. Phillips has considered to signify much more than a faithful rendering of form and expression and attitude and action; it implies, as he accepts the idea conveyed by that expression, perfect identity in every minutest detail of external formation. Accordingly Mr. Phillips has built his eagle, feather for feather, after nature's model. The copper has proved itself actually plastic, rather than malleable, in his hands; and the result of this extraordinary effort not only shows what may be accomplished in the representation of animal forms of the highest order amongst the feathered tribes, but it is pre-eminently suggestive as a lesson in copper working. It is unnecessary to enter into any detailed description of the various parts of the copper eagle: the simple declaration that it is in every respect true to the original is enough. The colouring, effected by a peculiar process of electrotyping discovered by Mr. Phillips, is singularly happy. The metallic lustre of eagle plumage is thus given to the very life, and the beak, talons, and feet, are coloured with equal success. The rock on which the fierce bird is placed is a mass of tin and antimony in combination, and in its colour it contrasts well with the eagle himself. We certainly never before saw such a bird made by human hands, nor have we ever before seen such an example of the capabilities of copper. After this it would be difficult to reject copper from a place amongst the "precious metals."

STATUE OF LORD HARDINGE.—We are gratified to know that the subscriptions for the purpose of producing a duplicate of this noble group of sculpture, by Mr. Foley, are proceeding satisfactorily.

MR. OWEN JONES has recently added a wing to the show-gallery of Messrs. Osler, the well-known glass manufacturers, in Oxford Street. If possible, this new structure, in happy adaptation to its use and in intrinsic beauty of effect, surpasses the principal gallery to which it is attached. It contains a splendid collection of table lamps, tazzi in glass and porcelain on bronze stands, statuettes in Parian, and miscellaneous small bronzes, the last of Parisian manufacture. We always enjoy a visit to the establishment of the Messrs. Osler, and we advise our readers never to visit London without including his crystal galleries amongst the most attractive of the "sights" which the metropolis contains.

JOHN LEECH'S SKETCHES IN OIL FROM "PUNCH."—The engravings in fac-simile from these inimitable sketches are making the most satisfactory progress towards completion. They are the same in size as the sketches themselves, and in colour, feeling, and general effect, they literally reproduce for the public what Mr. Leech so happily reproduced for himself from his own woodcuts, in the columns of our great Fleet Street contemporary. We shall have more to say about these engravings on their actual appearance; but, meanwhile, we feel it to be only justice to the works themselves to record our admiration for them during their progress towards completion; and it is also due to our readers that we should prepare them for the appearance of a series of engravings which certainly must command the widest popularity, as, without question, they will prove to be without any rival amongst the countless productions of the lithographer's art.

ROSA BONHEUR.—Admirers of this eminent artist, or, in other words, everybody who loves and admires noble Art, will be grateful to Mr. Gambart for producing an admirable copy of Rosa Bonheur's small sketch of two Highland ponies "at home." The copy is really a picture, and it is such a picture as might have been executed by the great artist herself—executed by her in the instance of every repetition of the work.

STATUETTES OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.—Mr. Alderman Copeland has recently issued a very charming work in his ceramic statuary. It is a sitting portrait of the prince, good as a likeness, and graceful as a figure. It is the work of Mr. Abbott, who produced a statuette somewhat similar in character of the Duke of Wellington.

REVIEWS.

EIGHTY-FOUR ETCHED FAC-SIMILES, on a Reduced Scale, after the Original Studies by Michael Angelo and Raffaele in the University Galleries. Second Series. Etched and published by JOSEPH FISHER, Oxford.

Some time ago it was our duty to notice a large collection of drawings and sketches by Michael Angelo and Raffaele, lent by the university authorities of Oxford for exhibition at the South Kensington Museum. We then expressed our opinion of the immense value the study of these works would prove, and the advantages both amateurs and artists would possess in having, through the aid of photography, fac-similes of them, for the Council of the Department of Science and Art had obtained permission to have, at least, a portion of the drawings reproduced, and they are now to be purchased at a comparatively trifling cost. Mr. Fisher, in the volume just published, has not had recourse to this mechanical process, but has employed his own etching needle for a similar purpose, and to good purpose too.

It appears from the title-page that this is the second book of the kind produced by Mr. Fisher; we have no recollection of the first series, but may assume it to be of equal value with its successor. Independently of a kind of index, giving the title of each subject, the size of the original drawing, and the material in which it is executed, there is no letter-press throughout its pages, and scarcely any comment or description. And in truth little is needed; the pictures speak for themselves, and require no extraneous aid from the critic by way of commendation. All we feel it needful to do is to point out some of the most remarkable designs among the eighty-four which are found here. Plate 3 is a study of several figures for the lower part of Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment'; Plate 8, a 'Descent from the Cross,' by the same; in Plate 9 we have a similar subject treated differently, of which the engraver says,—"A very splendid composition, most important, as no picture is known of this subject. This grand design is of the first order." Plate 10, 'Samson and Delilah,' the male figure drawn with wonderful power; the head is shorn of its hair, and the face most expressive of horror, for the "Philistines are upon him," or presumed to be; Delilah, a figure half the size of Samson's, holds up her hand to invite his enemies. All these studies are in red chalk, and by Michael Angelo, to whose works twenty-two of these pages are assigned.

Those by Raffaele consist of sixty-two; of these, Plate 6 represents a youth on his knees, assumed to be St. Stephen; the attitude and expression of the figure are truly devotional; Plate 8 is an outline drawing of a 'Landscape, with a view of a City,' a strange composition, for the city, which stands almost in the foreground, is little else than a few houses and a church, surrounded by battle-mounded walls with high towers, close to a narrow river. Plate 10 is presumed to be 'A Design for Warriors in the Rape of Helen,' a group of six figures in varied and energetic action; Plate 15, a beautiful group of 'Abraham sacrificing Isaac,' Plates 19 and 20 are highly-finished drawings of 'The Adoration of the Magi,' the former is especially worthy of note. Plate 26, 'A Composition for the Entombment of Christ,' the body rests on the Virgin's lap, the head against that of St. John, the feet are supported by a female, probably intended for the Magdalen; several of the apostles and some female disciples stand or kneel around. This exquisite drawing was originally in the collection of Charles I. Plate 27 is a 'Study of three figures for the Borghese Picture of the Entombment,' they are carrying the dead body, but a portion of the latter is only seen, and in faint outline: a most interesting sketch, as evidencing the extreme care Raffaele exercised in preparing for his pictures. The figures are all nude, to enable him the more accurately to develop the anatomical forms consistently with their attitudes: but the picture in the Borghese Palace, an engraving from which appears in the *Art-Journal* for 1860, page 264, bears little resemblance to the arrangement of the sketch. Plate 33 is an admirable study of a horse's head, in the "Heliodorus" painting; Plate 35, 'The Resurrection,' a finished drawing of extraordinary power in the varied character and action of the figures. Plate 45, a fine study of the naked man suspended by his hands in the 'Incendio del Borgo,' and Plate 45, one, equally fine, of the woman bearing vases containing water, in the same picture. Plate 48 is a masterly and most vigorous pen and ink sketch of 'Samson breaking the Jaws of the Lion.'

Some of these drawings are executed in red chalk, a few in black, and four or five are drawn in pen

and ink; but the majority are in bistre, heightened with white. Mr. Fisher's reproductions are on a small scale, but they are so careful and accurate as to render them invaluable to the student.

THE MAUSOLEUM AT HALICARNASSUS RESTORED, in conformity with the recently-discovered Remains. By JAMES FERGUSON, F.R.I.B.A., author of the "Handbook of Architecture," &c. Published by JOHN MURRAY, London.

The magnificent sepulchre erected by Artemisia, queen of Caria, in memory of her husband Mausolus, was considered by the ancients one of the seven wonders of the world. So celebrated has its reputation been among the archaeologists and architects of modern times, that, as Mr. Ferguson remarks, "few of the latter have escaped the temptation of trying to restore it. What the squaring of the circle is to the young mathematician, or the perpetual motion to the young mechanic, the mausoleum at Halicarnassus was to the young architect; and with the data at his disposal, this problem seemed as insoluble as the other two." As a result, a considerable number of "restorations" on paper have made their appearance within the last few years, but all more or less unsatisfactory, and each differing altogether from the others: the tomb was still an unfathomable mystery to the profession.

But, a few years ago, some bassi-relievi were brought over to this country, and deposited in the British Museum, which had been built into the walls of the Castle of Budrum, the ancient Halicarnassus: these works were pronounced to be undoubted fragments of the sculptures of the mausoleum. Subsequent researches by Mr. Charles Newton, Vice-Consul at Mitylene, who formerly held office in the Museum, and still later explorations made under the auspices of the British government, have all tended to throw considerable light on the subject. The parliamentary papers published in 1858 and 1859, and Mr. Newton's folio volume of plates, with a smaller one of descriptive text, which appeared only a few months since, followed as the respective results of the examinations made; none of which, however, Mr. Ferguson thinks, have led to "a solution of the difficulties inherent in the problem of reconciling the recent discoveries with the ancient descriptions of the building." In the case of Mr. Newton's work, it is alleged that, owing probably to their author being absent from the country, the purely architectural plates are so incorrectly drawn or engraved as to add considerably to the previously-existing difficulties of the question; moreover, from some unexplained reason, all the best examples of details have been omitted. Under these circumstances, he has himself rebuilt the mausoleum out of the materials which have come before the public, or are of his own creation, and which he divides into—*First*, the passages in various ancient authors that either describe the appearance of the building or give its dimensions. *Secondly*, the actual remains of the building discovered in the recent explorations, and the measurement of the ground then obtained. *Thirdly*, the several tombs existing in Asia and Africa, evidently of the same type, and which afford valuable hints for the restoration. *Fourthly*, the system of definite proportions in Greek architecture, which is not only most useful in suggesting forms, but also most valuable in rectifying deductions arrived at from other sources.

How far the result at which Mr. Ferguson has arrived approaches the original edifice, will, in all probability, be matter of dispute. Not so, however, the beauty of the building he has reconstructed; it is a magnificent example of Greek Art, if we are to accept it as a reality: and, unlike most other Grecian temples, it has two storeys, the upper one, which is surrounded by symmetrical Doric columns, resting on a basement of massive square columns. Besides a finished lithographic print of the restored edifice, three woodcuts are introduced of tombs yet existing, which have aided the author in determining his work; these are, the "The Lion Tomb, Cnidus," a "Tomb at Dugga," and a "Tomb at Mylossa."

The treatise is short, but is of interest to everyone whose taste leads him to the study of architecture or archaeology.

ABBEYS AND ATTICS. By JULIAN STRICKLAND. 2 vols. Published by W. FREEMAN, London.

It requires but little discrimination to pronounce that this is the work of a very young and very inexperienced writer; a glance at the first two or three chapters will give indubitable evidence of this, for the reader is at once introduced to an assemblage of persons of whose antecedents we hear nothing, and who seem to have but little connection with each other. The hero of the story is David Ralli, an enthusiastic young painter, who gets, in some strange

and unaccountable way, mixed up with a host of fashionable people desirous of patronising him, if he will only practise his art according to their notions of what is right; at least, this is the only interpretation we can give of his doings; for the plot, if the story can really be said to have any, is so confused that one gets bewildered in the attempt to disentangle the characters from each other, and understand what they are all about, and what they are aiming at. Like a picture from the hand of some clever but untutored artist, knowing nothing of the rules of composition, the figures have all been thrown heedlessly on the canvas, without any special purpose or definite object.

Notwithstanding the book is so defective, the characters generally uninviting, and the language employed often unrefined and ungrammatical, the author has talent which, by due cultivation, might not be unprofitably employed as a novelist. He has an abundance of imagination, very considerable power of description, and some knowledge of human nature, its virtues as well as vices. But all this will avail nothing, unless disciplined and brought into service in a legitimate way. No writer in the present day can afford to sow the seeds of his genius broadcast over the field of literature; he must work according to rule no less than according to reason, to be intelligible and welcome. If Julian Strickland's next attempt be somewhat less ambitious, and the story more within the bounds of probability, it would be likely to find more favour than we can accord to this. But he must first both learn and unlearn much, and especially should he avoid all that melodramatic action and sentiment we find here in its worst type.

THE WILD FLOWERS, BIRDS, AND INSECTS OF THE MONTHS, Popularly and Poetically Described, with numerous Anecdotes: being a complete Circle of the Seasons. By H. G. ADAMS, author of "The Young Naturalist's Library." Published by JAMES HOGG AND SONS, London.

A pleasant compound of prose and poetry, well suited to the young student of natural history, and a book calculated to invite to such a study; for it contains enough of scientific information of a gossiping kind to attract, without overburdening, the reader; and plenty of amusing anecdote and scraps of poetry, to lighten the heavier matter. Mr. Adams puts in, now and then, a few notes of his own vocalism, when unable to find any music to suit his purpose in the compositions of others; and thus, with some practical remarks on collecting, preserving, and arranging nests, eggs, insects, and other objects of natural history, and many woodcuts by Coleman and Harvey, he has contrived to put together a little volume of about three hundred closely-printed pages, brimful of instruction and entertainment, the truths of which may be tested by the dweller in the country, but which the young citizen must take for granted.

A MOTHER'S LESSON ON THE LORD'S PRAYER. By MRS. CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR. With Illustrations by H. ANELAY, engraved by J. KNIGHT. Published by S. W. PARTRIDGE, London.

"Half the failures," says Mrs. Balfour, "in the religious education of the young, arise from filling the memory with words, rather than the mind with thoughts. To draw out a child's attention to the meaning of a page of Scripture is better than to put into the memory whole chapters." This is a truth not to be disputed; and to enforce it practically she has written a series of short, familiar stories, not sermons, on the several passages of our Lord's Prayer, to elucidate their meaning; each passage being also illustrated by a large woodcut having reference to the story. This is both a right and attractive method of impressing on children the principles of duty to God and man: the idea is good, and it is well carried out.

THE MEN AT THE HELM. Biographical Sketches of Great English Statesmen. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS, author of "The Sea Kings of England," &c. With Illustrations by JOHN FRANKLIN. Published by HOGG AND SONS, London.

To the young student of English history, who may be unable to consult the writings of the best historians and biographers, we commend Mr. Adams's "Men at the Helm," an impartial compilation gleaned from the works of the highest and most recent authorities. The British "helmsmen" whose career is thus sketched out are—the Earl of Strafford, Hampden, Clarendon, Bolingbroke, Walpole, the Earl of Chatham, Pitt, Castlereagh, Canning, Peel, and the Earl of Aberdeen. The lives of these statesmen are associated with many of the most important

events in the annals of our country,—their actions have become our inheritance, whether for good or evil; it is right, therefore, that "young England" should know something of the men who have prominently helped to make us what we are as a nation, and these sketches will do much to supply the information.

THE CARTERETS; or, Country Pleasures. By E. A. R. With Illustrations by THOMAS B. DALZIEL. Published by JAMES HOGG AND SONS, London.

The Carterets are a London family, whose father, a barrister, hires an old-fashioned farm-house, near Sevenoaks, in Kent, and retires there with his wife and children to pass the long vacation. The story, as may be presumed from its title, is a narrative of what was seen and done during the holiday in that beautiful portion of a most picturesque county, interspersed with various episodes gathered from the study of natural history, farming, and gardening operations. There is some talk about the men of Kent, and what they achieved in days long gone by: a visit to a brick-field affords Mrs. Carteret the opportunity of telling her children about the Pyramids, and one to Knole House something to say concerning pictures and painters, statues and sculptors. And so the three months glide pleasantly and profitably away, and the young folks go back, in the autumn—after the hop-poles are stripped, and the fragrant flowers that hang in graceful festoons from them are dried and *pocketed*—to their London home, in renewed health, and with minds enlarged by observation and judicious parental comment. A good book this for young dwellers in cities and thickly-populated towns.

HYMNS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. By the Author of "The Lord of the Forest," &c. &c. With Illustrations by W. CHAPPELL, engraved by Messrs. DALZIEL. Published by J. MASTERS, London.

The nonconformist divine, Dr. Isaac Watts, and Miss Jane Taylor, stand at the head of all those who have tuned the sacred harp to the capacities of children: their simple, yet beautifully expressed hymns, always have been, and always will be, favourites in the nursery and infantile school-room. The author of these little pieces must also have attained great popularity, seeing that the edition before us is put forth as the twenty-fifth. They are eminently devotional, perhaps too much so in expression, for the understanding of those for whom they are chiefly intended; but a child of bright intelligence would take pleasure in learning verses over which many pretty and pure thoughts are scattered. The subjects of the hymns are borrowed from the liturgy, and each one is preceded by a large woodcut illustrating the poem. Whatever good a child may derive from the latter, its eye will certainly not be educated to an appreciation of good Art by looking at pictures most inferior both in design and drawing.

HINTS TO ANGLERS. By ADAM DRYDEN. Illustrated by Maps. Published by A. AND C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

Our notice of this little treatise is late to be of much service during the present season; for trout-fishing, to which its remarks are limited, is over, so far as quantity and quality are concerned. A true angler would no more expect to fill his creel with fish worth taking after the month of August, than a good "shot" would expect to find, in the first turnip-field he tried on a December morning, a full covey of birds. Mr. Dryden's book, however, may be borne in mind for the next season, at least by those who are able to fish the waters in the vicinity of Edinburgh, and the locality round about. The Forth, the Solway, the Tweed, the Clyde, and the Endrick, are the rivers to which the author introduces the reader, who, by consulting these few pages, will find out where and how a "take" may be made tolerably certain, wind and weather permitting.

DE QUINCEY'S WORKS. Vols. V., VI., and VII. Published by A. AND C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

It will be sufficient to notify the regular appearance in monthly numbers of the new edition of the writings of De Quincey: the fifth volume contains the essays on Shelley, Dr. Parr, Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Keats, and Homer; the sixth volume those on Judas Iscariot, Richard Bentley, Cicero, Secret Societies, and Milton; the seventh includes "Walking Stewart," "Protestantism," "The Marquis Wellesley," "Pagan Oracles," "Casuistry," &c. &c.

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No. VI.—SCULPTURE:—FOREIGN SCHOOLS.

SCUPTURE has been called the elder sister of Painting; the same metaphor would make her the first daughter of Architecture. Man's necessities, in the need for shelter, gave early birth to structures, which fancy soon sought to decorate. Lines and forms and figures were cut into, or sculptured in relief out of, the stonework of palace or temple, and thus from cavern, chamber, or portal issued forth in rude embryo the coming statue. The mould into which the work was cast determined its form. Standing in doorway, or sheltered in portico, or grouped on pediment, the hero or the god comported himself with dignity, while submitting to the laws of a stern necessity. But from severity came symmetry, and of order was begat balanced beauty; for the genius of architecture, though a rigorous parent, governed wisely, and indeed benignantly, and having looked to safe foundations and established just proportions, and set the household in form of matchless loveliness, she bid sculpture, her elder daughter, hang the corridors with garlands and people the guest chambers with a race beauteous and divine. Thus was born and nurtured in ancient Greece and Italy the art which we call classic—a style of severe dignity, a school of subtlest symmetry, gentle in grace yet godlike for manliness. We shall in the sequel see how potent and enduring has been the sway of this classic epoch upon the sculpture of modern Europe.

But, as we have already shown in prior papers, a power or a principle antagonistic to the classic, arising in the middle ages, has become dominant in our modern times. The classic, as we have said, had been severe, cold, even icy; and Gothic imagination, in mood, lawless and ardent; the fancy, also, of young Italy, fondling with voluptuous beauty, and drunk with the cup of pleasure, began to soften hard stone, as it were, into wax, and warm cold marble with the throb of life, and thus was engendered the school of modern romance. Popular is this style with the multitude, for it demands little knowledge to be understood; pleasing is it even to minds sensitive and poetic, because it is given to exquisite witchery of beauty, rapturous as a stanza by Byron, melodious as a melody of Moore. We need scarcely say that votaries of this romantic school throng the sculpture courts of the International Exhibition.

But, thirdly, there is yet another style, the so-called naturalistic. We have seen that classic sculpture made nature bend to laws of symmetry and to types of ideal and generic beauty. We have found that the romantic school subdued the rudeness of nature by the charm of sweet emotion. But now we encounter determined men who are willing to take nature just as she is, untamed, untutored, and unadorned. The "real," in its unmitigated vigour and uncompromising character, is their ideal. The nose of Socrates these sculptors would immortalise; the mole on the cheek-bone of Cromwell they would chisel with the scruple of tenderest conscience; St. Paul, even on Mars Hill, should be mean in presence; and the men whom we have worshipped while on earth must be handed down to posterity just as shoemakers and tailors have marred God's image. These sculptors, too, have their reward, and noble works will be found in the present Exhibition which owe a paramount strength and truth to the virtue which resides in faithful naturalism.

The sketch which we have thus given of three distinctive schools will enable us the better to analyse the complex phases which the statues executed within the last half century have assumed. Seldom, however, do we discover an unmixed product, or an unbroken pedigree; thus classic forms are now usually somewhat softened under the sentiment of the dominant romance. This romantic idealism in turn gains advantage by taking to the bone and the sinew of a pronounced naturalism. And naturalism itself is seldom so inveterate as to spurn wholly the æsthetic graces against which at first its heart was steeled. Hence, as we have said, the three fundamental schools are ever prone to intermingle, and thus in a free and vital eclecticism will be found, we trust, a renovated style which shall best reconcile the wisdom of our ancestors with the changed spirit of these modern times.

Of the classic statues of Italy and Rome, Madame de Stael wrote,—"I seem to survey a field of battle where time has made war against genius, and the mutilated limbs scattered on the ground attest the victor's triumph and our loss." But fable also tells of a certain other battle, fought so fiercely, that when the warriors rested on their arms by night, sinking into the last sleep even of death, their spirits rose in air, and renewed the strife. And so it is with Italy. Her genius, for long ages struggling and well-nigh subdued, bursts ever and anon the fetters which enthrall; and inspired by memories, and borne onward by aspiration, contends anew for the laurel which crowned Tasso at the Capitol. The fire of unconquered energy which burnt so fiercely in the breast of Michael Angelo, has, it is true, in his degenerate descendants, sunk into dying embers; yet Italy is seldom wholly without witness, especially in the sculptor's art, to her ancient glory: and hence, from generation to generation, sparks have kindled a smouldering flame; and even amid ashes, and out from ruins, and sepulchres, and battle-fields, lives again the wonted fire. Thus Italy, dowered with the fatal gift of beauty, has held her loveliness even in death; the languor of the placid cheek still conserves the lines where grace lingers, and the Niobe of nations gathers to her sorrow a world of sympathy, as year by year thousands throng to gaze on the agonising hues wherein the dolphin dies. Hence in many ways has been kept alive, even to this day, a school of Art, especially in sculpture, which neither malaria can kill, the stiletto stab, nor tyranny extinguish. Rome, the eternal city of the Arts, still survives—the earth's capital for sculpture.

Here hover the old traditions, here yet live, in the intercourse of middle-age freemasonry, workers in Italian marble, which lies in the hills in mortmain till genius sets the captive figure free. And freedom there has been, too, for the talent of all lands: freedom from conventional restraint, immunity from the partial and passing fashions of the vain, vaunting capitals of Europe; so that sculptors of all nations, dwelling among temples and sepulchres of gods and heroes, and sleeping, it may be, in garrets, and eating oftentimes the bread of penury, have founded in Rome, as the most fitting abode, the world's school for sculpture. Our immediate concern, however, is with native Italian artists.

The present style of Italian sculpture takes its origin in Canova, of whose works the International Exhibition contains some well-known examples—the 'Venus,' and the busts of Napoleon *premier* and Napoleon *mère*. Canova was born in the year 1757, at the small town of Passagna, and after early years devoted to usual studies, at the age of twenty-three he betook himself to Rome, as pensioner of the Venetian Senate. By birth a Venetian, by education a Roman, his style of sculpture naturally grew out of the classic and the Italian; yet were the noble treatment of Phidias, and the grand manner of Michael Angelo, to suffer mutation in his hands. It was Canova, indeed, more than any other artist, who, changing the aspect of the antique, re-fashioned the form of modern European sculpture, and infused into marble the spirit which had already grown dominant in literature. In classic sculpture of old had resided a certain divine abnegation; a moderation which seemed ever steadfast in the reserve of a mighty power; a vigour which, though softened, was never surrendered; a beauty which, melting with tenderness, never sank into sentimentality. And it was Canova, among the most gifted of modern sculptors, who breathed into this Art of the old world the life of the new. And this he did in the genius of modern romance. His 'Creugas' and 'Demoxenus,' of the Vatican, are melodramatic. His 'Cupid and Psyche' rapturous and voluptuous. His 'Dancing Girls' and 'Nymphs' pretty and coquettish. The old simplicity is superseded by *finesse*, by sensuous subtlety, and the softness of exquisite finish. Flesh, in its yielding *morbidezza*—even in its velvet smoothness to the touch—is imitated; while the rigour of muscle and tendon, and the firm articulation of joints, are left unpronounced. Such is the modern Italian school, in its grace and beauty, as well as in its nerveless languor. After this manner, no work is more exquisite, or has achieved greater renown, than Tenerani's 'Swooning Psyche,' the express impersonation of modern Italian romance. But Monti's 'Sleep of Sorrow and Dream of Joy' is the work above all others wherein this lusciousness of sentiment, this rapt reverie, and unreal idealism, are pushed to furthest extreme. Such a statue falls upon the eye as music on the ear, in sweet yet mournful cadence, like breath of the soft south "stealing upon a bank of violets," "the food of love," and yet the surfeit. Other works may be quoted as examples of the Canova grace which still survives in Italy; such as Benzeni's 'Zephyr and Flora Dancing,' Fantacchiotti's 'Musidora,' Costa's 'L'Indiana,' Albertoni's 'Nymph of Diana,' and Fraikin's 'Venus Anadyomene,' contributed by Belgium.

But while these and other modern Italian sculptors have given themselves over to the romance of the classic, the land of Pisano, of Donatello, and Ghiberti has once again taken to nature as the fount of her renovating genius. The time, indeed, had arrived when a conventional ideal, when the vague dream of a

beauty each day fading more and more into generalised abstraction, needed to be called back to literal and individual truth. This was the reaction in which alone could be gained the vigour and the life of a new birth; and thus, even to the emasculated Arts of Italy was not denied the promise of a quickened youth. Marochetti, an Italian by birth, a Frenchman by parentage, and an Englishman by adoption, holds the first rank in this resolute return to naturalism. His portrait statue of 'Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy' is comparable to works by the vigorous hand of Velasquez. The treatment is broad and generalised; essentials are seized, minor details sunk into subordination, and the result is character, command, and power, maintained in dignity of repose. Some of the more ambitious works, however, by Marochetti, as the famed equestrian statue in Turin, err—like 'The Amazon' and the 'St. George,' by Kiss, the German—on the side of melodrama, and herein they hold alliance with modern times, and so far stand aloof from the unadorned simplicity of the classic epoch. For the same reason, Marochetti's 'Charles Albert,' and Foley's 'Lord Hardinge,' contrast strongly, but not on all points unfavourably, with the classic equestrian statues of Marcus Aurelius on the Roman Capitol, and of the two Balbi in the Museo Borbonico, Naples. This gigantic monument to Charles Albert, exhibited in the Gardens of the Horticultural Society, deserves further mention, from its unswerving faith in unmitigated naturalism. It is curious to see ranged on the same cosmopolitan and catholic pedestal allegorical virtues in classic drapery, and Piedmontese soldiers in boots and pantaloons, with knapsack on back and bayonet in hand. Yet any presumed incongruity is overcome by the bold mastery of the treatment.

Naturalism in modern sculpture has taken another turn, the like of which is seen in the history of painting. The naturalism of Salvatore Rosa, of Spagnoletto, and of Caravaggio, is not more diverse from the nature spelt out by modern Pre-Raphaelite painters, than the manly, and sometimes rude, vigour of Marochetti is distant from the small detail which obtains with certain sculptors in the Milanese school. The veiled figures of Monti, the roses by 'The Sleep of Sorrow,' like to the fabled leaves beneath the Sybarite's pillow, are in their feigned illusion what apple-blossoms and white lustrous satin gowns are in the wonder-working hands of Millais and others of his fraternity. Again, in Corbellini's 'Modesty' we admire a marble sleeve, because no milliner could have cut or stitched it better, even in cambric. And in our own school, in like manner, we are bound to praise the drapery of Woolner's 'Brother and Sister,' inasmuch as no wrinkle, however slight, has been left out. Let us hope that the earnest pursuit after truth may not stop here. The time will come, we feel persuaded, when the warp and the woof of the finest gossamer shall be transcribed, thread by thread, in Carrara stone! Yet must it be admitted that a loving trust in simple nature has obtained, in the present Exhibition, signal victory. Magni's 'Reading Girl,' truthful not only to the hem of a garment, to the turned leaf of the book, and the torn rushes from the bottom of cottage chair, but earnest as if the whole soul drank of the poetry and was filled, moves with a heartfelt pathos. Reality calls to its illusive aid the testimony of minutest circumstance, which steals little by little upon eye and mind, till attention is riveted beyond escape. The girl reads, and among the crowd of spectators every voice is hushed. Tread softly, break not rudely on her reverie. Listen! perchance she speaks.

It were hypercritical to object that life here is humble, that the types are of the commonest. 'The Dying Gladiator' was a Gallic slave, yet is the work among the most noble even of classic times. 'The Reading Girl' is a peasant or cottager, doubtless far beneath, in scale of being, a Venus, a Juno, or a Diana; the treatment, moreover, as we have shown, is in no way ideal or exalted, and thus let us admit that the work is *genre*, and little more—a class, doubtless, subordinate to the highest. Yet, after its own kind, is this 'Reading Girl' first-rate, as the judgment of the multitude both in Florence and in London has, in no measured or stinted terms, already pronounced.* In conclusion, we may commend Guglielmi's clever and carefully-studied group, 'La Sposa e l'Indovina,' subject to the reservation that the old Fortune Teller, wrinkled and hag-like, is, for the noble art of sculpture, one step too low in the descent into naturalism. The long recognised canon cannot be questioned, that types and modes of treatment which may be tolerated and even commended in painting, become absolutely abhorrent when transferred into the more stately art of sculpture.

Sculpture, it must be admitted, has lagged far behind her sister, Painting, in service rendered to Christianity. Quintilian says of classic Art, that it appears to have added prestige to religion, so worthy was it of divinity. And coming down to mediæval times, in Raphael's 'Transfiguration,' and in Michael Angelo's ceiling—not specially to mention the expressly spiritual works of Angelico, Francia, and Perugino—painting became a chosen handmaid to faith and worship. Yet it can scarcely be denied that Christian Sculpture has shown herself comparatively unworthy. The 'Christ' of Michael Angelo, for example, has no more to do with Christ than with Apollo or Jupiter. Yet the softer sentiment, and the more subdued spirit which have, as we have seen, of later years been breathed upon marble, may perhaps have proved more congenial to those passive virtues which Christianity loves to enshrine. Italy, indeed, in her own body, long given to anguish and the wail of lamentation, has, in these recent days, carved her passion upon heart of rock, and led even the Arts along the Via Dolorosa on the way to Calvary. And the International Exhibition contains some such works, wherein stone, as it were, is made vocal in suffering. Jacometti, a Roman sculptor well known by the deep devotion of his figures, sends a 'Pietà.' Magdalens of course abound; and Benzoni, a name also illustrious, contributes 'Maria Santissima.' Cagli executes a Dead Christ mourned by two Marys, after the manner of Guido; Erola a 'Calvary,' an adaptation from Raphael's well-known 'Spasimo'; and Achtermann, a German, another 'Pietà,' in the style of the Dusseldorf Christian school. Sculpture, deriving its descent from pagan Greece and Rome, has, we repeat, seldom reflected the true genius of Christianity. And the anomaly awaits satisfactory solution, that the statues most instinct with Christianity are least indebted to genius; and, on the other hand, that works which are endowed with highest genius too frequently stand in rebellion to the religion they should serve. Tenerani's 'Angel of the Resurrection,' which we could have wished to welcome in London, is an exception, and ranks as one of the grandest creations to which Christianity has given birth.

* The 'Reading Girl' has become the property of the London Stereoscopic Company. The admirable photographs of this and other important statues in the Exhibition, published by this association, have conferred benefit and pleasure upon all students and lovers of Art.

The history of Italian sculpture, which we have just passed in review, finds its counterpart in every nation throughout Europe. Ancient and modern Italy, the replica, in some degree, of Greece, has been enthroned queen of the Arts, and Rome, even as a second Athens, becomes in the empire of sculpture the mistress of the world. The Goths entered Italy, and in revenge the Arts crossed the Alps, and conquered Germany, France, England, and even the wilds of Scandinavia. And yet still the ambition, and, indeed, the highest need, of every sculptor, is to sojourn among the Seven Hills, and then to carry back to his native valleys and mountains those dreams of beauty where-with his soul is ravished. Thus, as we have said, the progress or the decadence of sculpture in Italy is the index to the ebb and the flow to which sculpture has been subject in other states. Germany, even, passed through like phases to her sister of the south. Danneker's 'Ariadne' at Frankfort is a well-known example of modern romance. 'The Amazon,' by Kiss, now in front of the new Museum in Berlin, we have already quoted as analogous in fling and flourish to the works of Marochetti. And the present Exhibition, in Cauer's 'Hector and Andromache,' in Kaehssmann's 'Jason and Medea,' and Kissling's 'Mars, Venus, and Cupid,' contains signal examples of the style of Canova, even to excess. Again, in Schadow's 'Statue of the Prince of Anhalt,' set off in stars, cocked hat, ribbon, girdle, sword, baton, and breeches, we have an *outré* instance of naturalistic portraiture. Tuerlinckx's 'Margaret of Austria,' contributed by Belgium, is a notable work in the same category. Rauch's 'Frederick the Great,' seen in a small bronze cast, belonging to the like class, must be allowed to rank among the most illustrious monuments in Europe. The difficulty of costume, perhaps the worst stumbling-block in the way of the modern sculptor, is here boldly met by an uncompromising truth, treated with an art which blinds to inherent incongruity.

The fame of Canova had for some years shone serenely in the Italian sky, when a meteor descended from the north to divide the sovereignty of the heavens. Thorwaldsen, the Dane, reached Rome in the year 1796, and lived chiefly in that city up to the time of his death in 1844. His style, formed by study in the Capitol and the Vatican, may be best described by its contrast to the manner of Canova. Canova, it must be admitted, was somewhat meretricious, Thorwaldsen was simple; Canova excelled in the refinements of execution, Thorwaldsen showed himself sometimes negligently rude; Canova was fanciful, decorative, and romantic, Thorwaldsen once again reverted to the severity of the antique, overturned the dancing-master academy of Bernini, and, renouncing the allurements of girls on tiptoe smiling in half-veiled charms, he preached the repentance of the Baptist, and became the apostle of Protestant sculpture. In the style of Thorwaldsen indeed is the self-denying virtue which knows when to sacrifice present enjoyment, and in that sacrifice secures immortality. The works by Thorwaldsen in the International Exhibition are comparatively few, but they are important. 'The Jason,' a nude figure, simple in treatment and good in style, is the figure which, purchased by Mr. Thomas Hope, ensured the coming fortune of the then unknown artist. 'The Mercury,' a later work, shows equal, perhaps greater, precision and firmness in anatomy and execution. The renowned bas-relief, 'Alexander's Triumph,' is unequal,—best when nearest to the Elgin Frieze, and least successful when essaying actual nature, which is crudely thrust in

among figures classic in treatment. This incoherent mixing of styles, so common with embryo artists, betrays a want of knowledge and power of which Thorwaldsen was, it must be confessed, seldom guilty. Jerichau conserves for Denmark the reputation which Thorwaldsen won. His 'Hercules and Hebe,' skilful adaptations of the Vatican 'Torso' and the Louvre 'Venus,' are among the noblest works of the present century. The Swedish 'Grapplers,' by Molin, may be quoted with the vigorous pictures contributed by Scandinavia, as evidence of the nascent genius of these northern nations given to boldest naturalism. Kessel's 'Discobolus,' contributed by Belgium, is likewise worthy of highest commendation—simple, living nature, imbued with the best spirit of the antique.

Did space permit, we would gladly enter on the detailed analysis of the French school—a school scarcely less commanding in sculpture than in painting. Pradier has been in our times its chief, an artist who became, at least in the opinion of his countrymen, for France what Canova had been for Italy and Thorwaldsen was for the Danes. Pradier, it has been said, was the last of the pagans, but the mythology to which he gave himself was known in the guise of a French novelette. Plutarch tells us that Phidias had conversed with the gods, the biographer of Pradier would have to confess that the French Praxiteles took his inspiration from grisettes. Pradier, in truth, had not worshipped Minerva at Athens or Jupiter on Olympus, but rather loved to watch a Parisian Phryne issue from the bath, or Venus unloose her zone. Thus marble in his hands yielded to the soft touch of amorous desire, and the chastity of unsunned snow blushed with voluptuous warmth. We need scarcely say that this treatment ravished the imagination of the multitude, and hence the alluring creations of Pradier were, for years, bruited by a noisy parrot press to the acme of popularity. The style of Canova we have seen was consonant with the spirit of modern Italy; the manner of Pradier similarly represented the social life and the literary tastes of France. He was the man of his times, and as such we have chosen his works as impersonations of the genius of French sculpture.

Yet do the International Galleries show that there are artists who have, from the Pradier school, broken into revolt and inaugurated reaction. Pradier, we are told, was accustomed to denounce 'The Night' and 'The Dawn' of Michael Angelo as mockery of nature and snares for Art students. Yet in Perraud's 'Adam' we gladly recognise the Angelesque treatment of the grand Vatican 'Torso.' In Jaley's 'Reverie,' and figures by other artists, do we detect the attitudes of the eccentric Florentine, translated into the attitudinizations of French mannerism. And in the works of certain other masters issuing from this school, do we find an impatience of, and even a proud contempt for, petty littleness, with a bold struggling after greatness of manner—the noble characteristics alike of classic Greek and middle-age Tuscan. And thus at length do we reach such groups as Maillet's 'Agrippina' and the boy 'Caligula,' modelled as if an infant Hercules; such noble works as Cavalier's 'Cornelia,' her two sons on either side, cast in the severe dignity of the classic; and in such achievements we are bound to confess that the French school has attained to a mastery, a power, and a resource of which can be found but solitary and exceptional examples in other countries. Our English school, and with the English we include the American, often disguises want of knowledge under a smooth generality and a pleasing prettiness. The French despise so easy a resource, and even run into difficulty

to show, as it were, adroitness in escape. In Lequesne's 'Dancing Faun,' a puzzling problem to resolve with skill, how does motion flow through every limb and ripple along palpitating muscle; how does ecstasy triumph in high-strung nerve, and each tendon strain unflinchingly to hold its own! The figure is as steadfast as bronze can make it, and yet in our mind's vision, like a flash of light, it moves.

In Pradier and his followers we see the spell of the romantic, in the works just mentioned the sway of the classic, in other directions is recognised a reversion to naturalism. Oliva's bust of 'L'Abbé Deguerry,' for example, is remarkable for that photographic and Denner-like detail which has been so greatly, and indeed justly, admired in the carefully studied heads by Woolner. To this ultra-realism French Art, as likewise our own English school, is now tending. The excess cannot receive more wholesome correction than in the words of the great French critic, Gustave Planche. "If," says this accomplished writer, "sculptors and painters of our day wish to obtain enduring glory, they must be profoundly penetrated with a truth which seems at the present moment unknown: the human model the most rare, the landscape the most alluring, can be successfully imitated, solely on condition that it be interpreted by the mind or intelligence of the artist; the literal reproduction of reality can only give birth to works incomplete."

We defer to the coming month our criticism on the English and American schools of sculpture. We shall then find that Anglo-Saxon works contrast not unfavourably with the foreign productions just passed in review. We shall see that English, and we may add American, sculpture, is free from the sickly sentiment of the Italian, is delivered from the extravagance of the French,—that it stands pre-eminent for simplicity, for balanced moderation, for pleasing incident, and for unswerving integrity to the dictates of good sense and sober taste. In this and preceding articles we have analysed and described the great national schools of Europe, both pictorial and sculptural; and now, when the fancy-feigned world which it has been our privilege to know and to love has reached its dissolution, we rest in the cheering persuasion that still remains for all of us—an enchantment which cannot die, forms of beauty to adorn the chambers of memory, and noble truths to stand in the courts of intellect.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

THE ART-EXHIBITIONS IN LIVERPOOL.

As we briefly announced in our last number, the Liverpool Academy and the Society of the Fine Arts opened their respective exhibitions in the early part of September. A stranger, not conversant with Art-politics as they are discussed in Liverpool, would be apt to imagine that Art and commerce here fraternised to a very great extent. That this is undoubtedly true is due to the extensive and laudable Art-patronage of the great commercial men of Liverpool, and certainly not to the existence of two rival institutions. Judging from their actions, the *dictum* of one or two persons in power seems to be, that union is *not* strength, and to that *dictum* the two societies tenaciously cling. The interest of Art and artists, as well as their own, is thereby not furthered, but seriously retarded.

We believe the chances of reunion unhappily lessen every day, and it only remains to be seen whether both institutions will maintain their existence consecutively, or whether the one will eventually give way to the other.

The "Society's" fifth exhibition is, perhaps, more attractive than that of the Academy, inasmuch as they have in the aggregate a greater number of more imposing pictures. They have E. M. Ward's 'Alice Lisle protecting Fugitives from Edgemoor,' Calderon's 'Catherine of Arragon and her Ladies at Work,' Horsley's 'Keeping Company,' Paton's 'Lullaby,' Sant's 'First Sense of Sorrow,' Mrs. E. M. Ward's most beautiful and admirable work, 'Henrietta Maria at the Louvre,' Rachel Solomon's 'Fugitive Royalists,' Frost's 'Faery Queen,' and many others by well-known names. The landscape department is represented, amongst others, by Messrs. F. R. Lee, Sidney Cooper, J. B. Pyne, and W. Callow.

Perhaps the Academy's exhibition, now numbering the thirty-eighth, may be regarded as more select, although there are few works of prominence. As usual, the pre-Raphaelite element is here very strong. One would almost fancy that this is a school devoted exclusively to the new system.

The local talent in the Academy is strong also, and is well represented this year. J. L. Windus, a well-known member, contributes a small painting titled 'The Outlaw.' The landscape in this picture attracts more attention than the incident itself, which represents the outlaw lying half hidden in luxuriant copsewood, with a female beside him on the watch. Consequently, the picture is a pre-Raphaelite study of tanglewood and shrubbery, and as such, produces much enjoyment in its careful scrutiny. An artist of promise is J. Campbell, who, in a picture named the 'Old Tryste,' claims much commendation. But his figures have a tendency to stiffness, the result of overworking a picture, after the pre-Raphaelite manner. If he be not hurried on to the false extreme of pre-Raphaelism, he may yet do well. Above all things, let him remember that elsewhere pre-Raphaelism is not honoured with the hero-worship it obtains within the pale of the Liverpool Academy. Other members, such as Messrs. Davis, Bond, and Hunt, have produced pleasing landscapes, and some could be pointed out for their careful finish and delicate sentiment.

We must give the Society the merit of being the most cosmopolitan of all the exhibitions held in the United Kingdom. Exhibitors from Paris, Brussels, Dusseldorf, and Weimar, find a place in the Society's display. Besides this, there are artists on whose location the catalogue is silent; but from the unpronounceable union of consonants in many of the names, we surmise that Norway, Sweden, and even Russia, are represented. Of the foreign pictures, the most important are—Schloesser's 'Arrest of Louis XVI. at Varennes,' and a very large historical work by E. Leutze, 'Frederick the Great's Return to the Court on his Release from Spandau.' In the former the inspiration of De la Roche is visible; the heads recalling those in that artist's 'Les Girondins.' It is due to the unsectarian nature of this Society to mention that the interests of foreign exhibitors are well attended to, many of their productions finding places on "the line." Merit, and merit alone, seems to obtain a proper position here, without reference to Academy-castes or Art-creeds.

The necessity for a suitable building in Liverpool, where Art may be fostered, has become painfully apparent. So great was the influx of pictures to the "Society" this year, that many had to be rejected solely for want of space, and not for demerit. Some of the pictures have consequently been condemned to a necessary exile in the dark passage leading up to the rooms, where their artistic contents assume a strange, undefined shape, bewildering to the beholder. We cannot doubt that the energy of influential gentlemen and artists connected with the Society will not be here wanting, and that nothing will be left undone to the attainment of this most desirable object, namely—the obtaining proper accommodation for Art uses in the liberal and flourishing port of Liverpool. Reunion of the two institutions will attain this readier, and on this ground we chiefly advocate it; but if passion and temper will interfere in a good cause, the "Society" alone must exert themselves, and this great object will be attained in time. We know there are many of its friends and members deeply anxious on this head; we earnestly hope they will be successful.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

THE EXHIBITION COMMISSIONERS' FINANCIAL BLUNDER.

SIR,—Now that the question of the guarantors' responsibility to meet the alleged loss on the Exhibition is "trembling in the balance," it behoves them to ascertain their true position with respect to the deficiency. How has it occurred? how has it been estimated? and how is it that the 1862 Exhibition is insolvent, when its predecessor, as a mere adventure, realised the magnificent surplus of £145,000, in addition to the £67,000 raised by subscription? The promoters of the present Exhibition are already defending their financial blunder, on the plea that ten years is too short an interval for the recurrence of these industrial displays. The very men who have deliberately elected themselves to the administration of the assumed Exhibition of 1872 (see Captain Fowke's Pamphlet on the Exhibition Building), and who have all along claimed to represent the late Prince Consort's intentions, now tell us that the decennial recurrence of these Exhibitions was against his wishes,—that the success of 1851 depended on novelty, and that the present display is prejudiced through the loss of the charm of originality possessed by its predecessor. I disbelieve altogether that the inherent principle of success in 1851 was ephemeral. First, as to the question of novelty, we must not forget that nearly half a generation has come into existence since 1851, to whom the present Exhibition is just as novel as its predecessor was to those who have since then passed from amongst us. It is admitted on all hands that both the quantity and quality of the objects exhibited this year are vastly higher than in 1851; and, notwithstanding the great drawback on the attendance in May, from the incomplete state of the building, I believe the receipts from the 1862 Exhibition will exceed those of 1851. That the present Exhibition attendance would have been larger under a more prosperous condition of the country must be admitted; but we look in vain to any falling off in expected receipts to account for the conversion of the profit of £145,000 in 1851, into a serious deficit in 1862.

The whole question of profit and loss lies in a nutshell. In 1851 the building (together with the arrangements for receiving and returning goods) cost £170,000, and all other charges amounted to £123,000, making a total expenditure of £293,000. The total receipts in 1851 (exclusive of the £67,000 raised by subscriptions) were £438,000, producing a net profit of £145,000.

The charter of 1862 wisely limits the Commissioners to an expenditure of £200,000 on the building, which sum would have amply met the increased size; and, *ceteris paribus*, would have still allowed a margin of £115,000, to cover any increase on the general expenses, or possible loss on a deficiency of receipts; in fact, the financial success of the 1862 Exhibition was, with the most ordinary caution, an absolute certainty; and was continually paraded before the public in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, as an inducement to join in the guarantee.

The actual expenditure on the 1862 building, and arrangements for receiving and returning goods (as compared with the £170,000 spent in 1851), for which the Commissioners are liable, is about £370,000, viz., £300,000 on the original building contract, and £70,000 as extras for the Eastern Annex and other matters; and, as compared with the probable margin of £115,000, on a building costing £200,000, this deliberate expenditure of £370,000 would imply a probable loss of £55,000. But, as the whole of the £300,000 would not be paid unless the receipts exceeded those of 1851, the amount would be somewhat reduced; and, under any circumstances, would recklessly endanger the guarantors' liability.

The charter of the 1862 Commissioners limits their expenditure on the building to £200,000, under which a splendid surplus would have been realised. The Commissioners set this charter at defiance, deliberately exceed the limitation of expenditure by at least £100,000, and involve the

scheme in a certain loss. Who is to bear this, the guarantors, the Commissioners, or the contractors? Certainly not the guarantors, for their responsibility was tendered under conditions which have been violated. The Commissioners and contractors must arrange among themselves the liability on this thoroughly gambling transaction. All the guarantors need regret is, that the prestige of future Exhibitions should have been so ruthlessly destroyed by the scheming little clique who have sacrificed everything to the one object of getting a permanent Exhibition under their administration. The guarantors, however, have a right either to an audit of the accounts or a formal release from the guarantee, as who knows but that in three or four years, when public indignation at the reckless blunders of the Commissioners has subsided, and the guarantors are resting satisfied on the strength of a statement for which no one is officially responsible, that they may be called upon to make up the deficiency?

If, as is most probable, the guarantors' liability is at once surrendered, do not let them for a moment suppose that it is an act of favour or liberality on the part of either the contractors or Commissioners. If this question, involving as it does the sum of a large fortune, can be adjusted between them, by the contractors surrendering to the Commissioners what has been alleged to be due to them by virtue of a formal contract, the relations of Commissioners and contractors in this matter is a perfect mystery to, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Oct. 10, 1862.

A GUARANTOR.

GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS OF ART.

SIR,—As a master of a school of Art, I received last year, from the Department of Science and Art, the following circular. As I have not seen the results published, I think it would be interesting to your readers if you would kindly give some particulars in your next.

Oct. 7, 1862.

AN ART-MASTER.

SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT OF THE COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL ON EDUCATION.

South Kensington, London, W.

15th day of August, 1861.

SIR,—I am directed to inform you that in order to obtain for the International Exhibition of 1862 a good illustration of the results of instruction given in schools of Art, the Science and Art Department offers to the students the following money prizes, in addition to the usual awards of medals and medals. The works submitted must conform to the size, &c., laid down in the case of works competing for medals, and must be sent to this Department not later than 1st March, 1862.

1. For the best design to be executed in wrought or cast iron, such as Park Gates, Balconies, Railings, Fire Grates, &c.—

1st Prize	£15 0 0
2nd „	5 0 0

2. For the best design to be executed in Gold or Silver work; Parcel gilding, Euamelling, or Jewellery may be used. Breakfast or Tea Services, Decorations or Centre Pieces for the Table, Epergnes, Candelabra, or the like—

1st Prize	£15 0 0
2nd „	5 0 0

3. For the best design to be executed in Porcelain or Majolica, a Breakfast, Dinner, or Tea Service, or Ornamental Work for the Table, Mural Decorations, &c.—

1st Prize	£15 0 0
2nd „	5 0 0

In addition to the above, the Science and Art Department offers for the best design in each of the three sections above named, executed by a master in a school of Art, a prize of

£20 in each Section.

E. STANLEY POOLE,

Chief Clerk.

The Master, — School of Art.

[This is the first time we have heard of the above invitation, and we must confess our entire ignorance of any "results" arising from it.—Ed. A-J.]

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAMES FALLOWS, ESQ.,
MANCHESTER.

REST.

J. Linnell, Painter. J. Cousen, Engraver.

ACADEMICAL honours are not in all instances the surest test by which, in this country, the merits of an artist are to be tried and recognised; in some instances even the very reverse is the case. We have among us men who hold the distinction so lightly they do not care to go through the form necessary to place them on the road to the honour, though this form is nothing more than to enter their names in a book kept at the Academy for the purpose. Others there are who have complied with the condition, but have not yet, and perhaps never will, attain their object, and still are held as high, some of them higher, in public estimation, as those who have succeeded in reaching it: their works are eagerly sought after, and if their ambition is unsatisfied, their exchequer is abundantly supplied. John Linnell may be cited as a painter unentitled to put any symbolical letters after his name as indicative of academical rank, and yet we have no landscape-painter whose productions attract more enthusiastic admirers. Certainly many years passed ere this popularity was attained; and the neglect with which his works were for so long a period treated with indifference is one of the incomprehensible marvels of Art-history; it can only be accounted for rationally by their peculiar style of treatment, which the public could not perfectly comprehend. Novelties in Art, as a rule, are not popular with the majority of picture-buyers, however much they may be talked about, and even commended. For a long time Linnell was so discouraged and disheartened by the almost entire want of patronage, that he was compelled to unite portrait-painting, and even engraving, to his other labours, to enable him to live by his profession. But his landscapes remained in the studio,—few appreciated them, and fewer still bought them: now they are only within the reach of those who can pay large sums for their acquisition; and the artist is ranked, no less by foreign critics than by his own countrymen, as among the greatest living landscape painters.

The picture of 'Rest' is one of a pair—the other is entitled 'Labour'—forming a portion of a choice and valuable collection of the works of British artists, owned by a gentleman of Manchester, one of those liberal and enlightened patrons of our school of painters, so many of whom are dwellers in the great manufacturing districts. Linnell has long been resident in one of the most picturesque parts of the county of Surrey, the vicinity of Redhill, and from this locality, he has, we believe, selected many of the subjects forming his more recent pictures; not, perhaps, making positive "views" of the scenery, but adapting it to his purpose. In all probability the harvest-field here represented was borrowed from, if not actually sketched on, a Surrey farm; and it shows how much may be done, by a man of genius, with few of the most ordinary materials. There is nothing more than a foreground of corn-field with a few figures introduced into it, a small range of purple distance, and a glorious canopy of deep blue sky, partially hidden by masses of cloud, moving heavily and threateningly through the air. It is noonday, indicated as much by the peculiar colour of the atmosphere and the shortness of the shadows, as by the meal of which the labourers are partaking, brought to them by their children, whose brightly-tinted dresses present a strong contrast to the mingled brown and golden tints of the shocked sheaves, and ripe, uncut corn. To the left of the picture is part of a young oak, judiciously placed there to serve as a counterpoise to the horizontal lines of the landscape. Linnell is a great colourist, and shows himself eminently to be so in this work: the intense heat of an autumn day is represented with unqualified force and truth.

Both this and its companion, which has also been engraved for this series, are works that their owner cannot prize too highly.



JOHN LINNELL, PINX.

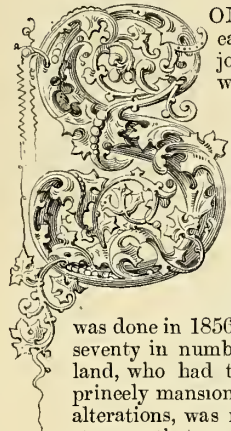
JOHN COUSEN, SCULPT.

REST.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAMES FALLON, ESQ.

ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART XIX.—THE GALLERIES CAMUCCINI AND CORSINI.



OME four years ago there stood in the Roman street called *Via de Greci*, a mansion which few people that journeyed to the city for the purpose of examining its works of Art failed to visit. The house was the residence, as well as the studio, of the Baron Vincenzo Camuccini, one of the most distinguished modern artists of Italy, who had amassed very considerable property, and expended no small portion of his wealth in the purchase of a fine collection of pictures and other objects of Art. Camuccini, to whom reference was made in a former paper when writing of the Vatican Gallery, died about ten or twelve years since, leaving instructions in his will that his collection should be sold; this was done in 1856, the greater portion of the pictures, upwards of seventy in number, being purchased by the Duke of Northumberland, who had them removed to Alnwick Castle, as soon as that princely mansion, which was then undergoing extensive repairs and alterations, was ready for their reception. It may, perhaps, seem strange that under these circumstances the Camuccini gallery should now appear in this series of articles, since the collection is no longer Roman, but English; but the fact is rather an argument in favour of than against its introduction here, inasmuch as by directing attention to it, many of our readers may have the opportunity of seeing what, probably, they never would have seen if the pictures were still in Italy. Moreover, the engraving given by way of illustrative example was executed before the gallery was dispersed, and it did not seem desirable to put it aside merely because the original had been transferred to England.

Towards the end of the last century, while he was yet a young man, Camuccini had acquired no small degree of reputation in his own country.

Adopting from the first the works of Raffaele and Michel Angelo as his models for study, he made, when only fifteen years of age, so admirable a copy of the former master's 'Deposition from the Cross,' the famous picture in the Borghese collection, that it astonished every one. At a period somewhat later he visited many of the principal European galleries, copying pictures by the principal masters, Titian, Correggio, the Caracci, Rubens, and others. The success of Camuccini as a copyist led to his being often employed in restoring some of the most celebrated pictures in the churches and galleries of Rome; he also painted several altar-pieces for various churches in Italy. His principal works are—'The Deliverance of the Saints from Purgatory,' in the Academy of Prague; 'Judith,' at Bergamo; 'Simeon in the Temple,' at Plaisance; 'The Deposition from the Cross,' painted for Charles IV. of Spain, 'The Death of Cæsar,' and 'The Death of Virginia,' belonging to the King of Naples; 'The Departure of Regulus,' at Wilna; 'St. Thomas,' in the Church of St. Peter, at Rome; 'The Deliverance of Rome by Camillus,' painted for the King of Sardinia; 'The Miracle of the Resurrection of St. Francis,' in the church at Naples dedicated to that saint.

But it is not so much of Camuccini's own work we desire to speak as of the pictures which his taste and judgment, combined with ample means, led and enabled him to collect, the major portion of which, in fact, all of any real value, are at Alnwick Castle. They consist, principally, of the works of the Italian masters living in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with some specimens of an earlier date, and a few others of the Dutch and Flemish painters of the seventeenth century. Of those now at Alnwick, one by Raffaele, known as 'The Madonna with the Pink,' is among the most noted. Waagen, speaking of it, says—"It is well known that the charming composition is by Raffaele, and of all the numerous specimens of the picture I have seen, none appear to me so well entitled to be attributed to his hand as this." Kugler, on the other hand, calls it a "school picture." In Camuccini's catalogue it was stated to have been painted by Raffaele for Maddalena degl' Oddi, in Perugia, by whose heirs it was sold to a Frenchman about the middle of the seventeenth century, and taken to Paris, where Camuccini purchased it. The picture has acquired its title from its representing the Virgin offering the flower



THE GODS UPON EARTH.

to her Child, who is seated in her lap, and holds out his hand in playful action for the pink. In the background is a window, through which we see the open landscape.

But the most celebrated picture in the collection is a kind of Bacchanalian scene, called 'THE GODS UPON EARTH,' the figures by Giovanni Bellini, the landscape by Titian: it is engraved on this page, and is one of the four famous paintings formerly in the Ludovici Palace—another of the series is the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' in our National Gallery: Camuccini purchased his in 1797. Giovanni Gherardi de' Rossi, an Italian writer, speaks thus of it:—"The gods occupying the foreground are a specimen of the *naïve* manner in which Bellini rendered the scenes of

ancient mythology. Neither in motive nor character do they bear the slightest impress of an antique form of conception, but are merely common mortals, and in some instances very ugly ones. The skill, however, with which they are coloured and arranged, and the truth and masterly execution of detail, have an admirable effect in the midst of the landscape, finished by Titian, which forms the principal feature in the picture. In poetry of composition, management of light, warm and luminous colouring, and broad and spirited treatment, this landscape, which is without comparison the finest that up to the period—1513—had ever been painted, constitutes justly an epoch in the history of Art." A foot-note, in Kugler's book on the Italian schools of painting, refers in the following terms to

this picture:—"It is conceived entirely in the Romantic style; the gods, descending on earth to enjoy earth's pleasures, have put off half their divinity, and appear as a more elevated and serene band of mortal revelers—as types of festive humanity. Bellini seems here to have aimed at the ironical converse of Giorgione's idyllic conception of human life:—we should be reminded of Shakspeare's similar treatment of the Divine in *Troilus and Cressida*, were not all mere satire here restrained by Venetian gravity, and that supernatural beauty in colour, expression, and landscape, which renders this little-known work one of the most precious that have descended to us."

Two pictures by Garofolo, from the Aldobrandini collection, are good specimens of this master, who left the Bolognese school to study in that of Raffaele. One, representing 'Christ healing the Man possessed with Devils,' is remarkable for the expressive character given to the heads, and

for its rich, warm colouring. The other, called 'Judith adorning herself,' is a portrait of a handsome woman, whose features are finely drawn and very animated. The refined manner of the old Florentine painter, Giotto, is seen in a portion of a diptych, formerly in the Barberini Gallery; the other half is in the Sciarra Palace. That which is at Alnwick Castle is divided into four compartments, each containing a subject of ancient church history, treated somewhat allegorically, but with the most delicate artistic feeling and minute finish in the execution. Another picture which, like the preceding, came from the Barberini Gallery, is 'Venus striving to prevent Adonis from going to the Chase,' by Titian, a favourite subject with this artist: our National Gallery contains one example, and Lord Elcho, if we are not mistaken, has another, both of them larger and more finished than the picture Camuccini had, which, nevertheless, is quite worthy of Titian's glowing pencil, as are also two or three of his portraits



HERODIAS WITH THE HEAD OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

that bear it company. Of other Venetian painters whose works hang here two are especially deserving of mention: Bonifazio, represented by the Virgin with the Infant Jesus in her lap, who offers a cross to the child St. John, Elizabeth, Joseph, and Zechariah being present; and Paul Veronese, represented by the Magdalen kneeling, and accompanied by three angels.

Mazzolino, of Ferrara, who flourished in the early part of the sixteenth century, and whose works are comparatively but little known in England, is represented by a composition of numerous figures, 'Christ Driving the Money-changers from the Temple.' The picture bears the character of being one of the best examples of this master. It is more free than usual from the peculiar antique treatment Mazzolino adopted in the attitude and draperies of his figures. Waagen calls it "a very rich composition, of the utmost decision and miniature-like delicacy of execution, and of astonishing

glow of colour." The painting was originally in the Aldobrandini collection. Among the pictures not hitherto noticed may be pointed out the following as the best:—"Esther before Ahasuerus," by Guercino; 'Christ Teaching in the Temple,' by Strozzi, the Genoese ecclesiastic; 'Tancred Baptising the Dying Chlorinda,' by Agostino Carracci; 'John the Baptist,' in a landscape, at prayer, with angels above him, said to be the united work of Ludovico Carracci and Domenichino; 'The Crucifixion, with the Virgin and St. John,' by Guido; a small replica of the 'Christo de Capucini,' in Rome; an 'Italian Harbour,' a fine sunset scene, by Claude; and an excellent landscape by Wouvermans. Taken as a whole, the Camuccini collection, though not, perhaps, of the highest class, is an important addition to the picture-galleries of England.

The PALAZZA CORSINI, one of the finest private mansions in Rome, originally belonged to the family of Riario. Cardinal Riario, nephew of

Sixtus V., built the Palace of the Cancellaria. The former palace came into possession of the Corsini family about 1730, through Clement XII., who employed the architect Fuga to enlarge and beautify it. Prior to this, however, it was an edifice of sufficient importance to be chosen by Queen Christina of Sweden for her residence while in Rome, and she died in it in 1689. The mansion contains two great objects of attraction—the gallery of pictures, and a rare and most extensive library, founded by Clement XII. in the early part of the last century, and consisting of a numerous assortment of books and manuscript volumes of the fifteenth century, autograph papers and documents, and an immense collection of prints; the whole library occupying eight rooms. During Christina's residence here the palace was the habitual resort of all the most distinguished men in Rome, poets, artists, and *savans* of every description. Now grass grows in its courts, and the building is little else than a magnificent solitude, deserted,

except by the visitor who enters to examine the intellectual wealth it holds. The picture-gallery includes upwards of five hundred paintings, the majority of which are but of average merit. Some examples, however, are of a very good, though not of the highest, order. They are hung in nine different apartments. Considering how Rome has, for the last three quarters of a century, been rifled of her Art-treasures by the hand of violence and by the picture-buyer, the wonder is that the city yet retains so much of value as it does.

The earliest example in the Corsini Gallery is a picture, with *siderals* or wings, by Fra Angelico da Fiesole. The centre represents 'The Last Judgment'; the wings, respectively, 'The Ascension,' and 'The Descent of the Holy Ghost.' The Last Judgment is a subject which Fra Angelico frequently painted. The Corsini picture is remarkable for great richness of expression and beauty of drapery; the happiness of the blessed is seen in their mutual



MADONNA AND CHILD.

embraces and their attitudes of worship. Singularly enough, the artist here, as in other similar compositions, has filled the ranks of the condemned entirely with monks, his brethren of the Church.

'HERODIAS WITH THE HEAD OF JOHN THE BAPTIST,' by Guido, is a work of great beauty, and, considering the nature of the subject, has little in it to offend. The face of Herodias, no less than her attitude, expresses deep regret, as if filled with contrition of heart for having participated, though unwillingly, in the death of a good and honourable man. Her costume, of the true Eastern type, is most gracefully arranged, and is rich in colour. The head of the Baptist is not a ghastly object; it looks like that of one calmly sleeping, and is noble in character.

The gallery contains two or three examples of the Spaniard Murillo, the best of which is a 'MADONNA AND CHILD.' The sacred pictures of this artist are not, generally, distinguished by any special religious feeling, and that here engraved forms no exception to the rule. The composition is

simply a female of the Spanish type—in all probability one of his own countrywomen whom he took for his model—with her naked child, both seated close to the doorway of a house. It is a familiar-looking group, which, if the costume were more national, might be seen in any village beyond the Pyrenees. The execution of the picture is broad and firm, and the colouring must originally have been very brilliant; it has been retouched at some period or other not very far distant.

Another engraving of a similar subject is on the next page; it is from a painting by Carlo Dolci, whom the Corsini family much patronised. Here the Virgin is represented as uncovering her sleeping Infant, and looking upon Him with an air of solemnity that amounts to adoration. The beauty and grace with which this master invested his Madonnas were often injured by affectation, or by his mistaking sentimentality for religious feeling. In this picture, for example, the uplifted hand is an affected attitude; it was not a necessary, scarcely an allowable, action, under the

circumstances of the subject; but then Carlo Dolci was a very remarkable painter of the female hand, and he here made use of the opportunity to display his powers. A French writer has said that the Madonnas of this artist have neither the life of the body nor the life of the soul; by which we may presume it to be inferred that they are neither terrestrial nor celestial, but hover between the two worlds.

In one of the apartments is a series of eleven paintings on copper, illustrating the 'Miseries of War.' It has been affirmed, but on no very reliable authority, that they are the work of James Callot, the celebrated French engraver. It is, however, quite certain that the subjects are the same as those which form a portion of the well-known series of etchings by Callot that bear the same title. The pictures, in all probability, have been copied from the engravings, by some painter, at a subsequent period, for there is no evidence on record of Callot using the pencil at any

time, except to make designs for his plates. He was in great favour with Louis XIII., who employed him to engrave several of the principal sieges and battles in which the French were engaged. This, it may be inferred, suggested to him the idea of producing these illustrations of the horrors of war. As compositions, they are remarkably spirited, though sketchy, and in their truthfulness of representation supply a practical comment on the poet's lines—

"War is a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at."

The Corsini Gallery contains several very excellent portraits. The best of them are—the two sons of Charles V. in one frame, by Titian, full of life and expression: one of the boys holds a sword almost of equal height with himself; a portrait of Rembrandt as a young man, and in armour, from his own hand; Luther and his wife, companion portraits, ascribed to



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD.

Holbein; Cardinal Albert of Brandenburg, by Albert Durer; Cardinal Alexander Farnese, by Titian.

Luca Giordano is well represented here by his picture of 'Christ Disputing with the Doctors,' a work more distinguished, perhaps, by its brilliant colouring and free execution, than by any devotional, or even elevated, sentiment in the figures. Giordano, who died early in the last century, was one of the most popular artists of the day, and his pictures were so eagerly sought after that, though he worked with the greatest rapidity—it is said he painted a picture of St. Francis Xavier for the Jesuits' college at Naples in a day and a half—the supply scarcely kept pace with the demand. During a residence of ten years in Spain he executed an immense number of works—enough, it has been affirmed, to have occupied a long life of the most laborious artist. Many of them were of large size, such as the frescoes on the ceiling of the Escorial Chapel, and on the staircase of the palace; the great saloon in the Buen Retiro, the

sacristy of the Cathedral of Toledo, the vault of the Royal Chapel at Madrid and others.

'Christ before Pilate,' by Van Dyck, claims attention by the expressive and forcible manner in which it is composed, as well as by the truthful character the painter has given to the personages placed on the canvas. Garofalo's 'Christ Bearing the Cross' is another picture that must not be passed unnoticed, as possessing some good points of drawing and colour. 'The Woman taken in Adultery,' by Titian, has evidently undergone considerable "restoration," without much, if any, improvement; it must at one time have been a fine picture. Guercino's 'Woman of Samaria' has a face too coarse and unpleasant in feature to be attractive, but the figure, and that of the Saviour, are well painted. A 'Head of the Virgin,' by the same hand, is infinitely more inviting. Salvator Rosa's 'Prometheus Devoured by Vultures' is a ghastly, repulsive subject, powerfully represented.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

THE GORE HOUSE ESTATE, AND THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.

THE closing of the International Exhibition, and the uncertainty as to the permanent retention of the whole or part of the building in which it has been held, whereof the Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 are the ground landlords, and the intimate relations necessarily existing between the Commissioners of the 1851 Exhibition and those of that of 1862, upon territory the property of the former, would of themselves be sufficient occasion to suggest some investigation of the "position" so established, more especially as relates to the origin and history of the so-called "Gore House Estate," the mode of its acquisition, the purposes to which it was intended to be applied, and how far those purposes have been carried out. But another motive for such inquiry—a motive involving considerations of a solemn and painful interest—occurs at this moment, in consequence of the project recently promulgated, upon high authority, and under illustrious sanction, for adopting a part of the Gore House Estate as the site of the proposed National Memorial to the late lamented Prince Consort. That this great and good man was the prime mover and guiding spirit in the two great Industrial Exhibitions whose history is so intimately associated with this site, and that his influence was mainly instrumental in obtaining that fine tract of land, which he fondly contemplated seeing appropriated to uses conducive to the promotion and encouragement of Science and Art, are facts known to us all; and that, if he had survived, he might, by his enlightened mind, firm will, and straightforwardness of action, have obtained the accomplishment of considerable portions of his well-intended views, is not at all improbable: and, in that case, the Gore House Estate, with the educational establishments, and artistic exhibitions, and the gardens of *plaisance* located upon it, would, without even the aid of monument or tablet, have become itself a memorial to all time, associated with his name. This would have been in the natural order of things; nor let us doubt but that, had the Prince's life been spared to the usual term, his good sense and honourable purpose would have succeeded, in spite of many difficulties (involved principally in the agents and materials he had to deal with), in leaving all things connected with this his favourite field of operations upon a footing to give satisfaction to himself, and do credit to his memory. But the case is different when, the illustrious head prematurely removed, a miscellaneous company of his surroundings only remain—having his high and disinterested purpose but partly in their knowledge, and less at heart—to deal with interests and influences which could be considered safe in no hands less pure, and in no discretion less exalted, than his own.

Upon all these considerations, therefore, we have long been of opinion that the death of the Royal President of the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 involved a state of things imperatively demanding an investigation of the history and present position of that commission, more particularly as connected with the management of their estate at South Kensington; and this necessity presses with redoubled urgency when it becomes question of associating a national memorial to the lamented Prince with that estate. The history of this affair is duly set forth in sufficient detail in the four Reports of the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851; but as few people read blue books, at least when published as serials, with sufficient attention to keep up the thread of the story from beginning to end, we take leave to give an abstract of the principal facts, in the order in which they occur.

It will probably be remembered that, after the closing of the Exhibition of 1851, the Commissioners of that undertaking found themselves in the possession of a surplus of £186,436 odd—a result very different from what they anticipated when starting on that great world-renowned undertaking. Instead of clearing their hands of this amount by giving prizes to exhibitors (which in their original announcement they had expressed their intention of doing), or by making

contributions to the various educational institutions throughout the country, where they would have been most usefully applied, the Commissioners adopted the plan of obtaining their establishment as a permanent corporation, and of purchasing a landed estate with which to deal in a manner to promote certain undefined projects which they had in view for the promotion of Science and Art, and the intellectual advancement of society in general. To the fulfilment of this object, however, parliamentary sanction and a parliamentary grant were necessary, which, chiefly in deference to the known wishes of the amiable Prince Consort, who had the whole scheme earnestly at heart, were readily obtained. At the opening of the session 1852-3, the Royal Speech contained the following passage:—

"The advancement of the Fine Arts and of practical Science will be readily recognised by you as worthy of the attention of a great and enlightened nation. I have directed that a comprehensive scheme shall be laid before you, having in view the promotion of these objects, towards which I invite your aid and co-operation."

The first step taken in conformity with this recommendation was to grant to the Commissioners of 1851 a sum of £150,000, which, added to an equal sum appropriated by them from their surplus in hand, made a total sum of £300,000 to be applied to the land purchases contemplated, to the extent, in all, of some eighty-six acres. Some further purchases of land were afterwards made, towards which parliament contributed £27,500, and the 1851 Commissioners £15,000; making the total expended upon this "estate" £342,500. The parliamentary grants in question were made upon the condition "that for the purpose of securing to the Crown the right of general superintendence, the Commissioners should hold the whole purchases (actually made, or hereafter to be made) subject to such directions or appropriations as should from time to time be issued by the Treasury in respect of such part, not exceeding one moiety, as shall, by agreement between the Board and the Royal Commissioners, be set apart for such institutions, connected with Science and Art, as are more immediately dependent upon and supported by the government from funds voted by parliament; and subject also, with respect to the other part thereof, to such general superintendence by the Lords of the Treasury as might be necessary to secure that the appropriations proposed to be made, and all the arrangements in relation thereto as regards the buildings to be erected thereon, shall be in conformity with some general plan which shall be adopted as applicable to all parts of the property, whether such buildings shall be erected from public moneys or by private subscriptions."

Shortly afterwards followed the announcement of a gigantic and ambitious project of removing all the scientific and educational institutions of the metropolis, as well as the National Gallery, to the Gore House Estate—a project which, after being hotly contested, was found to be too extravagant and visionary for practical realisation.

The history of the affair, as relates to the National Gallery, is interesting upon public grounds, the more particularly as the whole question between that establishment and the Royal Academy has never to this day been finally and practically disposed of. Let us, therefore, briefly review the facts. In 1853 a committee was appointed on the subject of the National Gallery, which recommended its removal to the Gore House Estate, and a bill for carrying out this recommendation was brought into the House of Commons in June, 1856. On the second reading of that bill, however, on the 27th June, an amendment was moved by Lord Elcho, and carried against the government, by a majority of 153 to 145, for an address to her Majesty, "praying her Majesty to be graciously pleased to issue a Royal Commission to determine the site of the new National Gallery, and to report on the desirableness of combining with it the Fine Art and Archaeological collections of the British Museum, in accordance with the recommendation of the select committee on the National Gallery in 1853."

In compliance with this resolution a Royal Commission was appointed, consisting of Lord Broughton, the Dean of St. Paul's, Mr. C. R.

Cockerell, Professor Faraday, Mr. Richard Ford, and Mr. George Richmond, which, after hearing evidence, unanimously adopted a resolution that, "after the consideration of the various sites suggested to the Commissioners, they are of opinion that their choice is confined to the site of the present National Gallery, if sufficiently enlarged, and the estate at Kensington Gore;" and finally, in June, 1857, reported *in favour of retaining the National Gallery on its present site*. The presentation of this report was met by the then Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir G. C. Lewis), with an attempt to re-open the question, the right hon. gentleman, at the opening of the session 1858, giving a notice of motion for the appointment of a select committee, to "inquire into the proposed sites for a National Picture Gallery, and into the plans for the enlargement of the British Museum." This notice of motion, however, fell to the ground, owing to the change of government, which took place immediately after, and the subject has not since been disturbed.

The Commissioners of 1851 being thus disappointed upon all the points in view of which they had been established, and their "estate" purchased, one would have thought that the obvious and proper course for them to have adopted would have been to dissolve, re-sell the lands purchased in great part by public money, and, leaving the disposal of the proceeds to parliament, wash their hands of all further responsibility in the matter. But this did not suit their views, nor the views of the staff of salaried officers in their employ. They could not fail, however, to acknowledge that they were in a false position, in a dilemma, the difficulty of which was increased by their partnership with government, and the manner in which the ultimate responsibility for the management of the joint estate was reposed in the latter; but, in seeking for a dissolution of this partnership, they went upon a principle exactly the reverse of that just suggested. In their fourth report, dated May 3, 1861, they state:—"Matters having arrived at this position, and there being no immediate prospect of her Majesty's government being enabled to take any effectual steps for putting an end to the state of uncertainty that had so long existed, we found ourselves compelled, early in 1858, seriously to consider our own position;" adding: "Whilst waiting for the decision of the government on the subjects of the National Gallery and the other institutions under the government control, we have been precluded from all independent action, or from carrying into execution any plans of our own, for a period of more than five years;" and they state as the result of their serious consideration of their position, that, "although we remained as earnest as ever in our desire to co-operate with her Majesty's government in promoting the plans for the development of which the joint purchase of the estate was made in 1852, it appeared to us neither desirable nor advantageous that the existing state of uncertainty and inaction should be further prolonged." And in this view they addressed a communication to the government, in which they proposed a dissolution of partnership in the ownership of the estate with the latter, on the terms of repayment of the sum of £177,500 public money, advanced under parliamentary sanction, together with a moiety of the net rents received out of the estate, amounting to £3,879,—"the whole of the estate being made in return the absolute property of the Commissioners," who would, thereupon, relieve the government from any existing embarrassment, by taking upon themselves the entire execution of their own plans for the promotion of Science and Art, in the manner that might appear to them best adapted for the purpose, and in conformity with the principles and objects set forth in their second report.

This proposal was readily acceded to by the government, and carried into effect under sanction of an Act of Parliament passed July 12th, 1858; the principle upon which the original purchase of the estate was sanctioned—that of "securing to the Crown the right of general superintendence"—being thus, it will be observed, completely abandoned.

The money payment to be made to the Treasury was £181,379, and the manner in which the acquittance of the debt was accomplished is not

a little curious. It gives reason to suspect that the Commissioners, in seeking to dissolve partnership with the Treasury, were partly actuated by considerations of more "solid" import than the mere "relieving" of the government from "existing embarrassment." In other words, the joint estate had considerably improved in money value, and held out a prospect of still further improvement, under a judicious system of building leases, &c., and the Commissioners thought it as well that all the accruing profits should come undivided into their own coffers. But to return to the question of "paying out" the government. In respect of £60,000 of the debt, the Commissioners assigned to the government twelve acres of ground, for the purposes of the new "Department of Science and Art," being at the rate of £5,000 an acre, which, considering that the average original cost of the estate was at the rate, in round numbers, of £3,000 an acre, was not so bad a bargain for the Commissioners. Towards the balance of £121,379, the Commissioners raised a loan of £120,000, at 4 per cent., from the commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, secured upon certain outlying portions of the property, measuring $3\frac{1}{4}$, $5\frac{1}{4}$, $2\frac{1}{2}$, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ acres respectively, or $12\frac{1}{2}$ acres in all; and the Commissioners, in their fourth report, state:—"While the ground rents derived by us from these portions of the property amount to a sum sufficient to defray the interest on the mortgage, we have reason to believe that the sale of the fee-simple of them, if hereafter determined upon, would raise a sum sufficient to pay off the mortgagees' claims upon the estate in respect of the loan of £120,000." In other words (omitting consideration of the small balance of £1,379), the Commissioners paid out their partners in the estate, purchased at an average of £3,000 an acre, by means of portions of the same land at the rate of £5,000 and £10,000 an acre; or, to put the case in a still clearer point of view, having been joint purchasers with the public of eighty-six acres of land (the public paying rather the larger share), the Commissioners made a partition of the property, by which twenty-four acres were appropriated to pay off the public, and sixty-two retained by themselves.

Advantageous, however, as this transaction was to the Commissioners, it was not so good a bargain as they might have made, looking upon themselves in the anomalous light of sole proprietors of a joint estate, inasmuch that they claim credit for liberality in their dealings with the government, based upon considerations of the improved and improvable value of their property. Mr. Edgar Bowring, the secretary of the Commissioners, when giving his evidence before the select committee of the House of Commons on the British Museum (1860), being asked "What is the actual value of the unappropriated portion of that land?" replied, "I should be understating it when I put it at £20,000 an acre." Indeed, the experience of actual lettings goes to show the value of the land, as already realised, to be £26,000 or £27,000 an acre. When, therefore, the Commissioners last year made the offer of selling part of their land for a proposed auxiliary British Museum, at the rate of £10,000, they were evidently making "an alarming sacrifice" in favour of the public; whilst the offer having been rejected by a large majority in the House of Commons,—in spite of the urgent appeals of Lord Palmerston, who stated that land in Bloomsbury for the like purpose could not be obtained for less than £30,000 an acre,—became convincing evidence that the objection of parliament, upon grounds of public convenience, to the transference of part of the national collection to Brompton, was not removed, and that they were not disposed to consider the objections to such a proposition as at all qualified by ostensible inducements of financial economy. We say "ostensible inducements," because parliament, in all probability, very rightly considered the loss of time, and expense of conveyance, as a dominant element in the question of the removal of the public collections from an urban, to a suburban district.

It may be proper now to state something about the present distribution of the "estate," originally consisting of eighty-six acres. A portion, amounting to twelve acres, was, in the first instance, appropriated to the government for the Depart-

ment of Science and Art; and about the same time certain outlying portions, amounting to another twelve acres, were let upon building leases, about nine acres more being devoted to roads. The next important transaction was (June, 1861) the letting on lease to the Horticultural Society of $22\frac{1}{2}$ acres, at a contingent rent derivable out of their profits, for a term of thirty-one years, with power to renew, subject to the consent of the Commissioners, who, on refusal, would have to pay the Society, by way of compensation, a sum of not less than £15,000, but subject to increase under certain contingencies, the Commissioners having undertaken to erect the arcades, and execute the earthworks, at a cost of £50,000, which sum they raised, by loan or mortgage, from the commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest. Lastly, the Commissioners contracted with the Royal Commissioners of the International Exhibition of 1862, for the temporary use of sixteen (since increased to twenty) acres for the purpose of that exhibition, and have arranged with the Society of Arts to grant, should they desire it, a lease for ninety-nine years of the "permanent" portion of the building, "at a ground rent, calculated at the rate of £240 per acre per annum." This, by the way, would be at the rate of purchase of about £6,000 an acre, being little more than half the price at which it was proposed to sell land to the public for the use of the British Museum. May we not reasonably ask—why this discrepancy in favour of a private body, as against a national institution? But let that pass: more important questions yet remain to be discussed. To sum up this part of the case, the amount of land which now remains entirely undisposed of in the hands of the '51 Commissioners, is somewhat less than eleven acres; but this will be increased to about fifteen, if the Eastern Annexe of the International Exhibition is not retained as a permanent building, and still further by as much ground (if any) as may be thrown open by the removal of any other portions of that building. The ultimate disposal of these lands is still a problem.

Meantime, before going a step further, before another lease or contract is signed by the Commissioners, various considerations force themselves upon the attention upon a review of what has already been done, as above narrated. In the first place, the question occurs whether it can be held to be consistent with the spirit of their charter of incorporation, for the Commissioners of 1851 to let lands upon building leases for ordinary dwelling-houses, and otherwise to traffic in land; secondly, whether, even as respects the bargain with the Horticultural Society, the establishment of that body in a large portion (in all about a quarter) of the estate, can be held to be consistent with the declared object with which the Commissioners were empowered to purchase land, namely, in the words of the act, "for institutions connected with Science and Art," or with the professed intention of the Commissioners (in their communication to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, dated September 23, 1853, when applying for an advance of money), of "securing for national objects, to which it is proposed to devote the whole of the estates purchased by them;" thirdly, whether the deductions already made for these and other purposes, the remaining portion of the estate, measuring, as we have seen, eleven acres (subject under certain contingencies to increase, say to twenty or thirty), can, under any circumstances, be made available to realise the promise held forth in the Royal Speech in 1852, of "a comprehensive scheme" for the promotion of Science and Art, or to carry out the primary object of the Commissioners as set forth in the Act of Parliament appointing them, namely, of "procuring adequate space" for institutions connected with Science and Art; and, fourthly, whether—having now no longer the "potentiality," as Dr. Johnson would call it, of accomplishing the vast scheme of operations, or any fair proportion of them, for which they were incorporated—their act of incorporation ought not properly to be rescinded by the same authority which granted it.

There is a little ugly word of three letters—need we name it?—JOB! which from all time has been considered a prescriptive attendant upon Boards of all sorts, and which would seem to be especially

applicable to one having no definite functions—save those of speculating in lands, in the way of building leases, exhibitions, and flower shows, and tea gardens and taverns. Yes! tea gardens and taverns! for, though it would hardly be believed,—amongst the profits gravely set forth in the official descriptive pamphlet on the International Exhibition, published some months ago, is actually one for permanently maintaining the refreshment establishments, as being likely to prove some of the most eligible in point of situation and arrangement in the metropolis!

And is it upon a site like this, so curtailed in dimensions, so misappropriated in parts, with future misappropriation to the most vulgar uses in contemplation; is it in association with all the jobbery of the Exhibition of 1862, shown in flagrant puff, and every petty, contemptible contrivance for gain—from the retiring rooms and the umbrella stand, down to Mr. Cadogan's head-money on the Veillard refreshment contract, that the memorial to a good and noble Prince is to be incontinently erected? No! at least let us pause,—let us cleanse the Augean stable; let us cast out the jobbers and money-dealers who have too long desecrated the premises, before we hallow them to such uses!

We well remember that when the Prince Consort was but newly dead, and the nation's grief was in its first full tide of earnestness, a most "unwise" person put himself forward to propose the foundation of an Albert University at South Kensington as the fittest form of testimonial, with, of course, the "unwise" person at its head. But the indelicacy of the intrusion was at once scouted. Since the extinguishment of this scheme, however, we observe that the committee appointed by the Queen to advise upon the most fitting form and site for the National Albert Memorial have recommended something which vaguely points to the establishment of some sort of institution—a hall in the first instance, to be connected with other institutions afterwards to be devised—as the result of their deliberations. Before this recommendation is carried out, we would most respectfully invite a consideration of the facts we have set forth in the preceding columns. Our space precludes us at present from discussing the particular scheme proposed by the National Memorial Committee, as shadowed forth in the correspondence recently published on the subject; but without discussing it, or any other scheme for the purpose, we would venture, by way of conclusion, to lay down a position which we submit should be adhered to as an essential consideration in this matter,—namely, that anything beyond a monumental structure, which speaks for itself—anything in the nature of an institution which should be put up in memory of the Prince Consort—should meet these three conditions: first, that its purpose be in some way connected with promotion and encouragement of Science and Art; secondly, that it be of a nature to fill a position not yet in any way occupied, and an obvious and commensurate public requirement; and thirdly, that it be established upon principles and conducted under a scheme of management calculated to ensure its permanence, in a course of action which should, to all time, redound to the honour of the Prince and the credit of the country. In any national undertaking of the kind—especially if, as is now suggested, to be in any part executed by national funds—we must not run the risk of failure, discomfiture, or disgrace.

Alas! every plan that is now promulgated brings to us some new proof that the mind of the good Prince is absent; that the head being away, the hands cannot work creditably or profitably. The British public, of every class and order, from the highest to the most humble, know and feel that the loss is irreparable. Had the Prince Consort lived, South Kensington might have seen a palace worthy of the nation and the age; under present circumstances, South Kensington is in deadly peril of witnessing another of those "jobs" in Art which have so often degraded the country, put a stumbling-block in the way of our progress, and invited the ridicule of every intelligent foreigner who is a witness of our misdoings.

THE STEREOGRAPHS OF THE STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.

SINCE the era of Great Exhibitions was auspiciously inaugurated in 1851, two new and most potent allies have placed at the disposal of both Royal Commissioners and exhibitors, and also of the general public, services, the full value of which it is scarcely possible adequately to appreciate. For this year's Great Exhibition PHOTOGRAPHY and the STEREOSCOPE have secured, not an enduring memorial merely, but a permanent reality. The day of the final closing may have come and passed away; all the manifold collections, that we admire continually more and more every time that we re-visit them, may have been dispersed to the four winds, and even resolved into their original elements;—the Hereford screen may have retired into the reverend seclusion of its own cathedral; the 'Reading Girl' may have demonstrated her ability to read on still, whether in Regent Street or Cheapside, in undisturbed serenity; the Koh-i-noor may have withdrawn its lustre from all save princely eyes; in the dignified seclusion of Mr. Gibson's studio at Rome the 'Venus' may have assumed a warmer tint; the majolica fountain, having played for the last time, may have been broken up, and the dragon may have become content to leave St. George with the reputation of being no less waterproof than fireproof; the mirror may have been removed from the muzzle of the Armstrong gun, and the gun itself been ordered upon active service at Woolwich; the nave and the transepts, the galleries and the annexes, may have first become as empty as they were in March last, and then they may have been (as we trust they will be) demolished and cleared away,—and yet a lamp, far more wondrous than that of Aladdin, working in prompt obedience to human directions, has preserved the whole—Great Exhibition Building and Great Exhibition—intact and complete, and has reproduced them ten thousand times.

Amongst the *Notabilia* of this Exhibition, none can rival the stereographs, which render the Exhibition itself at once indestructible and ubiquitous. In the stereoscope they place before our eyes the well-known Courts, the favourite groups, the infinitely diversified collections, and the most popular objects, precisely as they existed, and as we used to study them. And, as we suppose that "no home" is now "without a stereoscope," we may assume that the stereographic presence of the Exhibition will be diffused as widely as its fame. It is no slight advantage that the stereoscope thus bestows. Unerring in fidelity, complete in its power of representation, and always certain of absolutely successful action, this wonderful little instrument now accomplishes exactly what in 1851 was felt to be equally important and impossible. We can enjoy this year's Exhibition again and again in the stereoscope, and in the stereoscope we can study it, and thoroughly learn all it has to teach. The "slides" which the Stereoscopic Company have produced in such abundance, are much more than pleasant reminiscences, forcibly and vividly conveyed. They are the most impressive of teachers also—or rather, through their agency the Exhibition, in the most impressive manner, conveys its own eminently valuable lessons. We are particularly desirous to press upon our readers this teaching quality of the Exhibition stereographs. It is only partially understood at present; but we trust that in due time its full value will be universally accepted.

Our remarks are at present limited to the collection of stereographs that have been executed and issued by the London Stereoscopic Company. That these admirable works should be obtainable by the public only at a comparatively high price is their sole fault—and this fault rests entirely with the Royal Commissioners. They determined that the privilege to take photographs and stereographs within the Exhibition building should be a strict monopoly; and for conceding this monopoly to the Stereoscopic Company they exacted an exorbitant sum, to be paid down in cash in advance, before a lens would be permitted to enter the build-

ing. Nor has this premium been the only obstacle to what we may designate popular stereographing in the Exhibition. The Company, after they had obtained and had paid for their exclusive privilege, have been compelled to incur innumerable and, very frequently, most vexatious expenses, in securing such co-operation on the part of the authorities as would enable them to execute their undertaking. Hence the Commissioners have forced upon the Stereoscopic Company a scale of charges, from which any reduction, however desirable, is out of the question, unless the Company are to produce and sell their stereographs at such rates as would leave them positive losers by the transaction. It is scarcely necessary for us to add, that the Commissioners ought to have exerted to the utmost their official influence to provide facilities for the execution of stereographic and other photographs, which would be excellent as works of Art, and, at the same time, obtainable by the large class of visitors who are debarred from the acquisition of all costly advantages.

Working, as they have, under no ordinary pressure of difficulties, the Stereoscopic Company have, nevertheless, been faithful to the duty which they took upon themselves. Never have more admirable stereographs been produced than those which the Company have placed before visitors, and before the public, and, indeed, the world at large. Every most effective general view has been photographed from the best point of view; and the same may be affirmed with equal justice of particular groups, collections, and objects. And when the eye glances over the list of the subjects of the Exhibition stereographs, or, far better still, when the stereographs themselves are displayed in close contiguity as a collection, it becomes apparent that a *substantial history*—such as never before was prepared from any Exhibition—is here present, which begins with the commencement of this Exhibition, and accompanies its career from day to day; and, when the closing shall have taken place, without doubt the series will then be found to be complete, as far as the Stereoscopic Company will have been able to attain to completeness. For, it must not be forgotten, that in not a few instances permission to take photographs has been peremptorily withheld, the Commissioners leaving the Company to endure the loss consequent upon all such refusals. We may specify the statues of 'Cleopatra' and the 'Sybil,' in the Roman Court, as works not conceded to the privileged photographers.

The existing collection of "slides" begins well. The opening ceremonial is enacted over again, *en permanence*, in the stereoscope. There is the dignified and grave assemblage—sad in the consciousness that, eleven years before, on a similar occasion, two royal personages were present in place of two royal busts—the busts of a widowed Queen and a departed Prince. The scene, however, is faithfully reproduced, and the heads of the numerous figures are most true portraiture. Walk about the building, after the Duke of Cambridge had pronounced it "open," in what direction you will, and pause as your own taste or as mere accident may check your advance, and one of your stereographs accompanies you and brings the scene again before your eyes. The nave and the transepts, the several courts, the annexes, the galleries, the refreshment rooms—all are ready to succeed to one another in the stereoscope. The sculpture collections pass before you in review with characteristic effectiveness. The series of separate groups and statues that line the Roman Court on either side range themselves into their proper order before your eyes. Or would you pass to the Greek Court—that is, would you have the Greek Court brought to you, or the Milan model, or the group of telescopes, or the Sultan's jewelled mirror, or the machinery, or the miscellaneous collections of France, or Russia, or Austria, or the Zollverein, or the Armstrong trophy,—in every instance there is the same ready compliance, and the stereoscope never fails you. The picture galleries, again, rise up in like manner in their true images; and all the diversified reminiscences of the struggles for refreshments revive in the full force of their original annoyance.

ART IN IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

BELFAST.—The fund subscribed in this place for erecting a memorial to the late Prince Consort has nearly reached £2,000. At a recent meeting of the committee a plan was submitted for the erection of an elegant clock-tower, the cost of which was estimated at £1,800. A work of this kind seems to be very desirable in Belfast, where a central public time-piece seems to be much needed.

DUBLIN also has made an important move, that will probably lead to a desirable result. It is understood, moreover, that a statue of Daniel O'Connell is about to be erected somewhere in the Irish capital; we trust it will be a work that will do honour and not discredit to Ireland. The square opposite the College is degraded by a very bad statue of the poet Moore; and recently a column, resembling a heap of cabbage plants, has been raised in "honour" of the famous physician, Sir Phillip Crampton—a man of whom any country of the world might be proud. Yet the best British sculptors are Irishmen: it is only necessary to name Foley, MacDowell, and Belmes.

PRESTONPANS.—A statue of the late Dr. Alexander, C.B., director-general of the medical department of the army, has recently been erected at Prestonpans, his native place. It is the work of Mr. W. Brodie, R.S.A., and represents the deceased, who had passed through the whole of the Crimean war, in military costume, his cloak thrown loosely over the shoulders, and his breast decorated with orders and medals. At the inauguration, Lord Eleho described in fitting terms the services Dr. Alexander had rendered to the army, quoting, at the same time, a letter from Miss Nightingale, bearing the highest testimony to the worth of him to whose memory the statue had been raised by the public subscriptions of his fellow-townsmen. In allusion to the statue Lord Eleho said,—"It is a work of very great merit, reflecting very great credit on the sculptor, Mr. Brodie. I am sure I express the opinion of every one present when I say that as a work of Art it is a very great success; and, as a likeness of Dr. Alexander, I have his father's authority for saying that it is the portrait of the man himself."

MANCHESTER.—A circular, signed by the president and others on behalf of the committee of the Manchester School of Art, discloses a not very favourable view of the present condition of that institution. We ascertain from the statement that the school was founded in 1838, but it was not till 1842 that any aid from government was granted. In 1849 it had been long under the pressure of a heavy debt, and the pupils were removed to less expensive premises than those they previously occupied. On the resignation of Mr. Hammersley, the head master, in the early part of the present year, and the appointment, in his room, of Mr. W. J. Micklethay, from the Wolverhampton school, the grant of £300 per annum, previously paid by the Department of Science and Art, was withdrawn. The committee now asks—"What is to be done? The school cannot be maintained without the grant, unless a similar sum can be locally raised. One quarter of the stoppage has already been paid out of the school funds, and no more can be afforded. It is therefore for the merchants, the calico printers, and others connected with the trade of Manchester, to decide whether so important an institution—so necessary to the cultivation and development of good taste, and true artistic feeling—for it may truly be said, there is no one branch of manufacture throughout our country upon which, either *directly* or *indirectly*, it is not brought to bear—shall be allowed to be annihilated for want of the necessary means for that support which the committee consider has been most unjustly withdrawn." We shall consider it strange if, notwithstanding the present stagnant condition of the Manchester trade, the sum of £300 cannot be raised to supply the annual deficiency, and shall be disposed to attribute any refusal of funds to some cause separate from inability to subscribe—what *cause* we shall endeavour to ascertain.

HEXHAM.—A correspondent has favoured us with the following:—"In the recent clearance of stalls, pews, galleries, shrines, and antiquities, in the choir of Hexham Abbey, for the purpose of re-seating it, the Ogle shrine, which had been converted into a pew, was taken down as well as everything else. It stood on the south side of the choir, occupying one bay, from pillar to pillar, and was enclosed by open-panelled and carved oak screen-work of Perpendicular workmanship, the interior of which was snugly covered with green baize. When this covering was torn off, the altar-painting of the shrine was found to be *in situ*. This interesting relic, doubtless thus hidden since the Reformation, is a

tryptic of fifteenth century Art. It has a massive frame of oak, four feet four inches by six feet six inches, of the same character of moulding and carving as the screen-work empling the shrine. The three panels of the picture are of an uniform size, one foot ten inches by three feet eight inches, and the subjects of each are confined within an outline of a vesica form, and enriched with diapered backgrounds. The centre compartment represents Christ in the act of rising from the tomb, the lower half of the figure being concealed by the side slab. The eyes are closed and head bowed down—an expression of inconceivable sorrow and compassion pervading the features. Blood streams from the brow beneath the crown of thorns, and from the wounds. Above the crown of thorns, which is curiously raised in slight relief, is a gorgeous nimbus, which, it is evident, once blazed with gold. This ornament is in bold relief, as are two candlesticks placed on either side of the tomb. Below the tomb, and behind the nimbus, and in other interstices, there is a diaper of gold stars. A wavy vesica of clouds confines the whole, which stands out, thus cloud-encircled, from a deep crimson background, with a second diaper of hexagonal rosettes, each rosette containing the letters I.H.C. painted in a dark neutral tint. The compartment to the right of this contains a full-length figure of the Virgin standing on an orb, holding the Infant Christ on one arm, and a sceptre, announcing her sovereignty as Queen of Heaven, in the other hand. The nimbus of this figure is more elaborate in design than that upon the head of Christ, and is likewise in bold relief. A raised nimbus also surrounds the head of the Infant; and the sceptre is richly ornamented in relief. The robe of the Virgin is crimson, with a small geometrical pattern upon it. It is fastened upon the breast with a row of embossed clasps. Over the arm on which she holds the Child, and falling in folds below her waist, is a piece of amber-toned drapery, covered with *fleur-de-lis*. This figure is surrounded by a double border of golden rays, following the same vesica outline, beyond which is a background diapered with rayed circles. The third compartment is filled with a representation of St. John. He bears in his left hand a chalice, out of which a dragon is rearing its head; in his right, a palm branch. The edge of the chalice, its stem, and its base, together with the nimbus of the saint, are all enriched with the same character of ornament as that of the other figures, but of different designs. The vesica outline of this subject is formed by a flowing scroll-like pattern, surrounded by golden rays; the background has a similar diaper to that of the Virgin's panel. Portions of the curious raised ornament are lost, and the base of the centre panel has been used roughly, but, considering the centuries the picture has served the purpose of part of a pew, it is in wonderful preservation. According to contract, as part of the *old materials*, this rare relic became the property of the joiner, from whom it was purchased by Mr. F. R. Wilson, architect, Alnwick.

TAUNTON.—At the annual meeting, towards the end of September last, of those interested in the Taunton School of Art, the Rev. W. A. Jones, one of the secretaries, read the report, which states that—"The committee, in presenting their sixth annual report, have the pleasure to announce that the School of Art, during the last year, has fully sustained its high character. Notwithstanding the standard of merit has been considerably raised from year to year by the Department, it is gratifying to find that as many as twenty-three medals have been awarded by her Majesty's inspector for drawings, &c., executed by pupils of the school during the past year, several of which have been selected for national competition. The school, moreover, has fully maintained its position in comparison with other schools of Art in the kingdom. In this year, as in former years, a national medallion has been gained, and it is worthy of note that this distinction applies to the highest stage, namely, the human figure." Mr. R. G. Badcock, in moving the adoption of the report, spoke sensibly and judiciously to the students who were present, impressing them with the necessity of working hard if they hoped or expected to reach excellence.

Bristol.—The School of Art here is reported to be in a flourishing state under the management of Mr. Hammersley, the new master: the students have increased very largely in number, and the financial condition of the school is also satisfactory.

NOTTINGHAM.—As an instance of the attention now paid very generally to street architecture, the *Builder* reports that a butcher in this town has recently had a new front put to his shop, the said front being decorated with sculptural stone-work appropriate to the trade, the key-stone of the arch above the window being a heifer's head, carved in bold relief: groups of figures and cattle are introduced elsewhere.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

THE BIRDCAGE.

(A SCENE FROM BOCCACCIO.)

Engraved by C. H. Jeens.

In the year 1828 Turner exhibited at the Royal Academy four pictures. The first on the roll of the catalogue was the magnificent composition painted for Mr. Broadhurst, 'Dido directing the Equipment of the Fleet, or, the Morning of the Carthaginian Empire,' the next two were views of 'The Regatta off West Cowes;' and the last was 'The Birdcage,' which, with all its beauties, is undoubtedly the least satisfactory of the whole. The subject is presumed to be taken from Boccaccio's *Decameron*, but there is nothing in this series of love stories which can be associated with the picture, though the painter may, probably, have borrowed the idea from an incident related in that work: the picture is, in fact, only a dream of Turner's poetic imagination, fashioned in some manner after the similitude of Watteau. In the distance, standing in bold relief against a sky of intense blue—a mid-day Italian sky—is a portion of an extensive castle, of massive architecture, and so white, that it seems to be built of pure marble; a broad and winding flight of steps, traversed by numerous figures, leads from the garden or pleasure-ground to a terrace. The centre of the composition is occupied by trees which form a double avenue; the branches of the nearer group bend gracefully on either side, and meeting others opposite to them, present the idea of irregular arches. Through the bright green foliage stream long rays of flickering sunshine, lighting up some of the figures reposing on the soft turf, and throwing others into deeper shadow. At the entrance of the avenue on the right is a fountain, whose waters sparkle like burnished silver; and beyond, in the farthest recesses, a couple of lovers discourse most eloquent music, it may be presumed, to each other. In the foreground is a table that shows the remnants of a banquet; beside it the "birdcage," which gives the title to the picture; while groups of ladies and cavaliers, their instruments of music silent and cast aside, are indulging in that luxurious idleness which forms no inconsiderable portion of an *al fresco* entertainment on a hot summer's day.

Had Turner called this picture 'The Castle of Indolence,' the title, we think, would have been more appropriate than that it now bears, and would be more generally intelligible; but we must regard the composition for what it actually is, a kind of mediæval picnic, and not from what it professes to be from its name. The execution of the work is exceedingly slight, the drawing of the figures indifferent, even for Turner, who could never legitimately claim the merit of being a correct figure-painter; in fact, he seems rarely to have made any pretension to it, resting satisfied with little more than such indications as would convey an idea of what he intended to express. Here the figures are sufficiently "made out," to use a technical term, to show what they are and how employed; but even so much as this is the work of the engraver rather than of the painter. All the upper part of the picture is very beautiful in its arrangement and feeling; especially so are the trees, foliage, and vegetation. Mr. Ruskin, who examines a picture with microscopic eyes, and analyses it in its minutest details, testing the merits of everything borrowed from nature according to its approximation to the reality, pays Turner a compliment which, in our opinion, is scarcely deserved. He says—"For three hundred years back, trees have been drawn with affection by all the civilised nations of Europe; and yet I repeat boldly what I have before asserted, that none but Titian and Turner ever drew the stem of a tree." And on the following page, when speaking of "bough drawing," he remarks—"These two characters, the woody stiffness hinted through muscular line, and the inventive grace of the upper boughs, have never been rendered except by Turner; he does not merely draw them better than others, but he is the only man who has ever drawn them at all."

The picture is in the National Gallery.

NOTABILIA

OF

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

TRELOAR'S MANUFACTURES FROM COCOA-NUT FIBRE.

The cocoa-nut tree—*Cocos-nucifera*—may be styled nature's most perfect type of all-pervading utility. From the minutest ramification of its roots to the tip of the yet unopened leaf-bud, every part of the tree has some use peculiarly its own. Even those portions that apparently are absolutely worthless, in reality admit of being turned to valuable account. Thus the fibrous outer coating of the husk that envelopes the hard shell of the cocoa-nut, which would seem to be mere refuse, is really an important article of commerce; its manufacture furnishes employment to large numbers of intelligent and industrious artisans, and it produces various articles of singular utility. It is also valuable to the agriculturalist, and in the shape of yarn and cord is extensively used for thatching, and, as netting, for sheep folds, its almost indestructible properties when exposed to the action of damp and wet rendering it peculiarly adapted for these purposes. *Coir* cables are coming into esteem in Europe for their strength and elasticity, and are even replacing chain cables for large ships. On comparing the relative strength of *Coir* and hemp rope, it is found that the latter will bear the greatest strain; but *Coir* has the advantage very considerably in point of durability, especially under water, which appears, instead of producing decay, as is the case with hemp, to render it even stronger and better. The fishermen along our coasts made this discovery, and always take care to have a supply of *Coir* rope for their lines.

The intelligence, skill, and unwearied perseverance of Mr. Treloar have enabled him to couple beauty with utility in his productions from cocoa-nut fibre, and we include amongst the *Notabilia* of this year's Great Exhibition the collection of admirable works this gentleman has contributed as the result of his labours. Mr. Treloar received prize medals both in London, in 1851, and subsequently at Paris; and, in his official report on furniture and general decoration, in 1855, Mr. Digby Wyatt adverts in terms of deservedly high commendation to the particular class of works which now are identified with Mr. Treloar's name. "The Pompeian door-mats, '*Cave canem*' and '*Salve*,' exhibited by Treloar, of London," says this report, "are good examples of what may be done with the seemingly rough and unmanageable fibre of the cocoa-nut husk." The interval since the Paris Exhibition has not been permitted to pass away without very decided advances upon what had then been accomplished, as improvements upon the best works of 1851; so that now the Treloar cocoa-nut fibre matting and mats may claim for themselves a place of honour of their own amidst the Art-manufactures of our day. "The introduction of colour into these articles," writes Mr. Robert Hunt, in his 1862 Hand-book, "has been attended with great success, and many of the patterns are most artistic in their design and treatment."

The outer coating of the cocoa-nut husk consists of a succession of layers of fibre from two to twelve inches in length, and varying in thickness and strength in proportion as it is drawn from the inner or the outer part of the husk. The inner fibres are short, soft, and woolly; but those in the middle of the mass, and on its outer surface, are long and bristly. These fibres, in their natural condition, are bound together by a glutinous substance, which has to be removed before the fibres themselves are available for any use. The dust, or "tannin," which is thus separated from the fibres has recently been found to possess properties that render it peculiarly valuable to gardeners to mix with the soil of strawberry beds and ferneries, and to promote the growth of seeds and cuttings of every kind, and also to preserve the young plants from the injurious action of damp, &c. The fibre, when separated from the tannin, is called *Coir*, and from it ropes of all sizes, and various coarse fabrics, have been made from time immemorial.



J. M. W. TURNER R. A. PINX.

C. H. JEENS. SCULPT.

THE BIRDCAGE.

A SCENE FROM BOCCACCIO.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

by the natives of Ceylon. It has been in use in England for about twenty-six years; and the matting, now so well known, was laid down, almost for the first time in any quantity, in St. George's Hall, at Windsor, on the occasion of the christening of the Prince of Wales. From that time the doom of rush matting, *et id genus omne*, was sealed, and that manufacture speedily became extinct.

The annual importation of *Coir* in all forms—as fibre, rope, junk, and yarn—exceeds 8,000 tons, being in value about a quarter of a million sterling, and the demand is now rapidly and very considerably increasing. It must not be forgotten that this valuable material is used in great quantities as a substitute for bristles in brush-making, and also that the less rigid portions are curled and found to take the place of horse-hair with the most complete success. Of the imported fibre the best and brightest is that which is brought from Cochin; but the Ceylon fibre, though not so fine, and of a darker colour, is equally durable and useful in the production of all the coarser manufactures. The weaving of the fibre still continues to be chiefly performed by hand-loom; steam power, however, has been recently tried, and, without doubt, it will eventually supersede the machinery worked by the hand.

It is always a most gratifying duty to record the growth of a new industry, and to congratulate intelligent enterprise upon a successful issue; and this is more particularly the case when the success is achieved by the same individual, who made the first move in earnest in the right direction. Such is the case in the manufactures from cocoa-nut fibre. Mr. Treloar, then the managing partner of the house of Wildey and Co., was the first person who sent an agent to Ceylon for the purpose of selecting and forwarding to England specimens of *Coir*: the same gentleman, now the sole proprietor of the original firm, has gradually developed the manufacture he introduced; one by one he has matured a continually progressing series of improvements in the treatment of the material, and has devised fresh objects to the production of which it might be successfully applied.

THE ONYX MARBLE OF ALGERIA.

In the beautiful material which has received the happily appropriate title of *Onyx Marble*, one of the long-lost sources of the splendour of ancient Rome has been again discovered; and thus the artists and artist-manufacturers of our own times now have at their command the same admirable natural substance, which their predecessors employed so effectively in the palmy days of imperial Roman grandeur. This onyx marble is a limestone of extraordinary purity, with some slight traces of carbonate of magnesia, and variable proportions of carbonate of iron. In its geologic character it is almost identical with the stalagmite, which forms the equally singular and beautiful natural adornment of isolated caverns and grottoes in different parts of the world, but which had not been found in any other state, or in blocks of any size, by modern explorers. Algeria contains this onyx marble in vast masses of rock; and it would seem, in its rock condition, to be exclusively African. It bears some analogy to the translucent and clouded alabasters of Upper Egypt, though for all the requirements and uses of Art it is infinitely superior to them. It is, indeed, of such remarkable beauty that it can be compared only to the rarest and most precious quartz agates, or, in some instances, to Chinese jades. It is of every tint of colour, unique in its translucence, and of every gradation of shade and cloud. At the same time, the onyx marble, while it receives the same polish as the finest and hardest stones, admits of being cut into form as readily as ordinary marble, so that, in modern industrial Art, it may be used on the very largest scale, without any difficulties or hindrances arising from either rarity or costliness. It is unnecessary to enumerate the objects which may be produced from a material of almost universal applicability; we may suggest, however, that the onyx marble might be employed with complete success in architectural decoration properly so called—that is, in forming decorative accessories of actual architectural construction. We accordingly commend this marble to the thoughtful consideration

of Mr. Scott and Mr. Skidmore, with a view to their introducing it into future screens, and other similar works, in connection with jasper, serpentine, and other stones of varied colours.

The discovery of the onyx marble is due to Mr. Delmonte, a marble merchant of Carrara, who determined to prosecute in Algeria a resolute search for the lost quarries which had supplied the ancients with their most magnificent stones, and which he had sought in vain in Southern Europe, Asia Minor, and throughout Egypt. The testimony of almost all writers concurred in referring to Northern Africa as the region whence the artists of old Rome had derived their most valued marbles, and thither, in 1849, Mr. Delmonte proceeded. In the province of Oran a roadway was then in the course of formation to the ancient Berber capital; and it was amongst the fragments of the accumulated blocks which the workmen were breaking up, that Mr. Delmonte first discovered sure traces of the objects of his search. A careful examination of the adjoining localities, with a study of the soil, soon completed the discovery, which was made the more perfect by the unquestionable traces of numerous ancient workings. A company was subsequently formed for working the onyx marble quarries on a scale of becoming extent; and now, in the International Exhibition, a numerous and richly varied collection of works in this material forms one of the most attractive features of the French Department. An agency has been established in London, under the direction of M. Emile Gay, at 20, Red Lion Square, whence it is to be hoped that the onyx marble of Algeria will acquire a continually increasing popularity in this country.

GOODALL'S PLAYING CARDS.

Whatever the measure of success which hitherto has attended the recent effort to associate Art with manufactures, there is no doubt whatever about the effort itself. Thus much also is certain and unquestionable, that manufacturers have recognised the value of Art as an ally, and have accepted the necessity of seeking the best available Art each for his own particular need. This is the first step towards the realisation of a system of Art-manufactures of a high order, and one which shall comprehend every class and variety of production. Amongst the many eminently satisfactory evidences of the thoughtful and judicious treatment of simple objects, which the collections of the International Exhibition exhibit, not the least worthy of notice are the very beautiful examples of playing cards, having their backs variously decorated with groups of flowers, natural leaves, conventional foliage, Arabesque and other fanciful devices, the productions of the Messrs. Goodall, of London. In past times the fashion prevailed to make the backs of cards vehicles for political cuts and other subjects of a kindred order; but now a better sentiment prevails, and a really beautiful series of decorations has superseded both the earlier devices, and the more recent plain-backed cards. The cards manufactured by the Messrs. Goodall are remarkable for their variety (no less than thirty varieties are lying before us), and, in the majority of instances, for the appropriate and thoroughly artistic character of their designs. Of course the same design admits of being printed in different colours and tints, and this has been done very effectively; indeed, all the colours of these cards are at least as remarkable for their excellence of tone and happy harmony of combination, as the designs are pleasing and meritorious. Two of the exhibited packs have groups of primroses with red sea-weed and a striped snail-shell, and ferns with the leaves and flowers of wood sorrel; and a third pack, printed in blue, pink, and gold (these colours change their hues to black and a rich deep brown, in an altered light), the design being formed of conventional foliage, arranged upon a Moresque ground-pattern. One or two other designs, executed after the manner of early illuminations, are also worthy of particular commendation. We believe that an abundant store of fresh subjects of the kind, which we consider to be especially suited to the desired purpose, may be obtained from illuminations and early Gothic diapers; while an endless variety of original compositions might be easily produced

by a skilful hand, all of them in more or less close alliance with the same style. We are disposed also to suggest heraldic devices and compositions for the decoration of future cards; only we must caution the enterprising manufacturers not to accept any heraldry which does not proceed from a really competent authority. To show what may be accomplished in works of this class, we must not omit to state that a pack of cards, with artistically decorated backs, and the court cards carefully printed in five colours, the cards themselves also of good substance and quality, are produced and sold to the trade (less the duty) for *twopence halfpenny*. Cheaper cards than these we presume that no one can desire; and we may certainly add that no one can possibly desire either better cards at their price than this same pack, or better cards of the highest order than the best of Messrs. Goodall's manufacture.

BAVARIAN PENCILS AND CRAYONS.

These productions are entitled to special notice. The pencil manufacture occupies an important position amongst the industries of Bavaria, and it is well represented by the five leading firms who have exhibited their productions. The collections thus exhibited comprise all the most interesting and valuable varieties of pencils and crayons; and they have been displayed to the greatest possible advantage, in cases of an artistic and effective character.

At the head of the group is the splendid case of the chief manufacturer, A. W. Faber, who has shown us very clearly upon what a solid basis his eminent reputation rests. Perhaps the idea of forming such a collection of pencils and crayons was never before contemplated. Every possible modification of size and quality is here apparent, and every pencil exemplifies the same masterly skill in its production and finish. These pencils are always polished, and in their external aspect they bear the impress of true taste. The leads range through every gradation of firmness, fineness, softness, and tone of tint, and they are most judiciously adjusted to the peculiar requirements of every possible use.

Another manufacturer on the very largest scale is T. S. Staedtler, of Nürnberg, whose pencils are held in very great estimation, but whose reputation is still higher as the producer of crayons, which he makes in one hundred varieties of colour and tint. They are considered, generally, to be the very best productions of their class; and we must remark upon the felicitous manner in which the polished exterior of the cedar case of each crayon is coloured to resemble the hue of the crayon itself.

Berolzheimer and Illfelder, of Fürth, have also a manufactory of great extent, and they produce pencils in vast numbers. This firm carries on a most important business, not only throughout Germany, but also in America, where their patented *Eagle pencils* are in great demand. These pencils are stamped with a golden eagle, and their quality is particularly fine.

Another extensive manufactory from which a very interesting collection of specimens has been exhibited, is that of Grossberger and Kurz, of Nürnberg. This establishment has not been in existence more than three years, yet it has risen in that short period to a position of eminence, and it is celebrated for the abundant variety and the admirable quality of its productions. At present the pencils and crayons manufactured by this firm are principally used in Austria.

The case of Sussner, also of Nürnberg, completes the group. He makes crayons; and these excellent productions comprise forty-eight different colours and gradations of colour. This same case further contains a remarkable collection of mechanical crayon and pencil cases, including every conceivable variety of invention of their class, all of them ingenious in plan, calculated to prove really useful, and manufactured with great skill.

G. C. Beissbarth, of Nürnberg, exhibits a case of artists' brushes, that appear to be quite worthy of a place in close association with the pencils and crayons of his countrymen.

We shall be pleased to know that these Bavarian pencils are appreciated in this country, and that there is a great and general demand for them in England.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION closes to-day; it will be kept open during another fortnight to continue the more prominent and important part of its business—money-getting; but as an Institution—it is at an end. There will be few who do not rejoice at freedom from its thralldom: the English as well as the foreigner will bid “good-bye” to South Kensington without a feeling of regret or a memory worth keeping. Universal dissatisfaction, approaching disgust, will be the only record of the Exhibition of 1862 in London. The present generation will never see another. The great scheme of calling the nations together “every ten years” must be abandoned. The teachings of progress and the lessons of comparison must be taught elsewhere: in England they have been studied or learned for the second and last time. When the plan was first promulgated, we—of the *Art-Journal*—gave it the heartiest support; gradually, as we obtained evidence of the utter incompetency of the management (less in the heads than in the tails, “the great toes of the assembly”), we found such support to be impossible, without entire abnegation of principle; and for several months past it has been our painful, though most reluctant duty, to expose the “errors” (to use no stronger word) by which the scheme was ruined, and the country degraded. Other journals—daily, weekly, and monthly—have joined us in solemn outcry against the mean and pitiful “economy,” and the utter and reckless extravagance, by which the Exhibition has been sacrificed and the national character humbled; and with scarcely an exception the British press has condemned the “management,” not only as incompetent, but as shamefully wrong. British contributors know that those who are responsible for this pernicious ending are few; but the foreigner does not: his prejudices will have been strengthened and confirmed; and he will attribute to a whole people the miserable policy which governed, and the wretched results that follow, the gathering of the nations at South Kensington in 1862. This passage is from the *Saturday Review* of October 4:—“No doubt our foreign visitors have been sent away deeply impressed with the marvels of British taste and British administrative power which it has been the means of displaying. They will have learnt how much money can be spent to produce ugliness, inconvenience, danger, and damage; and how, by scraping together pennies and wasting pounds, the narrowest illiberality and the greatest thriftlessness can be combined.” But the end is not yet: the winter will see many “meetings” of guarantors and others;—they may supply evidence to the world that the degradation and dishonour to which the Commissioners and their subordinates have subjected this country are themes of indignant protest on the part of its people. We quote another passage from the *Saturday Review*:—“An atmosphere of sharp practice, and petty dodges, and equivocal gains, has surrounded the enterprise from its first commencement.” Let it be widely known that *this* is the conviction of nineteen-twentieths of the British public, and the evil may be materially lessened, though it can never be removed. We quote one other newspaper passage—it is from the *Daily Telegraph*:—“If the nation be ever brought to entertain the idea of another industrial gathering in its metropolis, it will be by adduction of the example of 1851, its well-considered probabilities, its modest estimate of receipts, and its handsome surplus, rather than that of 1862, its widely-projected plans, its bold assumptions of enormous profits, its notorious jobbery, its ridiculous offences against art and taste, and its deficit.” We, in common with our readers, are heartily tired of the subject: yet we shall be compelled for some time to come to recur to it in these columns; there can be no withdrawal from it for us. We shall, however, avoid, as far as possible, occupying space by comments that can now do little or no good. We believe our readers will have had enough—or, at all events, will find enough in the daily papers—of discussions concerning the Veillard-Cadogan contract, and the hundred other topics that bring to us shame; and that we shall have their thanks rather than

complaints, if we put into paragraphs, instead of into columns, the “reports” that will from time to time reach them in detail through other channels. We have done our duty, and may strive, with our subscribers, to forget the humiliating theme.

THE ART-JOURNAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—With the present Part of the *Art-Journal* we complete our arrangement to supply to subscribers twenty-four pages monthly, during eight months, of engravings of the leading objects exhibited. The work thus far has given, we believe, universal satisfaction: praise has been generously awarded to us by our contemporaries; the public have liberally sustained the effort; the circulation has been very large; the *Journal* has made its way far beyond Great Britain and its colonies, into every country of the world; while manufacturers have readily and gratefully expressed their sense of the benefits they receive from this ILLUSTRATED report. But it will be obvious to even a casual observer that the work is but half done; that there remain many productions and producers as yet unrepresented in these pages—manufacturers to whom neglect would be injustice, and who of right demand representation side by side with competitors. There has been a very general suggestion—we may say “entreaty”—that we do not terminate this Catalogue until a much larger number, if not all, exhibitors of merit find places in its pages. We have therefore resolved to continue it into the year 1863, so arranging that those to whom this portion of our journal is of comparatively little interest shall have no ground of complaint. Each Part will hereafter contain three line engravings, engravings on wood of a more strictly Art-character, and the usual amount of essays and so forth concerning the higher branches of Art. We trust and believe that this announcement will be displeasing to no one, while it will give great satisfaction to the many manufacturers and artisans who regard this collection of engravings as fruitful of instruction, not only to the general public, but in every workshop of the kingdom. It is for others to say—and it has been often and well said—how much of good has been achieved by the *Art-Journal*, during its career of twenty-five years, in advancing and improving the Art-manufacture of the country. This Illustrated Catalogue will be the *seventh* we have produced. Under any circumstances, the many thousand engravings of Art-objects contained in this work must have been very beneficial to all orders and classes of producers. We have laboured earnestly and faithfully up to the present time, from the day when we commenced to represent what, until then, no one had thought it worth while to represent—THE ART-PRODUCTIONS OF THE MANUFACTORY,—and we have had our reward in witnessing the great though gradual Art-progress of the country, until it has competed successfully with the best producers of the Continent—not long ago regarded as producers with whom it was a vain hope to compete. The Exhibition of 1862 has supplied indubitable evidence that British manufacturers, little aided by the state, may fearlessly range themselves side by side with those of any Nation of the World. It will, therefore, be demanded of us that we continue the work we have thus far carried on, with great benefit to the manufacturer and the public. The *Art-Journal Illustrated Catalogue* will, when completed, fairly represent every meritorious exhibitor of all countries; there will be few of the objects that live in memory unrepresented in these pages. Hence a volume will be ultimately produced that will be of value long after the Art-treasures of the world are scattered to the several homes they are destined to adorn.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES will distribute the medals awarded by the Juries. We rejoice that the Exhibition will be closed with dignity, and are grateful to his Royal Highness. The “coming event,” however, “casts its shadow before.” It is not difficult to see “in the mind’s eye” the ugliest building in London rendered additionally odious by the *débris* of stalls and fittings, and half-filled packages corded for removal, amid the gloom and fog and cold of a January day—an overcast of mourning. Still it is a good thing to be done; and we rejoice that it is to be done.

THE JURIES’ REPORTS.—Several of these reports have been issued by the Society of Arts, and may be purchased, generally for sixpence each, at Messrs. Bell and Daldy’s, 186, Fleet Street. They are valuable documents, and should be obtained by all persons interested in the several classes reviewed. No doubt it will be our duty to make extracts from time to time, and bring the whole when completed under review.

SCULPTURE IN THE EXHIBITION.—Many correspondents have suggested to us to engrave for the *Art-Journal Catalogue* some of the works in sculpture. It is our intention to do so—but not as woodcuts. Such works are seldom made effective by engravings on wood. We should naturally select the best and most prominent; the sculptors would object to the very limited justice accorded to them by wood-engraving, and would rightly demand representation in a higher order of Art. We shall, however, engrave on steel, and publish in due course, several of the most admirable and popular of the works in sculpture contained in the International Exhibition.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Two of the oldest members of the Academy, Mr. E. Baily, the sculptor, and Mr. Abraham Cooper, the animal painter, have voluntarily placed themselves on the retired list of Academicians, in conformity with the resolution of the corporate body, to which we lately alluded. The breaking up of the old constitution, so to speak, is thus beginning already to work beneficially; there will thus be two vacancies.

GIBSON’S STATUE OF ‘CUPID,’ in the International Exhibition, has, it is said, found a purchaser, at the price of fifteen hundred pounds; and the two statues of ‘Cleopatra’ and ‘The Sybil,’ by the American sculptor Storey, have passed into the possession of Mr. Phillips, who is reported to have paid three thousand guineas for them.

THE BAZAAR AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—Preparations on a large scale have been made by many of the foreign manufacturers to meet the demands they expect to be made between the 1st and the 14th of November. They are importing goods in large quantities, which they will then exhibit for the first time in England, and sell as fast as they can. This innovation cannot be viewed with much satisfaction by British manufacturers of the same classes of works.

THE FAMOUS PICTURE of ‘The Bull,’ by James Ward, R.A., has, it is understood, become the property of the nation by purchase. An engraving of it, as our readers will remember, appeared in the *Art-Journal* for August, when we expressed a hope and expectation that the ultimate destination of the painting would be the National Gallery.

THE “PARTHENON.”—We are sure that many of our readers will thank us if we direct their attention to the “weekly journal of literature, science, and Art,” that has been created out of the ashes of the old *Literary Gazette*. It is a work of the very highest order, dealing with all the topics that interest the classes to whom it is addressed, apparently omitting nothing it is essential to them to know. “Reviews” are necessarily its principal “contents,” and these are written in a generous, yet searching, spirit; are full of wise teachings, honest warnings, and judicious and stimulative praise. The style is that of the philosopher anxious to be thoroughly understood; it is clear, emphatic, and “manly English.” Reports of societies, condensed intelligence conveying all the week’s “news,” as regards literature, science, and Art (of Art somewhat too little), with a mass of information concerning “foreign” matters of all kinds, make up a work that unquestionably surpasses all its contemporaries in real and practical value.

MESSRS. A. AND C. BLACK, of Edinburgh, have recently published a large map of Scotland, on a scale of four miles to the inch, and measuring six feet by five. It has been compiled from the Ordnance maps, Admiralty charts, and other reliable sources of the most recent date. As it is printed on twelve sheets, each of which may be purchased separately, any one desirous of possessing a map of a particular locality—say a county, for example, with its adjuncts—may do so without incurring the cost of the whole.

BRITISH PICTURES IN PARIS.—The *Parthenon* says a gallery is being prepared in the Louvre for the reception of the works of British painters. Foreigners must now be satisfied that we have a school which deserves recognition at their hands; yet we are at a loss to know, considering how eagerly the best works of our artists are sought after at home, by what means the projected English collection in the Louvre is to be obtained.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—It is with much pleasure we announce that Mr. and Mrs. Henry Murray are conducting a photographic establishment at 91, Regent Street. Mrs. Murray, an artist of very great ability, is the lady superintendent of the Ladies' Exhibition, and to her talent and industry the public is largely indebted for the high position that society now occupies. To the services of Mr. Henry Murray the subscribers to the *Art-Journal* have owed much, during a period dating nearly from its commencement. His sound judgment and matured knowledge in Art have aided us in our labours all that time, and they have been greatly profitable to our readers. It is our duty, therefore, to make this announcement, in the hope that it may promote the views of Mr. and Mrs. Murray in an undertaking for which they are eminently qualified. Perhaps there are not in London two persons more entirely fitted for a task that requires advantages seldom found in combination.

SOCIETY OF ARTS CONVERSAZIONE.—The third (and, of the season, last) meeting of members and their friends took place at South Kensington on the 8th of October. It was well attended. The guests, foreign and British, numbering perhaps 2,000, were received at the entrance by Sir Wentworth Dilke and Mr. Peter Graham. Abundant means of instructive enjoyment were obtained in the Museum, that portion of it more especially which contains the loan-works—a most wonderful collection of treasures of incalculable value; and which, we hope, has been carefully studied by manufacturers and artisans.

ILLUSTRATED TRADE CATALOGUES.—One of the practical results of the International Exhibition as regards individual exhibitors, is the production and issuing, by some of the most eminent firms, of trade catalogues, illustrated in the very best style of engraving. Among some that have come before us, is a catalogue of the works exhibited by Messrs. Howell, James, and Co.; and another is of the works contributed by Messrs. Elkington and Co.—who, however, have only as yet published the first portion of theirs. Illustrated catalogues are not novelties in the trading community; but these are really fit to lie on the drawing-room table, being as good as engraving, printing, and taste in arrangement, could possibly render them.

A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES, taken by Messrs. Jackson Brothers, lies on our table, the majority of which have an especial, though painful interest just now, from the fact that they are views of a portion of the great manufacturing districts where terrible destitution prevails, and where, too, so much noble resignation is manifested by the sufferers. The pictures have, in fact, been taken within five or six miles of the circuit of Manchester, a locality not without its picturesque features; while some of the scenes show us a little of the domestic habits of the people. Messrs. Jackson have also published some views in Yorkshire, places connected with the life and writings of Charlotte Brönte. All are creditable specimens of photographic art.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ROME.—Mr. Macpherson, of whose photographs we are about to speak, has all but sifted Rome in regard of matter, historical and photographic. His catalogue of architectural and local subjects numbers two hundred and ninety-seven; that of sculpture one hundred and twenty-six. Year after year we are accustomed to see pictures from this inexhaustible source, with an attempt to poetise the descriptions—an impossibility in ordinary hands. The entire area lying between the Piazza del Popolo and the Baths of Antoninus, and again between San Lorenzo and the Monte Gianicolo, contains more of picturesque material than any equal site in the world; but wherefore, then, does it supply so few pictures in proportion to its wealth in subject-matter? Simply because its masses of architecture are less plastic than those of other places incom-

parably insignificant in interest. In Venice, every passage worthy of note has been painted again and again; the versions of the Doge's Palace, and the Library, and the Salute, and everything on the Riva, have been done *ad nauseam*; but the mouldering grandeur of all Roman subjects forbids at once, in their treatment, any descent to prettiness, beyond which such a large proportion of travelling artists do not possess one idea. It demands a capability of no ordinary calibre to give these columns and arches the merit of looking something more than historical and antiquarian mementoes. It has been left to photography to picture Rome in such detail as it is not the province of painting to attempt. One of the finest of these views is the Arch of Constantine, and on examining it you are struck with surprise at seeing so much that you never saw before: you never suspected it had been so highly finished, and you never dreamt of its perfection of decay. The north and south façades of this arch are given, and again the former, including the Meta Sudans and a portion of the Convent of S. Bonaventura. Of the Forum Romanum there is a general view from the Mons Capitolinus, including the principal temples in the Forum, with the Arch of Titus in the distance. There is a second view of the Forum looking towards the Capitol. We look for the Coliseum, and we find it with Meta Sudans and a part of the Via Sacra; and again with the Arch of Constantine, and also a portion of the inner wall, remarkable for an unbroken breadth of tone and softness that makes it more like a careful drawing than a photograph. All the plates we have mentioned are large, perhaps twelve inches by fifteen, and remarkable for their microscopic truth. The Cloisters of St. Paul's—the Basilica outside the walls of Rome—contrasts favourably with all round it, as being perhaps the sunniest photograph in the entire series; it contrasts forcibly with the grim majesty of other ruins, as for instance the columns of the Forum of Nerva, or the three columns at the foot of the Capitol, those formerly considered as having belonged to the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, and the eight formerly called the Temple of Concord. In the light and shade of these ruins there is a sentiment which, with the stern truth of the photograph, affects the mind more deeply than a qualified essay in painting. The Tomb of Cecilia Metella, with a distant view of Rome, is beautifully broad, soft, and sunny; near it are the Temple of Fortuna Virilis and the Houses of Rienzi. St. Peter's, with the Inquisition, sounds something more than an accidental association; by the way it is, perhaps, the least happy view we could have of St. Peter's. Of great interest and beauty are the Arch of Titus, from the Temple of Venus; View of the Capitoline Hill, from the foot of the Aventine; View of the Aventine, from the Tarpeian Rock; Phocas' Column, Temple of Vespasian, &c.; the Piazza del Popolo, looking from the Corso; View over Rome, from the Palatine Hill; Distant View of Rome and the Baths of Caracalla, from St. John of the Latin Gate. With the Vatican sculptures—that is, certain of them—every student of Art has a nodding acquaintance, yet he will look at the 'Apollo,' the 'Faun,' the 'Laocöon,' the many Venuses, the memorable 'Silenus,' as something even more truth-telling than even the casts he has worked from during a lengthened probation; and mixed up with these we come to some bas-reliefs good enough to have been stolen from Athens during the "bloom" of attic sculpture. They are by one John Gibson, R.A., of greater name in Rome and the sculptural schools of the Continent than in his own country. To the energy and ability of Mr. Macpherson all praise is due; the results of his labours cannot be surpassed.

RUBENS A SCULPTOR.—Mr. Holt, a gentleman residing in Clapham Park, is in possession of a small bas-relief, measuring nine inches in height by seven wide, sculptured in alabaster, enriched with gold, and representing the "Adoration of the Magi." Its owner assumes it to be the work of Rubens, and has been at the expense of publishing a book (for private circulation only), with photographic illustrations, in which he brings forward certain evidence of a presumptive kind to support his opinion; the weight of such evidence being that the foreground of the bas-relief bears a resem-

blance to Rubens's picture at Malines of the 'Adoration,' and the background to his picture of the same subject at Berg St. Winox. Mr. Holt considers that the bas-relief was sculptured by Rubens when in Venice, studying the works of Tintoretto, about 1600-1; and that he afterwards availed himself of it in the compositions referred to. Tintoretto, it is well known, made numerous models in wax and chalk; and not improbably, too, in more enduring substances. Mr. Holt possesses one of the 'Adoration' which he attributes to the Venetian painter: it is, therefore, not impossible that the Flemish artist may, in his early years, have adopted the same course. Both bas-reliefs are certainly fine compositions; and, as such, are indicative of the styles adopted by these artists respectively in their pictures. Biography is silent on the subject of Rubens being a sculptor; but the existence of Mr. Holt's bas-relief, though by no means a convincing proof to our mind, furnishes matter of speculative inquiry. The work, we are told, "was obtained in the Netherlands soon after the peace of 1815, by an English lady of rank and distinguished taste; and was retained in her family until it passed, through the medium of a stranger, to the present possessor." In directing attention to it we may, perhaps, be the means of drawing forth some remarks on the subject.

TAPESTRY AND CARTOONS.—There is at Mr. Woodgate's, in Holborn, an ancient piece of tapestry, of which the subject is the 'Sacrifice at Lystra,' Raffaele's version, but differing from the cartoon especially in having a landscape background—whereas in the cartoon the background is architecture. It is known that there were at least two sets of these tapestries executed: one exists in the Vatican, that which was made for Leo X.; a second, the property of Henry VIII., was subsequently possessed by the Duke of Alva—the same that now hangs, we believe, in the Museum at Berlin. Of the tapestry to which we allude particularly here, the history is unknown, but its antiquity and value are sufficiently attested by its genuine appearance and the sumptuous materials of which it has been manufactured. The decorative borderings of the tapestries and panel subjects executed by Raffaele and his school, established a certain taste in supplementary composition that never can be mistaken, as abounding in masks by Giulio Romano, and flowers and still life by Penni, and others who carried out the designs of the "divine master." The border of this work is more than merely still life. At the base appears Faith supporting the Cross; Hope pointing to heaven, and holding before her a book containing, in Latin, commandments of our Lord, as "Thou shalt love the Lord God above all things, and thy neighbour as thyself." There are also figures on the right and left; but it must be observed that the style of the bordering is not Raffaelesque; that, however, in the border is immaterial, the value of the work being its undoubted genuineness as an example of the rarest tapestry of the sixteenth century, worked after the design of the great artist. All that is known of this piece is that it was exhibited some years since at New York, in aid of the Kossuth Fund. The tapestries now in the Berlin Museum are in very excellent condition; they were exhibited in London more than twenty years ago by the late Mr. W. Bullock, at the Egyptian Hall, of which he was, we believe, builder or leaseholder. They are of different sizes, and if we remember them perfectly, are not of one series, some having been wrought after "Raffaele's Bible." They were offered by Mr. Bullock to the government of that time, but were declined, and were purchased for the Prussian Museum for £4,000. As we have the cartoons, such works would have been valuable and interesting to us, showing, as they do, the result for which the cartoon is but a preparation. By the way, we proposed, twenty years ago, that inasmuch as the cartoons at Hampton Court were day by day disappearing from the paper on which they were drawn, they should be protected by glass. Had this been done fifty years back, it had not been too soon; but the safeguard has been deferred until there is but little left to preserve. Take, for instance, the 'Miraculous Draught,' and tell us which passage of colour resembles that left by Raffaele.

REVIEWS.

LA PEINTURE FRANÇAISE AU 19^{ME} SIÈCLE. By ERNEST CHESNEAU. Published by DIDIER & Co., Paris.

In a series of biographical sketches accompanying a yet far wider field of critical examination, M. Chesneau traces the rise and progress of the French school of painting. The artists whose lives and works have engaged his pen—the “chiefs of the school,” as the writer terms them—are David, Gros, Géricault, Decamps, Meissonier, Ingres, H. Flandrin, and E. Delaroche. How Horace Vernet, Leopold Robert, and yet more, Paul Delaroche, came to be omitted, seems to be inexplicable; for surely they, and especially the last, earned foremost places among the painters of their country, though they did not adopt the “grand style;” neither, indeed, does Meissonier.

M. Chesneau takes a sensible and dispassionate view of the works of the painters whom he has had under consideration; he gives them all the honour to which they are entitled, but does not elevate them to a position above their merits; while, with an abnegation remarkable in a Frenchman writing upon French Art, he refrains from comparison with any European school; he upholds his own, but not at the expense of any other. The successive steps by which the art of painting in France has reached its present condition, from the cold classicism of David, through the more poetical and romantic styles of Ingres, Géricault, and others, down to the minute realistic of Meissonier, are developed and explained with discrimination, judgment, and sound knowledge of what real Art is and should be. The author promises to extend his inquiries, at some future period, into the departments of landscape and sculpture. We shall be pleased to meet him again.

THE CONFIRMATION OF THE MATERIAL BY THE SPIRITUAL. By W. CAVE THOMAS. Printed, by STRANGEWAYS AND WALDEN, for private circulation.

This treatise, we are told by its author, has grown out of an inquiry prosecuted with a view to establish principles of taste more available than the indefinite and impracticable rules according to which artists and writers on Art profess to work and write. Of the former, it is our continual complaint that their labours are without thought, and of the latter, that their essays are altogether inapplicable to practice. The most popular works of Art are those that set forth with the most neatness facts, the point of which is readily apprehended from its commonplace character. When productions of such a class predominate in so far as to give the prevalent tone to what is called a school, the painters of such a school have never risen above the dry imitation of their earliest efforts, except in manual dexterity. To refer directly to the book, its first chapter is headed “Physical Perfection and Beauty forfeited through Sin—Physical consequent on Spiritual Decadence.” The second treats of “The Reformation or Restoration of the World to Physical Perfection by a Holy Spirit.” The third is headed “Christ the Perfection of Physical as well as of Spiritual Beauty—The Lamb without Spot or Blemish,” &c.; and up to the fifth chapter inclusively the arguments are framed to show, according to Scriptural texts, that the most exalted aspiration is toward that form in which man was created, and to which he is to be restored. That which we now call Christian Art is a continuation of the “purism” which was the essence of the works of those early painters who were as yet free from what is now held by a rising section of the profession to be the corruption of classic taste. A Christian artist, therefore, is he who essays to give to a holy spirit a corresponding exaltation of form; and the sixth and last chapter of the book speaks more immediately than any of the preceding of the embodiment of the most exalted spirit, according to canons deduced from the Sacred Record, that in the beginning human and other natures were created in perfect forms, which it should be the purpose of Christian Art to define and restore. That physical and spiritual beauty had but a brief existence;—they fell together, and the scheme of their re-institution promises that the spiritual advancement of mankind shall be accompanied by reconstruction in formal beauty. It cannot be denied, however, that we have in the antique a few examples of sublimity, that surpass everything that has since been effected by human hands; and how unwilling soever may be the professors of the purity of Christian Art, they cannot attain to the loftiest terms of expression, without some approach to these rare examples of ancient Art, in which a lifetime of deep thought seems to have been invested. From these the

Christian divergence aims at a translation more subtle and comprehensive than the material elevation of the Greeks. The conformation of matter by mind, and the conformation of mind by matter, involving so many points of consideration, that here no more can be said on such subjects than to observe that Mr. Thomas argues that the testimony of Scripture, and of the most profound thinkers, shows that spirit controls the material world; that, in short, the inward spirit moulds the outward form that it inhabits. “Art,” says the writer, “has too long attempted to claim exemption from precise laws, from scientific governance, on the plea of its having a more divine and ethereal nature than ordinary affairs, and in total forgetfulness that Divine work, from the motion of the spheres to the minuteness of chemical combination, is carried out in precise definite quantitative law. This tendency of Art is, therefore, irreligious, contrary to the spirit of truth, which is silently actualizing and converting the age.”

Thus Mr. Thomas’s arguments are directly opposed to the mechanism of realistic Art, and the distinctions which he suggests, on the one hand, between Christian and antique Art, and between spiritual and material Art, on the other, are really those that must be more deeply felt and studied, before painting will rise from the degradation into which it has sunk.

A BAD BEGINNING: A Story of a French Marriage. Published by SMITH, ELDER, & Co., London.

We know that this is the first book of a young author, and therefore wonder why it should be called “A Bad Beginning.” A “bad beginning” the story is not; though there is no doubt that a marriage, commenced according to the French plan, cannot augur much for our idea of domestic happiness.

Taking the beautiful motto from Spenser as the text—

“Wrong it were that any other twaine
Should in love’s gentle bond combynd bee,
But those whom Heaven did at first ordaine,
And made out of one mould the more t’ agree.”

—the author has worked out, with much earnestness of purpose and considerable tact, a story of the “sensation” class, with strong effects of light and shade, though somewhat wanting in the middle tints which give a truth and solidity necessary to perfect a picture. We are rapidly losing sight of the fact-life which Sir Walter Scott and his school rendered so attractive; and it is wonderful to think of what violent incongruities a modern hero or heroine is composed.

We do not tax the author of “A Bad Beginning” with anything like the wholesale exaggeration which is the curse of modern French and English fiction. If the writer (who is, we believe, the wife of an artist) had thought less of “effect,” and pursued her narrative according to her own womanly instinct, there would have been less “sensation,” perhaps, but she would have given to the world a work of far higher literary merit.

The story is well conceived, and the commencement is admirable. The writer is more fresh and “at home” in France than in England, though she is by no means given to excuse the habits of our continental neighbours. The death of the heroine’s mother is wrought with a power of which the author herself is only half conscious; and in her future works, if she avoids a tendency to enthusiasm, which sometimes throws her off her balance, she will take a high standing in “fiction” literature.

We do not admit that the author has made a “bad beginning.” On the contrary, she has produced a very clever book, which will certainly be popular.

THE INTELLECTUAL OBSERVER. Published by GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS, London.

A cheap and well-conducted monthly serial like this, discussing subjects of natural history, microscopic research, and recreative science, cannot fail, in these days of active investigation, to be appreciated as it ought. Eight numbers have now appeared; and having waited during the time occupied in their publication, to see how the work was carried on, we are in a position to speak of its entire success, so far as the contents of the magazine justify success. The papers, written by men whose names guarantee the excellence of their contributions, are of a very varied character, and are popular in the treatment of subject. The “Notes and Memoranda,” at the end of each Part, and somewhat analogous to our “Minor Topics,” supply brief, but not unimportant, information on the scientific “news” of the month; while engravings, both coloured and plain, are introduced, when necessary to illustrate the text. The *Intellectual Observer* well deserves a large measure of support from those who are students of science.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF PAINTING. By EDMUND E. ANTROBUS, F.S.A. Published by STAUNTON AND SON, London.

A little book which may prove useful to those who have not access to more voluminous writings. It contains a very brief biography of the leading painters of the old continental schools, and of the deceased artists of our own, with a notice, still more brief, of some of their principal pictures, extracted from the works of other authors. Mr. Antrobus makes no pretension to originality, and is entitled to none; still, he deserves credit for the manner in which he has condensed the information, derived from preceding sources, to make it serviceable as a kind of guide-book.

PREDICTIONS REALISED IN MODERN TIMES. Now first collected, by HORACE WELBY, author of “Mysteries of Life, Death, and Futurity,” “Signs before Death,” &c. &c. Published by KENT & Co., London.

The utility of publishing such a book as this is very questionable; we cannot possibly see what good it can effect, but can quite understand it may do much harm. A writer some years ago said, “The veil which hides from our eyes the events of future years is a veil woven by the hands of mercy”—a remark as true as it is beautifully expressed. Superstition is not unknown even in this enlightened age, and among the educated; while signs, portents, and dreams work mischievously on the weak-minded and ignorant. The age of prophecy, like that of chivalry, has passed away; any attempt to revive it, or to render it apparent that such power still rests in man, is only calculated to make dupes, and foster credulity. The author expresses a hope that his book “will be found of useful tendency, in teaching by example;” what really good teaching he expects from it is beyond our comprehension. Religion and philosophy alike tell us that “every man should abide patiently in his calling,” and take no undue thought for the things of to-morrow; “sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.”

HAREBELL CHIMES; or, Summer Memories and Musings. By ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON, Author of “The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life,” &c. Published by LONGMAN AND Co., London.

A considerable number of these poems appeared in a volume fourteen or fifteen years ago, which was very soon out of print; others have been collected from various publications to which they were contributed, and some few are now published for the first time. Mr. Symington’s communings are with Nature more than with man; he talks with her on the moor, in the meadows, the forests, and by the river’s side, at all hours of the day and night, and very pleasant converse he holds too. Without much originality of thought, or great power of expression, his descriptions are very truthful, and clothed, generally, in language polished and graceful. He is a poet of the Wordsworth school, and far above the multitude of imitators of the bard of Rydal Mount. Two or three of the longer poems, such as the “Sketches on Loch Lomond,” the “Summer Ramble,” and “Wanderings and Jottings in the Walhalla of Memory,”—the last including reminiscences of scenes visited, books read, sculptures and pictures examined, music listened to,—give indications that his muse might be successfully engaged on some continuous theme or story. His versification, however, is not always smooth, and his metre is occasionally made to run its length by accenting the last syllables, or the penultimate, of words usually contracted when spoken or read. The practice of thus measuring the lines is objectionable; for the ear, unaccustomed to the sound, will not accept it as legitimate, and the reading assumes a tone of pedantry. This is but a minor blemish, which we should scarcely have thought it necessary to allude to, except as an error to be avoided for the future, and because a single discordant note is very apt to spoil the melody of a song, however sweet all the rest may be.

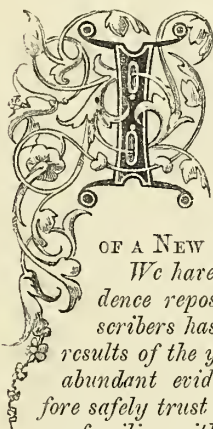
FONDLY GAZING. Engraved by J. H. BAKER from the Picture by G. SMITH. Published by MOORE, McQUEEN, & Co., London.

A little picture of domestic sentimentality which will find favour in the eyes of the young mothers of Britain; one of whom, as it may be supposed, is seated beside the cradle of her first-born watching its slumbers. The subject has been well engraved by Mr. Baker, whose work is sound and careful in execution; a little mere gradation of light and shade, so as to make the contrasts less abrupt, would have been an improvement.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, DECEMBER 1, 1862.



IN accordance with annual custom we are called upon to preface another Volume of the ART-JOURNAL, — the TWENTY-FOURTH VOLUME of that work, and the FIRST VOLUME OF A NEW SERIES.

We have little to say; the confidence reposed in us by our Subscribers has been augmented by the results of the year: of that we receive abundant evidence,—and may therefore safely trust to a belief that all who are familiar with the past of this publication will confide in its future.

Our anxious and continual study has been, and will be, to avail ourselves of every possible means by which the ART-JOURNAL may be rendered USEFUL. It is the only work in Europe or in America by which Art-intelligence is communicated—the only work that aims at associating the higher branches of Art with those that are more immediately addressed to the whole community; and it has largely and beneficially influenced all classes and orders of Art-produce. While, however, bearing in mind that its great mission is to benefit Art-manufacture (and it is universally admitted that the Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862 have hence derived much of their importance and value), we shall by no means neglect the interests of the Artist. If we have paid greater attention to those of the Manufacturer, it is because Art is less in need of aid: the lessons it requires are to be found by those who earnestly seek them,—the issues of experience and wisdom are more accessible to the higher than to the lesser producers of Art-labour.

We have announced our intention to continue for some months to come, the ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,—a course which, we believe, will give satisfaction to our Subscribers universally. We shall do this, however, without materially diminishing the space we have heretofore devoted to the ARTIST and the AMATEUR.

Our present duty is, therefore, merely to express a grateful sense of the support we continue to receive, and to assure our Subscribers that whatever can be done by labour and liberal expenditure, aided by experience, shall be done for their advantage, and to secure the high position in public favour the ART-JOURNAL has obtained.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,
1862.

No. VII.—ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SCULPTURE.

OUR English school of Sculpture, like our native school of Painting, is of recent growth. The generation which has just passed away was contemporary with its rise, and a witness of its consummation. The early British sculptors became students in the Academy of which Reynolds was the President, Dr. Johnson the Professor of Literature, and Goldsmith Lecturer on History. Reynolds gave to Bacon the first gold medal; Reynolds pronounced Banks the first British sculptor to execute works classic in spirit; and these and other artists, who have rendered the second half of the eighteenth century illustrious, were living and working within echo of those discourses which strove, in generous rivalry with Greece and Italy, to make the nascent English school worthy of a strong nation and a cultured people. The talent and the style of Nollekens, of Bacon, Banks, and Chantrey, like the genius of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and West, survive in the portraits of the men whom history, no less than Art, has graven on the tablets of memory. Banks modelled the busts of Horne Tooke and Warren Hastings; Nollekens, among his hundred sitters, numbered Dr. Johnson and William Pitt; Flaxman executed the statue of Reynolds; and Chantrey is known, among innumerable works, by his portraits of Watt, Roscoe, Dalton, Canning, and Francis Horner.

The manner of these multifarious productions, executed by artists labouring more in rivalry than in concord, is necessarily diverse. Yet, without injustice to individual traits, may these works be treated as a class, and criticised as a school. The class is that of portrait-sculpture; the school is the one which may be designated as emphatically English. Reynolds was the man of his times, and his teachings ruled in the Academy and commanded the public ear. He himself was a disciple of Titian and Vandyke; and the principle which governed his individual practice, to quote his own words, had ever been that "the likeness of a portrait consists more in preserving the general effect of the countenance than in the most minute finishing of the features, or any of the particular parts." And in this sentence is summed up all that criticism need pronounce on the early English school of portrait-sculpture. Thus Chantrey, in his busts, preserved breadth and simplicity, and in his robes and accessories, to quote once more the learned President's plea for ignorance and idleness, he did not "debase his conceptions with minute attention to the discriminations of drapery!" This style, which invited to a generalised ideal, and admitted of pleasing flattery—always grateful to sitters, and generally found profitable to artist-practitioners—has held its ground even to the present day. Baily, who survives, a veteran in romance, has been accustomed to idealise his sitters; Macdonald, in Rome long celebrated for his busts, belongs to the old school; Marshall, in his 'Lord Clarendon,' is content to generalise; Durham, in his statue of her Majesty the Queen, adheres to the same sweeping breadth of manner. Yet, here and there, standing out with emphasis, do we mark works, by these and other sculptors, which revert to the detail of a more literal nature. Sometimes it may be that the pronounced features of an aged man suggest graphic and picturesque treatment, as in Noble's bust of Etty, and Weekes' head of Professor Green. Or possibly the sculptor may discover that his art, unlike its illusive and phantom sister

Painting, is a bodily substance, of cubic contents, which may be walked round,—with a surface which can be scrutinised and handled, even as an object standing in nature and life,—and that therefore a sketchy and suggestive treatment is untrue to the conditions under which sculpture as an art subsists. Certain is it that of late years a reaction, more or less decided, towards naturalism has set in. Thus Behnes, in his portrait-statue of Dr. Babington, is emphatic in close study of features: yet still the accustomed English drapery, ill-defined and ill-understood, is kept, as if by intention, in subordination. Theed, on the other hand, in the companion memorial statue to Henry Hallam, is somewhat less pronounced in the study of the head, yet learned in cast of academic drapery, after the manner of the classic. Noble's statues of Isaac Barrow and of Admiral Lyons may be quoted as good examples of portrait-sculpture.

Portrait, indeed, like other sculpture, may assume the classic, the romantic, or the naturalistic style, and is not unfrequently a compound or compromise of all three. Thus 'Shakspeare,' by the late John Thomas, a careful work, is naturalistic in the costume of the poet, and classic in the treatment of two allegorical figures—a mixture of manners, always perilous, here scarcely reconciled. Foley's noble equestrian statue of Lord Hardinge has the merit of being committed to no school. It is certainly no mere adaptation of classic prototypes in Rome and Naples. In high-flying action it bears no relation to Chantrey's wooden solemnity in Trafalgar Square. It is true to nature, yet not naturalistic in silly detail, or servile drudgery. In short, it preserves the happy mean between often conflicting styles, yet boldly strikes out for itself an independent position.

Certain statues depend on attitude, on general pose of figure, and set of features; and if the result, as in the portraits by Vandyke, be tasteful and pleasing, the work is usually pronounced admirable. But, as already indicated, sculptors there are, even like the school of painters termed "Pre-Raphaelite," who tend to closer detail, and must be allied, not with Vandyke, and least of all with Raphael, but rather take rank with Holbein, Durer, and Denner. We incline to think that this school of pronounced character and deliberate finish dates, not so much from the English as from the Americans. Hiram Powers, at Florence, in the art of bust-making, wrought a revolution. We well remember the theory which he propounded in our hearing. The human face, he said, contains a record and a history; the features are as charts of character, each line is the handwriting of thought and emotion. And the portraits which he carved in marble, undulating in yielding tissue, articulate in bone and softer anatomy, came as a bold protest to the effete idealism and the vague generalisation of the Italian mode then in vogue. The American cast of features, with protruding tent-house of forehead, the crowning pediment shadowed by the gloom of sunken eyes,—a face with high cheek-bone, and mouth set in firm resolve,—favoured, it must be admitted, this unideal portraiture. Hence this treatment became national, as many busts which we have in years past seen and admired in the Roman studios of Mr. Ives, the late Mr. Akers, and others, abundantly testify. And the same line of Art, even to excess, has, we repeat, been adopted by certain of our English sculptors, of whom Woolner stands conspicuous. Mr. Woolner's busts of Sedgwick, Maurice, and Tennyson, are above all need of praise, if not beyond all reach of criticism. The style may scarcely be worthy of gods, hardly suited to heroes,

yet, even if it descend to the penny-a-lining which goes now-a-days to make up the gossip of a "memoir," we must at least admit that the work is, after its kind, well done. 'Lord Bacon,' a figure of pronounced individuality, by the same artist, exhibits character pushed a shade too far, even to the excess of caricature. We have spoken of styles "classic:" this work is in mode "Gothic"—ungainly to the verge of the grotesque—and that not of the subdivision which Ruskin terms "noble." While some sculptors are disciples of a naturalism which is devoted to the transcript of the human face divine, others, *sartor-resartor*-wise, fasten by a button, and work on a button-hole; and these men, too, have their reward. Bell's 'Oliver Cromwell,' if not a consummate masterpiece in Art, yet, doubtless, owns the power and the character which seldom are denied to naturalistic fidelity. Davis's portrait-statue of Josiah Wedgwood, also naturalistic, makes the critic pause. With humility we bow, acknowledging that our vocation is at an end. Here, before this figure, unsurpassed after its kind, we are in the immediate presence of wig, frock-coat, knee-breeches, and buckles, which the friends of the great potter, including his tailor, will recognise as true to the life. The tendings of picturesque naturalism are, of course, multitudinous. Thus, Mrs. Thornycroft has treated even Royalty in familiar strain, throwing one of our young princes into the guise of 'The Hunter,' and giving to another the net of 'The Fisherman.' In such portraits of child-play *Monro* is happy and at home, tenderly intertwining the accessories of ferns and convolvulus with the soft flowing forms of infancy.

English sculpture, as we have seen, obtained, like English painting, the sinews of war from its sitters. Yet were there sculptors who sought to soar into the regions of imagination and poetry; and, indeed, among practitioners such as Nollekens, given over to inveterate bust-making, ambition sometimes prompted the exchange of an alderman for a Bacchus, of a general or an admiral for a Mars or a Neptune, and even of a milliner-robed duchess for a nymph or a Venus unadorned. In those days it was the fashion to talk much of high Art and the grand style: the name of Michael Angelo was itself a host, and all sculptors such as Banks, Bacon, and Flaxman, who aspired to the walks of fame, went to Rome to study in the Vatican and the Sistine. With the exception of Flaxman, it must be confessed that our English artists did not drink deeply of the Egerian spring; yet their works, even as seen in the International Exhibition, prove that classic Art and the grand style had been to them a thirst, and had served, indeed, as an inspiration. The sentiment which animates these more ambitious works is generally pure and simple; the knowledge and the technical training, however, for the most part, are found incomplete. 'Thetis rising to console Achilles,' a bas-relief by Banks, is pretty and poetic, but pictorial, and wanting in certainty of guiding principle. 'Sleep and Death bearing the Body of Sarpedon,' by Watson, rises to a grand conception, but is equally undetermined in style and unpronounced in handling. The 'Mars' by Bacon has been known as the statue which obtained for the sculptor the notice of the Archbishop of York, the gold medal from the Society of Arts, and the election as Associate of the Royal Academy. "Looking at it," says Allan Cunningham, "with eyes accustomed to the marbles of ancient Greece and modern Italy, we are apt to feel some surprise that it should have awakened so much emotion. But if we consider the state of sculpture at

that period in England, we will soften the severity of our comparisons." This well studied and carefully executed figure, fittingly selected for the International Exhibition, must certainly rank as one of the best works of the last century.

But it was Flaxman, as we have said, who, above all his contemporaries, became moulded in the form, and animated by the spirit, of Grecian Art. His life was simple, blameless, and happy; and whether in Rome or in London, he cherished that tranquillity wherewith gentlest beauty loves to dwell. Had his power of execution been commensurate with the fertility of his fancy, his works had found, even in Europe, scarcely an equal. His two bas-reliefs, 'Thy Kingdom Come,' and 'Deliver us from Evil,'—conceived under the conviction he was wont to cherish, that "the Christian religion presents personages and subjects no less favourable to painting and sculpture than the ancient classics,"—betray the undoubted fact that when this accomplished artist threw down the pencil of the designer for the chisel of the sculptor, his hand failed in precision, and his intellect in governing laws. Yet, seldom does a truly great man pass from the world without leaving assurance of his genius; and Flaxman's outline illustrations of the poets, his 'Archangel Michael,' his 'Shield of Achilles,' and 'Fury of Athamas'—the last two in the International Exhibition—possess a purity, a beauty, and even a power, rarely found in like happy balance.

"If we consider," writes the late Mrs. Jameson, "the length of time he has been before the public, and the number and beauty of his works, Gibson may now take rank as the first of our English sculptors;"—"the man whose noble ambition has never been depraved by the appetite for wealth, or the appetite for praise; the sculptor whose love of Grecian Art has never betrayed him into servility or plagiarism." Gibson, though studiously classic in style, preserves independence by constant appeal to living nature. What would the old Greeks have done? is the question which he ever puts; yet, what is Nature herself now doing and teaching, in her most perfect of forms and lovely of movings?—that is the problem which Gibson, in common with all true artists, sets himself to solve. Thus, in the execution of 'Bacchus,' a recent figure, he selected and studied from four of the best models which Rome could yield—three male and one female—after the practice of the Greeks, who, in ideal figures, were known to blend the beauty of the sexes. 'The Hunter,' and 'The Wounded Amazon' are, among this artist's works, supreme in classic severity and simplicity. Of figures in the International Exhibition, the 'Cupid,' the 'Pandora,' and the 'Venus' have specially challenged criticism, by the revived practice of colour to which Gibson, it is well known, has for some years stood committed. Let us bestow upon this much debated experiment a moment's consideration. The Greeks coloured many even of their most renowned statues; and it is difficult to suppose them guilty of error in a matter so vital. Furthermore, marble of unmitigated white is admitted on all hands to be crude, and a certain toning down or warming up pleases the eye, adds to harmony, and may enhance expression. Still more, the question of whether white shall be abandoned, and colour adopted, is already virtually surrendered, in the use of bronze or other metals, by almost every nation upon earth. Colour upon statues, in some degree or kind, indeed, we believe is no longer an abstract problem to be decided absolutely in the affirmative or the negative, but a mere matter of detail and degree, of fitness, cir-

cumstance, and good taste. Mr. Gibson has adopted as a motto, "*Formæ dignitas bonitate coloris tuenda est*," yet does he not contend for the tinting of all forms or figures indiscriminately. A Venus or a Cupid may borrow charm and witchery from ardent tones; a Hercules might spurn such spell of fascination. Let it be distinctly understood that direct naturalistic colour is, by common consent, to be shunned, as wholly repugnant to the ideal world in which sculpture abides. And herein we think it becomes a grave question whether the artist, in the 'Venus,' has not erred in the tinting of the hair, and especially in marking the pupils of the eyes. We may just remark that Gothic architecture, and its allied sculpture, as seen in the Ecclesiological Court of the International Exhibition, have pushed colour to an intensity from which, at present, most classicists would shrink.

Miss Hosmer's 'Zenobia Captive' is a noble figure, of queenlike dignity: the carefully studied drapery pronounces the classic style. Macdonald's 'Bacchante,' belonging to the same Roman school, is graceful in pose, and finished in execution. Mr. Gatley's grand bas-relief, 'Pharaoh and his Army in the Red Sea,' challenges criticism, as one of the most arduous works attempted in modern times. To history it is scrupulously true in Egyptian type of feature, and the accessories of head-dress, chariot, and horse-trappings. In Art, unlike works surrendered, as the mode now is, to the allurements of pictorial treatment, this severe composition conforms to the true principles of bas-relief as taught by the Greeks. In modelling and execution each figure is firm and vigorous, and thus partakes of the style found among the early Greeks, rather than of the generalised manner usual with the later Romans. An intractable subject—the overthrow of an army in a sea—has betrayed the artist into an extravaganza,—an excess from which the companion work, 'The Song of Miriam,' now in course of execution, is delivered. In a day when stereotyped commonplace, prettily posed, and smoothly polished, commands popular applause, it becomes the critic's duty to direct attention to any work which, like this bas-relief, boldly asserts a manly originality. For like reason, the two figures by Story, 'Cleopatra' and 'The Sybil,' call for emphatic mention. 'The Sybil,' which is the grander of the two, has caught noble inspiration from namesake figures in the Sistine. We recognise in these works of Michael Angelo and Mr. Story the same massiveness of muscle and of limb, a like power, and a grandeur which disdains the accepted types of beauty. We have examined once more each figure in the Roman ceiling, in order to determine how far this resemblance extends. The American sculptor has probably taken, as we have said, inspiration from the great Florentine, but the actual figure and the attitude are his own creation, and the result, we repeat, is a work of unwonted power, boldly sallying out from the beaten track. Lough's 'Milo' shares vigour with Michael Angelo and the Torso of the Vatican. His 'Comus' deserves commendation as a spirit-stirring rendering of the Apollo. On the other hand, the 'Pandora,' by Ives, an American sculptor long established in Rome, must be honoured as an independent figure, blending the severity of the antique with the life of nature. Thrupp's 'Hamadryads' ranks as one of the most classic and correct bas-reliefs in the Exhibition.

The school of English romance dates from Canova. Between Canova and our English Wyatt grew up a friendship which took its birth in sympathy of genius. Canova, when in England, found the works of our

youthful sculptor in accord with his own creations. He invited Wyatt to Rome, promised the use of his studio, and proffered personal assistance. Accordingly, the child of English romance took up a residence of thirty years in the land of poetry; became himself the disciple of the great master of Italian romance; held fellowship, moreover, with the sterner intellect of Thorwaldsen and Gibson; and thence dwelling in the Eternal City, amid surroundings of the past, and maintaining daily companionship with the choicest spirits of his time, he formed a style classic in purity of pedigree, yet modern in its more sensuous delight. Richard James Wyatt died in Rome in the year 1850, and his works, so gentle, of such subtle delicacy and beauty, inspired melancholy interest in the Great Exhibition of the following year. In the second International Exhibition his groups of 'Ino and Bacchus,' 'Nymph and Cupid,' and 'Girl Bathing,' serve as the historic startpoint of our English school of poetic or semi-classic sculpture. The same love of the beautiful in woman inspires many of our artists to kindred works. Baily, indeed, became a pupil of Flaxman, yet after seven years' service in a severer school, his style was that of Canova and Wyatt. At the age of twenty-five, Baily produced 'Eve at the Fountain,' a work of world-wide renown, unsurpassed in beauty of form and modest purity of expression. Caldwell, too, is another poet whose thoughts are writ in marble. His 'Diana about to Bathe' claims among contemporary European sculpture a foremost rank for concord of flowing lines and chastity of sentiment. Spence, in many graceful groups which have won popularity, has given to the classic manner of Wyatt a picturesque reading. His 'Finding of Moses,' in the International Exhibition, a full composition of four figures, is graphic in effect, and careful in detailed execution. Fuller's 'Rhodope,' and Marshall Wood's 'Daphne,' are signal examples of classic themes infused with the modern spirit of sensuous romance. As a finale to the present section of our subject, we quote Foley's 'Ino and Bacchus,' as the impersonation of that Art which reconciles the traditions of old Greece and Rome with the immediate sympathies of Europe in the nineteenth century. We regret the absence of works by Rinehart, a young American sculptor, poetic in conception and delicate in execution, after the style of our English Wyatt and Baily.

Our English school, wanting the severe tuition which, by Government, is provided for the French sculptor—deficient, for the most part, in the knowledge and consequent power needed for mastery over difficulties—has been accustomed to take refuge in some interesting sentiment, which may inspire a sympathy. Our English public, too, are indifferent to technical excellence; they are averse to subjects which fall within the knowledge of only a learned few; and hence for some years Greek mythology has sunk to a discount, and the strict classic style ceases to be popular, because it lies beyond the appreciation of the people. Yet even out of this inability on the part both of the artist and the public, has arisen a class of works pre-eminently lovely. Venus and Bacchus are no longer the household gods of England; but, instead, we enshrine in hall and corridor Byron's Sardanapalus, Tennyson's Elaine, Moore's Peri, Scott's Jeanie Deans, Gray's Bard, Milton's Sabrina, Chaucer's Griselda, Spenser's Britomart, and Shakspeare's Ophelia, Hermione, Titania, and Puck. Thus do we find that the imagination of our sculptors, Weekes, S. Wood, J. S. Westmacott, Spence, Theed, Marshall, Durham, Miller, Lawlor, Miss Hosmer, and others, has

taken possession of a field truly British,—has kindled again in the hearts of the people the memories they love to cherish, has fused with the heat of affection the marble which the classicists had left cold, has fired in kindred ardour both the literature and the Art of the nation. This school of marble poetry, indeed, we have a right to call truly national, for it is of native growth to England, just as much as the acanthus capital and the Minerva birth of Jupiter were indigenous to Greece.

In a previous paper we showed that Christianity had found in sculpture a less worthy ally than in painting. Still, from Michael Angelo down to Bernini do we find Pietàs and some few other subjects, which call forth emotions wholly diverse from the sentiment dominant in classic and pagan art. Christian sculpture, so far as it exists in our own Protestant country, has mostly taken a monumental form. In such compositions it has been usual for the Christian virtues, as attendants upon the dying couch, to mourn in sorrow or grow radiant in hope, while angels with luxuriant wings are commissioned to waft the soul on its heavenward flight. Productions of this showy pretence can scarcely fail to be popular, though seldom do they merit the approval of the critic. We incline to think that the Bible has been by sculptors an ill-used book, for though doubtless primarily intended for sermon-making, it is certainly likewise suited for work in the studio. Literature, we have seen, has been to our native Art an inspiration; and we feel persuaded that the time will come when out from revelation and the reasonable faith our people hold so dear, shall arise a religious school, which, worshipping the one God, shall create man again in God-like image. In the meantime we gladly recognise in the International Exhibition the dawn of Biblical sculpture. The following works may be mentioned with more or less commendation: 'The Good Samaritan,' by Flaxman; 'Eve at the Fountain,' by Baily; 'Pharaoh and his Army in the Red Sea,' by Gatley; and 'The Finding of Moses,' by Spence; also 'The Prodigal's Return,' and 'Rebecca at the Well,' by Theed, both good in cast of drapery; likewise 'Ruth,' by Rogers, and 'Jephthah's Daughter,' and 'Queen Esther,' by Mozier, both well-known American sculptors; and lastly, 'The Virgin and Child,' a pictorial alto-relievo, by Davis. We believe that our English artists would prove themselves peculiarly apt in the interpretation of that book, which, in the words of Chillingworth, is the religion of Protestants, provided only that patronage were proffered in the open door of our national churches and our Dissenting chapels.

Sculpture, as we have already remarked, has passed, and is now passing, through phases familiar to the sister art of Painting. Sculpture, indeed, in this country, for reasons before adduced, tends to the pictorial and the picturesque. Naturalism, even in marble, obtains each year more decided sway; and works devoted to pointed incident,—a picture, for example, of a child riding a rocking-horse, or a statuette of a boy crying over a broken drum,—are sure to arouse the plaudits of the multitude. Statues of pronounced *genre* were, in the International Exhibition, not numerous, and few of these usually contagious works created decided furor, save 'The Reading Girl,' by Magni. The same subject, treated by our countryman Macdowell, scarcely, perhaps, attracted the attention which it deserved. In the *genre* category we may mention graphic little figures by E. G. Papworth, 'The Young Emigrant,' and 'The Young Shrimper'; a charming group by Durham, a child and a dog, under the title 'Go to Sleep!'; Stephens's 'Mercy on the Battle Field' has,

with other works both ancient and modern, including even 'The Dying Gladiator' of the Capitol, the advantage of a before and a hereafter, in which the present moment swells portentous. Such subjects, however, for the most part, involve the sculptor in a snare; he becomes entangled in a story rather than intent upon his art. 'The Boy playing at Nux,' a careful study of the nude, by J. Adams, has, however, intrinsic merit: the incident here but serves for point and purpose to limbs delicately modelled. Of works expressly pictorial in treatment, we may mention, not without commendation, portrait bas-reliefs by Munro, and 'Emily Disconsolate,' from Wordsworth's 'White Doe of Rylstone,' a poetic bas-relief by Miller. 'The Distressed Mother,' by the late Sir R. Westmacott—a mendicant with child on her knee, and bundle and stick by her side—is as pleasingly picturesque as any Wilkie painting of a 'Cottage Door.' 'Maidenhood,' by Hancock—a girl with flowers, tasselled sash, and brodered chemisette—adopts the delicate detail which is in vogue with the modern school of Milan. We cannot better honour the British school than by closing our present survey of its master-works with highest praise of Bell's noble figure, 'The Eagle Slayer,' naturalistic both in incident and vigour, yet conformable to that only true naturalism which knows when with grace to bend under the symmetric laws of Art. In conclusion, we trust that the English government, taught by the lessons of the present Exhibition, may follow the example of other nations, and thus confer upon English artists the boon which their merits and their needs alike demand—an endowed academy in Rome.

In this, the Seventh Article, we bring our review of the pictures and sculptures in the International Exhibition to a close. Space does not permit a full *résumé* of our labours. Suffice to say, that in the diversity of existing styles, now in Europe all but infinite, we have endeavoured to trace a common history and origin. We have found in national religions bonds of union; in a people's manners, customs, and governments, forces which have moulded a country's Art into co-relative forms. Furthermore we have discovered that the physical features of Nature herself, whether placid and serene, or mountain-heaving and storm-tossed, have transfused into native Art the like lineaments of beauty or of grandeur. We have seen, moreover, especially in the sphere of painting, that the Latin nations of France, Italy, Spain, and Belgium, allied in language, religion, and race, possess an Art, poetic in imagination, fervent in religion, and æsthetic in sense of beauty. Again, we have found that the Teutonic peoples of Germany, given to metaphysics, become, even in their national Arts, lost in the dreams of cloud-land, doting in delicious reverie, and anon plunging into depths of agony, till oftentimes earth is transcended and nature ignored. Furthermore, we have discovered in Scandinavia, and likewise in Protestant Germany and Holland, works vigorous in naturalism, and sober in literal truth; sacred to the domestic affections, and faithful alike to a Flemish fen and a Norwegian fiord. Lastly, but for us chiefly, in Britain—a land where races intermingle, languages blend, and every religion finds equal toleration—the Nations have at length learnt to do justice to a school which, if not high or emphatically great, has yet reflected all faiths, united all zones, and represented all sorts and conditions of men, thus making our English Art as cosmopolitan as our people, and as world-wide as our commerce.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART IN RELATION WITH THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS OF ART.

THE time, surely, cannot be very far distant when the Department of Science and Art must answer to the public for the performance or non-performance of its duties. It may be the authorities consider themselves so secure in their position as to set at naught public opinion; and certainly their acts justify such a conclusion. Remonstrances are made, but only to be met with stereotyped official replies; arguments are brought to bear upon them, only to be treated with dignified contempt. This has hitherto been the line of conduct pursued at South Kensington; how much longer it will be endured by those entitled to demand an account of the stewardship exercised by the heads of the Department the next Session of Parliament will, in all probability, determine. One thing is indisputable—that the voice of popular indignation is becoming every day louder in condemnation of the system which rules in a large, important, and costly branch of the public service.

The subject has become so irksome and unpalatable to us, that nothing but a sense of justice to those especially interested in it, those who are sufferers under the baneful influence of the Department—and these are not only the masters and pupils of the schools of Art, but thousands of the public, who have for years been expecting to reap advantages from these institutions—would induce us to recur to it. Our readers are perfectly aware that we have on several occasions within the last three or four years, especially reported and commented upon the position of the Provincial schools, all of which are subjected to the influence—nay, to the rule—of the Department of Science and Art. How this influence works, the last report of the Council of the Wolverhampton school clearly shows. A meeting of the subscribers took place in October last, to wind up the affairs of the institution, prior to its final close for want of support. The following passages appear in the report then read to the meeting:—

"In presenting its eighth annual report, the Council of the School of Art regret that the 'inexorable logic of facts' has compelled them during the past year to take the necessary legal steps to bring its operations to a close.

"The duties, therefore, of the Council of the school are terminated by the production of this their last report, and the certified cash account of the honorary treasurer and secretary.

"They cannot, however, terminate their duties without stating their deliberate conviction that the closing of the school is due to the parsimony which the Department of Science and Art appears invariably to pursue in its treatment of all new schools. Two years ago, a strong representation was made to it that this school must inevitably close if some assistance were not rendered. It appeared but fair that while the old-established schools in many of the largest towns in the kingdom were in the annual receipt of grants, varying from £150 to £600, that a struggling school should receive some countenance and support from a department of the government which has about £80,000 per annum placed at its disposal by parliament for the direct support of these schools, and for the encouragement of Art; but the application was refused by the Secretary to the Department, Mr. Cole, in the following letter, dated 4th July, 1860:—

"Science and Art Department,
South Kensington, London.

"Dear Sir,—In accordance with your request of yesterday, I placed before Mr. Cole the circumstances of the Wolverhampton School of Art, together with your proposition to continue to carry on the school provided £100 a year, in addition to the present aids, could be allotted by the Department

towards its support. I am directed to express Mr. Cole's regret that the pecuniary difficulties of the school should prevent its continuance, but to state that the Department has no authority by which the additional grant of £100 a year can be made.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"H. A. BOWLER.

"C. B. Mander, Esq., Wolverhampton."

"As the school, therefore, has not received adequate local support, and was refused any aid by the Department, it has of necessity been closed.

"The Council, therefore, protests against the unfair use which is made by the Department of the funds placed at its disposal. The growth of a taste for Art is slow and uncertain, and it is clearly the duty of the government, if it attempts to foster it by pecuniary aid, rather to encourage an earnest and well-directed effort for its diffusion, and to lend a helping hand until success be assured, than to continue for many years large annual grants to schools which, if they have effected anything for Art, should long ere now have become self-supporting by the willing aid of manufacturers who have demonstrated their utility.

"In bringing their connection with the School of Art to a close, the Council bends to the decision to which the inhabitants of Wolverhampton have virtually come, that an institution of the kind is not required: they have the satisfaction, however, to believe that a large amount of benefit has been received within its walls, which will amply repay whatever exertion it has cost; and the time, too, must arrive when the present indifference to the advantages which the school was calculated to confer will be reviewed with mingled feelings of astonishment and regret."

There are two special points in the above statement which demand attention; and the first is, the refusal of the Science and Art Department to afford the school the additional assistance required. Mr. Cole, through Mr. Bowler, says "the Department has no authority" to grant it. Who then has? In whose hands is vested the power to allocate a single shilling of the thousands annually voted by parliament for the support of our Art-institutions, if not in those of the principal officials? Does Mr. Cole mean to affirm that, if he cannot by his own sole authority direct the payment of an increased allowance, he has not the power to recommend it? The way in which Mr. Mander's application is answered seems nothing more than a miserable quibble to evade an act which, from some unaccountable reason or other, did not commend itself to the tender consciences of the South Kensington officials; who can, however, as the report states, allow considerable annual sums to old-established schools not absolutely in want of them, and yet refuse aid to an institution whose life or death depends on it. There are some schools for which we would undertake to say almost any amount of aid asked for would be readily granted. It seems not without justice that the Council "protests against the unfair use which is made by the Department of the funds placed at its disposal."

The second point calling for comment—and this is of far more general importance than the other—is contained in the last paragraph we have copied from the report. It refers to the "indifference" to the school shown by the inhabitants of Wolverhampton, who "have virtually come to the decision that an institution of the kind is not required." It is quite evident that, as the school has been allowed to die out, the people of the town have had no desire to retain it; and it appears equally manifest to us that, if the instruction had been what it should be—giving by its results sufficient aid to the manufacturers—they would not have allowed it to become extinct for the want of a paltry annual sum of £100. It is no reflection on Mr. Mückley, the late excellent and hard-working head-master, to intimate that the teaching has not met the requirements of the manufacturers. He, in common with others

in a similar position, has, doubtless, felt the incubus of the Department pressing heavily on his efforts; for the complaint has been made to us by more than one, or two, or three masters of these schools, that they are tied and bound by official red-tapism and ignorance—by the rules and regulations of men practically unacquainted with what both superintendents and students require in their respective positions: the former, to enable them to become really useful teachers; the latter, to qualify themselves for the active duties of after-life, in the factory, the workshop, and even in the studio.

Last month we were called upon to notice the condition of the Manchester school, which, like others, seems on the brink of destruction. Six years ago, the late Sir John Potter, then president of the school, thus expressed, in a published pamphlet, his opinion of the instruction given, and of the influence of the Department of Science and Art. He says:—

"I would ask, how is it that scarcely one out of the nineteen schools of Art established since our own, chiefly by the aid of local funds and subscriptions, is now in a comfortable position? I have reason to know that the large majority are in a very uneasy, unsettled state, with lessening funds; and that, from the very nature of their undefined and unstable constitution, the present process may let some of them down to elementary drawing schools, or found such on their ruins. One thing is certain, to my mind—that local schools of Art have not as yet been established on a permanent basis. It is because I am anxious they should be so that I press on you the fact. They expire in large towns, or are shut up, because they are at issue with the Department of Practical Art, or because the country has not appreciated their value. I do think the action of the Marlborough House Department" [subsequently removed to Kensington, its present abode] "upon the provincial schools has been disastrous. It has created no kindly feeling, no sympathy; and the spirit in favour of Art-education has, I believe, suffered amongst us."

Here is the evidence of an impartial and thoroughly competent witness—a leading man in the most important manufacturing town of the whole world. It is so emphatic in the expression of condemnation of the whole system as to render a single word of comment altogether needless.

But what is to be done with these schools of Art throughout the kingdom? Must we suffer them to become bankrupt, and pass out of existence one after another? or must some great effort be made to restore to them the confidence of the public, and to enlist the sympathy and aid of the manufacturer on their behalf? This, we undertake to say, will never be done, at least to any extent, while subject to the present management, and controlled by directions from the ruling powers of South Kensington: the "inexorable logic of facts" leads to no other conclusion. When extravagance or incompetence has brought any other department of government into difficulties, either of finance or working, members of parliament are readily found urgent for "inquiry," and who will spare neither time nor exertion in the cause of reformation; nor will they rest till the end is attained. But the Science and Art Department is allowed to go on, year after year, in its practically irresponsible, its really extravagant and effete, career, without a voice being heard to demand a just account of its stewardship, or to protest against its proceedings.

[Since this was written, a report has reached us that the Wolverhampton school is to be re-opened under an entirely new management, but with what prospect remains to be seen. We never heard a syllable of complaint against those who lately directed its affairs, and therefore are not sanguine of success after a failure which must have alienated many from supporting any institution of the kind; yet shall we be well pleased to find hereafter that our forebodings have not been realised.—ED. A.-J.]

ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART XX.—MONUMENTAL SCULPTURES.



T is an inference, naturally deduced from the vast extent of Art-works which Rome contains, to suppose that the city is not less rich in sculpture than in examples of painting and architecture; and there is on all sides conclusive evidence in proof of it. The museum of the Vatican abounds with productions of the old sculptors brought to light from the ruins of the ancient city and other parts of Italy; and with these are mingled works of more recent date. The churches, and especially St. Peter's, are filled with ornamental sculptures of every degree of merit, the principal of which have been reared in memory of the pontiffs, and of the great cardinals who made Rome their residence. It is of these monumental sculptures that we propose to say a few words in this the concluding chapter of the series of papers on "Rome, and her Works of Art." Considering the glorious relics of antiquity constantly before the

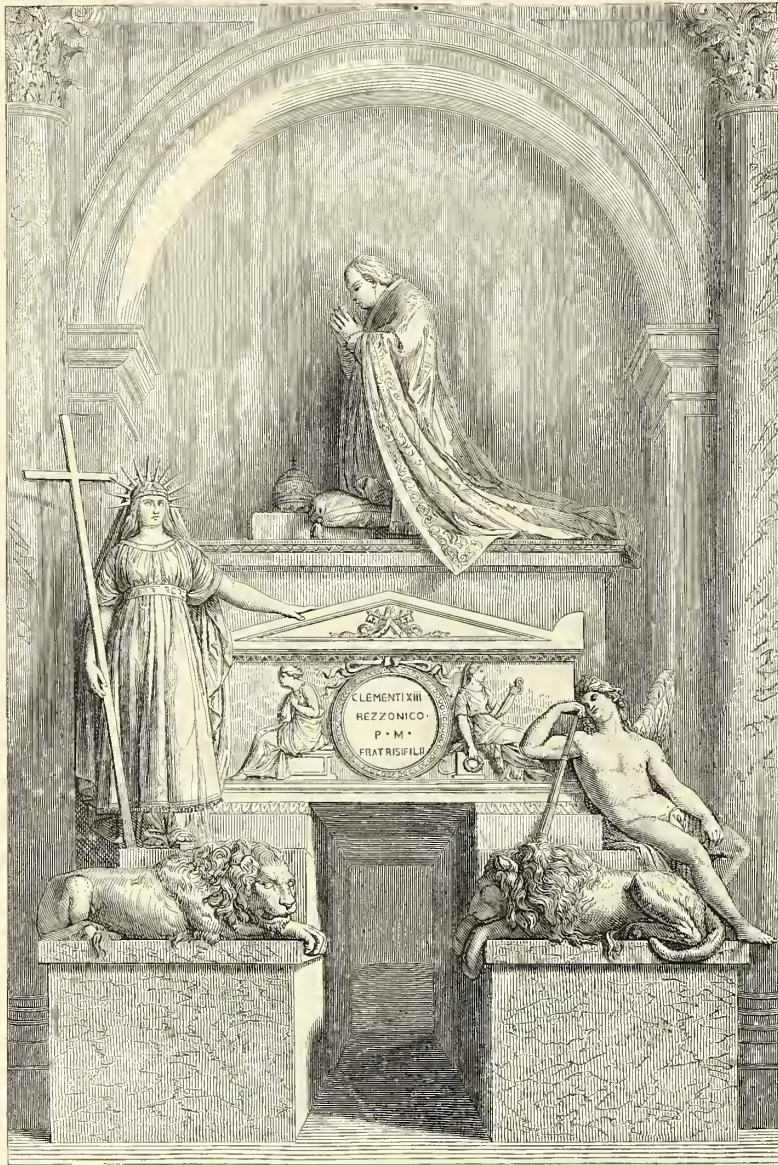
eyes of the sculptors working in Rome during the last three or four centuries, there should be a far larger proportion of really good monuments of their production than are in existence. But the truth is, sculpture did not keep pace with the progress made in the two other branches of the Fine Arts, painting and architecture. Decorative, or ornamental, sculpture of a high order of merit is seen in the works of some of the earlier artists, Niccolo Giovanni, and Andrea Pisano, Lucca della Robbia, Ghiberti, Donatello, Brunellesco, and a few others, the chief of whom belong rather to the Florentine school than the Roman; in the latter city little comparatively seems to have been done till the appearance of Michel Angelo and Guglielmo della Porta, who were followed by Bernini, a Neapolitan, Algardi, a Bolognese, and Il Flamingo, of Brussels, whose real name was Di Quesnoy, but who is best known by that given him by the Italians, from the country of his birth. The works of these men, and especially of Bernini, are found in Rome, where they all lived for a greater or less period. Bernini, who was born in 1598, must be charged, beyond any other sculptor, with having debased his art by substituting a meretricious pictorial character for the pure simplicity of the Greek. "It would be difficult," says an anonymous writer, "to conceive two styles more opposed to each other than that adopted by the sculptors of this age and that of



the great artists of antiquity. In one the pervading principle was simplicity and expression united with beautiful and appropriate form. In the other simplicity was of all things most studiously avoided; and complicated arrangement in composition, forced action in the figures, flying draperies, elaborate carving and undercutting (in works of marble), and other means of

more mechanical display, were resorted to, in order to create surprise or to please the eye. Under Bernini all the distinctive bounds of the classes of Art were trampled down. Sculptors endeavoured to imitate the effects of the pencil, and architects to introduce into their compositions the curved line of beauty." To him much of the prevailing style of sculpture is owing.

As examples of the monuments within the walls of St. Peter's, four are engraved on this and the following page. The first is that of CLEMENT XIII., by Canova, which stands near the Chapel di S. Michele; it bears the reputation of being one of the finest works of Canova, who, it is said, was engaged eight years upon its execution, and it established his fame, for the sculptor was a young man comparatively when he undertook the task. "Canova," writes one of his countrymen, in allusion to this monument, "seemed to begin where other sculptors conclude their labours, with such grand and colossal undertakings as are very rarely confided to those whose reputation a long course of years and a numerous series of works have not established." Resting on a massive projecting basement of Carrara marble, between which is a door presumed to lead into the sepulchre, are two noble lions keeping watch over the entrance: above these is, on the right hand, a winged figure with inverted torch, symbolical of Death. This figure is admirable; its attitude is graceful and full of repose, the expression of the face unmistakably sad in its manly beauty, and the modelling throughout delicate and truthful. "Never, in the most perfect works of his maturer age," says the authority just quoted, "has Canova excelled the sublimity of conception, dignity of expression, or sweetness of execution, which distinguish this delightful production.



MONUMENT OF CLEMENT XIII.

The artist has here accomplished the object of his long and painful pupillage—an object which Michel Angelo either despaired of attaining, or rejected in favour of a more narrowed theory,—namely, the union of a natural and simple style with the exalted grandeur of imaginative and ideal beauty."

Scarcely any part of this eulogium applies to the standing figure on the opposite side, representing Religion, which is a complete contrast to the other; as if to show what mistakes even men of undoubted genius may commit. It is disproportionate in height—or, at least, appears so—stiff and formal in attitude, heavy in the arrangement of the drapery, and crowned with a semicircle, intended as an aureolus, but in reality nothing more than a row of long spikes. The face in some degree redeems these defects: it is beautiful in its solemnity. Canova's Italian panegyrist acknowledges it to be a comparative failure, but says, by way of palliation, that the desire of retaining an extreme simplicity of attire and of deportment seems to have cramped the powers of the artist, and to have produced a constraint, a poverty, a want of customary elegance, which, in the general effect, approach to the rigid, or even the ungracious.

The uppermost figure is a portrait of Clement (Cardinal Rezzonico, before he was elevated to the papal chair), in his pontifical robes. He kneels, bareheaded, on a

cushion, his hands clasped, as if in prayer, and his head slightly bent downwards: before him lies the triple crown. This is a fine figure: the head, seen in profile, is dignified, notwithstanding the lineaments of the face seem marked by anxiety, and bear the impress of age and wasted health. The drapery, too, though somewhat florid in character, falls naturally and gracefully. By causing it to hang partially over the pediment, the sculptor has judiciously broken the straight lines of the latter, and also brought the figure into closer proximity to the others, so as to connect the whole in the eye of the spectator.

The monument or rather STATUE OF ST. BRUNO, which is the next illustration, stands near the western altar, in the central portion of the transept. St. Bruno was founder of the Carthusian order of monks, but this sculpture, raised in honour of his memory, is not, as a work of Art, too complimentary to the saint. Sir George Head attributes it to a French sculptor named Slode; while a French writer, M. Armengaud, appears to repudiate his countryman by writing the name Slodtz,—making him a German. As we happen never to have heard of either, we must leave the matter unsettled. The statue certainly belongs to a period of decadence, or of immaturity. It is stiff and affected in design, and the execution is not careful. An angel offers the holy man a bishop's insignia—the crozier and mitre—which, by his action, the saint is unwilling to accept: *nolo episcopari*, he seems resolutely to say; preferring, as the history of his life bears out, the asceticism of a recluse to the honours of a dignitary of the Church.

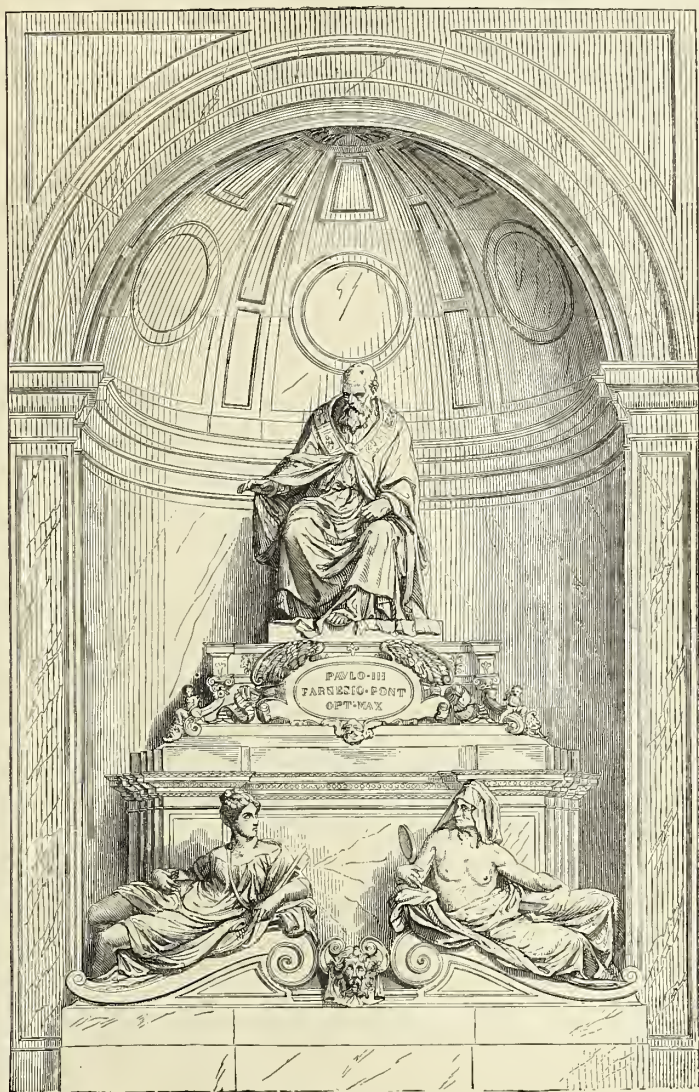


STATUE OF ST. BRUNO.

The MONUMENT OF PAUL III. (Cardinal Alessandro Farnese) was executed by Guglielmo della Porta, under the direction of his master, Michel Angelo. It is contained within a spacious niche, and consists of a statue of the pontiff, bareheaded, and seated in a chair of state, in the act of pronouncing a benediction. The figure is of bronze of a dark colour, and the drapery, which is ample and flowing in its lines, is of the same metal, but gilded. In front of the white marble pedestal whereon the statue rests is a brief inscription, and below, in advance of the principal pedestal, are two figures reclining on what look not unlike modern couches. These are, respectively, Prudence and Justice; the former to the left, the latter to the right. It is traditionally reported that the Pope's sister and mother were the models for these statues, which certainly are designed in the spirit and style of Della Porta's master. In the Farnese Palace may be seen two figures representing Abundance and Charity, which were originally intended for this monument, but disapproved of by Michel Angelo. "The statue of 'Prudence,'" says Head, "was originally nude, and remained so

a considerable period; but subsequently, in consequence of the scruples of the ecclesiastical authorities, the sculptor Bernini was employed—instead of

reignty; and that on the left a cornucopia, symbolical, it may be presumed, of the munificence exercised by the papal rulers. The pedestal



MONUMENT OF PAUL III.

removing it to a public or private museum, where its merits might be properly appreciated—to cover it with a garment. A garment was accordingly made of bronze, that has the worst effect imaginable, and, after all, is nothing but an ordinary loose chemise, or *peignoir*, reaching short of the knees, and open at the bosom." Whatever objection may be taken to this treatment, the monument is justly regarded as one of the finest in St. Peter's.

The last example introduced is the Tomb of LEO XI. (Cardinal Alessandro de Medici, of Florence), who wore the tiara for the short space of twenty-seven days only, in 1605. It is the work of the Bolognese Algardi, who was contemporary with Bernini, and belongs, like almost all others of the period, to the picturesque style. The topmost figure of the group is Leo, seated in the pontifical chair, the triple crown on his head, and his hand raised in the attitude of blessing,—a favourite treatment, as it seems, with sculptors employed on such works. On a kind of sarcophagus beneath is a bas-relief, by one of Algardi's pupils, representing the abjuration of Henry IV., of France, at whose court Leo resided at the time as Cardinal legate. On each side of the bas-relief is a female figure: that on the left bearing a sceptre, emblematic of sove-

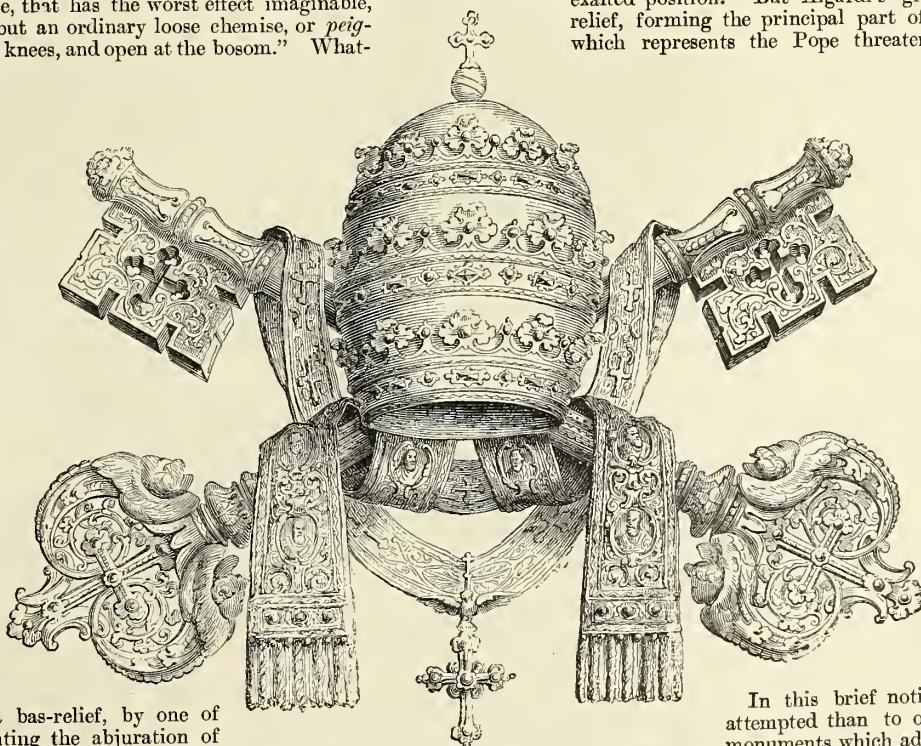


MONUMENT OF LEO XI.

supporting each of these figures shows a sculptured bunch of flowers, with this motto, "*Sic fluit*,"—an allusion to the brief tenure of Leo's exalted position. But Algardi's greatest work is a vast bas-relief, forming the principal part of the monument of Leo I., which represents the Pope threatening Attila with the vengeance of St. Peter and St. Paul, if he should dare to enter the sacred city. Like Raffaele's picture of the 'Defeat of Attila,' in the Vatican, this bas-relief, which is considered to be the largest ever executed,—its height being about thirty feet, and its width nearly eighteen,—contains a multitude of figures, grouped, however, in a manner far better adapted to the canvas of the painter than the marble of the sculptor. Attila is seen at the head of his army on one side, while Leo, surrounded by a number of ecclesiastics, appears on the other. In the sky above are the two apostles, with a host of angels, each of the former holding a drawn sword in his hand.

In this brief notice, nothing more has been attempted than to offer a general idea of the monuments which adorn the stupendous Basilica of St. Peter's. The subject, to do it ample justice, would occupy more space than can be devoted to it.

JAMES DAFFORNE.



SELECTED PICTURES.

IN THE COLLECTION OF ALAN POTTER, ESQ.,
LIVERPOOL.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

D. MacLise, R.A., Painter. R. Graves, A.R.A., Engraver.

As an Irishman it would be singular if Mr. MacLise should not occasionally find subjects for his pencil in some of the numerous fictions and legends with which his native country abounds: there is in many of them so much of the poetical beauty and purity of sentiment a true artist delights in, that they offer an attractive field for his labours. Moore, the great lyric poet of Ireland, made pleasant and profitable use of these tales; one of his songs has suggested to MacLise this picture. To render it perfectly intelligible to those who do not know, or may not remember, the "Irish Melody" of Moore, which bears the same title as the painting, two or three stanzas must be quoted:—

"'Tis believed that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a siren of old who sung under the sea;
And who often at eve through the bright billow roved,
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she loved.

"But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold ringlets to steep,
Till heaven looked with pity on true love so warm,
And changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

"Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek smiled the same,
While her sea-beauties gracefully curled round the frame;
And her hair shedding tear-drops from all its bright rings,
Fell over her white arms to make the gold strings."

A more poetical illustration of a poetical idea was never put upon canvas: the siren stands at the entrance of a sea-cave, whose drooping stalactites, radiant with colours glowing in the rays of the setting sun, form a sort of framework around her; behind is the deep blue sea, and above this the sky, of a blue still more intense, except where the sun illumines it. The attitude of the nymph is exceedingly graceful; with her arm resting on a perpendicular fragment of rock, and her long tresses thrown over the arm, she presents the exact form of the ancient Irish harp; one may almost fancy the music of the ocean as it ripples through the ideal harp-strings into the cavern. The figure is decidedly statuesque in character; the limbs are well rounded, and the whole form is beautifully modelled. Her face is very agreeable, though not strictly handsome; and the coronal of sea-flowers, wreathed in her dark hair, is a most becoming head-dress, adding, by its picturesque appearance, to the poetical nature of the composition. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1842.

The oldest known Irish harp in existence is in the library of Trinity College, Dublin: it is assumed to be the harp of Brean Boismh, King of Ireland, who was slain in battle with the Danes, A.D. 1014, at Clontarf. His son Donagh, having murdered his brother Teige in 1023, was deposed by his nephew; he retired to Rome, carrying with him the crown, the harp, and other regalia belonging to his father, which he presented to the pope in order to obtain absolution. The pontiff, Adrian IV.,—William Breakspear, the only Englishman who ascended the papal throne,—urged this gift as one of the principal titles in his claim to the kingdom, when he issued the bull transferring Ireland to Henry II. These regalia were kept in the Vatican till the pope sent the harp to Henry VIII., and conferred upon him at the same time the title of "Defender of the Faithful;" the crown, which was of pure gold, he retained. Henry presented the harp to the Earl of Clanricarde, in whose family it remained till the commencement of the eighteenth century, when it passed, by a lady of the De Burgh family, into that of MacMahon, of Clenagh, in the county Clare. On the death of MacMahon it came into possession of Commissioner MacNamara, of Limerick, and, in 1782, it was presented to the Right Hon. William Conyngham, who deposited it where it now remains.

The picture is one of the "gems" of the collection of an eminent merchant of Liverpool, the great mart of the commerce of the world, in which Art has of late found many liberal patrons.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION.

THIS is the tenth of these Exhibitions. They began with a show of so-called sketches; advanced to a collection of carefully-finished pictures, and this is set before us as a pleasant mixture of young and old masters—old, we mean, in the sense of aged but still living and energetic artists. The pictures are nearly all small; but all are carried out in the characteristic feeling of the painters, inasmuch as, even at a distance, to proclaim the hand that made them. Those who habitually visit this room always go straight to the fireplace, for there—*Tros Tyrinusce*, whether the collection be French or English—there we find the Meissonniers, Frères, and, with others, that Franco-Spaniard (Ruy Diaz?) who has broken the rest of more than one French painter of small figures,—and there are now to be found small and remarkable works by Linnell, Stanfield, Phillip, Goodall, Leslie, and others. Pictures by Leslie (the late Academician) do not often present themselves in public. We do not remember any finished study by him to have been exhibited before in this room. That now seen ('The Reverie') is one of a family of small pictures painted, evidently, from the same young lady,—generally presented at a window: now as *Juliet*, now some other heroine,—and painted becomingly pale, but with a softness of skin texture rarely equalled, and never surpassed. Some of the sister pictures are at Petworth, and they will remain there. Near this, by J. Linnell, sen., is 'A Windy Day,' a piece of landscape that would form a brilliantly-contrasting pendant to 'The Windmill,' in the Vernon Gallery. The subject—a shred of Surrey scenery—would be nothing in mediocre hands, but it is here ennobled by a sky that under the eye expands into vast proportion. Another by Mr. Linnell is called 'Harvesting,' a very bright scene, into which the painter has cunningly introduced a labourer, in a white shirt, to show that he can produce a very bright landscape without an abuse of white. 'Prayer,' by F. Goodall, is a scene representing the adoration of two statues, apparently those of Mary and Joseph, by Italian peasants. The place is something like Chioggia, but the costume is Romanesque. The picture is generally low in tone, and the figures seem to have been quickly painted; had they been more elaborated, their precious rags would have lost much of their value. Mr. E. M. Ward contributes two pictures. One is 'Marie Antoinette's Final Adieu to the Dauphin in the Prison of the Temple,'—perhaps the sketch for the picture exhibited in the Academy a few years ago, but now a noble and most highly-finished work, in which we see the heart-broken queen bending over her child in an agony of grief, not restrained even by the presence of the ruffianly officials. In this picture, if we remember the larger work accurately, the principal group is less brought out than in the latter, and the groups of prison authorities are still less prominent; therefore, with much propriety, the play of colour that in the large work importunes the eye is omitted here—a result of thought more matured. There is also by Mr. Ward a replica of his picture in the Vernon Collection, 'James II. receiving the News of the Landing of William Prince of Orange at Torbay,' and this picture also is more harmonised than that in the Vernon Gallery, as the product of a riper time,—though smaller, it is certainly a work of higher and more matured power. Mrs. E. M. Ward also contributes six small pictures to the exhibition, all remarkable for colour and spirited painting. They are principally of children, and are

charming examples of the purest Art. This accomplished lady undoubtedly ranks among the best artists of our time.

A 'Rebecca,' Mr. W. C. T. Dobson, presents a study of costume such as it might have been in the days of Abraham, and in which there are certain points of resemblance to the Arab fabrics of the present day. It may be a near approach to the dress which might have been worn by Rebecca, or some contemporary, but the desire for a show of perfect accuracy has made the vesture stiff and heavy. The face is characteristic, not beautiful, but the skin surface is so warm and tender that it would seem to yield to the slightest pressure. There are several pictures by Mr. Stanfield, R.A., as—'On the Coast of Brittany, near Dol,' 'Off the Coast of France,' and 'The Race of Ramsey, near St. David's Head.' The first of these is a studied picture, full of the varied and mellow colour that prevails in Stanfield's more careful works. The last named, though but a sketch apparently painted on the spot, would be to the discriminating collector the more valuable of the two, as a rapid translation from nature by a skilful hand. Between these two pictures—so different in everything, yet by the same artist—is written a precept valuable to those by whom it is legible. By Mr. Roberts, R.A., there is a view of the famous aggroachment of which we are weary of writing,—that is, the Salute, and the Dogano, at Venice. It is because everybody must paint these buildings that they have been continually before the public since the days of Canaletto; but in Roberts's version there is a wholesome departure from the distressing monotony of these Venetian scenes. He here presents to us Venice on a dull day, and triumphs in overcoming the difficulty of low-toned painting. There are but few, even "masters," who can deal successfully with extreme light or extreme dark as the rule of their pictures: Turner has moulded both to his will. Mr. Ansdell sends two old friends, the Gamekeepers, Scotch and English, whence have arisen two very popular prints. 'The Crow-boy,' by Lejeune, is one of his mixed compositions, figure and landscape surpassingly sweet in colour. The crow-boy, an impersonation of rustic idleness, lies back on a bank, and plies his rattle, to keep the crows from the corn. 'A Ford on the Conway,' by Hulme and Willis (the cows by the latter), is the brightest picture to which either of these names has ever been appended—it is a remarkable example of young England painting; it has been exhibited before.

By H. Dawson, 'Reaping,' 'The Victoria Tower, Westminster,' and 'Chepstow Castle,' possess, respectively, qualities of which we have, on many occasions, spoken with more than respect;—as a student of skies, especially those of the early and the latter twilight, this artist has no superior. In 'The Ferry on the Leven,' Mr. J. W. Oakes substitutes a more ready method of painting than that heart-breaking finish which evoked the plaudits of his brother artists. 'The Brook and the Mill,' F. R. Lee, R.A., is an instance of the kind of subject that Mr. Lee painted for many years, but which he seems to be gradually abandoning for scenery differing from this as widely as any one portion of the earth's surface can from another. From the simple to the stupendous is a daring ascent: it is here exemplified in a 'View from the Devil's Gap, Gibraltar,' showing the African coast in the distance—the scene of the late Spanish war with Morocco. As mere localities, such subjects are not difficult to paint; with them, however, Mr. Lee will make more impression than by his tree and river-side subjects.



THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF ALAN POTTER, ESQ. LIVERPOOL.

In a 'Sketch from Nature,' E. Hargitt shows a perfect command of the means of rapid transcription of the dictates of nature. There are still eminent names in the catalogue, supported by worthy testimony on the walls. In 'The Long Sermon,' T. Roberts, an ancient village dame has fallen asleep. Mr. Roberts's stories about boys and girls are so well told, that he is no longer himself in his interviews with old people. We observe, by H. Bright, a name now almost forgotten (as its bearer has withdrawn himself from exhibition), 'A River Scene—Sketch,' and 'Landscape and Old Church,' which show rather power and knowledge than that neatness and deference to nature which give such value to earlier works. Noteworthy also are 'Come along, baby!' W. Hemsley; 'Near Porlezza Lugano,' Harry Johnson; 'Over-looking the Bay,' and 'The Bay of Naples,' G. E. Hering; 'Bolton Abbey, Wharfedale,' and 'Woking Common—rain clearing off,' Niemann; 'View near Liverpool,' J. B. Pyne; 'Harvesting,' Vicat Cole; 'The Glen at Eve,' Anthony; 'Market-Place at Limburg on the Lahn,' L. J. Wood; 'Kentish Sheep,' A. Corbould; 'What ails the Old Dog?' T. P. Hall; 'The Lost One,' T. Brooks; 'Moonlight on the Llugwy,' 'The Early Visitor,' G. Smith—too large for the points in which this artist excels; 'Melon, Grapes, Peach, &c.' W. Duffield; 'Rustic Pleasures,' Witherington, R.A.; 'The Old Bean,' J. H. S. Mann; 'A Study,' F. Hughes; 'Near Tivoli,' F. L. Bridell; 'Morning, Noon, and Night,' A. Gilbert; 'Undine,' F. Wyburd; 'The Gipsy Mother,' C. Dukes; 'St. Bartelmi, Venice,' Mrs. Oliver; 'Landscape and Figures,' James Peel and Walter Goodall; and others by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., E. J. Cobbett, C. J. Lewis, &c. Some of these pictures we have seen before, but many have been painted for this exhibition.

The collection has been formed by Mr. Henry Wallis; he has evidently laboured with industry, and has been most successful. Few men have a better knowledge of modern Art, and none can more thoroughly estimate the capabilities of British artists. He has done much to make their works known, honoured, and estimated.

RAPHAEL'S ARABESQUES.

PAINTING has been called the handmaid of Architecture. In ancient times it is certain that she was so. The painted temples of the Greeks, the private houses of Herculaneum and Pompeii, prove that she was subservient to the noble Art. All her decorations were made subordinate to the general effect. Two methods were adopted—the one, of covering the walls with large subjects, such as the pictures on the interior of the Temple of Theseus, and the Stoa Poecile at Athens; the other, of small pictures or arabesques, composed of an infinity of caprices, such as those which are seen on the ruins of the Baths of Titus at Rome. In Italy, these correspond to the large frescoes, tapestries, and works of the *machinisti*, and to the arabesques of the Loggie of the Vatican, and of the followers of the school of Raphael. In most of the palaces or houses of the golden *Cinque Cento* age, it will be found that the pictures have been painted to fit the spaces, and to suit the apartments; being, in fact, made for the purpose in hand. The harmony that results, of course, produces the effect of one great and striking impression. In a modern room, on the contrary, the pictures, of all sizes and styles, generally look like so many black spots on the wall—discordant and irregular—more especially if they be oil-paintings, and notwithstanding that they may be from the hands of very good masters. This is so far seen to be the case, that few pictures are admitted into drawing-rooms, simply, we presume,

because it is felt that they cannot compete for brilliancy of effect with the glass mirrors and china ornaments which surround them.

But there is one style of Art to which the genius of the great Prince of Painting has added a new soul, and a charm all his own—a charm which, with all the boundless fancy and exquisite grace of the antique, we look for in vain in the works of other masters, either before or since his time,—we mean the now neglected Arabesque, which reached its acme in the immortal works in the Loggie of the Vatican, of the Farnesina, of the Villa Madonna, and of a hundred other palaces and mansions of Italy, which, if an ancient Roman were to be resuscitated from the dead, would remind him of his own Augustan age. After the lapse of three centuries and a half, these wonderful works are still the inexhaustible store of modern decorative Art, the source from which our designers steal the "learned fancies" which, *certainly*, never would have originated in their own heads, and which, under a thin disguise, meet us on all the best carving, enamelling, majolica, porcelain, earthenware, mosaic, tapestry, bronze, glass engraving,—in a word, wherever decorative design aspires or rises to the region of the beautiful. The secret of combining elegant classical forms with a sentiment that is not classical, but more ideal still, has been first pointed out to moderns by Raphael in these productions. For instance, the exquisite majolica plates by Jean Louis Hamon in the International Exhibition, of which M. Bally was the polite and eloquent expounder: in one we see, on a background of intense azure as deep as the vault of heaven, a figure driving the world through space; in another, a young girl, seated like a Vesta before a gridiron, on which is being slowly consumed a heart, which she is regarding with a look of deep dejection, while, at the same time, she slowly fans the flame. Again, a winged genius, perched on the outside of the globe, is scattering handfuls of golden grain to the flocks of birds that gather around her. Here Cupid, tethered to a post, flies, with outstretched hands, to seize (but in vain) the spoonful of smoking porridge which Venus archly proffers to him from a smoking bowl; and here he darts through the sky, with bow in hand, in pursuit of butterflies, who fall beneath the arrows of the insatiate archer. In these, and a dozen other similar devices, a touching allegory, or a deep sentiment, is created by the simplest means. To the *simplex munditiis* of the ancients is added the tender allegory of Christianity—a union which produces an irresistibly charming effect, and the first example of which was exhibited to the world in Raphael's Arabesques. Examine the copies in the South Kensington Museum, or the beautiful suite in oil colours belonging to Mr. Woodgate, of Holborn, where the virtues, the seasons, and the ages of life mingle their various emblems. Here we see symbols of the senses, or of the elements; there the instruments of the Arts and sciences; elsewhere, every description of personified ideas become veritable symbolical pictures, the creation of which could only belong to the genius of an historical painter. Such, for example, is the beautiful pilaster or column of the Seasons. Let us quote the eloquent words of Quatremère de Quincy:—"At the summit is represented Spring, under the emblem of two lovers reposing upon flowers, and embracing in the midst of myrtles. Summer is represented below, by the goddess of plenty, crowned with ears of corn, and surrounded by fruits and children. A vine stem which supports this column symbolises forth the season of Vintage; numerous children are occupied, some in climbing its branches to gather the grapes, others receiving the plucked fruit, others pressing the grapes with their feet. The gift of Bacchus flows on all sides, falling from one vase into another, which is supported by the figure of the constellation of Winter. The cold Pleiades, surrounded by the fierce children of Boreas, breathes forth frost; we see her scattering with both hands flakes of snow, covering the earth. Cold, or Winter, personified, is also recognised in the figure of a man, entirely enveloped in drapery, who, seated between two bare trees, terminates at the foot the composition and the allegory.

With what an ingenious variety of ideas has

Raphael, on another arabesque column, represented the ages of life under the emblem of the Fates. We see Clotho under the figure of a young girl at her work, but with that inattention which generally characterises the spring of life; she diverts her eyes from her spinning, to look at Love, who holds her spindle. Below her, Lachesis, with more settled countenance, seems attentive to her work: this is the age of labour, and of anxious forethought. She follows her thread with her eyes, and sees it fall beneath the scissors of the austere Atropos. The latter is seated on a kind of cenotaph; a death's head is at her feet; her features are those of an aged, but robust woman. This figure is, perhaps, in the whole poetical and figurative language of pictorial design, the best model that one could adopt for a representation of death, without offering a loathsome image to the eyes.

We have said enough to explain how great is the work of which we write, when we cannot cite for the three centuries since anything comparable with the Loggie arabesques. We may also add that, with the exception of the copies in distemper colours now in the South Kensington Museum, which were painted at Rome for the late Mr. Nash, the architect, we know of no others of the original size, save the present set of ten pilasters, painted in oil colours upon canvas, and which are now on sale at Mr. Woodgate's, 95, Holborn.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—A new addition to the architecture of this city will soon be in progress. A structure is to be raised for the education of orphans, to be named after the donor and founder, Sir William Fettes. The style of the architecture is, we believe, the first of its kind introduced into Edinburgh, namely, the early French. David Bryce, R.S.A., has produced the design with scrupulous care, and the building will be commenced ere long. When finished, it will be an imposing ornament to the north-west quarter of the town, where it is to be situated.—It has been suggested that the national monument on the Carlton Hill, better known as "the modern ruin," might be put to some service in connection with the Prince Consort memorial. How this proposal is to be disposed of remains yet to be seen.

GLASGOW.—The "Institute of the Fine Arts" opened its second annual exhibition at the commencement of the month. Among the artists represented are Messrs. Stanfield, Roberts, McCulloch, Bough, Nicol, and many other well-known names. Some foreign artists have contributed, and the display of water-colour pictures is good. The department of sculpture includes productions from the hands of Foley, Calder Marshall, Brodie, and others. The entire collection of works exhibited amounts to between seven and eight hundred.—Another painted window, from the designs of Henry Aimmiller, has been added to the cathedral. The design is in three compartments, and illustrates the story of Esther. This design has been placed in the nave.—A valuable collection of pictures and statuary is to be added to the corporation Art-galleries, the gift of the late Mrs. Douglas, of Orbiston. The nature of this bequest has, however, not come to hand.

DUNFERMLINE.—Mr. Francis Grant, R.A., some time ago received a commission from the gentlemen of the western district of Fife to paint a portrait of the Earl of Elgin, with a view to its presentation to the corporation of this diminutive "city," whose local connections with his lordship are well known. The picture was permanently hung up some weeks since, and subsequently exhibited to the public.

LIVERPOOL.—The Academy has this year awarded its prize of £50 to Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A., for his picture of 'The Trawlers,' and the Society of Arts has selected the 'First Sense of Sorrow,' by Mr. J. Sant, A.R.A., as entitled to the prize of £50 offered by that Institution.—Lord Stanley presided at the annual meeting held, towards the end of October last, for the distribution of prizes to the students in connection with the School of Art at the Liverpool Institute. In the course of his address, his lordship remarked that he was not indispensed to find fault with the amount of government aid granted to schools; but he regarded it as a temporary measure, and considered the safest rule to be that State aid should be given for educational purposes only in case of necessity, and only where it is clear that, without such assistance, early instruction could not be obtained. Other institutions for educational objects

not less important to the public, such as our medical and agricultural schools, would have an equal right with Art-schools to ask for government aid, but they neither receive nor require it. He therefore trusted the time would come when Art would be independent of all extraneous support but what might be derived from private liberality.

BIRMINGHAM.—The exhibition of the Birmingham Society of Artists, opened in the autumn, proved almost, if not quite, equal to any of its predecessors. Among the pictures lent for the occasion we observed Elmore's 'Rescue,' the property of Mr. R. G. Reeves; Phillip's portrait of the late Prince Consort, belonging to Mr. Gillott; David Roberts's 'St. Paul's, from Waterloo Bridge,' and 'The Houses of Parliament, from the River,' both belonging to Mr. Charles Lucas; Turner's 'Going to the Ball—Venice,' and 'Returning from the Ball—Venice,' the property of Mr. Gillott; H. O'Neil's 'Margaret,' and C. Baxter's 'Skylark,' both lent by Mr. S. Mayou; J. C. Hook's 'Acre by the Sea,' lent by Mr. J. Kelk; R. S. Lauder's 'Wise and Foolish Virgins,' the property of Mr. G. Matthews; Dobson's 'Hagar and Ishmael cast out,' and J. Burr's 'Little Toy-Merchant,' and 'The Picture Book,' from the collection of Mr. W. Oslear; two drawings of 'Fruit,' by W. Hunt, and Turner's famous drawing of 'Ehrenbreitstein,' belonging to Mr. Gillott. The gallery contained many other works which have been seen in the London exhibitions; for example, J. Gilbert's 'Cardinal Wolsey and the Duke of Buckingham,' 'A. Johnston's 'John Bunyan in Bedford Jail,' G. Smith's 'Seven Ages,' Niemann's 'Launch of the Great Eastern,' Duffield's 'The Keeper's Home,' Pidding's 'Conflicting Accounts of the Battle,' P. F. Poole's 'Goths in Italy,' Miss E. Osborn's 'Escape of Lord Nithsdale from the Tower,' M. Anthony's 'The Pedlar's Visit,' T. Brooks's 'Saved from the Wreck,' E. W. Cooke's 'Rock of Alicante,' G. Lance's 'Gleam of Sunshine.' Other works which attracted general attention may be pointed out, such as A. Gilbert's 'Evening on the Lake of Bala,' T. M. Joy's 'Golden Hours,' F. R. Lee's 'Tangiers,' S. Bough's 'Dunkerque, from the Lower Harbour,' W. Hemsley's 'A Ride in a Wheelbarrow,' E. Hayes's 'Mont Orgueil, Jersey,' H. J. Boddington's 'On the River Mole,' H. Le Jeune's 'Calvary,' H. Dawson's 'Evening,' G. Cole's 'Interior of a Welsh Shed, with Cattle Reposing,' T. H. Maguire's 'Matilda relating Northam's History,' J. B. Pyne's 'The Harbour at Genoa,' H. Moore's 'Midsummer—a Shady Nook,' T. J. Soper's 'Scene near Gomshall, Surrey,' J. Tennant's 'Lynnmouth, Devon,' A. McCallum's 'Daily Shadows,' Miss R. Solomon's 'An Appointment,' W. Hemsley's 'Come along!' Vicat Cole's 'The Brook,' C. J. Lewis's 'The Village Blacksmith,' W. H. Knight's 'Knuckle Down.' The local artists, among whom we may place W. and F. Underhill, and T. P. Hall, though they are now resident in London, A. Wivell, W. Gill, H. Birtles, C. T. Burt, F. Henshaw, A. E. Everitt, W. Hall, H. Harris, H. H. Horsley, H. H. Lines, J. P. Pettitt, C. W. Radclyffe, H. Valter, and others, contributed effectively to the interest of the exhibition.

—Some of our contemporaries have lately stated that the School of Art in this great manufacturing town is in an unsatisfactory condition financially; but we are glad to know that such is not the case; on the contrary, the increased receipts of late are enabling the committee to discharge some liabilities of considerable standing. Our contemporaries have evidently confounded this school with the Wolverhampton institution.

LEEDS.—Some short time since, the committee of the School of Art in this town gave notice that funds had been placed in their hands for the encouragement of drawing in public or elementary schools. It appears the committee were left to dispose of the money in the way they considered would best effect the object, and accordingly they passed the following resolution:—"That in order to offer an honourable inducement to national and parochial schoolmasters to take an interest in the drawing-classes of their schools, a prize be established, to be called the 'Public School Prize,' to consist of five guineas annually, after each examination of the School of Art, to the school having the largest number of pupils who pass examination before the inspector for Art." Mr. Tinker, head-master of Messrs. Marshall's school, Holbeck, has been the first to gain the prize, thirty-two of his pupils having passed a successful examination.

BOLTON.—The statue of Samuel Crompton, the inventor of the spinning mule, has been inaugurated at Bolton. The cost of the statue is £1,800. It stands in Nelson Square, on a site given by the Earl of Bradford. The material is bronze, electro-cast by Messrs. Elkington & Co. The pedestal is of Portland stone, and the whole stands about 20 feet high, the statue being 8 feet in height. It is the work of Mr. Calder Marshall, R.A., and is highly creditable

to the accomplished sculptor. The project of commemorating one of the greatest benefactors of the human family—a man who, though he enriched millions, lived and died poor—originated with Mr. Gilbert French, a Scottish man some time settled at Bolton, the productions of whose looms, chiefly for ecclesiastical uses, are known and valued throughout Europe. The inauguration was a grand affair, at which all the local authorities and many eminent strangers attended.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The annual examination of the pupils in the School of Art in this town, by Mr. Eyre Crowe, one of the Government Inspectors, was made on the 17th and 18th of October. Nine students were awarded medals, of which one young lady (Miss Edith Cupper) gained two. Her drawings, with those of four other "medallists," were selected for next year's national competition. Two pupils received "honourable mention." It seems that the rooms occupied by this school since its formation, in 1855, have become too small for its requirements; the more advanced students, especially, are compelled to pursue their work under considerable difficulties. There is, however, some hope that more commodious apartments may be obtained in the Hartley Institute—the fine building erected in the lower part of the town, near the quay, and which Lord Palmerston recently inaugurated.

SCARBOROUGH.—Mr. Vassali, a resident of this town, has recently acquired in Italy a series of designs and sketches, which he assumes to be the work of Giovanni Batista Carloni, a Genoese painter who lived in the seventeenth century. Their owner considers these sketches—about one hundred in number, of all sizes—to be those from which the frescoes in the nave of the cathedral of the Guastato, in Genoa, were painted by Batista Carloni and his elder brother, whose name was also Giovanni. The task of cleaning and restoring them, which Mr. Vassali undertook when he had got them home, was one of considerable labour, though not of much difficulty; as their condition, beyond accumulated dirt, was good. A local correspondent, who has seen the works, informs us they are most interesting, and excellent both in colour and drawing.

COVENTRY.—The eighteenth annual meeting of the supporters of the School of Art here was held in the month of October. The report brought forward on the occasion calls especial attention to the decided improvement in the drawings executed in competition by the pupils; Mr. S. A. Hart, R.A., the Government Inspector who examined the works, having awarded thirty medals, besides making "honourable mention" of twenty-four others. Six more medals, it is understood, would have been granted, had the rules of the Department of Art permitted such an addition. The new building for the use of this school, to which reference was made in a recent number of our journal, is proceeding towards completion.

CARLISLE.—The prizes awarded at the last annual examination of the pupils in the Carlisle School of Art were recently presented to them, at a public meeting, by Mr. W. Lawson, one of the members in parliament for that city. Two of the students obtained national medallions and free studentships, five medals were awarded, besides books and instruments, and eight students were adjudged to be entitled to "honourable mention." This school, we are sorry to know, is not free from debt.

MAIDSTONE.—A very elegant drinking fountain is being erected in the Market Place of this town—a central position. It is from the designs of the late Mr. John Thomas, and is the gift of Mr. Alexander Randall to the corporation. On a lofty square pedestal is a Gothic canopy of open-work, beneath which is placed a statue of the Queen in her robes, bearing a sceptre in one hand, and a wreath of laurel in the other. The statue is executed in Sicilian marble. At the angles of the canopy is a single column of red granite, surmounted by a winged angel. The entire height of the fountain is considerably above thirty feet.

KIDDERMINSTER.—At the last examination of the pupils in this School of Art, Mr. Eyre Crowe awarded ten medals. It has only been established a few months.

NOTTINGHAM.—A new building for the School of Art, to include an exhibition-room of considerable size, is to be erected here, on a plot of ground adjoining the Arboretum, which has been presented to the committee by the corporation.

BATH.—Mr. Noble, the sculptor, has received a commission to execute a colossal bust of the late Prince Consort, to be placed in the new wing of the Bath United Hospital. The cost of the work is to be defrayed by private subscription.

HASTINGS.—A clock-tower, as a memorial of the late Prince Consort, is to be built here. The site for it has been marked out at the Priory Obelisk, and the work will be proceeded with at once.

NOTABILIA

OF

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

NAIRN'S SCOTTISH FLOOR-CLOTH.

The very useful manufacture so well known as floor-cloth, as it was represented in the Exhibition of 1851, did not show that the experience of fifty years had effected any decided real improvement in either the processes of production or their results. What were then held to be novelties in patterns were introduced from time to time, and different manufacturers were considered to have their productions characterised by various degrees of manufacturing excellence. But the principle upon which they all worked was one and the same, so that there was no essential difference between their respective productions. Floor-cloth was made by printing or stamping a number of small dots, arranged in patterns, in various colours, upon a neutral ground. Thus, not above two-thirds of the printed surface were actually covered with the paint of the patterns; and, consequently, floor-cloth painting, unless seen from some distance, was at best but a rough affair. It would be a necessary condition of this process that the colours should be limited in their number, and that there should be but little gradation of tints; the painting in separate dots also, and the diffusion of the ground tint over the whole surface between the dots of colour, destroy all delicacy of tone as well as all richness of colour. So long as this system of manufacture was identified with floor-cloth making, so long it was impossible for any great improvements to be introduced—or, at any rate, an improved system of dotting was all that could even be aimed at.

Since 1851 a most important fundamental change has been introduced and matured by the enterprising and able Scottish firm of Michael Nairn & Co., of Kirkcaldy; and now floor-cloth, having got over the long-established condition of dot printing, has demonstrated that it may be produced with all the richness, the minuteness, and the finish of velvet-pile carpet. The Messrs. Nairn have devised and adopted a system of printing which enables them to introduce any number of colours and any variety and combination of tints, and also to impart to their designs a clearness of definition with a depth of tone absolutely impossible of attainment by dot printing. The new floor-cloth presents a solid surface of colour, in actual contact, which entirely covers, and therefore completely conceals, the ground painting; thus at one and the same time affording facilities for the production of a much higher class of designs, and affording a greatly superior and much more durable surface to the wearer. And the inventors of this real improvement in an important and most useful manufacture, have not been slow to carry out in the matter of design the advantages which they themselves had introduced by their novel producing processes. Being enabled to produce far better designs than heretofore had been associated with floor-cloth, they have executed examples of several varieties of their designs, and placed them in the Exhibition. It is in this matter of design, and in those improvements in processes which lead up to and facilitate the introduction of a higher and more artistic class of designs, that the *Art-Journal* takes an especial interest; and that interest is always most warmly felt when any particular improvement is effected in a manufacture that tells upon the public taste, and through its own elevated character is calculated to raise the standard of the general feeling for Art-manufactures. And floor-cloth, an article in common use, if it has something to tell besides the mere fact of its practical adaptability to its proper functions, is one of those things which familiarise the persons who daily use and look at it with its own Art-character. And so it takes a part, however slight that part may be, in national Art-education of the broadest and also the most effective kind; and perhaps this practical kind of lesson may effect even more than agencies that claim much higher respect, and are supposed to be endowed with far greater powers. We believe that the Art-education of

the people will be best conducted by providing for them common things of a true Art-character,—by causing them to live, as it were, in a true Art atmosphere, surrounded with objects of daily use and experience, all of them bearing the genuine Art impress.

With a few exceptional examples, which they have felt constrained to produce in compliance with the requirements of certain peculiar tastes and ideas, the designs exhibited by the Messrs. Nairn shew that they understand and have studied those primary conditions of high excellence—appropriateness and consistency. Floor-cloths are *flat surfaces*; and the designs for their decoration should convey that same leading idea of flatness of surface. They ought to appear *inlaid*, and never to suggest the suspicion of being in relief. Such designs as would be well adapted for encaustic tiles, or for any mosaic work, with simple panellings, are equally suitable for floor-cloths; these are the designs that prevail in the Scottish manufactures, and they are executed in great variety, and always with happy effect. In order to realise the full value of these admirable designs, they require to be seen in contrast with certain other patterns, in very decided favour with some manufacturers, which look as if the grand motive of a floor-cloth was to render walking a most afflictive, if not an impossible, achievement.

Some few specimens of floor-cloths having tile patterns appeared in the Exhibition, in the execution of which there are some laudable attempts to emulate the example set by the Messrs. Nairn; but the Scottish firm is without any real rival whatever; and, more than this, to them belongs the merit of having first projected every important improvement which has been introduced into their manufacture. We must not omit to add that in the treatment of imitative marbles and woods, and in chintz patterns, the Scottish floor-cloth maintains the same supremacy as distinguishes their original designs of a higher order. Altogether, this is one of the most gratifying instances of superior excellence in a manufacture that the Exhibition adduced, in favourable contrast with its predecessor of 1851; and it is with sincere pleasure that we are able, in such decided terms, to record our admiration for a staple article of British industry.

PRODUCTIONS OF THE NORTH BRITISH INDIAN RUBBER COMPANY.

Very curious is the tenacity with which a name, when once it has been accepted as the proper designation of any particular object or substance, adheres to that same object or substance. A singularly characteristic example of this property of names presents itself to our notice in the title—*North British Rubber Company*. The Company, with the strictest propriety, have assumed that title, from the circumstance that their productions are all composed of *Indian rubber*—not, indeed, that this well-known substance is employed by the Company for the purpose of erasing the lines that have been drawn by black-lead pencils, or that it has anything whatever to do with the rubbing process from whence it has derived its name. On the contrary, the “rubber” in the hands of this skilful and enterprising association is applied to purposes the most diverse, not only from all rubbing, but also from one another. And yet the material retains its original designation; and the Company which has elevated this material into forming the basis of one of the staple national industries of Great Britain, is the “North British Rubber Company.”

Indian rubber is indeed an elastic substance in more senses than one, since it has been demonstrated to be applicable to almost every variety of use. The Company, whose admirable productions we include with sincere satisfaction amongst the *Notabilia* of this year's Great Exhibition, have not, by any means, desired to exhaust the capabilities of the rubber; and yet they have already produced from it a multiplicity of objects. And, whatever the nature of the object that has been produced, this Company has invariably attained to a very high excellence in their works. Thus, by taking in hand a material of unsurpassed capabilities, by treating it with consummate skill, by applying it to a variety of purposes all of them at once important in themselves and

exactly suited to the natural qualities of the rubber, and by resolutely determining in every thing to aspire to perfection, the North British Rubber Company has won for itself a distinguished reputation, and has taken an honourable position in the front rank of British manufacturers.

The Company has been formed upwards of seven years, and its operations are conducted upon a most important scale. It is able to refer to this very significant testimony to the principles upon which it is conducted—its productions always command a better price than similar objects manufactured by other establishments. And (what is especially to be noted by the *Art-Journal*) in design, as well as in workmanship, the productions of this Company habitually evince their superiority. We have carefully examined the specimens exhibited, and in every instance we have found that skilled workmanship was associated with well-studied and thoroughly appropriate design. And, more than this, the Rubber Company in their exhibited works have shown their desire to extend the range of their productions, in order to include objects that may admit a high degree of artistic decoration. Accordingly, with buffers for railway carriages and locomotives, with hose for fire-engines and for every other conceivable purpose, with belting, and valves, and packing, and springs, *et id genus omne*, and with overshoes also and waterproof shoes and boots which certainly cannot be any further improved, the Rubber Company have exhibited combs in great variety, watch-chains, walking-sticks, &c., &c. The combs demand especial notice both from the excellence of their workmanship, and the beauty of their forms. They include many truly beautiful varieties of most artistic designs for the combs that are now worn by ladies in their hair.

This Company has manufactured upwards of ten millions of pairs of overshoes during the last five years. They include about eighty varieties of patterns, and are of every degree of lightness, and also strong and solid, such as the miner may wear without any other covering for his feet. Boots, in like manner, are formed from the rubber, suitable for the most fastidious wearer, and equally ready to satisfy the requirements of the sportsman, the fisherman, and the sailor.

In these days of wonderful machinery, the quality of his belting is a consideration of the gravest importance to the engineer. The Rubber Company understands this, and in its belting—one of its principal productions—a complete mastery is shown over the materials worked. The rubber is used in layers, alternating with other layers or strata of cotton-duck of truly extraordinary strength, the whole being cased in rubber, and consolidated by the process of manufacture into a mass pre-eminently qualified to discharge with perfect efficiency the duties that are required from it. This belting is perfectly even on both surfaces, and true on its edges, which are cut square—qualities of no little value when the belting is in action.

The processes for preparing the rubber enable the North British Company entirely to avoid the use of solvents, and thus the strength and elasticity of the natural substance is unimpaired; and then the “vulcanising” process secures the prepared rubber from all risk of change or decay, as well in steam and boiling liquids, as in cold water. Accordingly, the hose made by this Company is singularly valuable, and especially in the instance of fire-engines. It may be sufficient for us to state that this hose is made capable of resisting a pressure of two hundred and fifty pounds on the square inch, and that it never leaks, nor does it require drying after use. Again, to show how well it understands its work, the railway buffers made by this Company, when exposed in an oil bath to a temperature of four hundred and eighty degrees of heat, were perfect in every respect, while their rivals had succumbed and literally had melted away. It would be an easy matter, in like manner, to follow out into the details peculiar to itself each individual production of the North British Rubber Company. We are content, however, to leave our readers to infer what may be the character of the other works of this Company from the sketch that we have already given. The case that stood

in the Eastern Annexe—in itself a museum of Indian rubber—was distinguished by an uniformity of excellence. Never were such elegant overshoes seen as it displayed; and combs, brushes, valves, hose—all were equally first-rate. And these were true specimens of the Company's habitual manufactures. The same things may be had at all times, and in any quantities. And we are glad to know that the Company has just formed an establishment in London, where the specimen-collections of the Exhibition may be always seen repeated on a large scale; and where the Company's able superintendent, Mr. Sexton, will, doubtless, find that he has a sufficient amount of occupation to satisfy even his active and enterprising spirit.

METAL BEDSTEADS BY MESSRS. PEYTON.

This is not the first time that the productions of Peyton and Peyton have attracted the attention of the *Art-Journal*. And, having in time past noticed the ability with which these manufacturers had treated the objects to which they had then devoted their special attention, we now regard with peculiar satisfaction their sustained efforts to advance from one stage to another in the path of progressive improvement. The specimens of metal bedsteads—very important articles of decorative furniture—exhibited by the Messrs. Peyton, are distinguished by a series of new patented improvements which, while they all tend to produce better bedsteads, are also available for increasing the artistic effect of the designs, and for admitting the introduction of fresh adornment. This association between true decoration and practical improvement is always the sign of real progress in manufacture, and it is what must always command our cordial sympathy. Ornamentation is always very desirable, if it be true to its professed character; but that is the noblest ornamentation which is worked out as a condition or as an accessory of some practical improvement. The patents of the Messrs. Peyton are models in their own class. They set forth fresh appliances and contrivances, or they adjust existing modes of construction and adaptation upon new principles, and all this is done to make these bedsteads at once more perfect and much handsomer as pieces of furniture. The exhibited examples illustrated all the fresh inventions, and certainly they appeared to combine every quality of excellence, being at once light and sufficiently massive, strong without even a trace of effort to obtain strength, admirably adapted to secure rest, and in both form and decoration thoroughly effective.

The same manufacturers have introduced corresponding improvements into their hat and umbrella stands, formed of wrought or malleable cast-iron. Thus, they are extending the application of their judicious improvements, so that eventually they may be enabled to attain to very high excellence in the production of various articles of furniture in metal-work. It is probable that still more will be done in the course of the next few years by these earnest thinkers and workers; meanwhile, they have accomplished much already; and we both commend them for what they have done, and we urge them to persevere in thinking out and working out even better things than their present best.

PULPIT ROBES, BY MIDDLEMAS, OF EDINBURGH.

In Class XXVII. there was a case that attracted much attention, from the singular excellence of both design and workmanship displayed in the production of its contents. This case, together with other objects all equally good of their several kinds, contained a group of specimens of pulpit robes, manufactured at Edinburgh, from the richest materials, and in a style that raises them to the highest rank of works of their order. It is always satisfactory to us to notice whatever is eminently deserving, and particularly what evidently shows that thought and care and sound judgment have been applied with success to effect the improvement of an important manufacture. We have carefully examined the productions of Mr. Middlemas, and in consequence of the satisfactory impression produced by them, we have much pleasure in according to his case a place amongst our *Notabilia*.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL.

Engraved by J. Cousen.

STANFIELD'S fine picture of this subject, engraved some years ago for the Art-Union of London, has made St. Michael's Mount familiar in many households, both at home and in the colonies of Great Britain. It differs from Turner's not only, as might be expected, in treatment, but likewise in the point from which the view is taken. Stanfield appears to have made his sketch from the commencement of the causeway that connects the mainland with the Mount; his picture may consequently be called a front view: Turner's sketch was drawn from a considerable distance to the right, and presents a side view with a large expanse of sands. In the former, the Mount has a solid, bold, and rugged appearance—all its hard, granite-like features stand prominently forward; in the latter they are softened and almost lost in the interval of distance, and by the mellow atmospheric light the artist has thrown over them.

Turner painted the picture in the year 1834, but it seems scarcely to belong to that period of his Art: it has less of the poetical, and often extravagant, fancy in which he then indulged, and yet is not so entirely naturalistic as his earliest works: it appears to partake of the character of both. A rain-storm has passed over the land seawards, leaving the "tail" of a rainbow behind it; the sun is breaking out from behind the clouds on the right, and its beams have caught the monastic ruins on the crown of the rock, have lighted up the base, and are reflected on the wet sands, and the near waves retiring from the shore. Light is evidently the quality aimed at by the painter, and he has produced it with wonderful success. To avoid a uniform weakness of tone, some dark boats are introduced in the right foreground, balanced by a huge buoy on the left; the reflection of these objects enabled the artist to give increased depth of colour to the whole of the foreground, the figures judiciously aiding his purpose. Both here, and in the middle distance, where some fishing boats and a brig are beached, a sale of fish is going on.

Compared with most of Turner's marine subjects, and still more so when contrasted with the works of our best sea-painters, this picture, which is a small one, would be considered rather weak and ineffective; it is not so in reality: but when an artist works with sunshine, or light, for his key-note, so to speak, and especially when, as in this subject, there is an almost unbroken flat surface—no objects whose height or bulk would account for, or permit the introduction of, a mass of shadow—such apparent weakness is inevitable, unless colour be forced.

This picturesque rock is supposed to be the place mentioned by Diodorus Siculus under the name of Ietis, where the Britons refined their tin and cast it into ingots. In 1044 Edward the Confessor gave the Mount, with all its appendages, to a brotherhood of Benedictine monks. When the alien priories, as they were termed, were suppressed by Edward III., this institution was included in the decree. Henry VI. restored the monastery as a religious house, giving the supervision and emoluments of the estate to King's College, Cambridge. The rock, small as it is—about a mile in circumference—and insignificant as a possession, has often been an object of contest: Henry de la Pomeroy, a supporter of Prince, afterwards King, John, drove the monks from it and held it for the prince when the latter endeavoured to seize the crown of England during the captivity of his brother, Cœur de Lion: when, however, the royal army appeared before it, Pomeroy capitulated, and the monks were restored. During the war of the Roses, the Lancastrian Earl of Oxford got possession of it, but surrendered it to the Yorkists after a siege of several months. The last siege it underwent was in the time of Charles I., when the Royalists, under Sir F. Bassett, surrendered it to the Parliamentary forces.

The picture forms a part of Mr. Sheepshanks' noble gift to the nation.

E. M. WARD'S PICTURE

OF

LOUIS XVI. IN THE PRISON OF THE TEMPLE.*

FEW persons, we believe, will be inclined to dispute the assertion, that in this picture, and others of a similar character, Mr. E. M. Ward has proved himself one of the greatest historical painters of our time, even taking the continental schools into union with our own in determining the judgment. It must not, however, be forgotten by those who remember what has been done of late in Germany, France, Belgium, and also, as the International Exhibition showed us, in some of the more northern countries of Europe, as well as in Spain, and who may be disposed to place Mr. Ward's comparatively small canvases in unfavourable competition with the far larger works of foreigners, that size alone is no evidence of merit in a picture, but often the reverse. Haydon found out this truth, and to his cost, yet he refused to act upon it, and—perished. Had he acknowledged his mistake, and curbed his ambition to paint in the grand style, he would not, in all probability, have come to so untimely an end. But there are people, unfortunately, who are apt to measure the worth of a picture by the dimensions of its surface, and consider that it must of necessity be a great work because it covers a large extent of canvas: it would be ridiculous to argue on such a fallacy.

Admitting the eminence justly attained by many continental painters for specific qualities of Art, it is scarcely a question if Mr. Ward falls very short of any of these qualities; while in one, colour, he stands almost unrivalled. Like should be compared with like: he is not a painter of sacred history, and, therefore, it would be unjust to "pitch" him against Cornelius, Hess, Overbeck, Bendemann, and other great men of the German school, nor with Ary Scheffer of the French school: he is not a battle painter, and, consequently, cannot enter the lists with Horace Vernet; but he may take his stand boldly with Paul Delaroche, Robert Fleury, Gérôme, Kaulbaeh,—in some of the latter's smaller works,—Schrader, H. Leys, Gallait, with a few other foreign notabilities; and in comparison with these Mr. Ward has nothing to fear, but everything to expect as regards a favourable verdict. Neither is there any among his own countrymen with whom he may be brought into competition, for he has taken his own individual place in our school, which he maintains without a rival.

Remarks have sometimes been made that Mr. Ward's pictures are generally limited to one or two pages of history, such as the latter days of the Stuart dynasty in this kingdom, or the period of the great French Revolution; and hence it has been argued, most absurdly, that he is an artist whose ideas cannot expand beyond this circle. But if he had not painted works which refute the assertion, such as 'The South Sea Bubble,' 'Dr. Johnson in Lord Chesterfield's Ante-room,' 'The Fall of Clarendon,'—all, we grant, pictures of his earlier time,—it should be remembered that artists, as a rule, always have favourite subjects; that is, subjects in which they feel themselves more at home, and with which study, from choice, has rendered them more familiar; but it by no means follows as a necessary sequence that an equal amount of success would not attend their efforts in more varied essays, if the same amount of thought and skill were given to them. No one objects to Landseer because he almost invariably represents dogs and horses; nor with Webster, because he associates himself with mischievous or idle little boys, and aged schoolmistresses; nor with Frith, because he is familiar with a mob of well-dressed people at Ramsgate or Epsom. Every artist must have his speciality, even when he roams into what may be considered as to him a foreign region.

Such a picture as that which has drawn forth these observations would have fulfilled but a very small part of its mission, had it been in the keeping of its owner, to delight only him and his friends. Justice to the painter and duty to the public required its reproduction for the benefit of all, and it was right that it should be placed in the hands of our leading mezzotinto engraver, Mr. S. Cousins. As a result we have a print which will be looked upon as one of the most perfect examples of our time, even if not entitled, as we believe it to be, to take precedence of all other historical subjects. The picture was exhibited in the Academy in 1851, and was suggested by a passage in Lamartine's "History of the Girondins," where,

* THE ROYAL FAMILY OF FRANCE IN THE PRISON OF THE TEMPLE. Engraved by S. Cousins, R.A., from the Picture by E. M. Ward, R.A. Published by E. Gambart and Co., London.

in describing the imprisonment of Louis XVI. and his family by the red republicans of France, he says:—"The queen was obliged to mend the king's coat while he was asleep, in order that he might not be obliged to wear a vest in holes." The deposed monarch is represented sleeping calmly on a couch, habited in a morning gown, and with his face turned towards the other occupants of the lofty dungeon. In a window, from which the light pours in upon the unfortunate group, stands a small crucifix. Seated close by his side sits his queen, Marie Antoinette, the subject of Burke's eloquent eulogium, in his "Reflections on the French Revolution;" the garment on which she is working has fallen from her hands, and remains negligently in her lap, for her thoughts,—soul-crushing thoughts are they,—are with her husband, upon whose face she gazes with profound melancholy, an expression of intense sadness too deep for tears, too sorrowful for a ray of hope; 'tis a noble face, though its beauty is marred by trouble. On her right hand is a table, whereon her workbox is placed, and a small vase containing flowers to which the dauphiness, a lovely young girl, is giving a fresh supply of water: this is a very touching and poetical episode in the composition. In the immediate foreground is the king's sister, Madame Elizabeth, an exceedingly handsome woman; she is knitting, and stoops to reach something from her work-box on the floor. Between her and the table the young dauphin has thrown himself on the ground, repairing his shuttlecock: the employment had, doubtless, a meaning in the artist's mind; trifling in itself, he probably intended the shuttlecock to signify or symbolise the fickleness of fortune, and the unstable nature of human greatness. In an adjoining apartment, to which access is gained by three deep steps, and from which the room where the royal family is confined is separated only by a curtain across the doorway, now drawn aside, is seen a group of republican *sans culottes* acting as gaolers, though they are now carousing and playing cards: one of them, with a pipe in his mouth, peers behind the curtain to watch the prisoners.

Such are the materials adopted by Mr. Ward for his remarkably interesting and powerfully-expressed picture. Of Mr. Cousins's engraving too much cannot be said; the translation is not only most faithful to the original, but it has merits peculiarly its own, blending the most subtle and delicate tints of colour in complete harmony with the deep-toned masses. Brilliance is attained without foreing any especial points, or, as is frequently the case with mezzotinto engraving, without producing spottiness. Such a result could only be reached by the most consummate skill and knowledge of the art, united with true artistic feeling. Mr. Cousins has added to his long and well-earned reputation by this fine print, and Mr. Ward may congratulate himself that his touching and beautiful picture was placed with an engraver so capable of doing full justice to it.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—A revolution in industrial painting is reported by M. Moigno in the *Cosmos*. On the 18th ult. he visited the electro-metallurgical workshops of M. Oudry, at Auteuil, who some time ago showed how galvanic or electrolytic copper can be reduced to an impalpable powder, so as to form the basis of a new paint. A later idea is that of laying on this copper dust on the coating of benzole, always put on the surface of casts before covering them with copper by the galvanoplastic process. He has eventually succeeded in obtaining a mode of painting by means of galvanic copper, applicable to wood, plaster, cement, steel, iron, the exterior of ships, &c., giving them a covering perfectly dry and inodorous after twenty-four hours, taking a very agreeable lustre, and susceptible of receiving, by means of chemical reagents, all the tones of bronze, &c., which may be given to pure copper. M. Oudry has also succeeded in combining with the benzole, in addition to a very small quantity of copper, the colours which have lead, zinc, &c., as a base. As benzole, from its conversion into aniline for the manufacture of dyes, is becoming expensive, M. Oudry was led to try mineral oils, now so abundant, and found them quite as effectual as benzole. These hydrocarbons will thus replace the expensive drying vegetable oils if M. Oudry's process be generally available. M. Moigno states that a very agreeable green has been given to the balconies of the New Theatre Français by the new method.

TURKEY is following in the wake of other nations, and announces an Exhibition of Industrial Art, which is to be held in Stamboul during the coming *Ramadan*, or great Mohammedan fast.



J. M. W. TURNER, R. A. PINX.

T. COOPER, SCULPTOR.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL.

FROM THE OFFICE IN THE SUBURBANS, 20, GLOUCESTER SQUARE.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE EXHIBITION has closed, not only as an "exhibition" but as a "shop." Notwithstanding the miserable management to which it has been subjected, it has been a success; even financially it has paid, for the enormous sum obtained by season tickets and admissions amply sufficed to meet all necessary—nay, liberal—expenses, and if there be a deficiency, it is an evil for which neither the exhibitors nor the public are responsible. Both have done their duty: the public have strongly sustained the undertaking; the exhibitors have done their best. Whatever blots there may be (and there are many that time can never erase), have been placed upon the scheme by the Commissioners, or the persons employed by them, and for whose deficiencies or malversations they are liable in the court of equity in which they are tried. It is needless for us now to revert to the many wretched mistakes by which the project has been so grievously impaired, yet they must be exposed occasionally, from time to time, to act as warnings for a future. It is stated that the building will be retained, mainly with a view to an International Exhibition in 1872, but to serve, meanwhile, as galleries, &c., for all conceivable purposes—a national gallery (in lieu of that now in Trafalgar Square) to be the leading feature. How this project is to be arranged—with the contractors, with the 1851 Commissioners, with the House of Commons, and with the public—can be known only to the managers of the Department at South Kensington; and perhaps the public and parliament will know nothing whatever about it until the whole scheme is "settled."

THE GUARANTORS are not to be called upon for any payment; that matter is settled. Whether they were or were not legally responsible for sums beyond £250,000, is not to be made a question. The main fact upon which this decision has been arrived at is, that the Commissioners believe these or other "guarantors" will be again required in the year 1872.

THE JURORS are to have, "free, gratis, for nothing," COPIES OF THE REPORTS; an arrangement having been made with the Society of Arts for a sufficient supply. It was at first proposed to members of the Juries that they should purchase copies at a reduced price—viz., for ten, instead of fifteen, shillings per copy—a proposal which the members indignantly rejected. The Commissioners, "gave in," and the Jurors are, as we have said, to have them *gratis*.

THE "SALES."—Some idea may be formed of the immense amount of sales effected in the Exhibition during its last days, by the fact that one French establishment brought into the building, after the 1st of November, goods to the value of £1,200, and sold nearly the whole of them.

THE HORTICULTURAL GARDENS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.—The Directors desire to obtain possession of that side of the building which, it is said, stands partly on their land, in order to carry out a plan for removing thither the museum now at Kew. As a nucleus, they have applied for contributions to the various exhibitors of agricultural instruments, garden tools, seed and other natural productions, lately shown at the Exhibition.

A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT, just published by Mr. Mitchell, Old Bond Street, is unquestionably the best memorial the Queen's loving and loyal subjects can possess of one whose loss the nation still deplores. The print is small, but is exquisitely engraved by Mr. F. Holl—who seems to have worked upon it as a labour of love—from a coloured drawing made in the early part of the present year by Mr. E. Corbould, from a photograph taken by Messrs. Day, at Osborne, in 1861. The Prince, who looks the very *beau idéal* of an English gentleman, in morning costume, stands, bareheaded, leaning easily against an angle of the mansion, in the act of reading some document, which he holds in his right hand; the left rests upon a roll of papers that he has placed in his hat—the well-known white hat with mourning band—which is on a garden-seat by his side. The head is seen in profile, and is admirable for its truthfulness and fine modelling. This engraving was intended for private circulation only, but her Majesty, with her proverbial kindness and consideration, has

permitted its publication, and has also allowed it to be specially dedicated to herself. There are, we apprehend, few of her subjects who will not desire to possess a print which is at once a beautiful memento of the illustrious dead, and of her Majesty's condescension in giving it publicity.

THE 1851 TESTIMONIAL.—This group—which will be a monument to the late Prince Albert—has been in part erected in the Horticultural Gardens at South Kensington. It is not expected to be completed until May or June, 1863. So far as it can now be judged of, aided by the model, there can be no doubt of its being a great and admirable work, honourable to the country, and worthy of the memory of the beloved prince of whose worth it will be a record. It cannot fail to place the name of Joseph Durham among the best sculptors of the age and country.

MR. JOSEPH DURHAM has had the honour of showing to her Majesty, at Windsor Castle, his model for the statue of his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort, intended to surmount a memorial of the Exhibition of 1851, now erecting in the Horticultural Gardens at South Kensington.—*Court Circular*.

THE ARCHITECTURAL ASSOCIATION held its opening meeting and annual *conversazione* at the rooms of the Society in Conduit Street, on the evening of the 31st of October, when the judges delivered their report with regard to the competition for prizes, and the following awards were made. The first prize in the class of design was given to Mr. E. J. Tarver, the second in the same class to Mr. R. Phené Spiers, son of Mr. Alderman Spiers, of Oxford; the prize for "Westminster Abbey Sketches" to Mr. E. J. Tarver; and an extra prize, presented by the president of the Association, and the president of the class of design, was awarded to Mr. W. Paris. The prize essay on "The Visit to Westminster Abbey," was gained by Mr. L. W. Ridge.

"BIRKET FOSTER'S PICTURES OF ENGLISH LANDSCAPE" is the title of an exquisitely beautiful volume just published by Messrs. Routledge, Warne, and Co. As we expect to be in a position next month to introduce some of the engravings into our journal, we shall at present merely announce its appearance, with the remark that Mr. Foster, and the engravers and printers, Messrs. Dalziel Brothers, seem to have outdone all their previous efforts in the production of this book—the last, we regret to hear, from the pencil of Mr. Foster. Mr. Tom Taylor contributes the letter-press, in the form of poetical descriptions.

COPYRIGHT IN ART.—A case involving the question of Art-copyright has recently come before the police court; Mr. Gambart having summoned two photographers, Messrs. Powell and Pipere, for infringing his rights by producing and selling photographic copies of T. Landseer's engraving of Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair.' Mr. Corrie, in giving judgment, said that, though there was no doubt that a wrong to Mr. Gambart had been committed, he could only come to the conclusion that the summons must be dismissed. The decision was grounded on the fact that, in the existing state of the law, as regards adjudication by a magistrate, it must be proved that the offender knew the original work to be copyright, and this had not been done. The proper remedy is an application to the superior courts, or to the county court, where such knowledge is not required. This may be law, but it certainly is not justice.

MR. FRITH'S PICTURE OF THE "RAILWAY STATION" is now "on view" at Messrs. Hayward and Leggatt's, Cornhill, where it will, no doubt, attract as much attention as when exhibited at the west end of the metropolis.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—There have been no additions very lately to this collection, nor will there be any until after the next meeting of the trustees, which will take place, perhaps, before Christmas. The question now arises—where are these pictures to be permanently placed? The walls of the three rooms in George Street are full, so that the latest acquisitions have been placed on the floor. The house in George Street will in three years be removed, to make room for new buildings. It cannot be intended that the portraits should remain there till the end of that term, as the space they would occupy in another gallery has been estimated with a view to their removal—we believe, to Kensington.

CHRISTMAS CARDS, &c.—An extensive series of cards, note paper, and envelopes, of an exceedingly pure and beautiful character, has been produced by Messrs. Goodall, card manufacturers, of Camden Town, for Christmas and the new year. They are in great variety—all being in "keeping" with the season; holly and ivy of course predominating in designs charmingly executed, and brilliantly coloured; and generally by excellent artists.

THE "LOAN" EXHIBITION AT KENSINGTON.—Parts IV. and V. of the descriptive catalogue, edited by Mr. J. C. Robinson, of antique works lent for exhibition to the Museum of South Kensington, have made their appearance. The former enumerates the specimens of majolica ware, plate of every kind, damascened works, locks, keys, &c., in wrought iron, and engraved gems; the latter gives a list and description of the illuminated manuscripts, bookbinding, jewels, and decorative ornaments, clocks and watches, objects in rock-crystal and precious materials, historical relics and miscellaneous articles. This magnificent collection will, in all probability, be dispersed again before our readers see these lines, but Mr. Robinson's well-compiled catalogue, in which he has been largely assisted by competent archaeologists, will remain, to show what a costly and superb assemblage of Art-works the country possesses, and how liberally they have been lent by their owners for the instruction and gratification of the multitude.

A CEREMONY AT THE EXHIBITION.—On Saturday, November 8, at half-past four o'clock, the police force who had been on duty at the Exhibition from the commencement to the close, were assembled in the nave, each to receive a "*souvenir*" of the great national, or rather international, triumph of the year 1862. When they were all gathered and ranged in line, a representative of the Royal Commissioners appeared, and handed to each policeman a—*copy of the shilling Catalogue*. A portion of what publishers call "remainders" was thus got rid of. They had been, for many days before, touted throughout the building at the small cost of sixpence: but the worth of a thing is not always the money it will bring; and no doubt the metropolitan police will regard as heirlooms in their families copies they obtain for nothing!

THE POLICE AT THE EXHIBITION.—The exhibitors have subscribed to record in some way or other their sense of the services rendered to them and to the public by the police force employed at the Exhibition. It is impossible to overrate the value of such services. Not only was there effectual protection from thieves—the number of thefts being very few—but the courtesy, attention, and general intelligence of the police received praise from visitors of all ranks and classes.

THE OFFICIAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.—"Expressive silence" records the fate of this dismal production of the press of the Commissioners. As their own publishers, they have met the usual fate of amateurs. They have not even made money by the experiment, while it has been one of the largest blots of the Exhibition. What will be done by those exhibitors who have paid enormously for value they have not received, we are not at this moment in a position to say.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—On the 22nd of November there was held a private view of an exhibition of sketches, drawings, first thoughts for pictures, &c., commencing a series of winter exhibitions, similar in spirit to that which was commenced by Mr. Pocock some years since, and which degenerated into a show of finished pictures. If this is continued in the manner in which it has been begun, the public will learn more of the substantive power of each exhibiting artist than in their finished works. The portfolios of the society are rich in most beautiful sketches, enough to cover the walls for years to come.

THE REFORMATION.—A set of twelve water-colour drawings, setting forth leading incidents in the life of Luther, is to be seen at the German Gallery. They are drawn by M. Labouchère, and intended for publication as engravings, to be accompanied by letter-press by Dr. Merle D'Anbigné. The subjects are—'Luther carried to School,' 'Singing for Bread,' 'Finding the Bible,' 'The Death of Alexius,' 'Menial in the Convent,' 'Theses,' 'Burning of the Pope's Bull,' 'The

Diet of Worms,' 'Luther at the Wartburg,' 'Luther's Marriage,' 'Family of Luther,' and 'Death-bed of Luther.' Many of the compositions are crowded with figures, and all are carefully worked out.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The additions to the collection are the "Perigord" Hobbema, Ward's 'Bull,' a picture by Memling, and another by William of Cologne, one of the ancient *meisters*. The 'Bull' is at Kensington; the two last-named are waiting for their frames, but the Hobbema is in its place. The cost of the picture, long known in the Perigord collection, is, we believe 1,500 gs. It was the property of Mr. Napier, the engineer, of Glasgow, who is said to have given £1,600 for it, and was afterwards in the possession of Mr. Phillips, of Bond Street. It is of moderate size, and in very good condition. The subject is a piece of rural road-side scenery, the principal point being a group of trees rising in the centre, beyond which, at a little distance, is a cottage, with a glimpse of open fields on the right, the rest of the view being almost immediately intercepted by trees. It is painted with a full brush, and with that informal and unhesitating touch acquired from out-door painting; the forms are much less heavy, and the colour more mellow, than those of Ruysdael. The sky is cold, feeble, and woolly, inasmuch that it does not seem to have been painted by the same hand as the trees and the roadway. The reflection of this kind of Art is found in the works of the painters of our school earlier than in those of any other country; and with us it has been cultivated with great success. When we remember the state of landscape painting during the first quarter of the seventeenth century, we shall arrive at a just estimation of the difficulty overcome by Mindert Hobbema. We do not know what has been given for Ward's 'Bull,' but the price of the picture when at the Crystal Palace was 1,000 gs. Mr. Ward painted it to compete with Paul Potter's 'Bull' at the Hague, which will not bear comparison with it, the former having had a beautiful model, and having perfectly understood its best points. The pictures by Memling and William of Cologne we shall notice as soon as they are placed.

THE RETIREMENT of Mr. Baily and Mr. Abraham Cooper upon the superannuation fund of the Academy leaves vacancies for two new academicians. The retiring allowance has hitherto been £100 a year, but on and from January next it will be advanced to £200. Other retirements are spoken of on this increase of pension, which, on the part of the Academy, is most liberal, and rich though the institution be, the utmost that can be expected of it.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS has, on renewal of the lease, determined greatly to improve the gallery in Pall Mall. Even in the condition in which it has for so many years been, it was one of the best-lighted rooms in London; though there was much unnecessary obstruction by the ponderous and unsightly supports overhead—only visible when the white drapery was removed. The gallery will henceforward be approached by a short flight of steps, as the floor is to be considerably raised, which would, without altering the roof, much improve the light; but the roof will be reconstructed, so that the room will look as lofty as heretofore. The addition made to the room of the elder Water-Colour Society, is really inconsiderable, but it has added much to its appearance. We are not aware that it is contemplated to add to the length of the New Water-Colour Gallery, but there is now an opportunity of making it the most complete of all the exhibition rooms.

St. PAUL'S.—The gilding of the ornamental portions of the lower arches under the dome has been suspended for want of funds. Mr. Parris completed, a year or two ago, his tedious and dangerous labour—the restoration of the paintings round the inside of the dome—since which time the gilding has been continued downwards to the lower vaulting, where it has been left unfinished.

THE COMMITTEE OF THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS has taken the lease of a gallery in Pall Mall. This exhibition will not, therefore, open before April. In connection with this Society, it is contemplated to establish a school for the

study of costumed figures, on the plan of public schools in Paris and London, where the model is set by the students in turn, and each may practise her own particular kind of Art, be it painting in oil, water-colour, or drawing in chalk.

THE PORCELAIN COLLECTIONS OF MESSRS. RITTENER AND SAXBY, of Albemarle Street, the first that were formed in London for the public display and sale of the finest manufactures of Dresden and Sèvres, with the other famous ceramic establishments of Germany and France, still retain their original reputation; and, in the midst of the manifold collections of works of their class which now claim attention, they most justly may expect from us a recognition of their rare excellence. Messrs. Rittener and Saxby restrict their attention to the porcelain of Germany and France, and to the kindred productions of the East; and they always take care to secure the very choicest specimens of every variety of object. At the present moment their show-rooms are filled, in every available nook and corner, with all that would delight the most accomplished judge of rare Dresden, fine Sèvres, and gorgeous Chinese and Japanese wares. Ornaments of all kinds abound, and with them are associated services of porcelain for every use.

CUYP AND BERGHEM.—At Mr. Barrett's, in the Strand, there are a few valuable examples of the Low Country masters, among which is especially remarkable a large picture by Berghem, that has been studied rather as a landscape than as a cattle and figure picture. It is a composition, with every picturesque variety of feature. In the middle distance is a castle, and beyond this a range of mountains. It has less of the surface and warmth of the painter's smaller pictures, but it is marvellously fresh and spirited. A Cuyp resolutely grey is not very often met with, but we have, in a cool picture by this master, a rainy sky of marvellous reality. This is the accent of the picture. It seems to have been a study of a sky, under which a group of drenched cattle was afterwards painted on a knoll, that raises them into opposition to the sky. Besides these, there is a Hobbema, containing a mill with its stream, a group of trees, and a glimpse of distant country. The water is limpid, full of reflection, and beautiful in colour. A painting of quite another character is a figure picture by Salvator Rosa, a group of nymphs and satyrs. One of the latter holds a chaplet of flowers, which seems to be an object of contention among the three women. It is a curiosity, inasmuch as there are so few essentially figure compositions by Salvator.

A WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS' LANCASHIRE RELIEF FUND is about to be established by the New Water-Colour Society. At a general meeting of the body, held on the 3rd ult., it was resolved that each member contribute one painting or more, and that every member of the profession known to paint in water colour be solicited to aid in relieving the prevalent distress. It is proposed that single subscriptions of one guinea be received until a sum be raised equal in amount to the value of the pictures. The collection is to be exhibited in London, Manchester, and Liverpool, and each guinea ticket will entitle the holder to one chance in the allotment.

MESSRS. DAY have, we understand, filled up their list of two thousand subscribers to their work on the Art-Treasures of the International Exhibition, edited by Wm. Waring. This is a gratifying fact, and we are happy in recording it.

MESSRS. ROBINSON AND HETLEY have recently opened a new and spacious gallery, at 21, Old Bond Street, for the sale by auction of pictures and works of Art of all kinds. The room, for size, light, and ventilation, is, so far as our observation extends, inferior to none in London for its required purpose.

TO "CORRESPONDENTS."—We are constantly receiving letters, without name or address, asking for information about various subjects, generally within our province. It is necessary, therefore, to repeat the announcement we have heretofore made at various times,—that we never occupy our columns, nor our cover, with replies to such communications, preferring to answer correspondents by letter, when they afford us the opportunity of doing so by appending their names and residences.

REVIEWS.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE FORMATION OF A NEW STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE, SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO CIVIC PURPOSES. By T. MELLARD READE, Architect. Published by J. WEALE, London; SEARS BROTHERS, Liverpool.

"There is nothing new under the sun," was written three thousand years ago, and the truth of the remark is not subverted by what Mr. Reade has put forth, if novelty is anything more than the re-adjusting, or the blending together, of what has previously existed in some definite and generally accepted form. Thus, the union of certain portions of Greek, Roman, or Byzantine architecture, with the Gothic, would certainly produce an edifice novel in appearance, yet it would not be recognised as a "new style;" it would be only an adaptation of integral portions of old styles. Painting is, perhaps, less likely to be influenced by formative ideas than architecture, but we should scarcely say that an artist who united the grace and expression of Raffaele with the luxurious imagination, boldness, and power of Rubens, had created a "new style;" he merely combines the excellencies of each of his predecessors.

Certainly a new style of architecture, if architecture it can be called, arose about the end of the last century and the beginning of this, which might be designated as the "poor-house" or the "factory" style, from its resemblance to such edifices: we mean those long ranges of buildings called "streets," consisting of little else than plain brick walls, with rows of oblong apertures for windows, and longer oblongs for egress and ingress. This was the novelty in which the builders of the time of George III. delighted, who had no eyes for external ornament, and could discern beauty in straight, unbroken sky-lines. Happily, parochial authorities, manufacturers, warehousemen, and retired tradesmen, are abjuring the style adopted by their grandsires, and street architecture, as well as domestic, is rapidly assuming among us a form of some pretension to æsthetical propriety. *Après* of this, passing along Cheapside the other day, we caught sight, on looking down a narrow turning, of a splendid warehouse which is being erected for Messrs. Copestake, Moore & Co., the façade all stone, and unmarred, and plate glass. What a pity it cannot be turned round bodily into Cheapside, where every passer-by could see it!

We confess to be so satisfied with what the Greeks, Romans, and Gothists, with their followers down to the time of the Tudors, have shown us, as to feel but little desire to see any marked innovation of their works. Here are beauty and variety in abundance; with such models as these, and guided by the principles on which the elder architects wrought out their designs, those of our own time have only to adapt the labours of past ages to the requirements of the present. Mr. Reade will perhaps tell us that this is what he has sought to do in the designs put forth; and so he has in a measure, and therefore he can scarcely be said to have propounded a *new* style. But, admitting the fancy and the skill which undoubtedly characterise the examples in his book, they are not, viewing them as a whole, agreeable to our eyes, perhaps because they cannot remove from before us the impress of existing types of architecture, whether Greek, Italian, or mediæval, which are familiar to us, and which we have grown up to admire and reverence. Let us, however, do Mr. Reade the justice to which he is entitled: he does not assume to be the creator of a style, but distinctly speaks of his examples as *suggestions* only: in this light they may do some service, quite as much by showing what to avoid as what to accept. He is a sanguine man is Mr. Reade, and sees "a vital Art movement rapidly developing," in which he puts such implicit faith as to feel assured that "it will presently enable Art to burst into the full vigour of a new life. . . . The musty rules of dead Architecture, inherited from our fathers, though still worshipped by some, are rapidly becoming disowned, and these shackles and fetters of the imagination will soon be struck off." Had he, when he wrote this latter passage, no fear of calling up the ghosts of the men who reared Tintern and Roslyn, Dryburgh and Netley, the Abbey of Westminster, the Minster of York, &c., to avenge the insult on the glorious works of their hands? "Musty rules of a dead architecture," indeed!—where is the builder of the present day who would not consider himself, and be considered, a prince of his art, had he given birth to an edifice such as one of these? This *dead* architecture is the aliment on which the living builder feeds and thrives; and whatever new styles another generation may see rise up, they will never surpass the magnificence of bygone ages, out of which all else that follows must inevitably grow.

ENGLISH WOMEN OF LETTERS. Biographical Sketches by JULIA KAVANAGH. 2 Vols. Published by HURST and BLACKETT, London.

It has been frequently said, that it requires firmer hands and cooler heads than women usually possess to write impartial biographies. "*Impartial!*" we doubt if such a thing be possible: "facts" may be given with admirable fidelity—

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice;"

but a biography consisting simply of facts would be bald indeed; there are numberless links to be forged, deductions to be drawn, and opinions to be quoted and accounted for, which fearfully tangle the skein; and then it is utterly impossible to avoid "sympathising" with this, or "shrinking" from that. We give authors credit for desiring to be impartial, and some, of course, achieve the "desire" more than others; but it is contrary to the construction of the human mind to be perfectly "impartial." A few words tell fearfully for or against in the scales of justice; it is this great difficulty that renders biography so "misty." But while we complain of this "mistiness," we have to thank such biographers as Miss Kavanagh for rescuing many of those by whom the age has been glorified from forgetfulness or obscurity. Had we space, we should have been gratified to quote some of Miss Kavanagh's introductory observations on the difference between the French and English novel, though we cannot but regret that she soiled her pen by recording the doings of a woman (Aphra Behn) whose name and literature can be purified only by the waters of oblivion. Miss Kavanagh has evidently desired to form an historical chain of literary women, and considered Aphra Behn the first link; this is the only excuse we can make for her blotting so fair a book with such impurity. The plan of these volumes is excellent: the biography is first given, and then extracts follow from the author's works. The first volume is thus devoted to Aphra Behn, Miss Fielding (*the Fielding's* sister, and author of the pretty tale of "David Simple"), Madame D'Arblay, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, and Mrs. Radcliffe. The second commences with Mrs. Inchbald, followed by Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, Mrs. Opie, and Lady Morgan. The list is meagre, so very meagre that, having the power to read the works of the authors, we should have preferred fewer extracts and honourable mention of others, unless Miss Kavanagh means, as we hope she does, to give us two more volumes: even then we should have preferred more observation and criticism,—for though we do not agree with all Miss Kavanagh's opinions, they invariably command respect and attention. She brings to her work an abundance of womanly sympathy, with much of the judgment supposed to belong exclusively to man. She has great industry, and is so earnest that she draws her reader into her subject, and keeps him there. Her biography of Miss Edgeworth is the richest in thought and development, while that of Lady Morgan is mistaken in facts, simply, we imagine, because Miss Kavanagh had access only to biographies that are altogether wrong. We want Miss Kavanagh to do justice to the novels of Miss Landon; to take up Miss Mitford (that actual founder of "the sketch school"); to analyse the school of religious novels, founded by Hannah More, and *painfully* followed by Mrs. Sherwood and Charlotte Elizabeth; the Porters (Jane and Maria), so popular even when Maria Edgeworth and Sir Walter Scott were in their zenith; the right-minded but "slowly" written novels of the good Mrs. Hofland, deserve honourable mention—the popularity of her charming little book, "*The Son of a Genius*," should not be forgotten. It is true we have had biographies of all we have mentioned, and of others who are worthy of remembrance, and Mrs. Gaskell has given full force to the pangs of the marvellous but unhappy family of Brontë; but their having been "done" before did not happily deter Miss Kavanagh from the task she has so far executed, and we wait with faith and patience for the continuance of her work.

SISTERS OF CHARITY. Engraved by T. O. BARLOW, from the picture by Mdlle. HENRIETTE BROWNE. Published by MOORE, McQUEEN & Co., London.

They whose admiration of skilful artistic painting sufficed to overcome the sensitiveness which the representation of a sad and painful subject can scarcely fail to draw forth, must have been delighted with Mdlle. Browne's picture, when seen in the French Gallery and the International Exhibition. In both places it formed a point of attraction; and we are therefore not surprised to find it has been placed in the hands of the engraver to extend its popularity. To speak of the merits of this picture as a work of Art, would be only a repetition of the opinions ex-

pressed by us on the occasions referred to: Mr. Barlow's translation of it is, as a whole, exceedingly good, but he scarcely seems to have known what to do with the faces of the "white-hooded" sisters, apparently apprehensive of destroying the delicate reflected light, especially on the countenance of the nearer figure. He has deprived them of much of their materiality; in other words, these faces are too weakly engraved; they want substance, and a greater contrast of colour with the head dresses. In the case of the furthestmost figure it might be assumed that cap and flesh were alike in colour by nature, so imperceptible is the difference between them in the engraving. A little more strength of tone might have been given in both faces without losing the quality of light and texture for which they are remarkable in the original. With this exception the print is all that need be desired.

OUR SATELLITE: a Selenography according to the Present State of Science. Part I. By Dr. A. LE VENGEUR D'ORSAN. Published by A. W. BENNETT, London.

Some of our non-scientific readers will probably be a little at loss to understand, from its title, the nature of this work: briefly, then, we must tell them it describes the moon, and illustrates its appearance at various times by photographs, diagrams, woodcuts, and lithographs, from designs by the author, who has for a long series of years made "*Our Satellite*" his study; and it is the result of his labours, pursued, as we are told, uninterruptedly under many skies and climes, that he now brings before the public. It was for some time a problem not easily solved how far photography could be made available for astronomical purposes; and it seems that the learned author's lunar delineations have only been accomplished through this medium by methods and adaptations peculiarly his own, and perfected by machinery of his own contrivance. The result is, unquestionably, a series of illustrations which, of their kind, have never yet been equalled for finish, amplitude, and accuracy. Taking this first part as a specimen of the whole, we are justified in saying that the work, which is appropriately dedicated to Lord Brougham, promises to be a valuable addition to the library of the man of science, and scarcely less acceptable to the circle that gathers round the drawing-room table on these long wintry evenings, as well as to those who find pleasure in observing the heavens when wandering abroad in the stillness and beauty of a summer night.

THE ANNUAL RETROSPECT OF ENGINEERING AND ARCHITECTURE; a Record of Progress in the Sciences of Civil, Military, and Naval Construction. Vol. I. January to December, 1861. Edited by GEORGE R. BURNELL, C.E., F.G.S., F.S.A. Published by LOCKWOOD & Co., London.

Though the subjects which Mr. Burnell treats of are such as interest us all more or less, inasmuch as in one way or another our pockets or our personal comforts are affected by them, by far the larger majority are not of a nature to justify even a recapitulation of them in the columns of the *Art-Journal*. It would be overstepping our limits to discuss, even were we able, such matters as railways and roads, docks, canals, gas, mining, fortifications, the relative value of iron and wooden ships, in all their various ramifications and subsidiary operations. The architectural division, too, has its own especial organs in the public press, but there are two chapters, or articles, one on the "*Battle of the Styles*," as exemplified in the competition for the new Foreign Office, and the other on the "*Street Architecture of London and of Paris*," which certainly come within our province for a word or two. The former paper is a well-digested history of the progress of architecture, from the period of the Greeks through the mediæval times, down to our own; in it the writer shows that the varied development of the art is mainly attributable to the taste and requirements of the age: he gives his adhesion to the style of building selected by the government for the new Foreign Office as that best adapted for its purpose in a country like our own. In the paper on "*Street Architecture*," Mr. Burnell considers that, "apart from economical considerations, a careful comparison of the buildings lately executed in London for domestic purposes with those erected in Paris will prove that the rule of tempered liberty is far more favourable for Art than is the most perfect system of governmental organisation. There is greater vigour, more thought, originality, and truth in the buildings lately erected in Cannon Street, Fenchurch Street, Cornhill, Leadenhall Street, Broad Street, Threadneedle Street, Mincing Lane, Tower Street, &c., than can be found

in any new part of Paris; and even the builders' architecture of South Kensington and of Tyburnia, detestable though it be, is bolder, freer, and of a purer taste, than the meretricious architecture of the new Boulevards of Paris."

Like an old newspaper, this volume may safely be consulted on its various topics with regard to the past: but on many subjects, such are the changes which almost every month brings, that which would have been really valuable information at the commencement of the year is almost useless now.

OUTLINES OF BOTANY, DESIGNED FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES. By JOHN HUTTON BALFOUR, M.A., M.D., Edin. &c. &c. Published by A. and C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

Probably there is no one of the natural-history sciences to which so much attention has been given by writers as the science of botany; and the reason is obviously because it addresses itself to a larger community than any of the others; it is a study in which old and young, male and female, find pleasure, and the pursuit of which opens up to the mind such a treasury of beauty, wisdom, and marvel. And perhaps there is no writer who has done so much to render the study popular as Dr. Balfour, the learned Professor of Medicine and Botany in the University of Edinburgh, whose "*Manual of Botany*," "*Class-Book of Botany*," and "*Botanist's Companion*," have gained him a wide-spread circle of readers.

The "*Outlines of Botany*" is adding to his reputation as a writer, for it has already reached a second edition. It contains the substance of the article BOTANY, contributed to the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and is published in the present form with the object of giving the important facts of the science as briefly and popularly as possible, without entering into lengthened explanations. In the arrangement of the subject the following plan is adopted:—the structure and functions of plants are first considered, then their classification, and, lastly, their distribution both at the present day and at former epochs of the earth's history. A full glossary and a copious index supplement the text. We may add that the book is printed in a large, clear type, and contains a profusion of illustrations, both of which may be considered as essentials to an educational work such as this purports to be.

PICCALILLI. By GILBERT PERCY. Illustrated by G. THOMAS and T. R. MACQUOID. Published by SAMPSON LOW, SON & Co., London.

The title given by the author to this book would suggest that its contents were sharp and pungent; his jar of "*Piccalilli*" has not these qualities, however, but rather their opposites. It is filled with a pleasant and somewhat sugary compound, such as children love, of short stories or fables, wherein the chief ingredients are objects of natural history in the character of human beings, pointing a moral and adorning a tale. Mr. Percy's "*illustrated mixture*," as it is called on the pretty purple-coloured cover, will be welcomed, with other sweet things, by the small people during the coming Christmas: it is just such a book as they delight in.

LINKS IN THE CHAIN; or, Popular Chapters in the Curiosities of Animal Life. By GEORGE KEARLEY. With Illustrations by F. W. KEYL. Published by HOGG and SONS, London.

A good exposition of many of the wonders which the study of natural history reveals in the lower orders of creation chiefly; one chapter being devoted to animalcular life, one to jelly-fish, one to insects and their hunters, another to the nautilus and its allies, and another is entitled "*An Apology for Snails*." Then there are two chapters on the aquarium and its inmates, another on the batrachians, or frog-tribe; while monkeys, bats, birds, and the gorilla, are also brought into notice. The book is too far advanced for young children, but is well adapted for intelligent youth of both sexes.

THE BURLINGTON MUSIC ALBUM FOR 1863. Published by ROBERT COCKS, New Burlington Street.

Of the "*compositions*" in this very charming work we can form no opinion, but the illustrations are of considerable excellence, numerous and varied—groups, landscapes, and "*fancy-portraits*," in chromolithography, from the press of Messrs. Stannard and Dixon. It is a graceful and beautiful gift-book for the season.

CHARLES DICKENS IN HIS STUDY. Engraved by T. O. BARLOW, from the Portrait by W. P. FRITH, R.A. Published by T. McLEAN, London.

"The portrait, although admirably painted, is one we do not desire to see multiplied, the more especially as the accessories are by no means in good taste." Such were the words with which, after pointing out what we considered objectionable in the picture, we concluded our notice of it in reviewing the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1859; and if anything could lead us to change of opinion on the score of multiplication, it would be the very excellent manner in which we here find it engraved. Mezzotinto never produced a finer print than this; so forcibly yet delicately does the figure stand out, while the texture of the draperies is as "palpable to feeling as to sight." Notwithstanding the desire we expressed three years ago, there cannot be a doubt the engraving will meet with numerous patrons among the friends and admirers of this popular writer.

THE DEVONSHIRE "HAMLETS," being Exact Reprints of the First and Second Editions of that Drama. Published by SAMPSON LOW, SON & Co., London.

The two editions of "Hamlet" included in this volume are of the utmost value to the Shaksperian student; and they are made still more valuable in this reprint by the text of each being printed in juxtaposition on every page, so that the variations and additions catch the eye at once. It is curious to note the bald brevity of the earliest copy published, and the important additions made to the second edition. Some critics hold the opinion that we may thus discover our great poet's mode of perfecting an original sketch; but it must in fairness be stated that others, whose opinions are equally valuable, believe it to be one of those pirated copies which are mentioned in no complimentary terms by the editor of the first folio edition of the poet's works. Both editions are of the utmost rarity, and copies of either would readily fetch £150. Good service has been done by adding this elegant little volume to our Shakspeare library. It does credit also to Birmingham, where it has been edited and printed; the latter part of the labour could not be surpassed.

HINTS ON DRILL FOR VOLUNTEERS. By J. H. A. MACDONALD (Major, Edinburgh Rifle Volunteers). Published by A. and C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

Regarding the volunteer movement as an institution of great social and political benefit, we are most desirous to see it progress and increase in numbers and efficiency. And although we do not believe that books will make a thorough soldier, any more than they will a good artist, they may prove serviceable to both. Major Macdonald's instructions will be of use to the "recruit," in enabling him more especially to attend to the little *minutiae* which the drill-sergeant generally has not time to point out. But the manual takes a wider range than this; it is, in fact, a comprehensive, theoretical lesson about what is necessary to be learned by both private and officer ere either can be said to be properly qualified to appear on parade or active duty.

CRANIA BRITANNICA. Delineations and Descriptions of the Skulls of the Aboriginal and other Inhabitants of the British Islands. By Drs. DAVIS and THURNAM. Published for Subscribers only.

This work goes steadily on in the same excellent style as at first. As a scientific work of high character it deserves especial note, for such works are rare, and by no means remunerative: little but fame is the reward of the labourers. The introductory essay on the early state of Britain and its inhabitants promises to be the best historic sketch of our forefathers we possess.

OUR YOUNG FRIENDS' BOOKS FOR 1863.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH AND FARRAN, from the dear old "corner" of St. Paul's Churchyard, send us a store of much that is pretty and pleasant for our young friends. We enjoy turning over those bright volumes almost as much as in the long-ago days, when a book formed both the reward and the punishment of our life. Here, however, are no "lesson books,"—all are pretty volumes: some glittering in scarlet and gold, "got up" with substantial good taste; some suited to the dainty fancy of the young lady's boudoir; others, fortified in more solid bindings, can brave the rough handling of the play-room.

APHORISMS OF THE WISE AND GOOD is quite "the book of the boudoir." It is beautifully illuminated by Samuel Stanesby: the frontispiece, a portrait of John Milton. The "aphorisms," are carefully selected from our best authors. We know of no more appropriate present to a young girl at Christmas time than this charming little volume.

Our old friend Mr. W. H. G. Kingston reminds us of what we owe to our soldiers and sailors—in two animated volumes, bristling with anecdotes of their doings and darings by sea and land; one significantly called OUR SAILORS, the other OUR SOLDIERS. These are not told of our Nelsons, and Benbows, and Marlboroughs, or even of Wellington, great soldier of our land! No; they tell of the gallant deeds performed by the brave soldiers and sailors of England since our dearly beloved and honoured Queen Victoria came to the throne. Many, many of those gallant men are still among us, ready and able to "keep the foreigner from fooling us," if "the foreigner" be so foolish as to make the attempt. Mr. Kingston is as fresh and "hearty" as ever; he rises with his subject, and is the delight of our brave boys, who hope one day to do what has been done before! May he long live to write such books, and we to read them!

PLAY-ROOM STORIES, by Georgiana Craik, with illustrations by C. Green and F. W. Keyl, will win much favour, and it is to be hoped, according to its second pretty title, "How to make peace," come with "peace" upon its wings into many a crowded play-room in that trying season when it rains too hard for even boys to go out. The illustrations are nicely drawn, and appropriate.

PICKLE FLORA AND HER SEA-SIDE FRIENDS is one of Miss Davenport's prettiest practical tales; it is illustrated by John Absolon. Why will this accomplished artist turn English children into *fräuleins*? we do not care to have our delicately moulded children changed, even by his pencil, into the thick-set children of Prussia and Austria.

We need not say how glad we are to meet Frances Freeling Broderip again, and her industrious brother. Thomas Hood has illustrated her charming GRAND-MOTHER'S BUDGET so as to delight the eyes, as she always does the hearts, of readers young and old.

SCENES AND STORIES OF THE RHINE, by Betham Edwards. Mr. F. W. Keyl's illustrations to these very faithful and pleasant "Scenes and Stories of the Rhine" are exceedingly well drawn and characteristic; the literary descriptions and characters are worthy the illustrations. The incidents fall without an effort, so to say, *naturally* in their places, and recall to us the happy times when we were also travellers; old and young can enjoy such "scenes" and "stories."

THE LOVES OF TOM TUCKER AND LITTLE BO-PEEP, by Thomas Hood, are, of course, clever. The gay, yellow book contains what Mr. Hood honestly calls a "rigmarole;" but though this is abundantly amusing, we do not admire caricatures of our nursery memories: they are as sacred to us as the wild flowers we gathered in childhood, as the stars we looked at, believing that they looked at us, as any of the happy things that still fill our hearts, when we think of the "long ago" which can never return!—We trust that one of the readiest, the brightest, and in truth one of the kindest of our "modern authors," may not be

led into the morass of always jesting, and fancying that nothing can be effective or entertaining that is not absurd.

Mr. Charles Bennett's NURSERY FUN starts on its own account, and a clever account it starts with, but children's books should never indulge in vulgar phraseology. For instance—"This is Giles, this is!" Again—"Here's a nice little man; mind you don't call him a dicky-bird, or else somebody will be for shooting him!" Our nurseries have become ungrammatical and "slangy" enough, without the sanction of books.

MESSRS. HOGG AND SONS have prepared a goodly supply of amusing and instructive volumes for the rising generation, and have "got them up" in excellent taste and strength; indeed the Christmas supply is as good as it is abundant, and our young friends have ample choice.

ROSES AND THORNS; OR, FIVE TALES OF THE START IN LIFE, with illustrations, cannot, however, be considered a book for children. We placed our hand on it first among Mr. Hogg's publications, and have been much interested in the "stories," which are effectively told, while the illustrations are as effective as the tales.

THE LONG HOLIDAYS; OR, LEARNING WITHOUT LESSONS, by W. A. Ford, is illustrated by C. A. Doyle, and very charmingly illustrated. We wonder what our grand-dames would say to such "picture books." When we remember the gaudy books of our juvenile days, we feel how much, at all events, of pictorial beauty our young ones have to be thankful for. The story is simply and naturally told, and cannot fail to be popular with our young readers.

We will let the author of PICTURES OF HEROES speak for *her* or *himself*:—"These *études* offer no unity of design. They are as roving as the steps of the artist, who wanders up and down in search of picturesque effects, filling his sketch-book at the prompting of a wayward fancy." Whoever excites veneration for heroic acts elevates the reader, and we earnestly rejoice in this volume; it is too much the custom to depreciate what is lofty and noble—to bring down, rather than to build up. We could not wish a more valuable gift-book for our young friends: it has come to us from "Windermere,"—but who is the author?

THE WAVE AND THE BATTLE-FIELD, by Mrs. Stewart, will keep many a restless boy quiet during the holidays. Mrs. Stewart loves her subject, and inspires her readers with her own enthusiasm.

Another of Mr. Hogg's best gift-books to the young is SMALL BEGINNINGS; OR, THE WAY TO GET ON. The biographies are sufficiently condensed, and the most striking events in the lives of those who deserve honourable mention are clearly defined.

We had almost said there is a superabundance of *emulative* books this Christmas, but we must not complain if the facts concerning MEN WHO HAVE RISEN are as attractive as fiction. We who knew them, still love to hear of the illustrious "Stephensons," father and son, of the "Pastor Oberlin," of "Wilhelm, the Knife-grinder," and the story of "Hugh Miller's early days."

We have seldom known a Christmas to pass without an edition of the PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. The illustrations of that which Mr. Hogg has just issued are by C. A. Doyle. Several of them are not only well drawn, but have perfect sympathy with the gifted author: for instance, the "Passage of the deep river without a bridge," "Christiana preparing for her journey," and the frontispiece of "Vanity Fair;" these make us the more regret that "Giant Despair" should be so painfully like a gorilla.

There are some who like to place in the hands of children extracts from, and stories selected out of, the Holy Scriptures. To meet the views, we suppose, of that class of teachers, Mr. Hogg has prepared two illustrated books, one, INTERESTING CHAPTERS IN SCRIPTURE HISTORY AND BIBLE ILLUSTRATION; another, SCRIPTURE STORIES FOR THE YOUNG. Both are illustrated, and the "Scripture Stories" have been arranged by the Rev. Frederick Calder, Head Master of the Grammar School, Chesterfield.

FINIS.

